HEART SONGS

MELODIES OF DAYS GONE BY

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NELLIE MELBA

The greatest Australian prima donna. She began her study of music in the Presbyterian College, Melbourne, where she was born in 1865, and made her debut in Brussels, 1877. She has since toured the world in opera. Her popular encore is "Annie Laurie"—Heart Songs, p. 301.

GERALDINE FARRAR

A famous young American prima donna. She was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, and while in her teens made her debut at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, as *Marguerite* in "Faust." Since 1906 she has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. Her popular encore is "Kathleen Mavourneen"—Heart Songs, p. 376.

Contributed by 25,000 People

HEART SONGS

Dear to the American People

And by them Contributed in the Search for Treasured Songs
Initiated by the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Published by

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Expressly for

WORLD SYNDICATE COMPANY
New York

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
BOSTON, MASS.
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Heartily congratulating you upon having your favorite selection included in the splendid book of "HEART SONGS," I am pleased to announce that you have been awarded a prize for your contribution to this unrivalled collection of popular "melodies of today, and the days gone by."

Yours sincerely,

Jos Mitchell Chapple

We take pleasure in conferring the above award.

G. W. Chadwick.
Victor Herbert

For the Committee.

Fac-simile of the letter sent out to those awarded prizes by the Committee, signed by Mr. George W. Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the foremost American musicians and composers, and by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor whose varied compositions so well combine musical art and popular melody.

FOREWORD

HEART SONGS is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what "Heart Throbs" is to prose and verse.

For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was overwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are strong and universal.

The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilts and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads; college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors' tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would

have to be abridged, and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on "mother's" piano when as a young man "father" timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy "go" and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Dixie" and "America" as the standard all over the land.

The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," "Blow, Boys, Blow," "A Life On The Ocean Wave" came in side by side with "Sailing," "Nancy Lee" and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's "Lullaby" and the sweet refrain from "Erminie" were not overlooked. "Rock-a-bye, Ba[illegible] very popular favorite.

Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of "Old Dan Tucker," as the couples mustered reluctantly for "the last dance."

Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering

in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of "rag time," which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of "love's young dream." The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing "Bonny Eloise" could not understand how "Sweet Genevieve" and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. "Annie Laurie" is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to "mother's favorite," which had meant so much at the turning point of life's highway. The choice of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Come, Thou Fount," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

In operatic selections the familiar arias of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of "Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home" was emphasized, and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" was a strong universal favorite. The melody and senti-

ment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. "Old Black Joe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment; many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" and "The Quilting Party" appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

Like "Heart Throbs," this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. "Heart Songs" is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few "rag time" songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

It is not unlikely that a second volume of "Heart Songs" will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs.

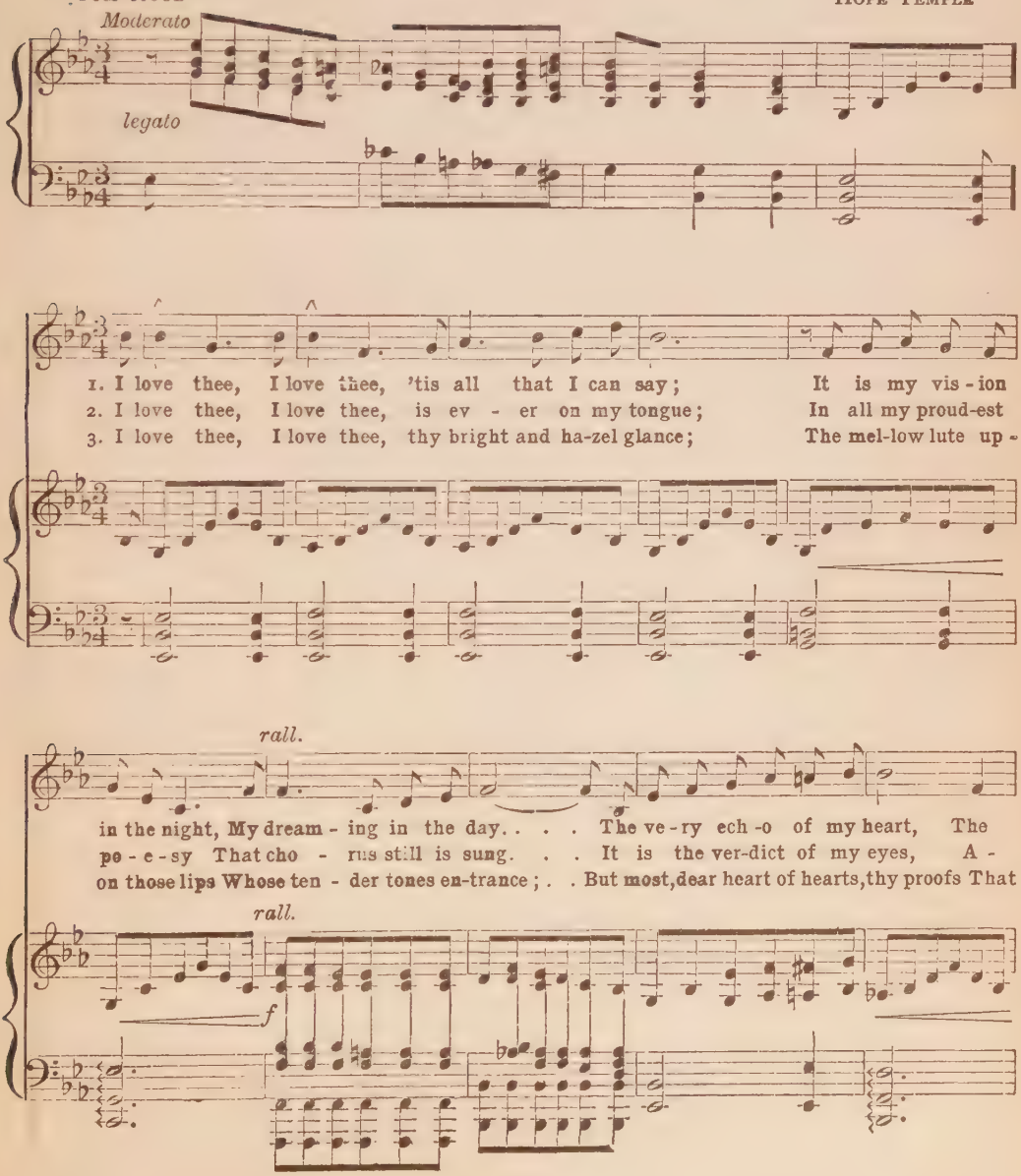
Boston, 1909

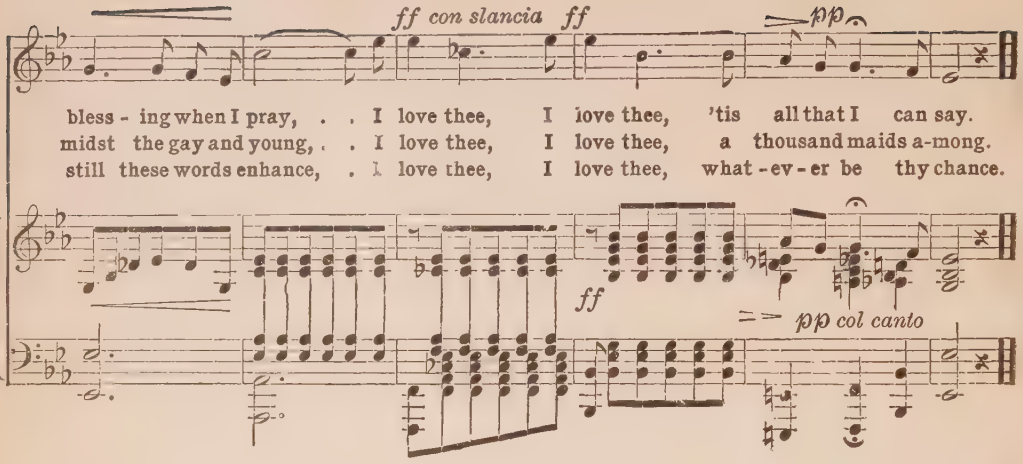
Er Mitchell Chapple

HEART SONGS

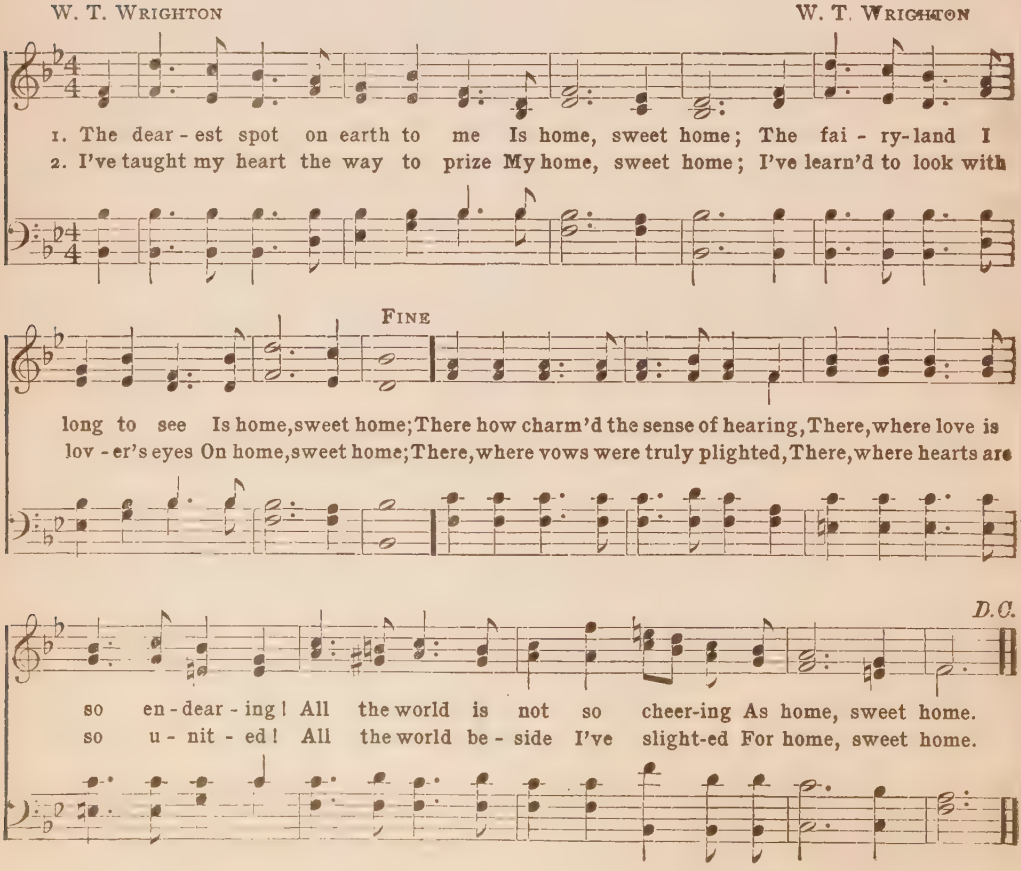
'Tis All That I Can Say

TOM HOOD — HOPE TEMPLE





The Dearest Spot on Earth



Song of a Thousand Years

Maestoso

HENRY C. WORK

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bond-man

fears! He who un-furl'd your beauteous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
pears,—When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri-ses to shine a thou-sand years?
hears; Tell the op-pressed of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju bi-lee lasts a thou-sand years!

CHORUS

"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-ia! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-

told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Folk Song

p Slow

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

p CHORUS

auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld . lang . syne.
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld . lang . syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld . lang . syne.

Repeat Chorus ff

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

Three Blind Mice

Traditional Round

1 2

Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run, see how they run! The

3

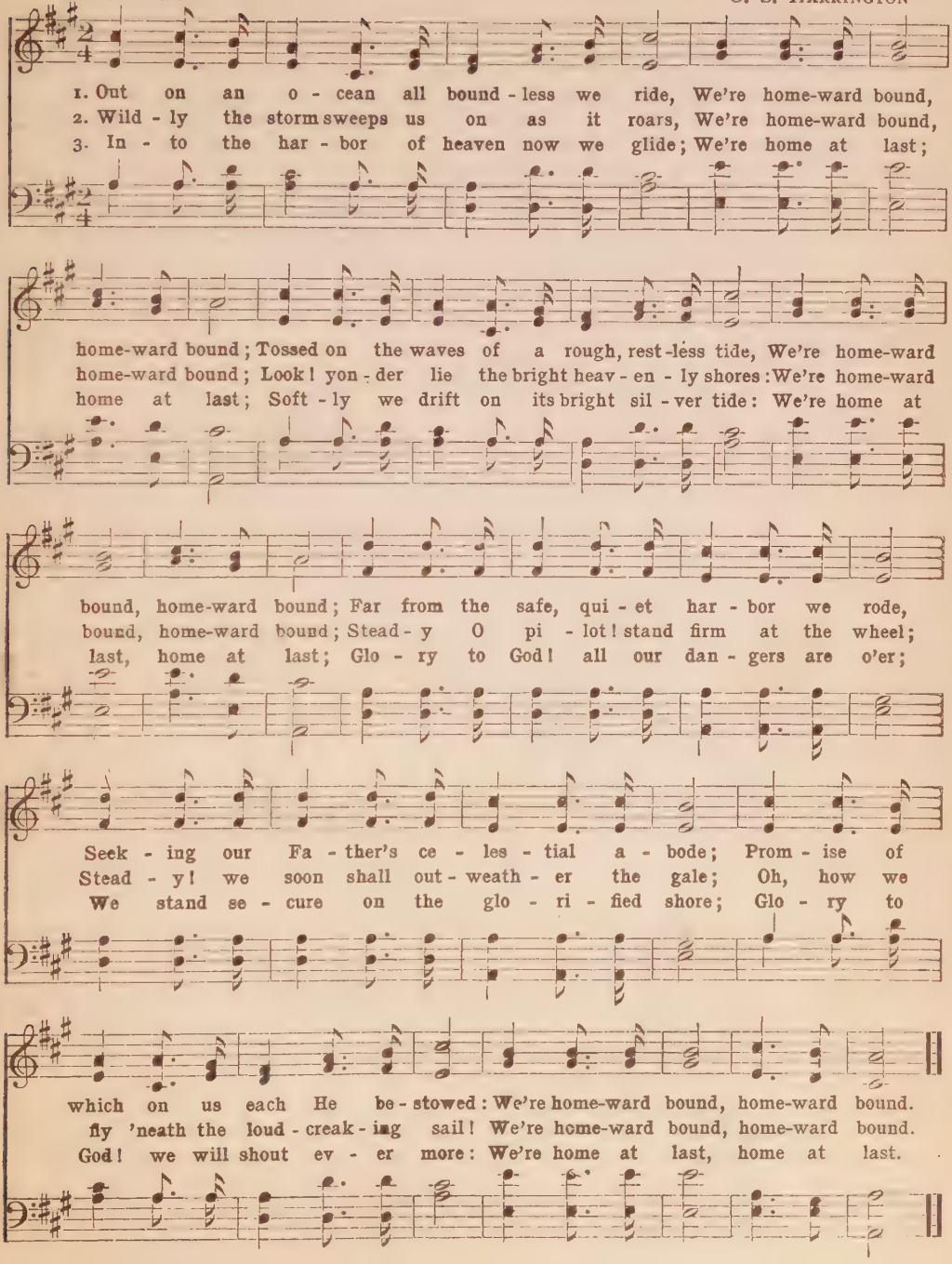
cat ran af-ter the far-mer's wife, She cut off its tail with a

4

carv-ing knife! Did you ev-er see such a sight in your life As these blind mice?

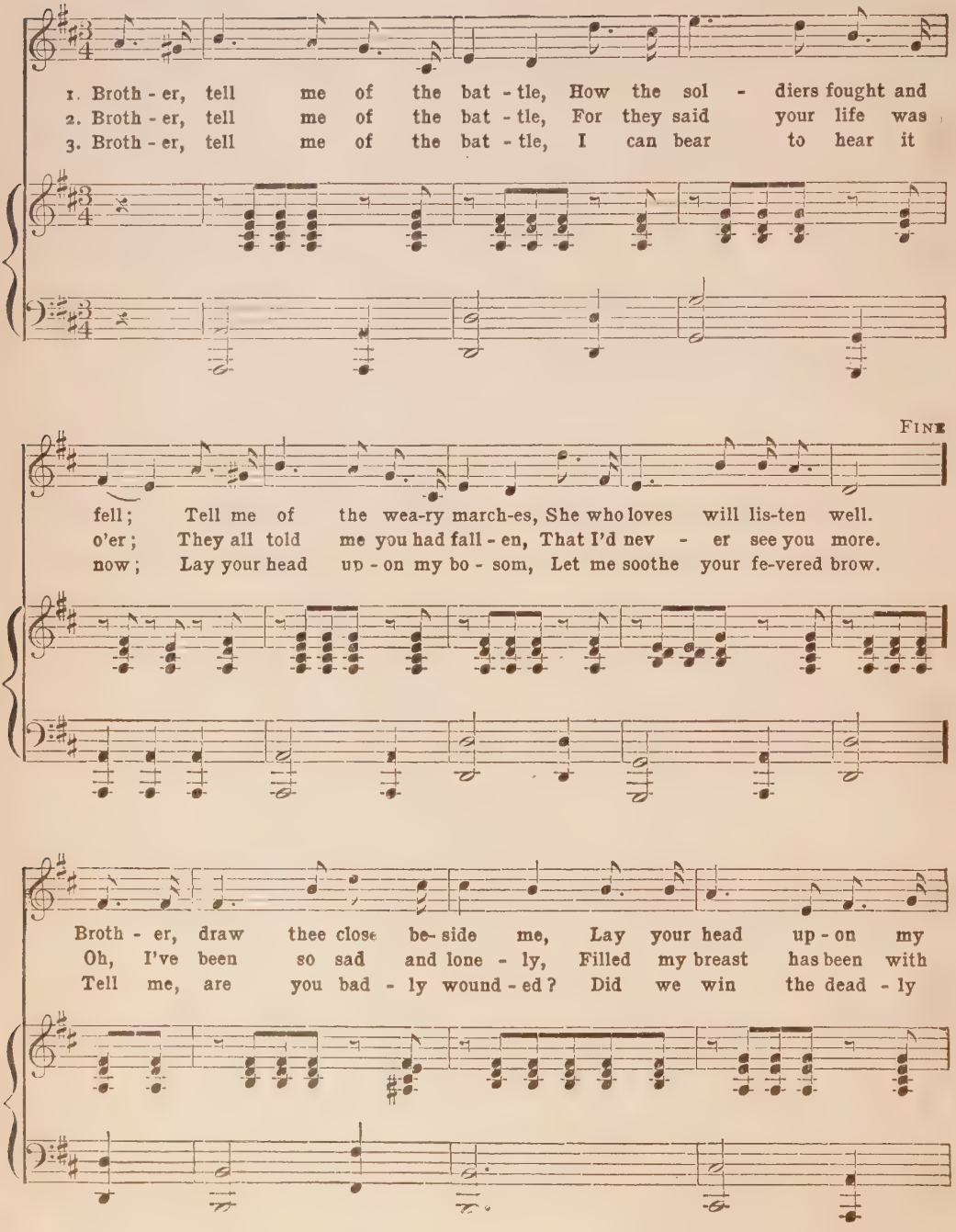
Homeward Bound

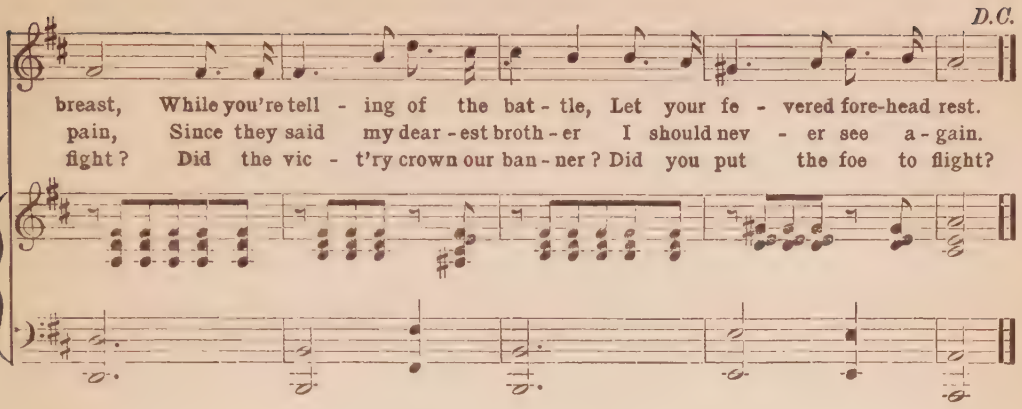
W. F. Warren C. S. Harrington



Brother, Tell Me of the Battle

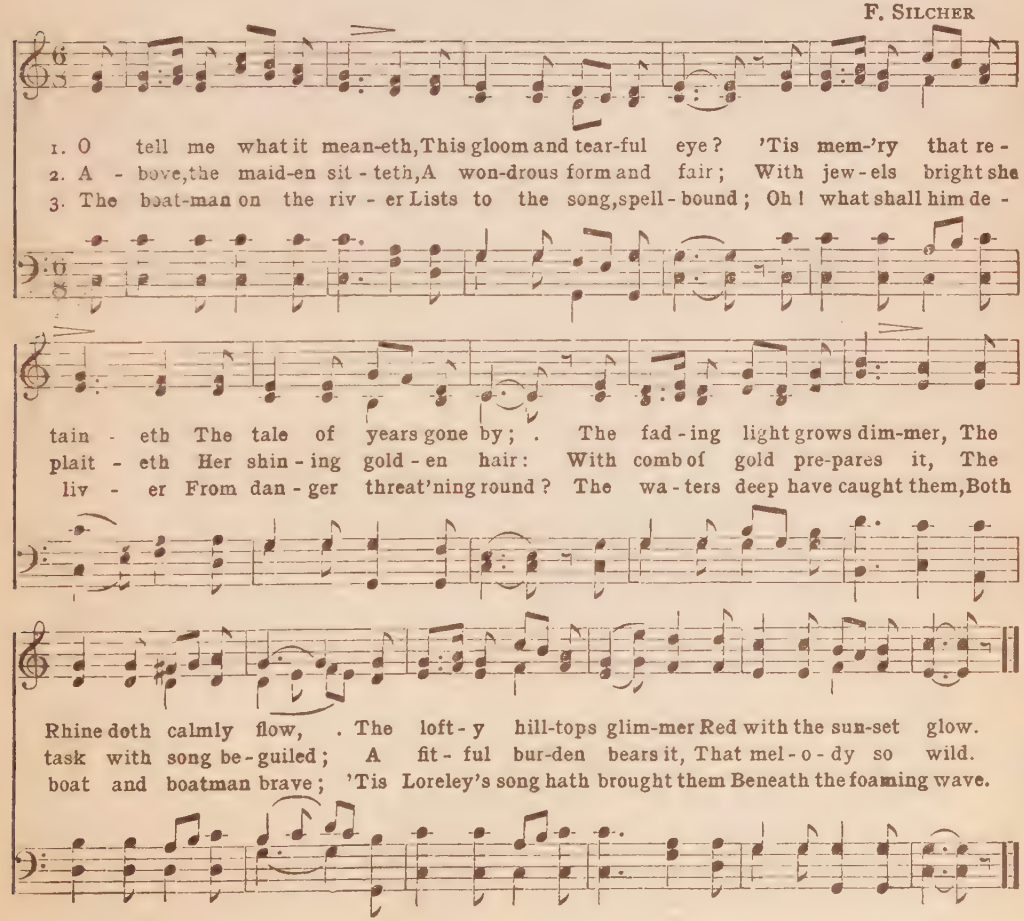
THOMAS MANAHAN GEORGE F. ROOT





The Loreley

F. Silcher



Strike the Harp Gently

I. B. Woodbury

Andante affetuoso

1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere
2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly, But
3. Strike the harp gent-ly, Oh! mourn for them not; In the fold that is love-ly, The

pp

call'd to re-pose; Be-neath the green turf, Where the wild flow-ers bloom,
who ne'er a-gain Can meet to ca-ress thee, In all this lone world. The
shep-herd has brought Per-haps a kind fa-ther, And moth-er most dear, A

Scent-ing the earth, And em-broid-'ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
dear ones are hap-py With ser-aphs un-told; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
child or a broth-er Or sis-ter so near; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the

mem-'ry of those Who- ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere called to re-pose.

JENNY LIND

The celebrated Swedish singer whose American appearance was arranged at enormous cost by P. T. Barnum of circus fame. She was born in Stockholm in 1821 and died in 1887. Her popular encore was "Home, Sweet Home"—Heart Songs, p. 374

ADELINA PATTI

The famous operatic singer. She is of Italian extraction, born in Madrid, 1843, and sang in New York at an early age. Her career has been unusually successful. She has sung in all parts of Europe and America, and has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia. She now lives in retirement in Wales, as the wife of Baron Cedarstrom. Her popular encore was "The Last Rose of Summer"—Heart Songs, p. 146.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS — J. E. SPILMAN

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes ; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise ; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills ! There dai - ly I wan-der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides ! How wan-ton thy wa - ters her snow -y feet lave, As, gath-'ring sweet

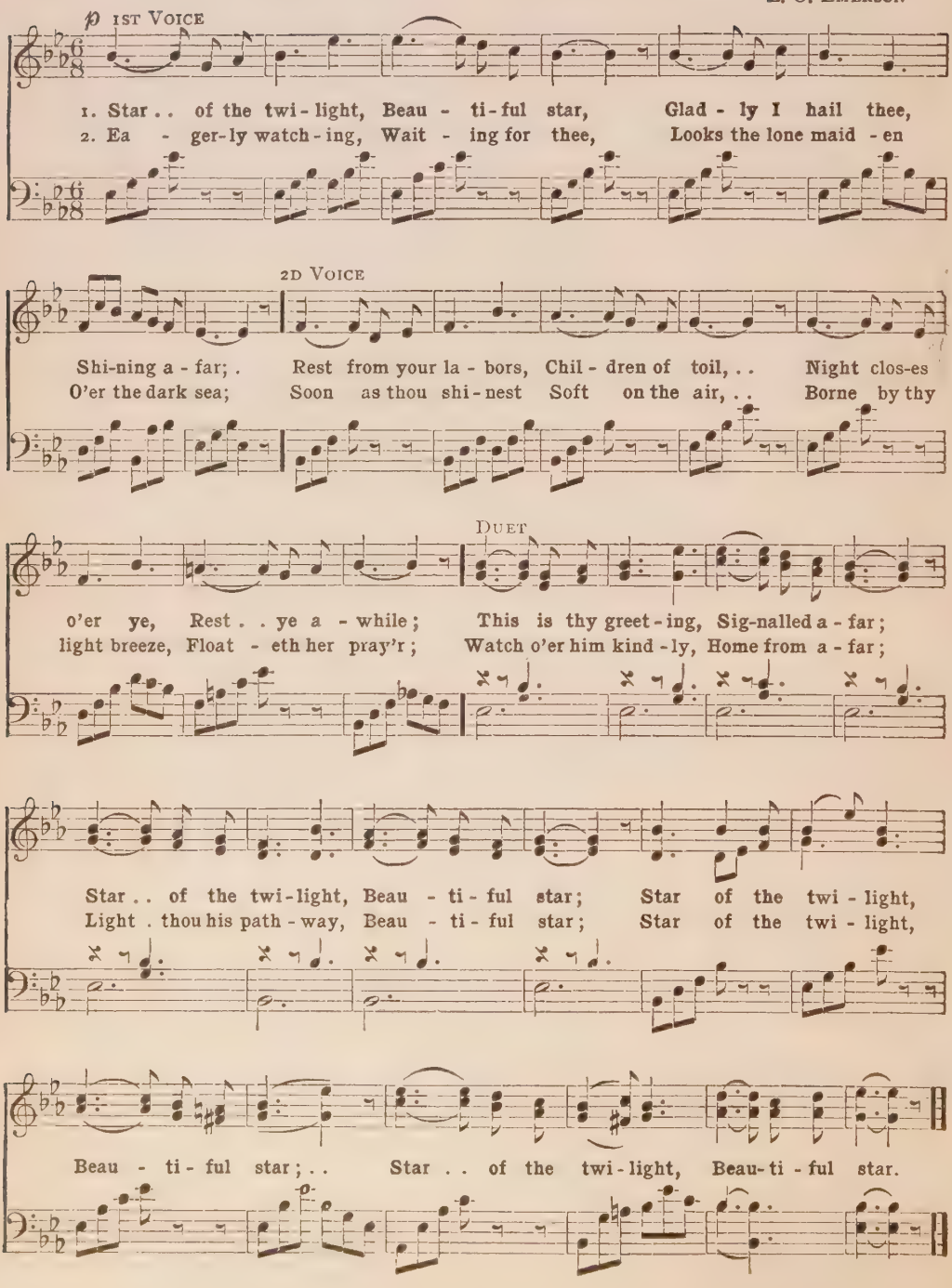
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose ech - o re - sounds from the -
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow -'rets, she stems thy clear wave ! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green-crest - ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow ! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays ; My Ma - ry's a -

lap-wing, thy scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent -ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur- mur - ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

Star of the Twilight

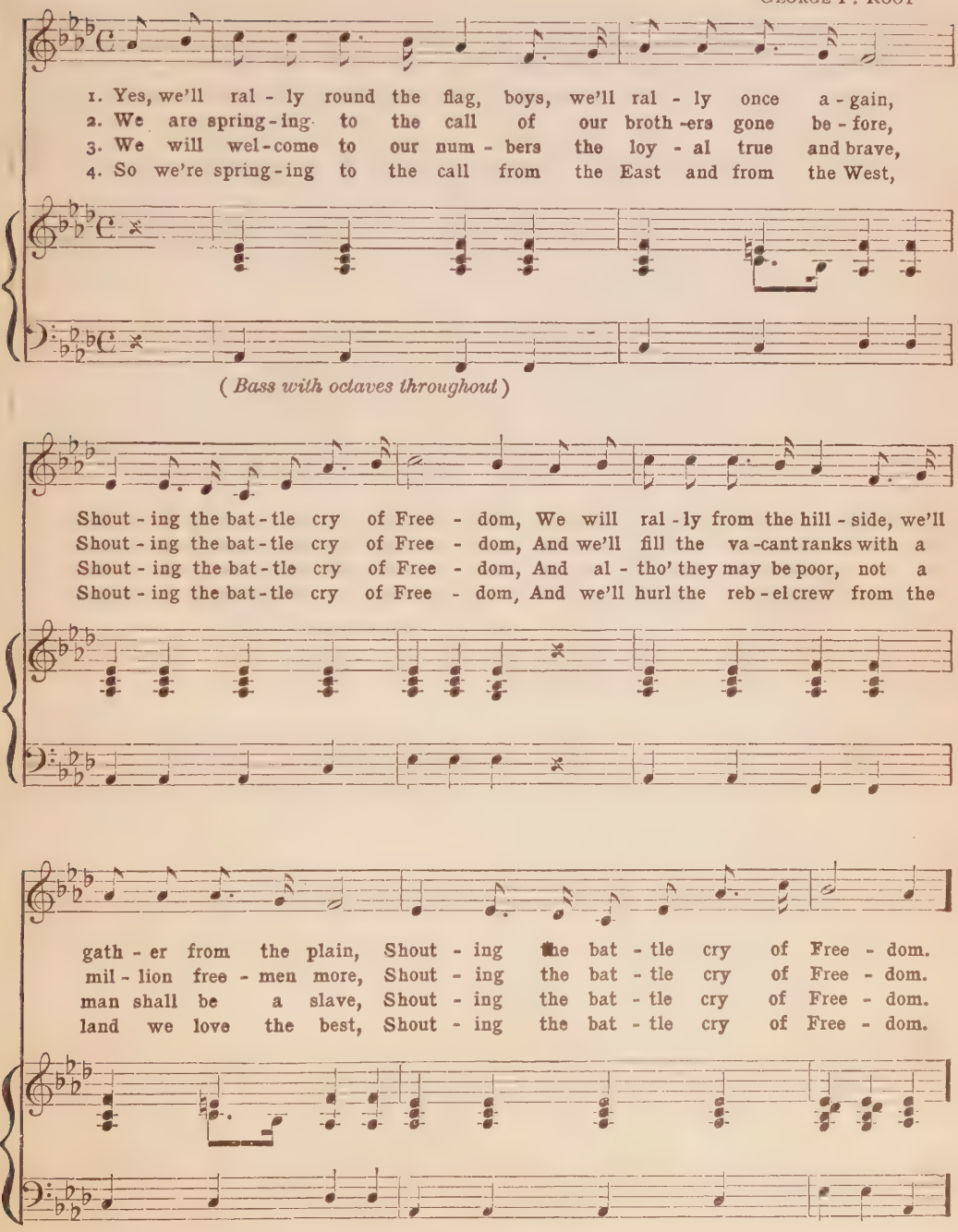
L. O. Emerson



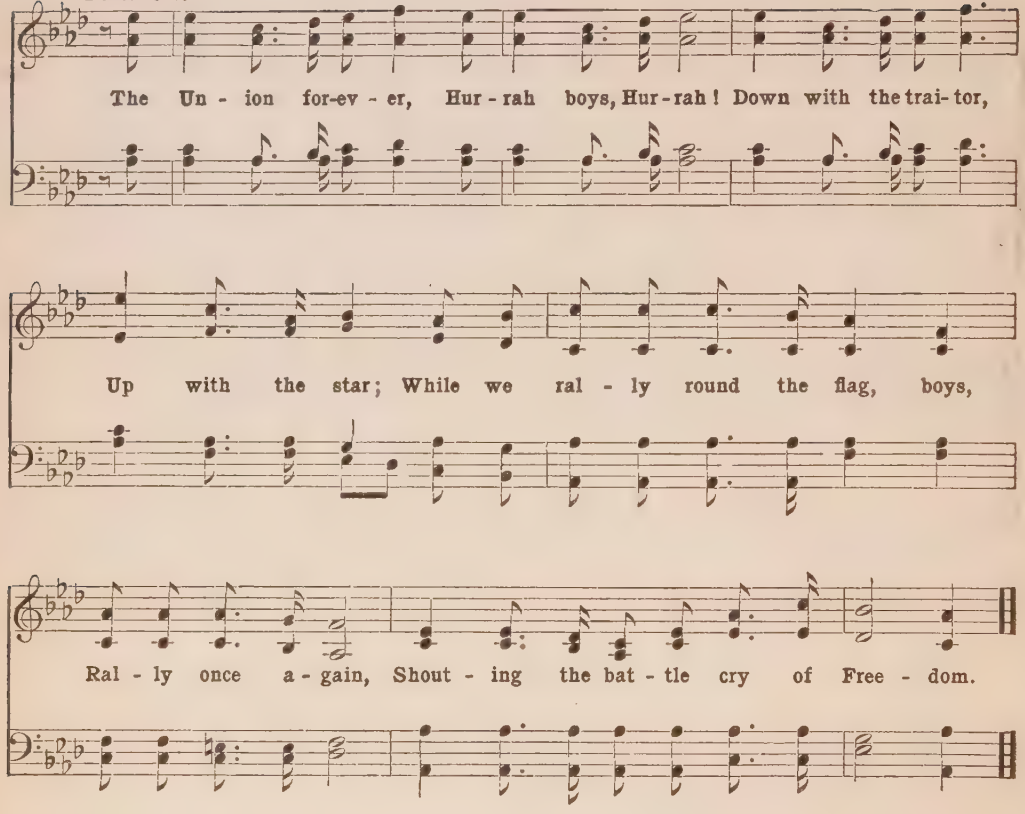
The Battle Cry of Freedom

(RALLYING SONG)

GEORGE F. ROOT

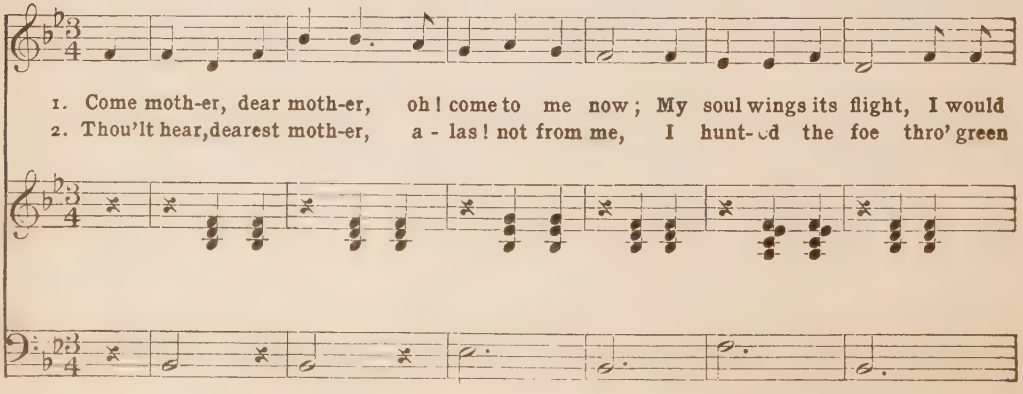


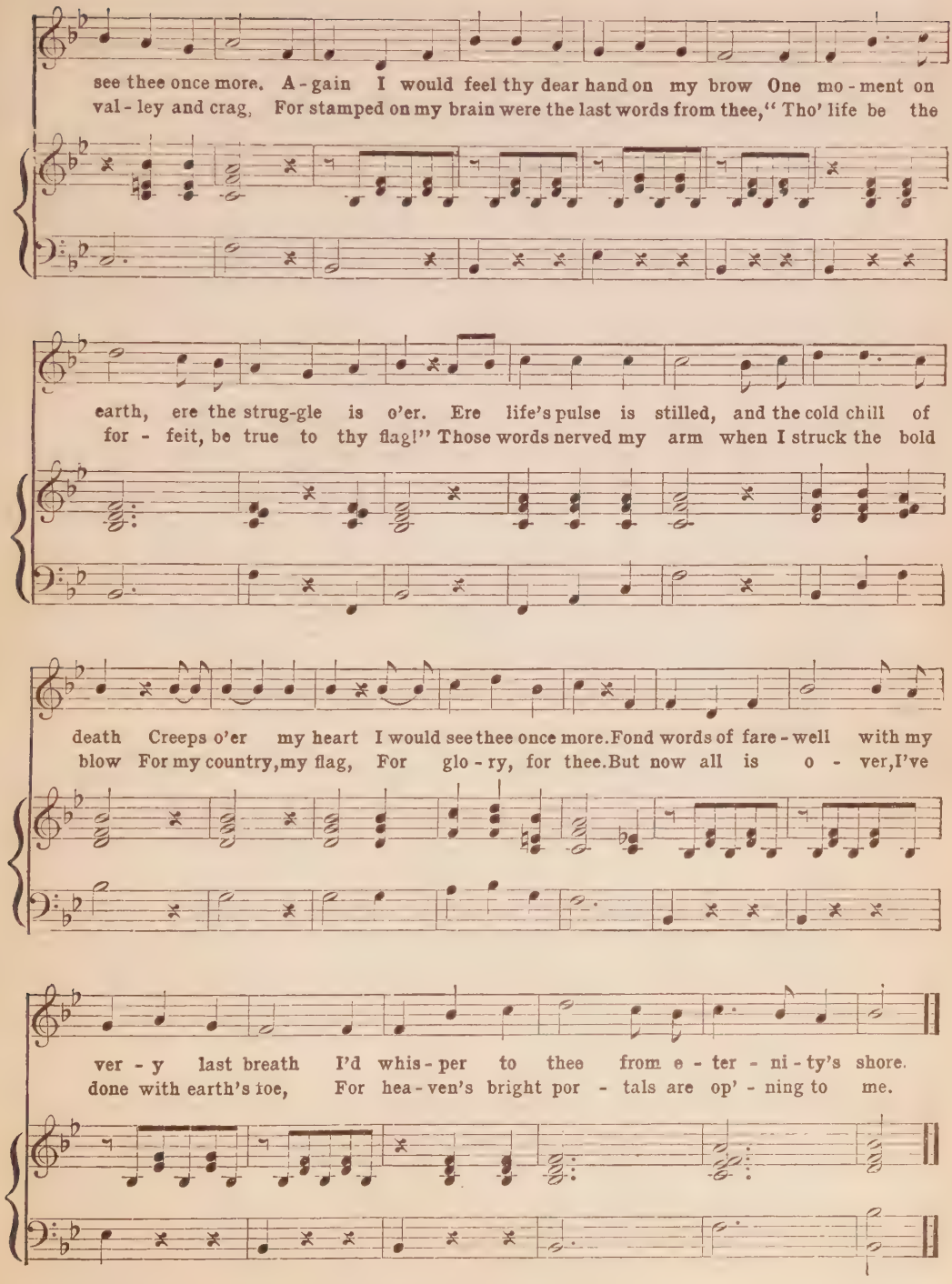
CHORUS
Fortissimo



The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times" A. E. A. MUSE




see thee once more. A - gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo - ment on
val - ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee," Tho' life be the
earth, ere the strug-gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of
for - feit, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold
death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare - well with my
blow For my country, my flag, For glo - ry, for thee. But now all is o - ver, I've
ver - y last breath I'd whis - per to thee from e - ter - ni - ty's shore.
done with earth's foe, For hea - ven's bright por - tals are op' - ning to me.

Take Me Home

RAYMOND

Andante affettuoso

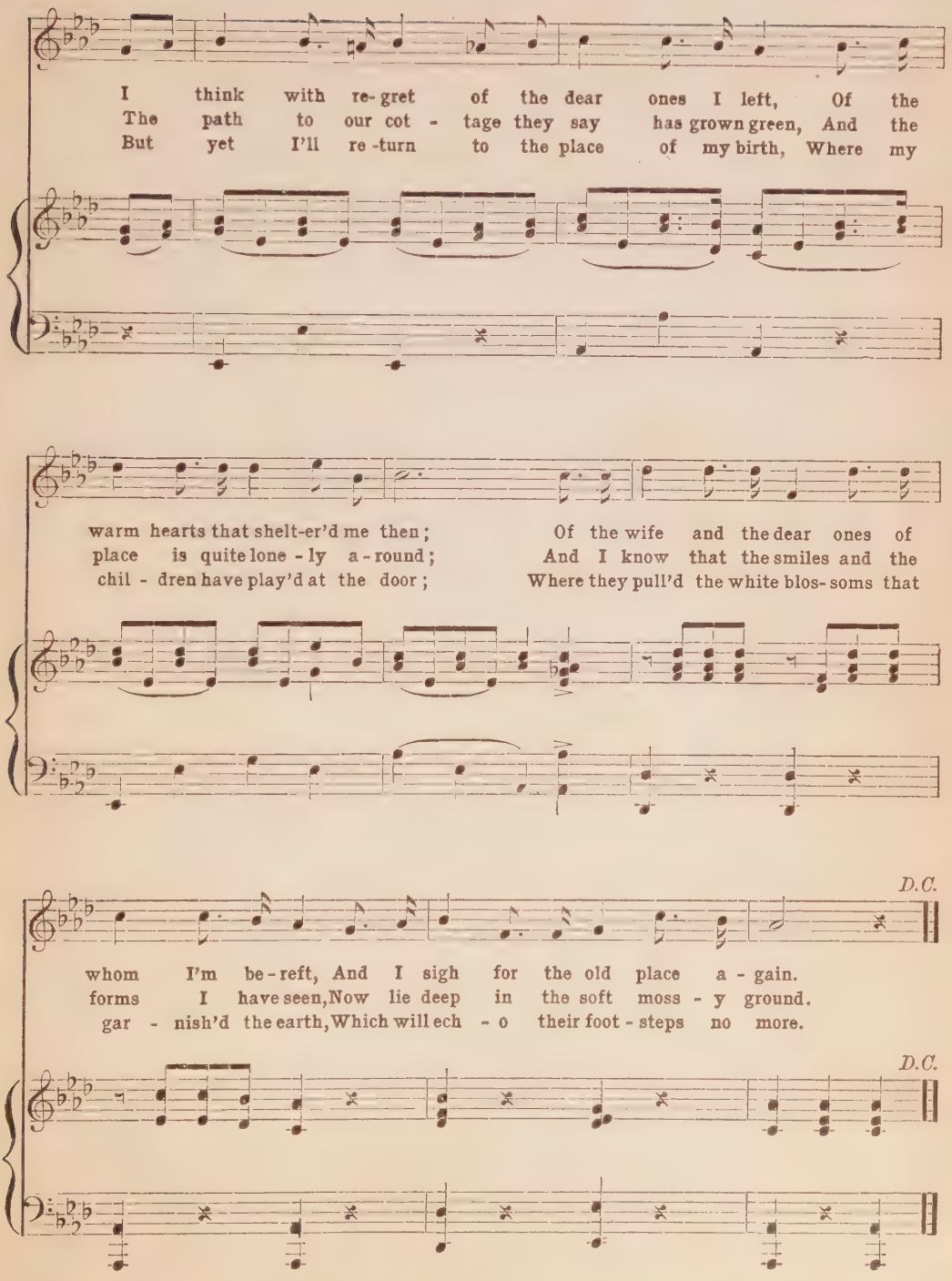
1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my
3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know, Can it
D. C. *Take me home to the place where my lit - tle ones sleep, Poor*

sweet sun-ny South take me home, Where the mocking-bird sung me to
cot in the ev - er - green shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv - er's green
be that the old house is gone, The dear friends of my child-hood in -
mas-sa lies bur - ied close by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I

FINE

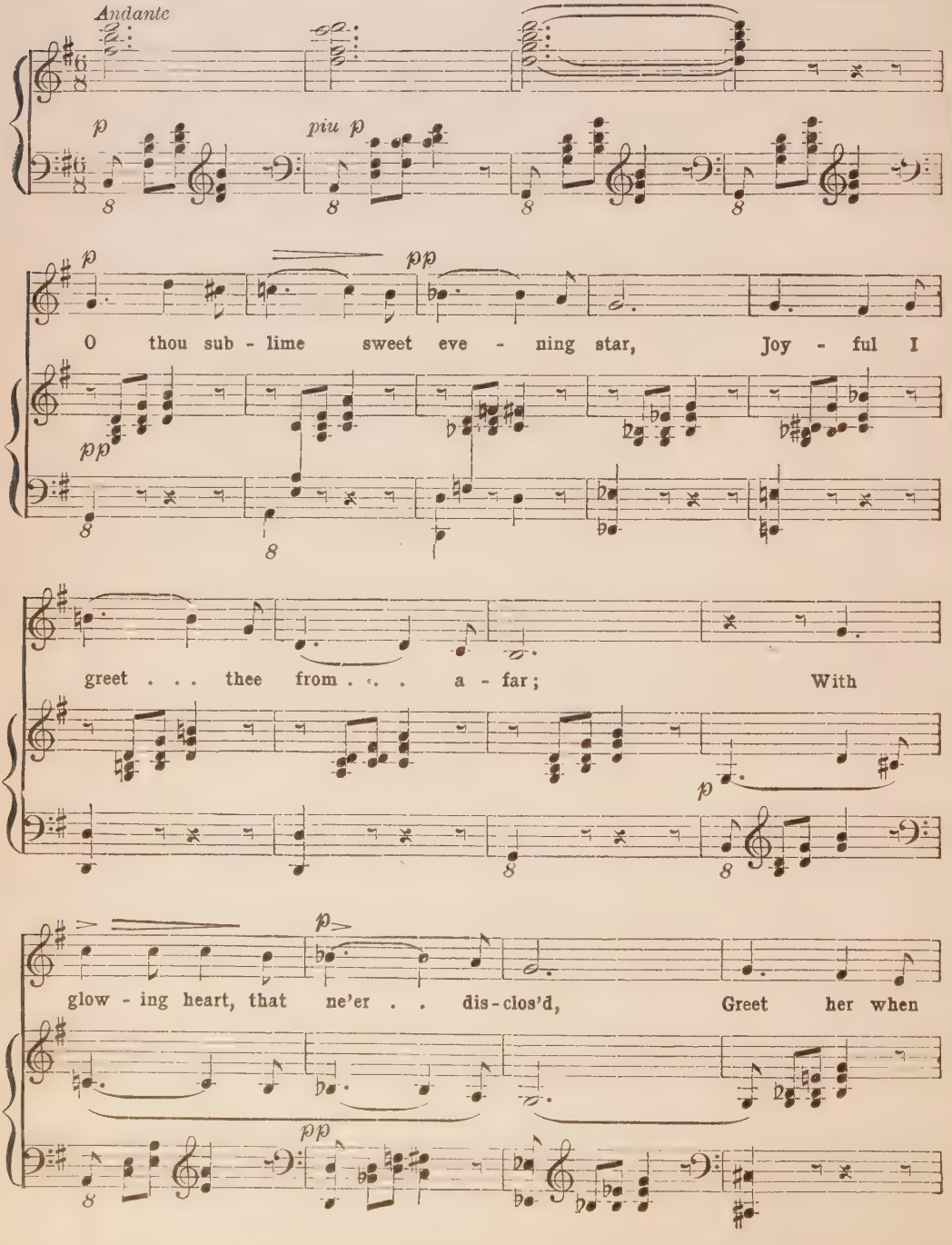
rest ev - 'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam?
mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we play'd.
deed must be few, And I must la- ment all a - lone.
long to weep, And a - mong them to rest when I die.

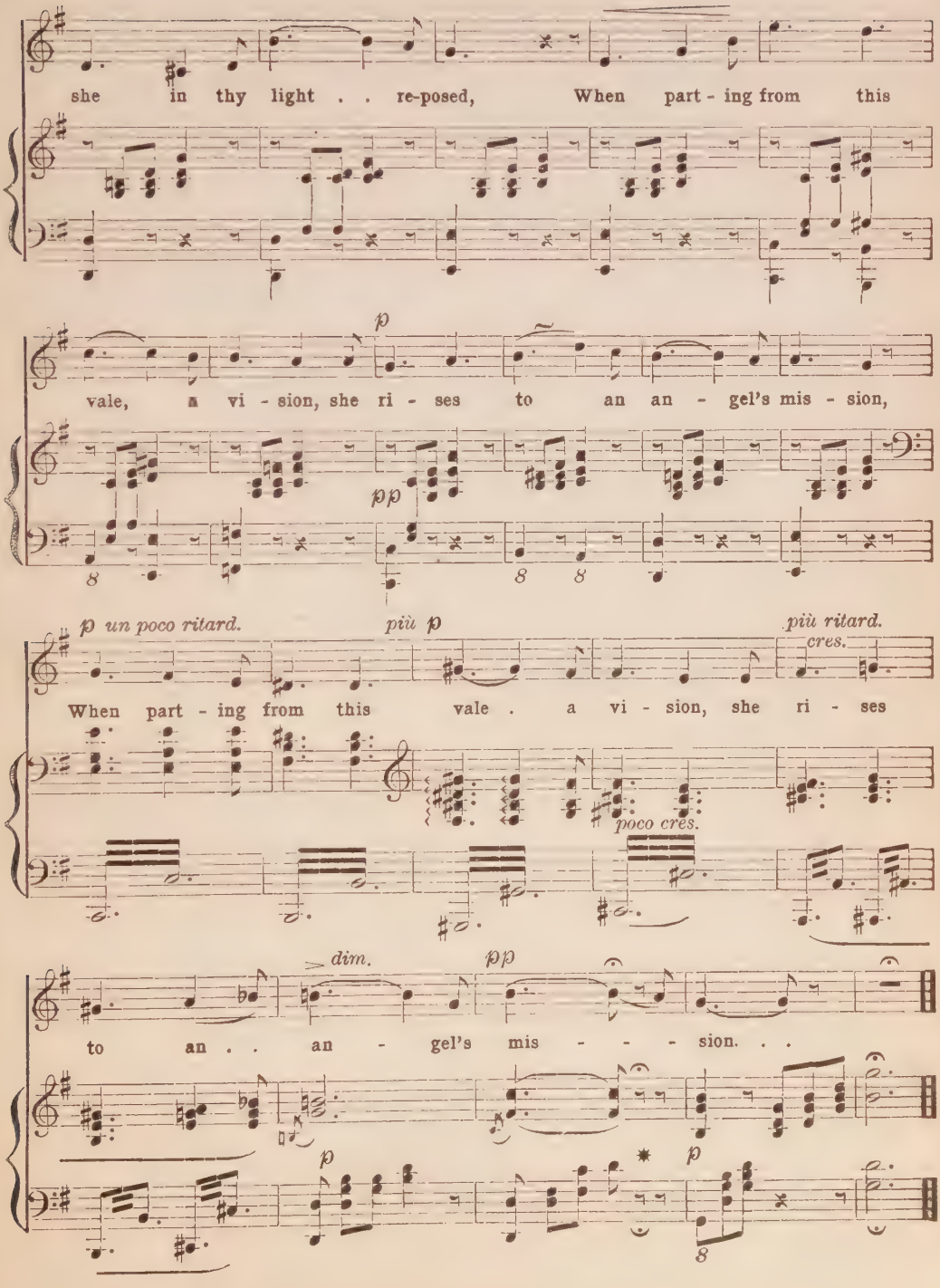
FINE


I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
But yet I'll re-turn to the place of my birth, Where my
warm hearts that shelt-er'd me then;
place is quite lone - ly a - round;
chil - dren have play'd at the door;
Of the wife and the dear ones of
And I know that the smiles and the
Where they pull'd the white blos-soms that
D.C.
whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain.
forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft moss - y ground.
gar - nish'd the earth, Which will ech - o their foot - steps no more.
D.C.

To the Evening Star

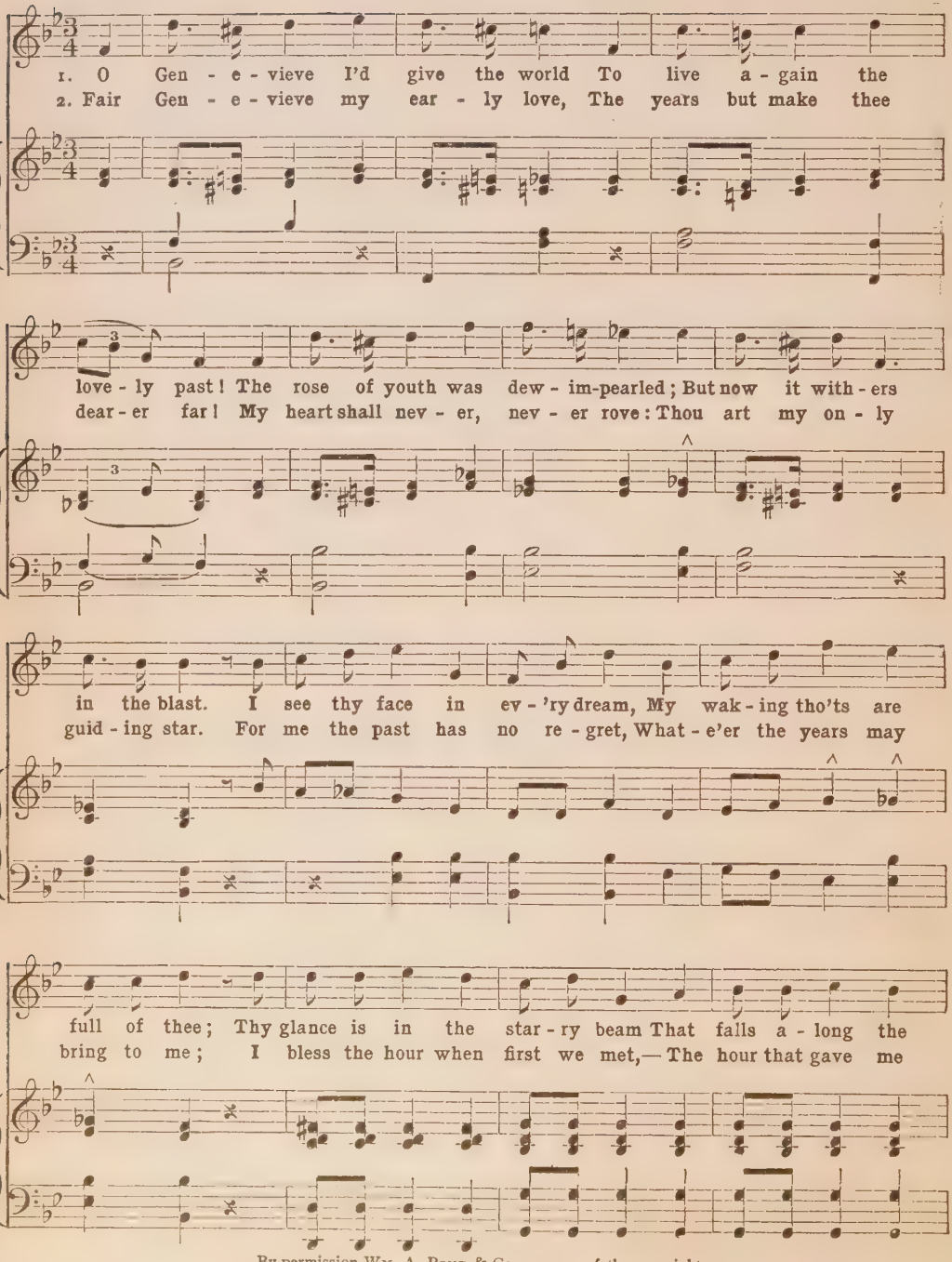
From WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser"




she in thy light . . re-posed, When part - ing from this
p
vale, a vi - sion, she ri - ses to an an - gel's mis - sion,
pp
p un poco ritard.
più p
più ritard.
cres.
When part - ing from this vale . a vi - sion, she ri - ses
poco cres.
dim.
pp
to an . . an - gel's mis - - - - sion. . .
p
p

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER HENRY TUCKER



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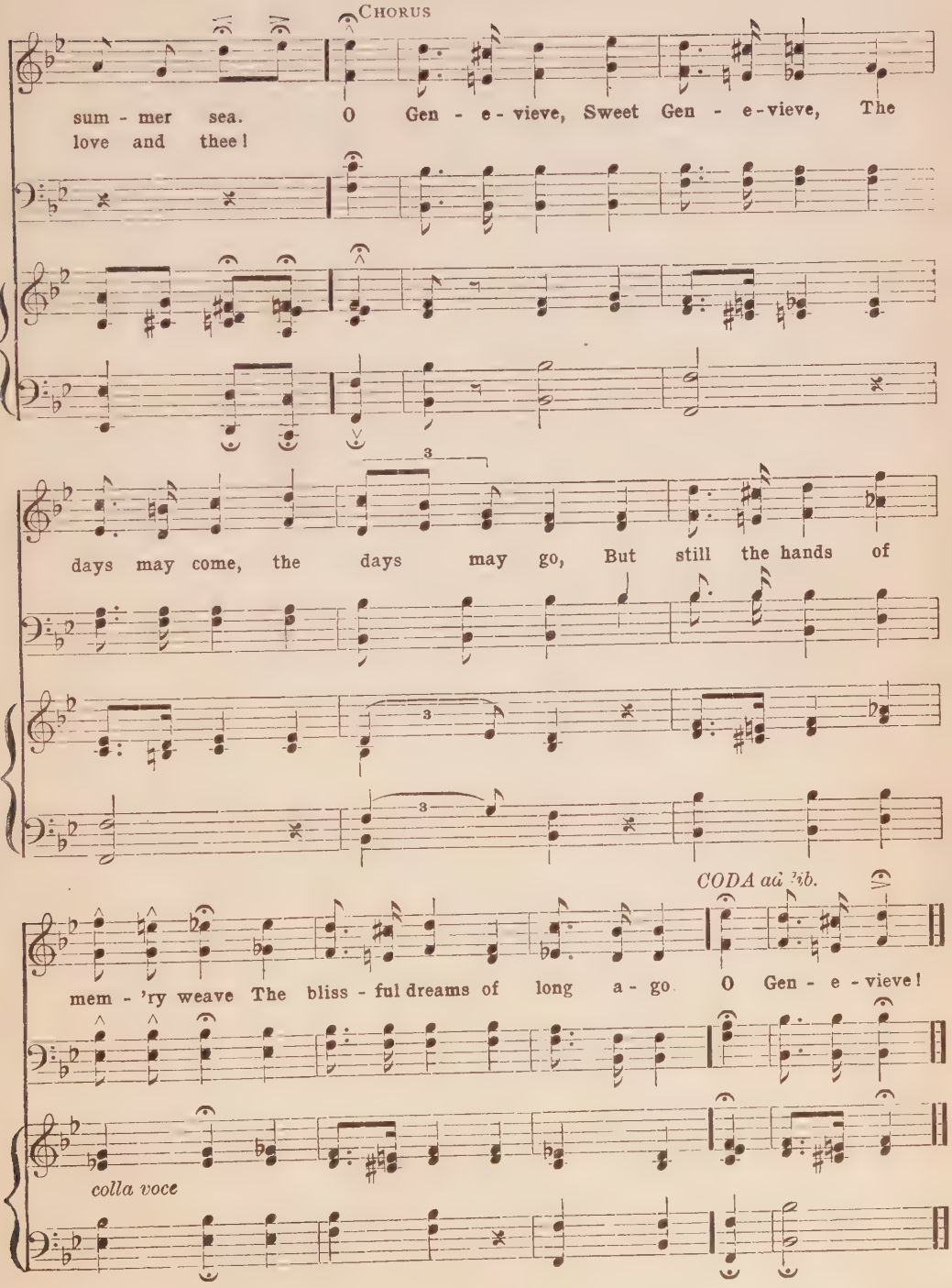
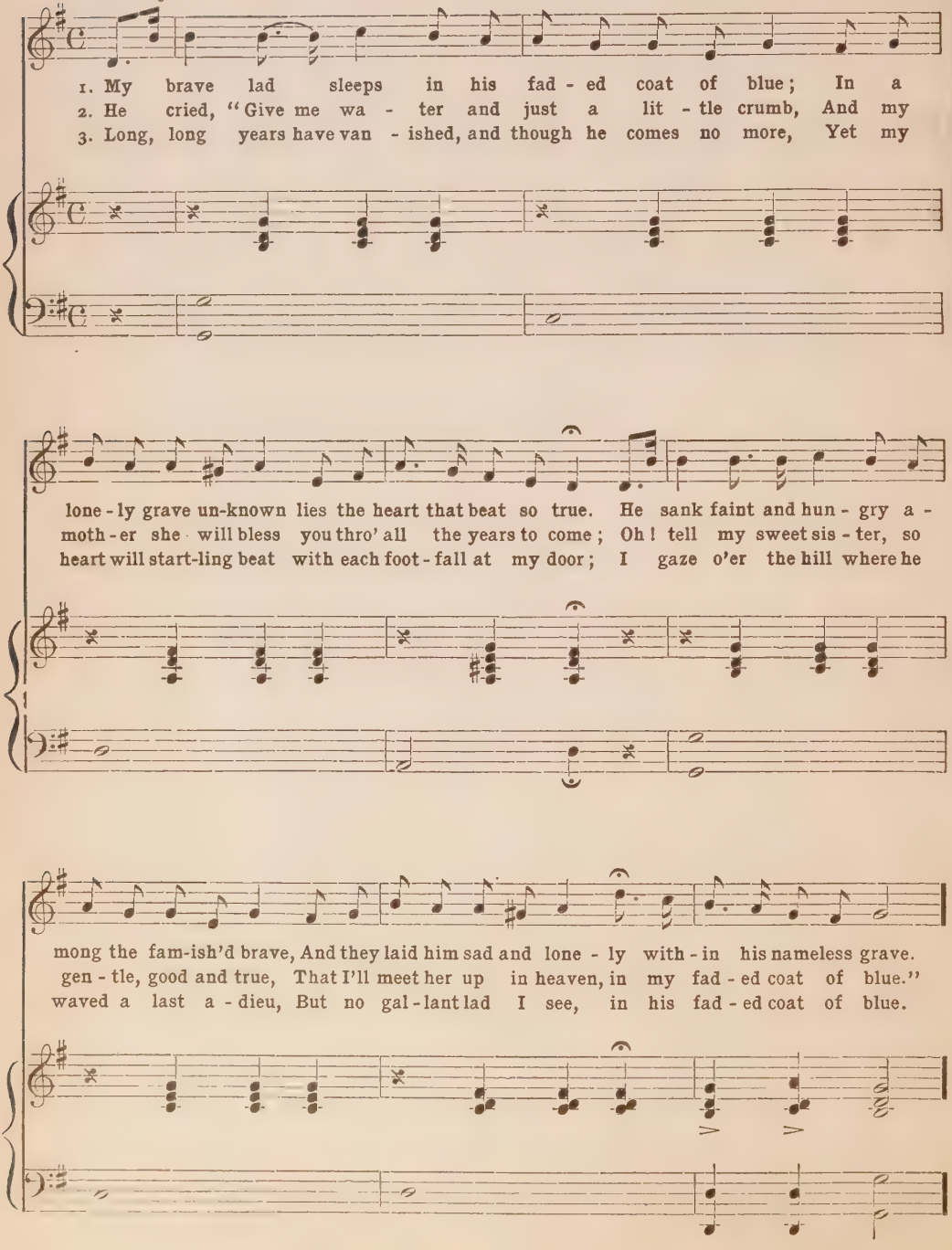
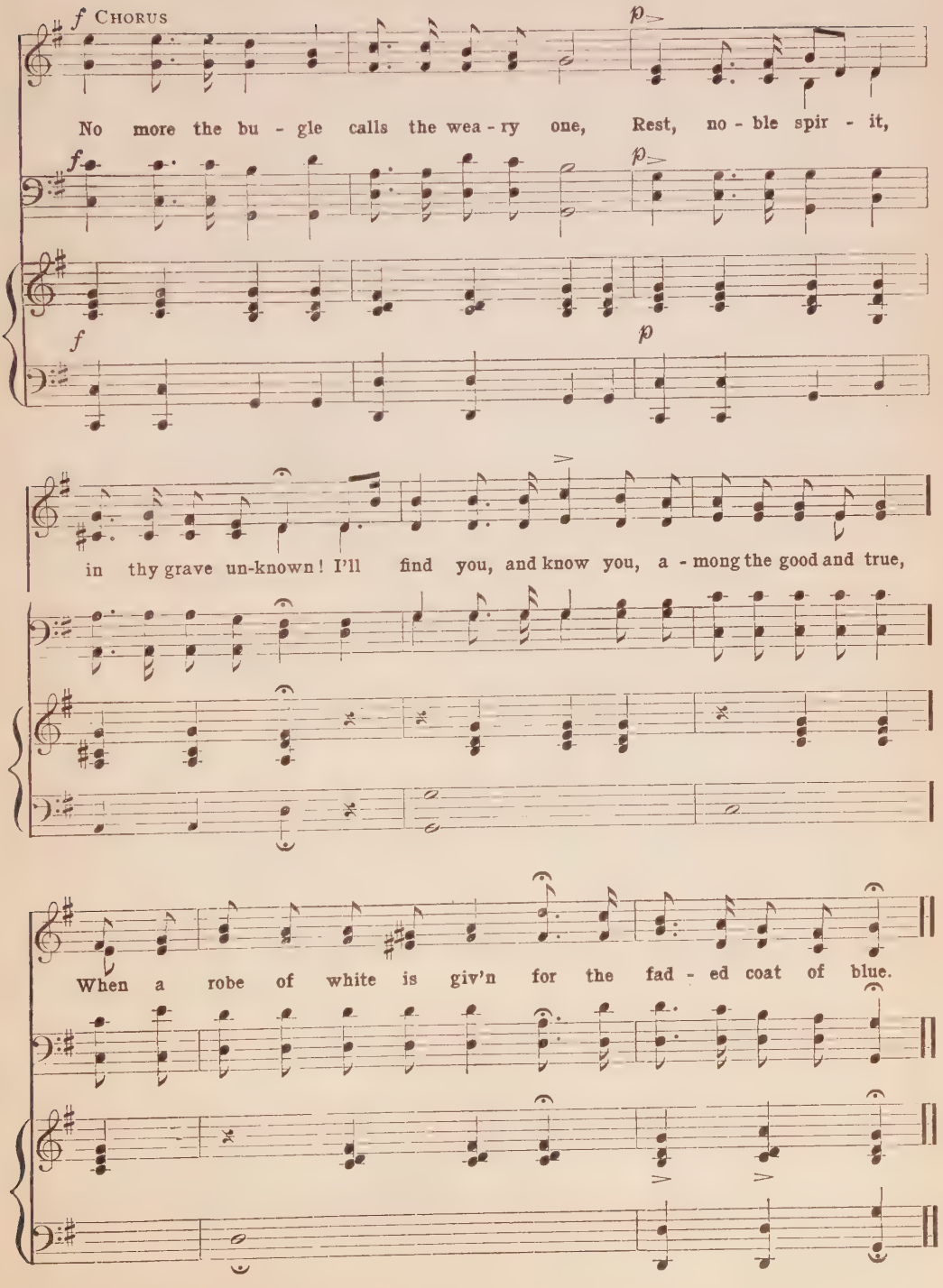

CHORUS
sum - mer sea. O Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The
love and thee!
days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of
CODA ad lib.
mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go O Gen - e - vieve!
colla voce

The Faded Coat of Blue

J. H. McNaughton

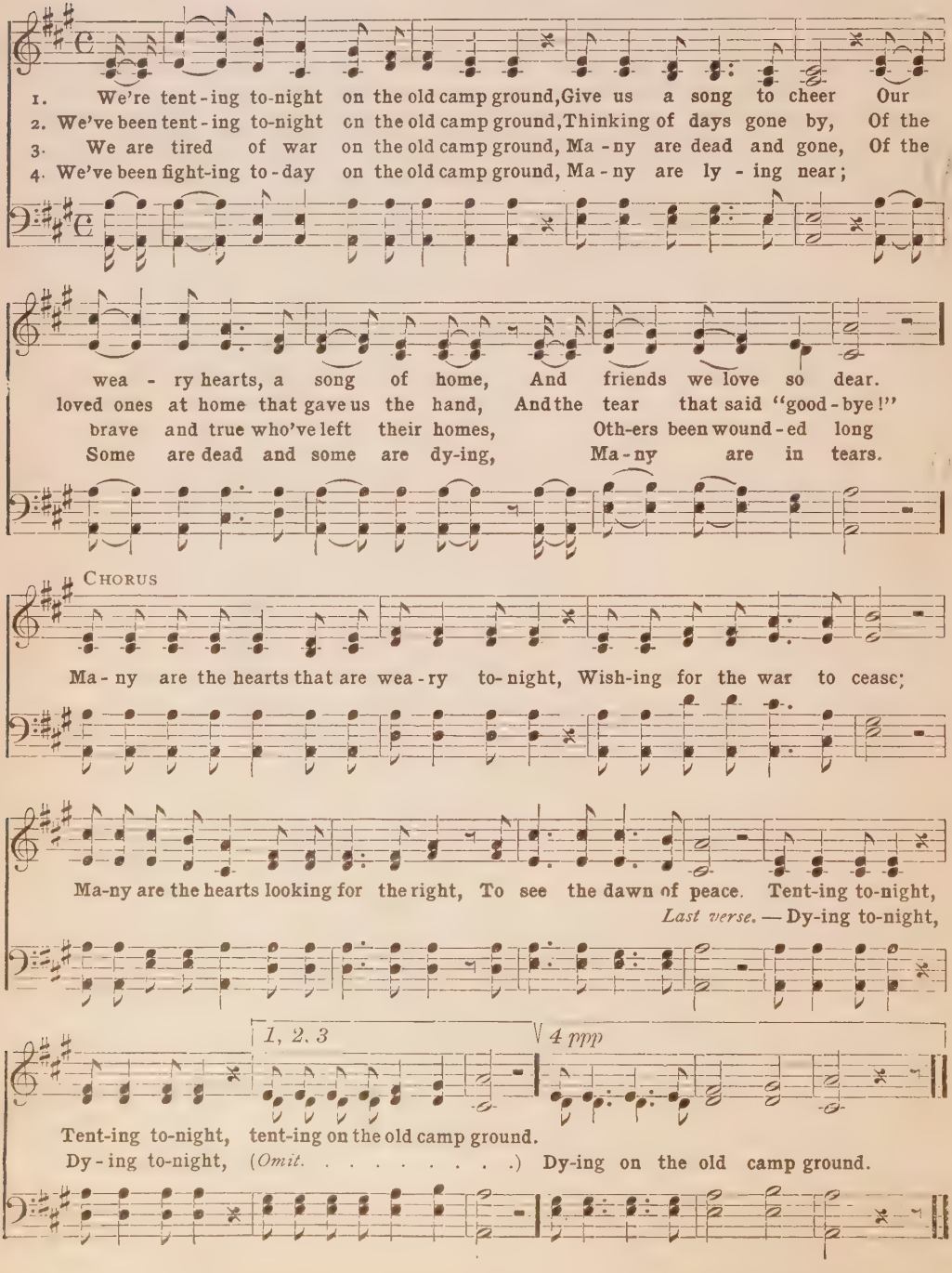
Tenderly




f CHORUS
p
No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest, no - ble spir - it,
f
p
f
p
in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a - mong the good and true,
When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

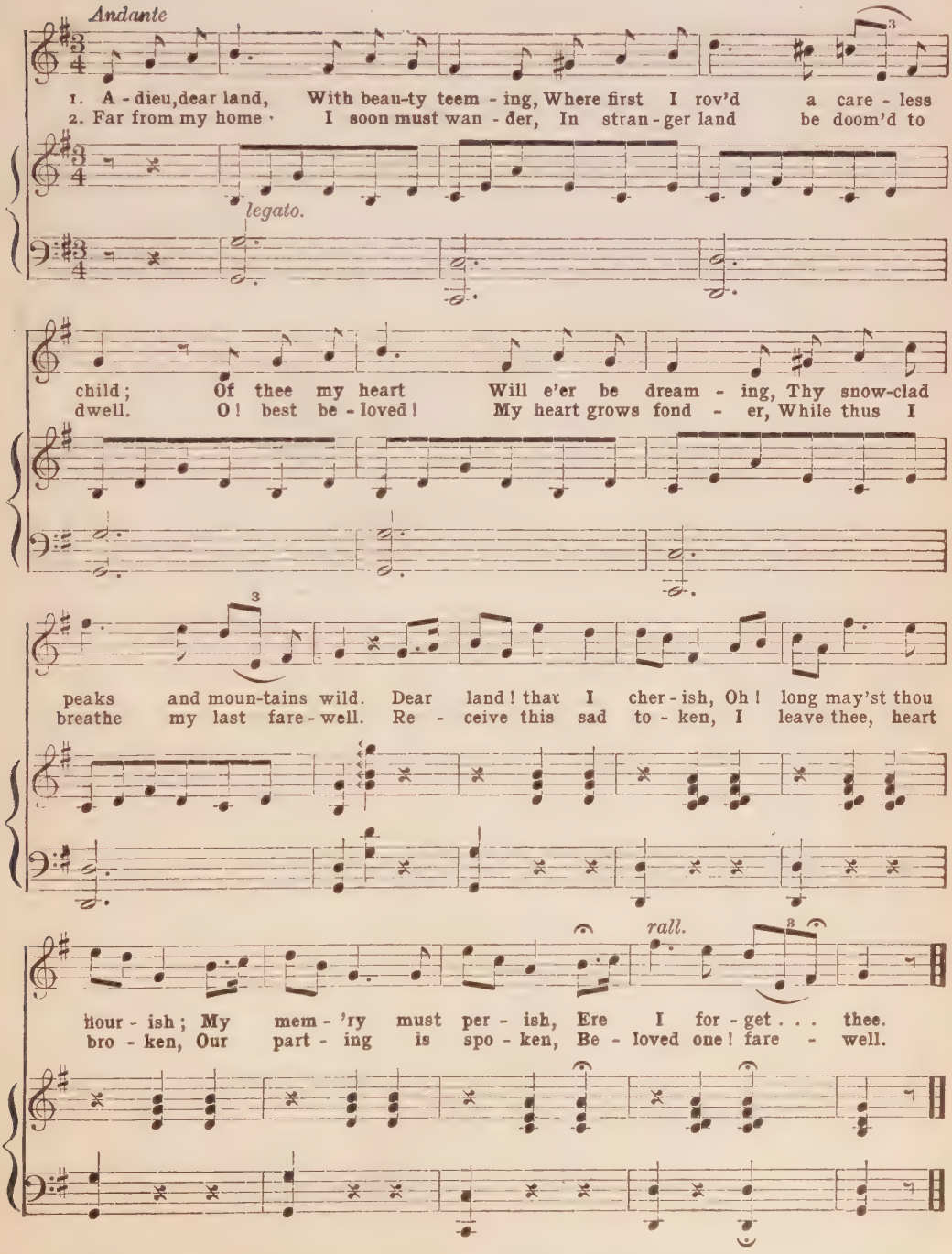
We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE



The Switzer's Farewell

GEORGE LINLEY



Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato (MALE VOICES)

mf

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

mf

FINE D.C.

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!
hast a slen-der waist; A slen-der waist is thine, love! The arm a-round it's mine, love!
hast such pearl-y teeth; The pearl-y teeth are false, love! They rat-tle when you waltz, love!

How Gentle God's Commands

P. DODDRIDGE H. G. NÄGELI

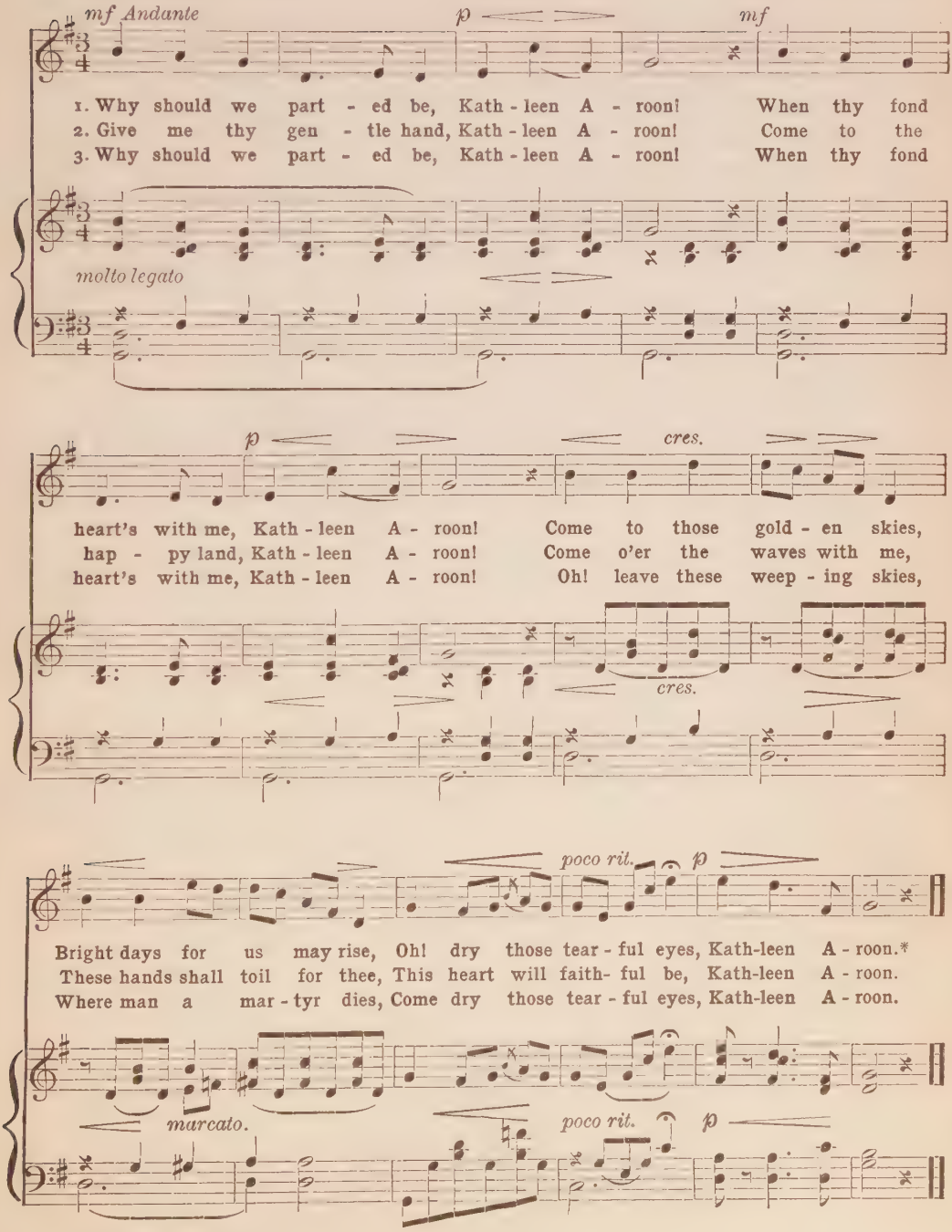
1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell:
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That Hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.

Kathleen Aroon

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD

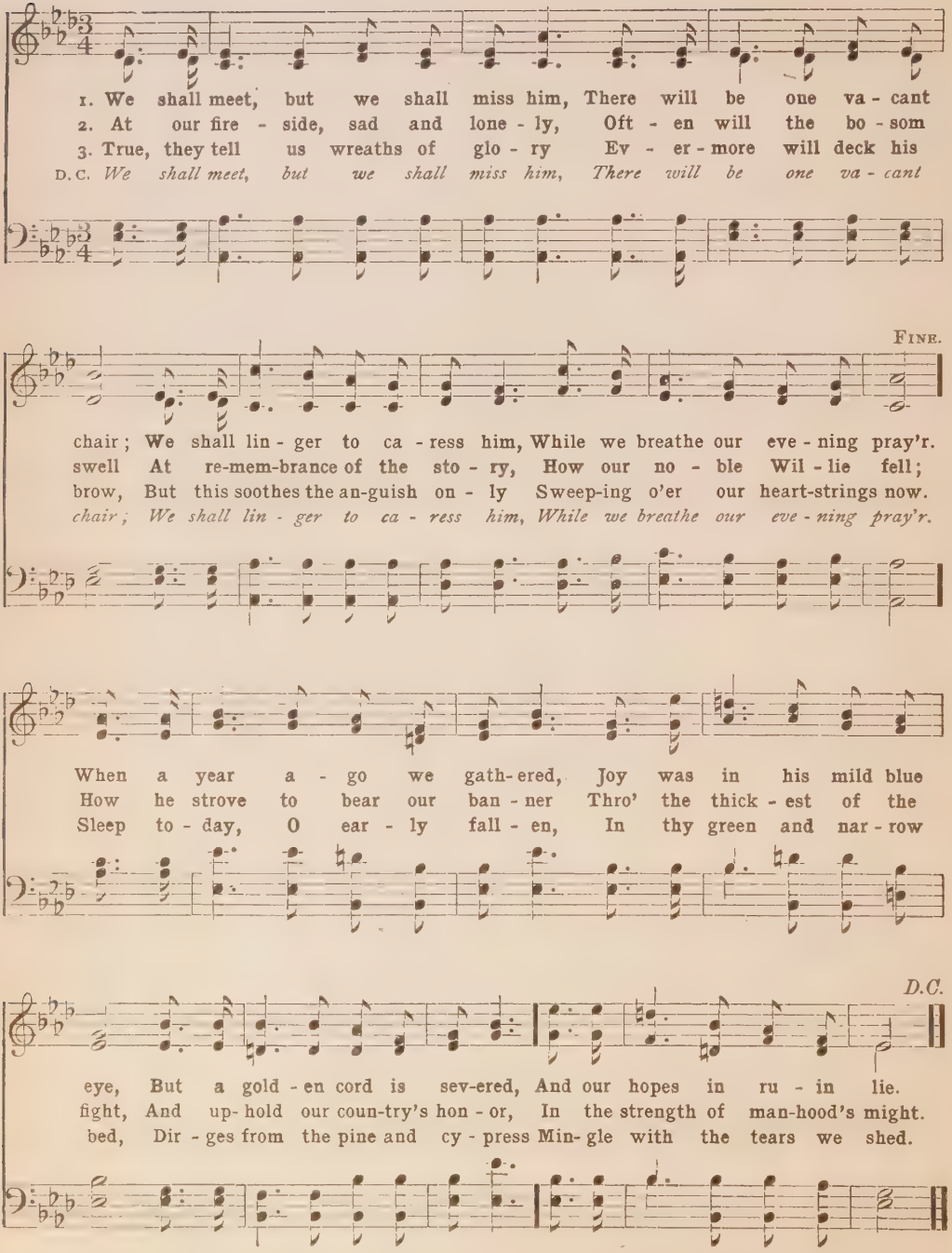
Music by FRANZ ABT



* Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

The Vacant Chair

Geo. F. Root

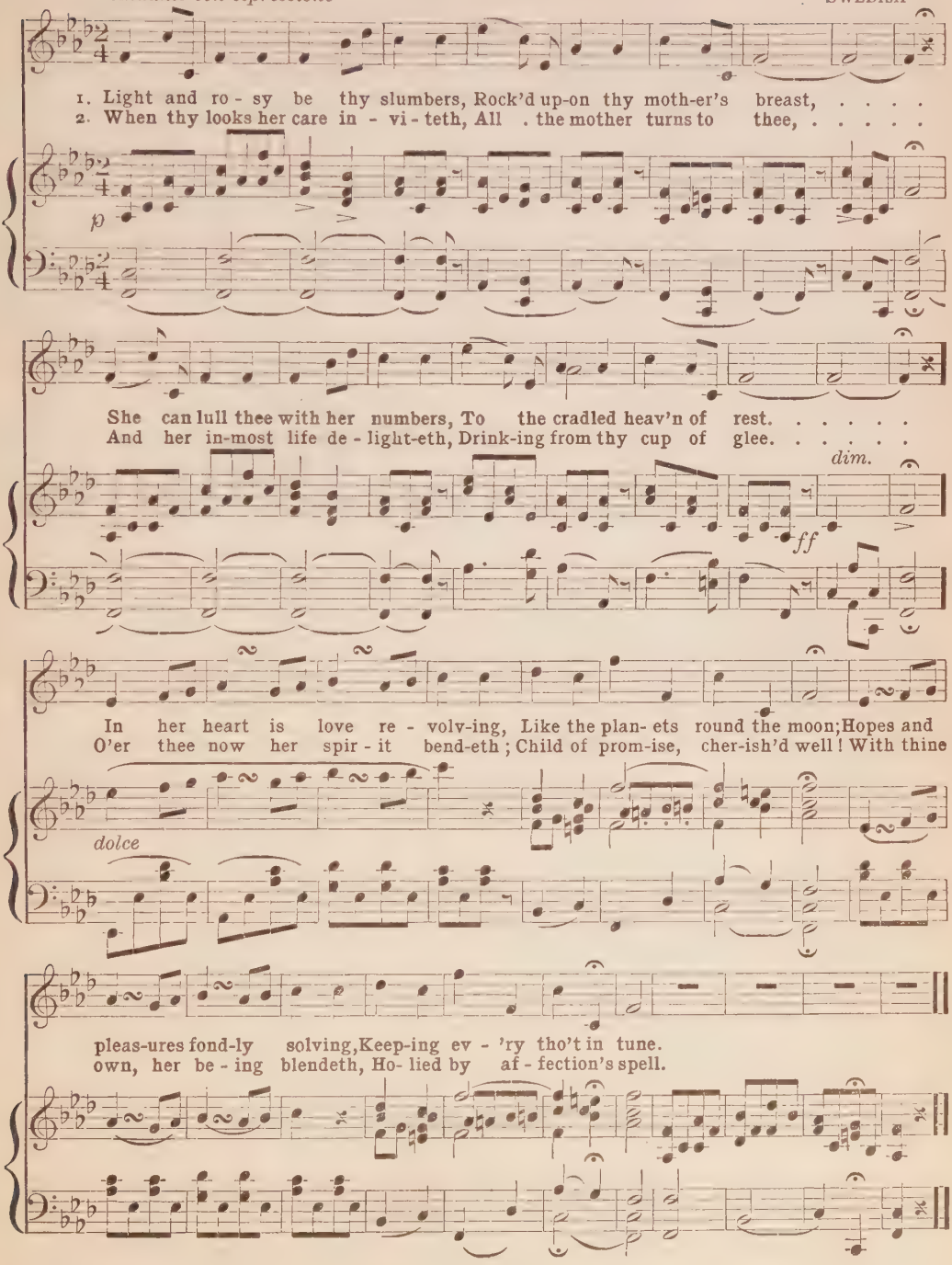


Cradle Song

(Sung by Jenny Lind)

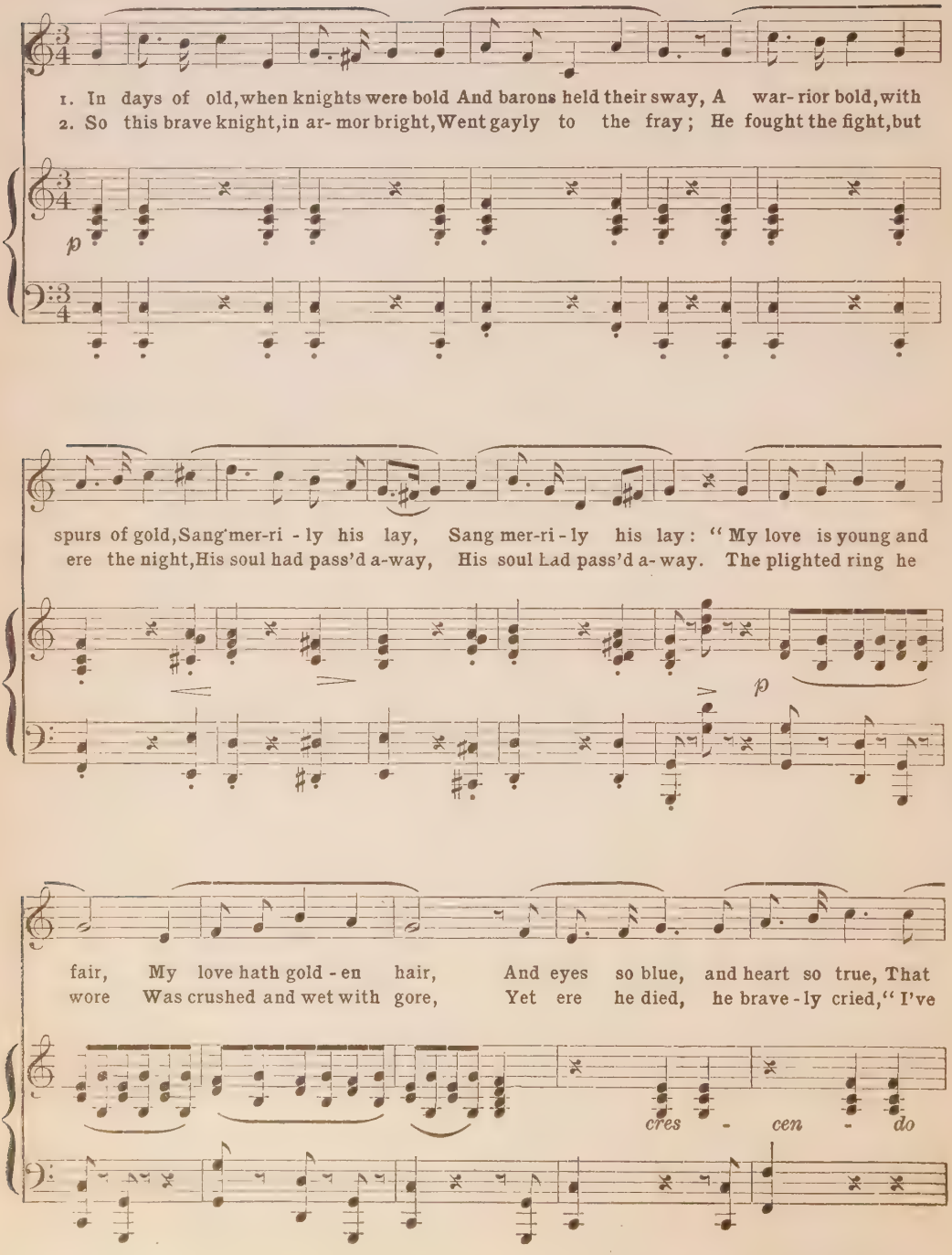
Andante con espressione

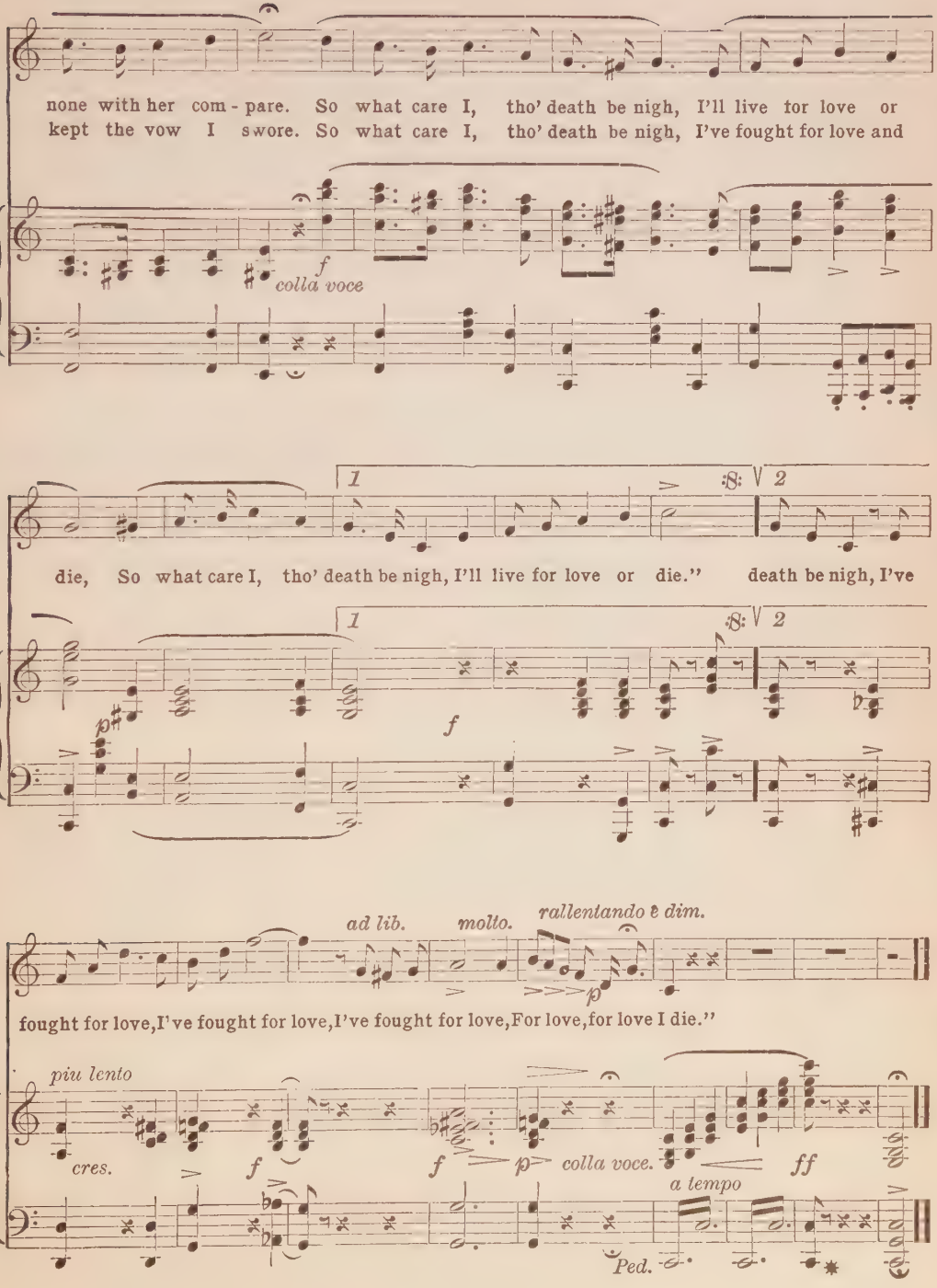
SWEDISH



A Warrior Bold

EDWIN THOMAS — STEPHEN ADAMS

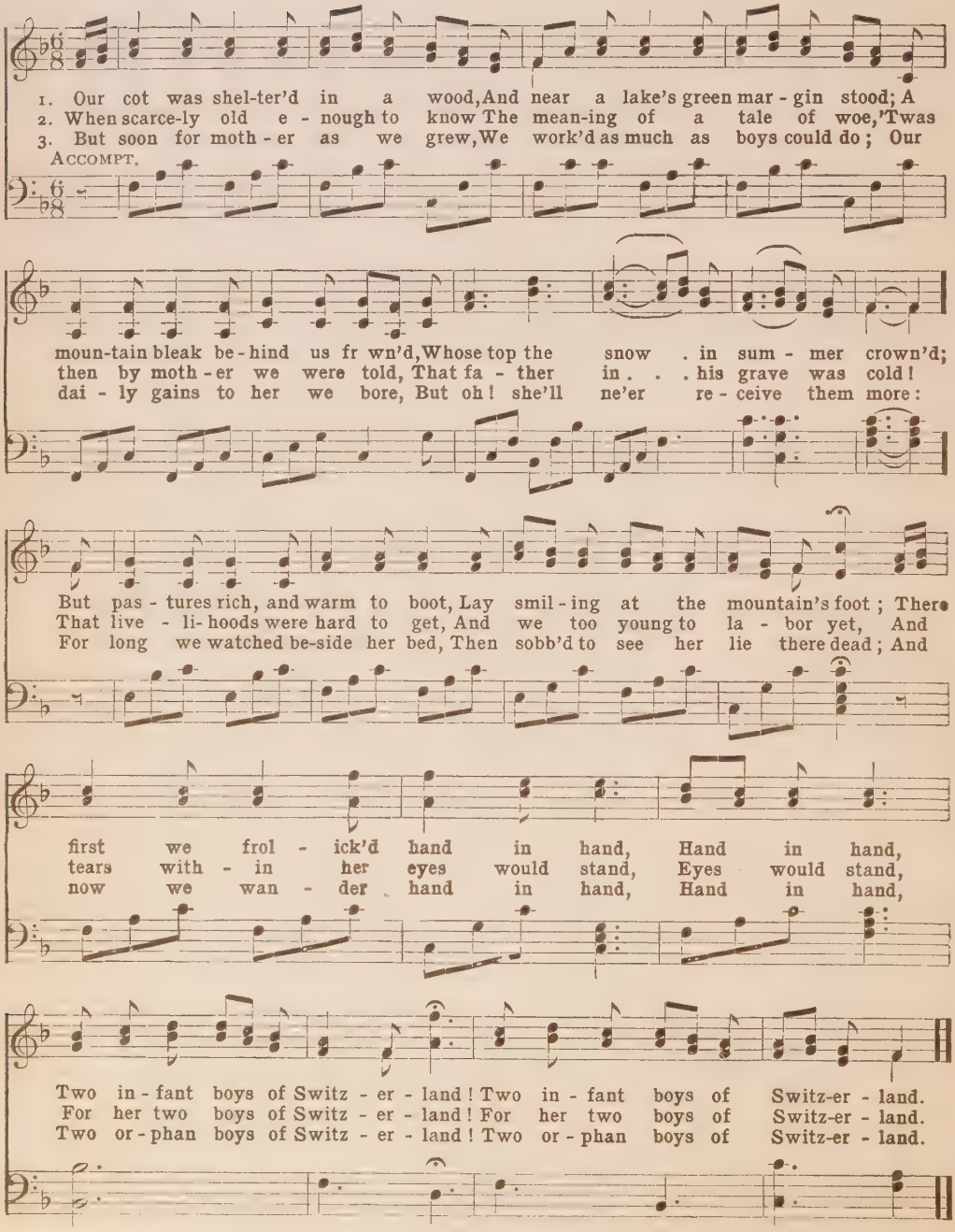



none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and
f
colla voce
1
2
die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've
p
f
ad lib.
molto.
rallentando e dim.
fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."
piu lento
cres.
f
f
p
colla voce.
ff
a tempo
Ped.

The Orphan Boys

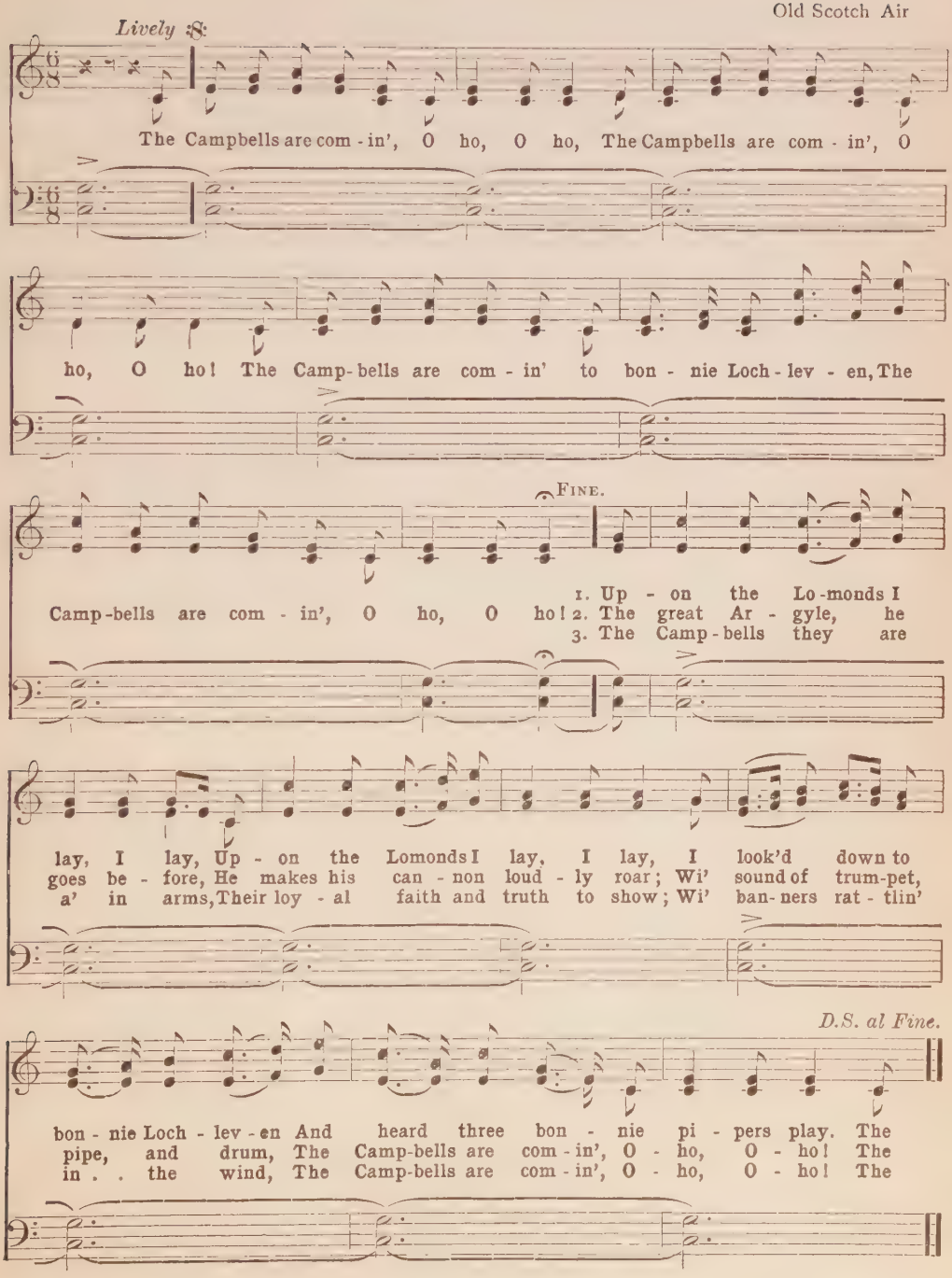
DUET

From "The Young Choir," 1840

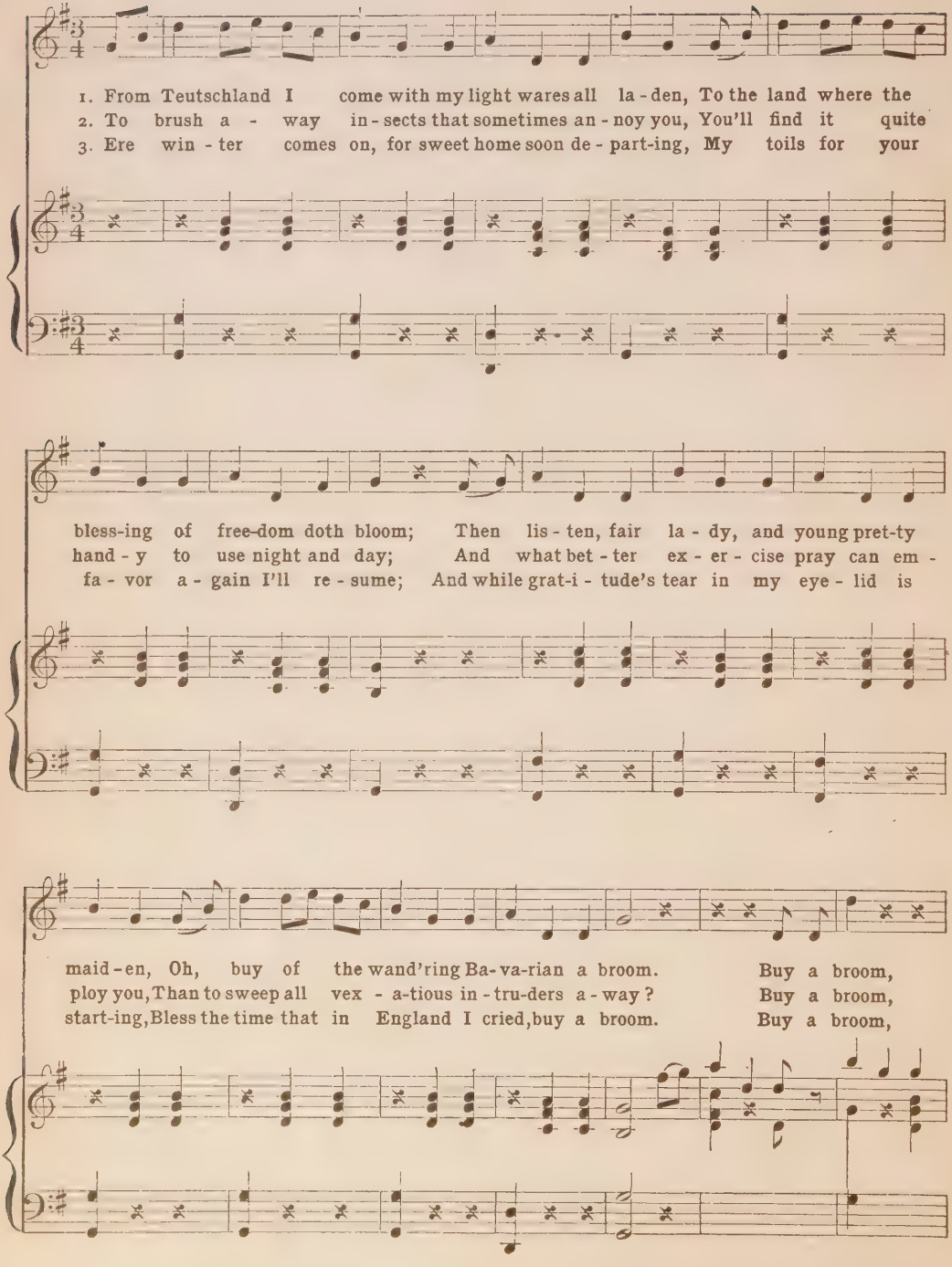


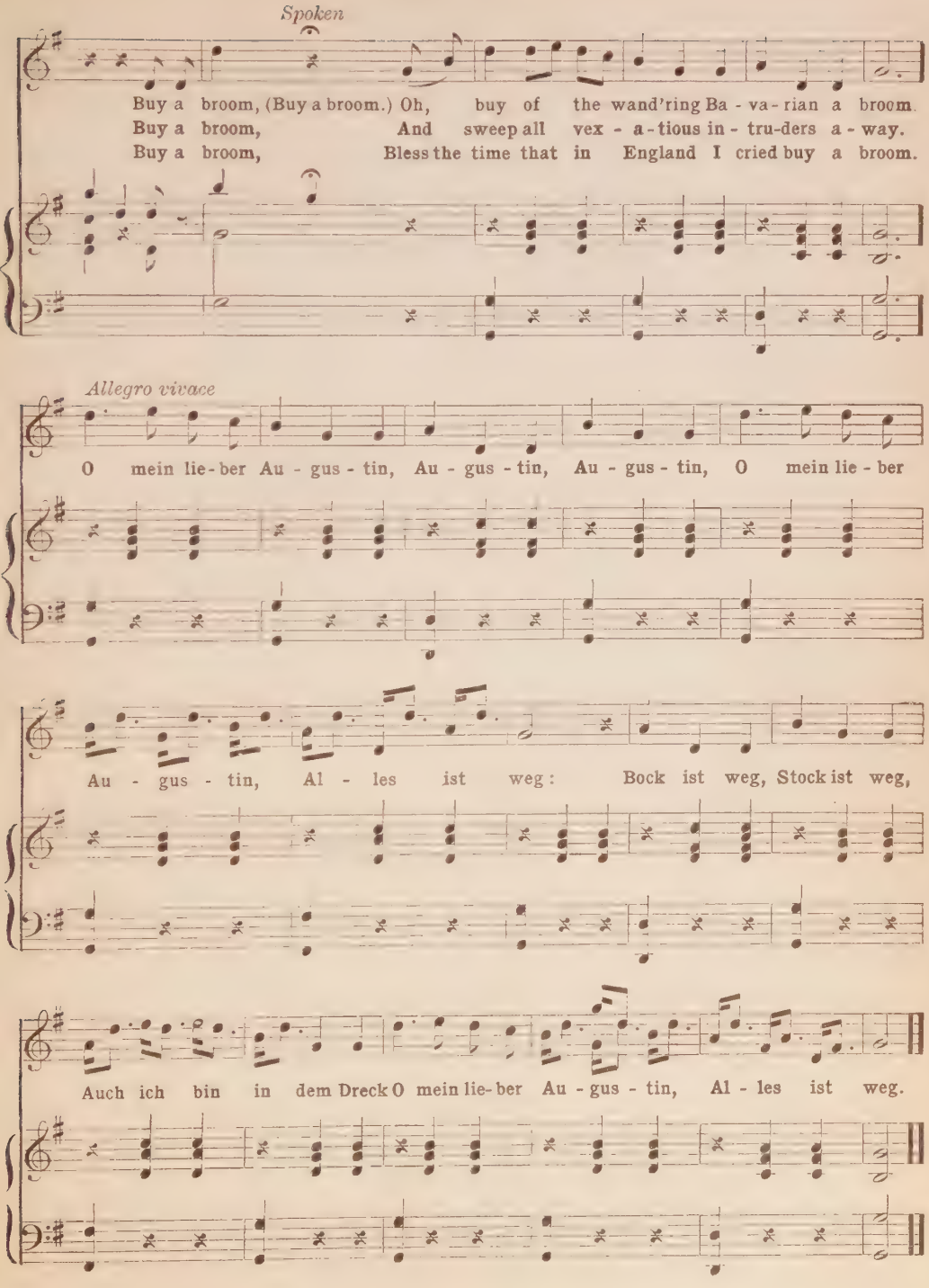
The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air



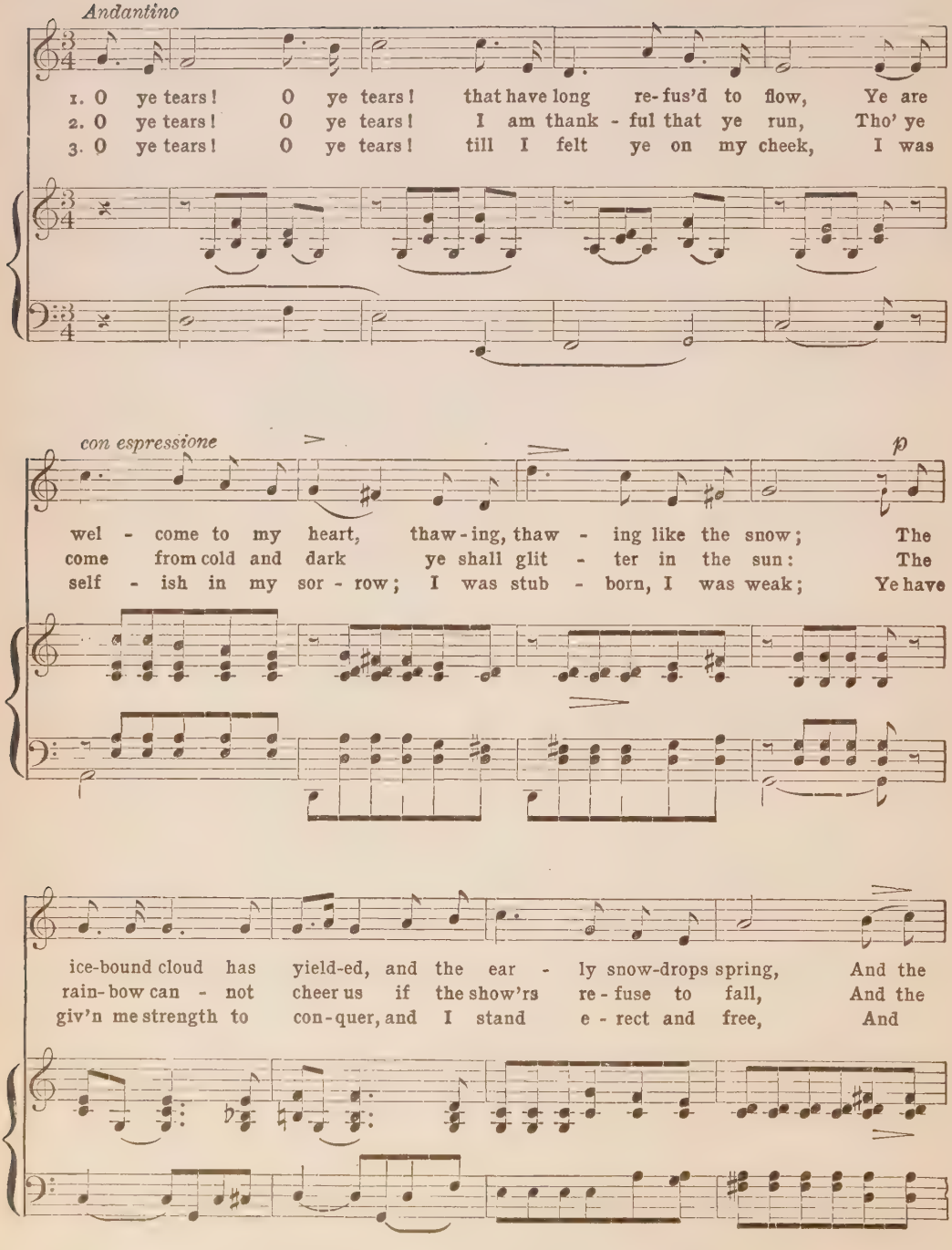
Buy a Broom

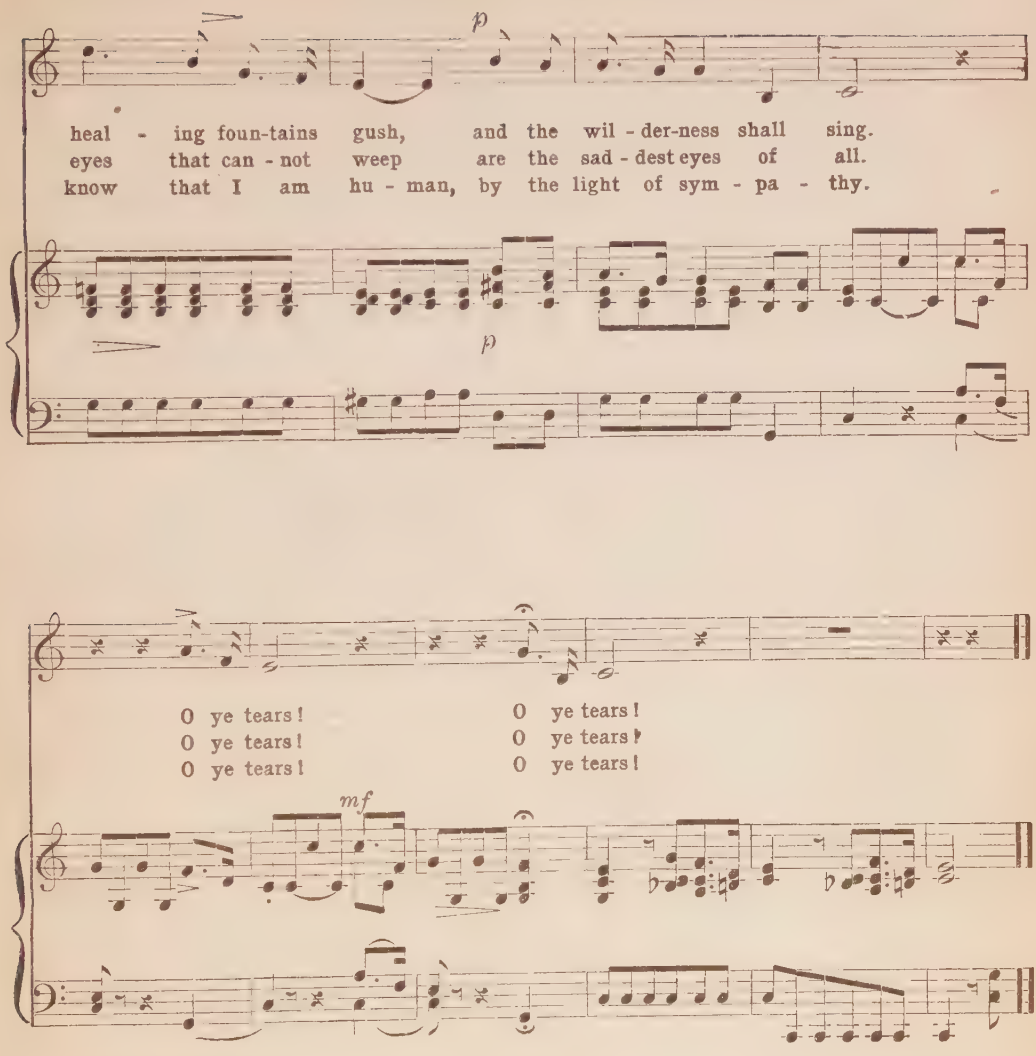

1. From Teutschland I come with my light wares all la - den, To the land where the
2. To brush a - way in - sects that sometimes an - noy you, You'll find it quite
3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet home soon de - part-ing, My toils for your
bless-ing of free-dom doth bloom; Then lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret-ty
hand - y to use night and day; And what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em -
fa - vor a - gain I'll re - sume; And while grat-i - tude's tear in my eye - lid is
maid - en, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba- va-rian a broom. Buy a broom,
ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a-tious in - tru-ders a - way? Buy a broom,
start-ing, Bless the time that in England I cried, buy a broom. Buy a broom,


Spoken
Buy a broom, (Buy a broom.) Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
Buy a broom, And sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru-ders a - way.
Buy a broom, Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.
Allegro vivace
O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, O mein lie - ber
Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg: Bock ist weg, Stock ist weg,
Auch ich bin in dem Dreck O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg.

O Ye Tears

FRANZ ABT



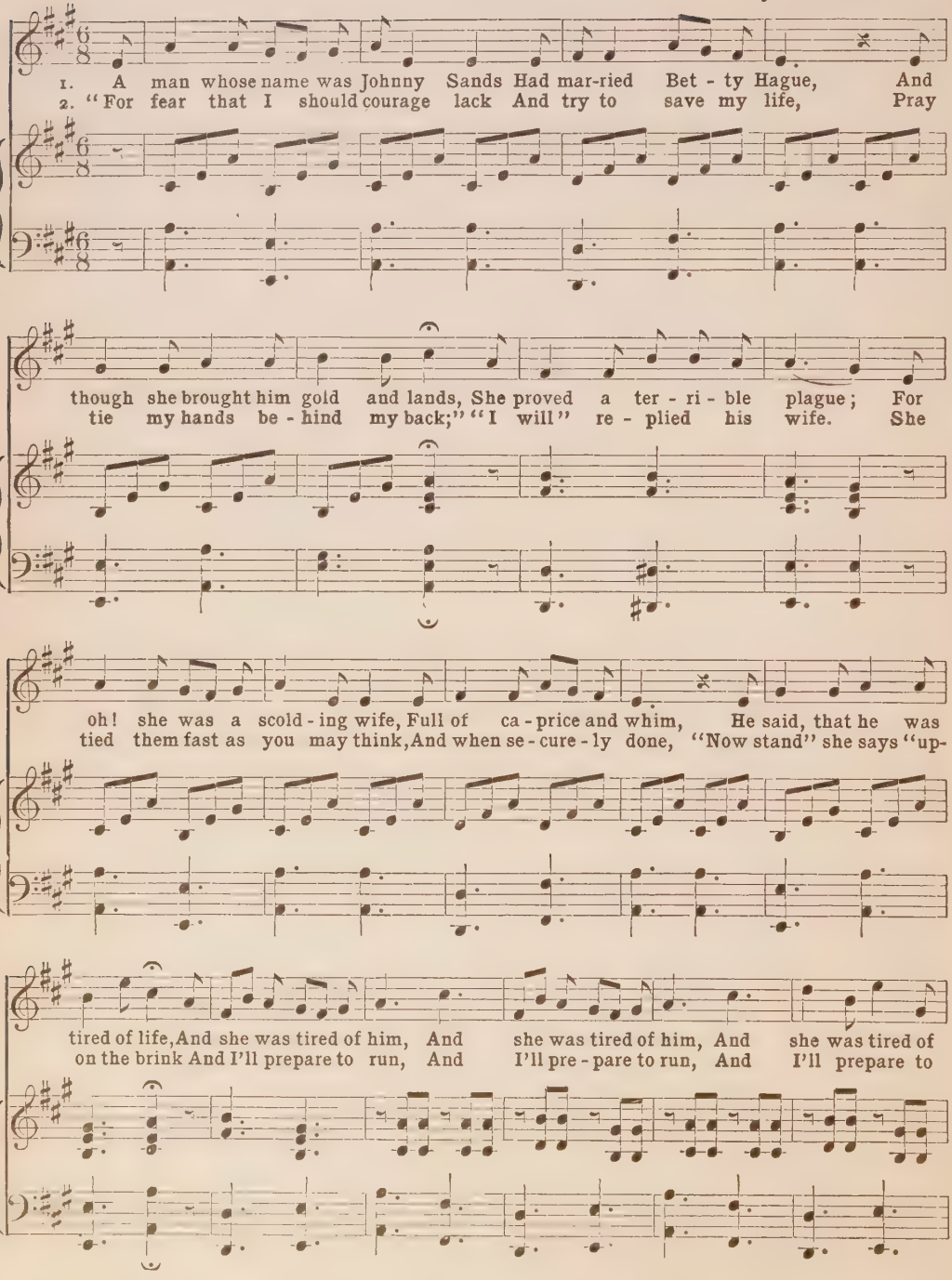


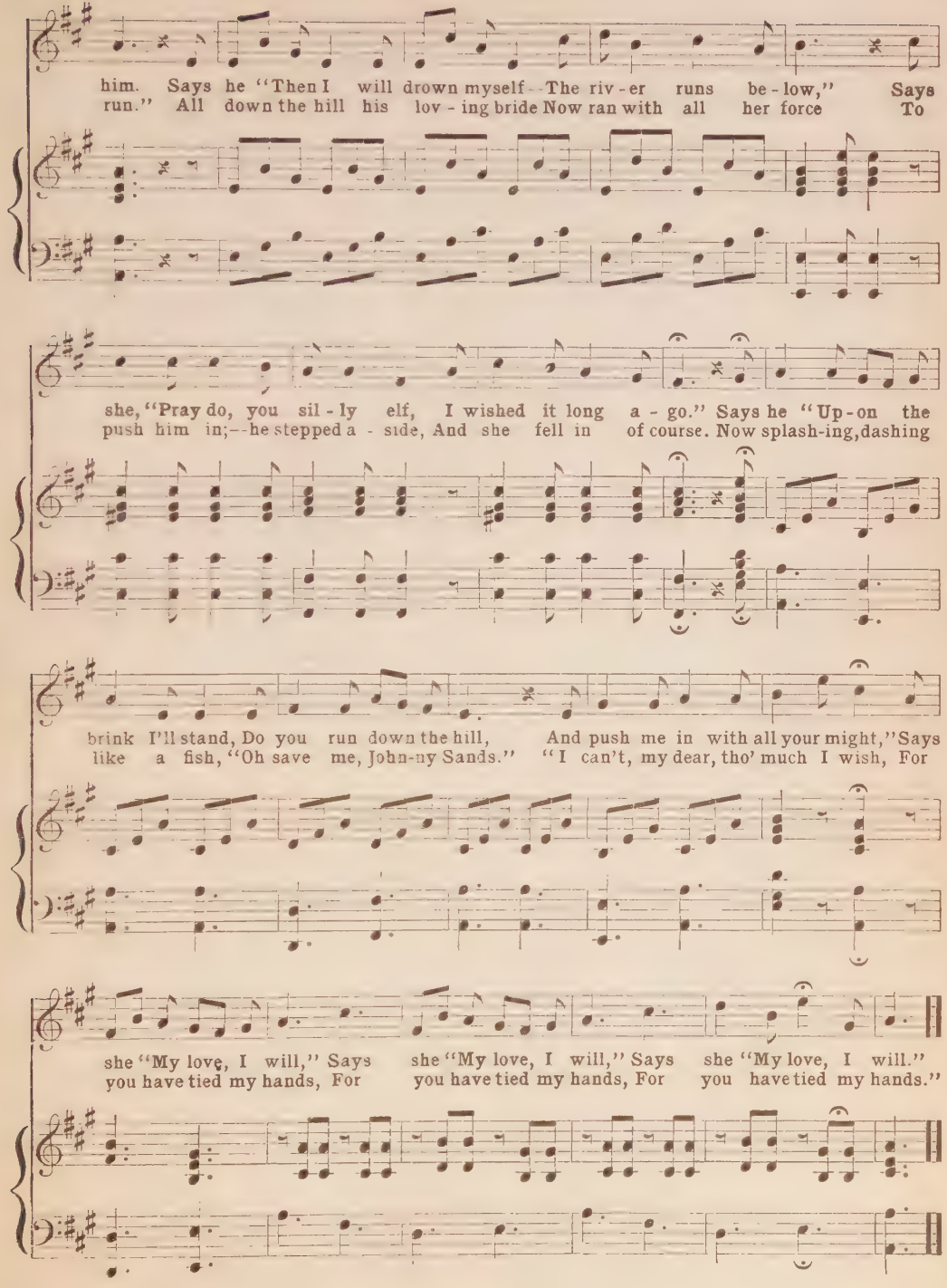
4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

5 There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

Johnny Sands

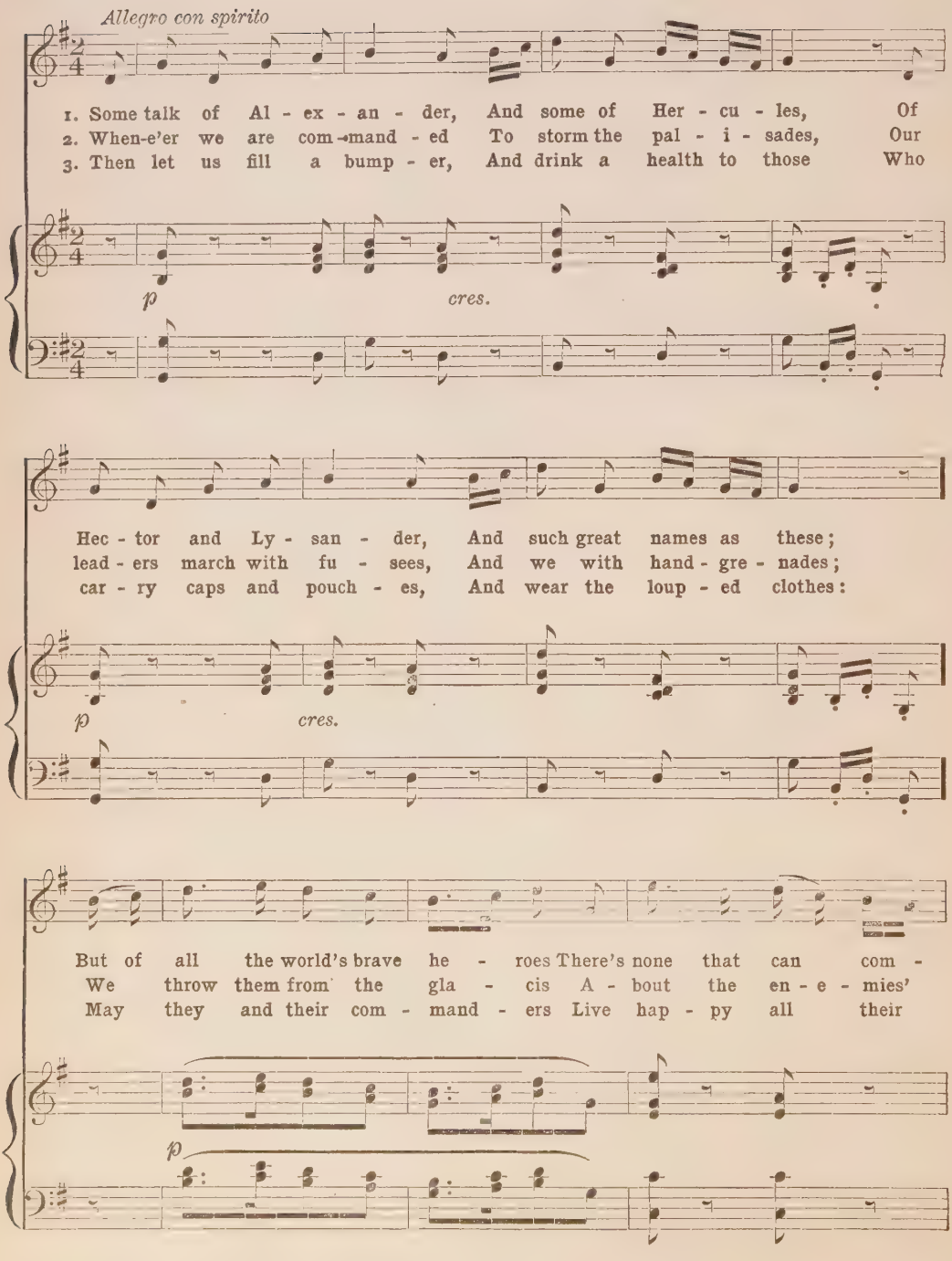
JOHN SINCLAIR

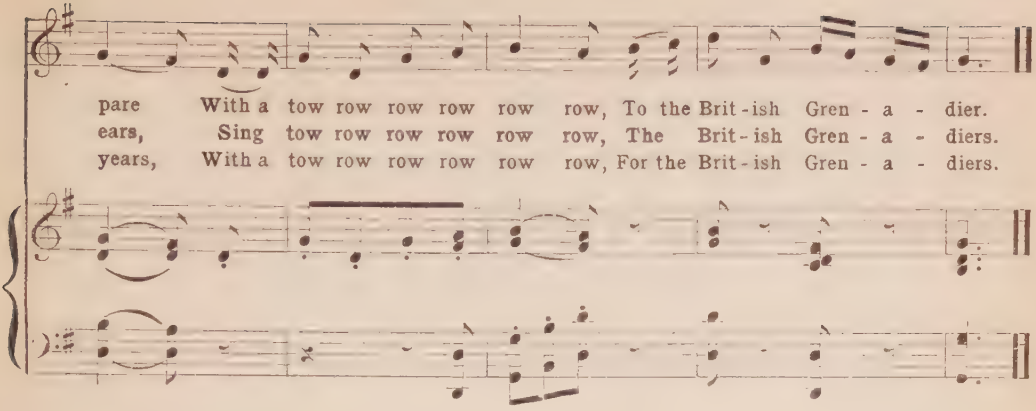



him. Says he "Then I will drown myself--The riv-er runs be-low," Says
run." All down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force To
she, "Pray do, you sil-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says he "Up-on the
push him in;--he stepped a-side, And she fell in of course. Now splash-ing, dashing
brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might," Says
like a fish, "Oh save me, John-ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For
she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will."
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."

The British Grenadiers

16th Century





Free America*

Tune—"BRITISH GRENADIERS"

1 That seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway,
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose
For North America.

2 We led fair Franklin hither,
And, lo! the desert smiled;
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened to the world!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.

3 Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty.
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.

4 Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more;
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.

5 God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.

6 Lift up your heads, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain
The wretch that would ensnare you
Shall lay his snares in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For free America.

7 Some future day shall crown us
The masters of the main.
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France and Spain;
And the nations o'er the oceans spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.

* By voice, sword and pen, Joseph Warren contributed to the cause of Independence. In 1772 and 1773 he delivered orations on the Boston Massacre. During the delivery of the second oration, the British soldiery lined the pulpit stairs, but nevertheless it was pronounced in defiance of their threats. Not long, it is thought, before his lamented death, he wrote the above ballad.

The Land o' the Leal

Lady NAIRNE

Adagio

1. I'm wear - in' a-wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

pp *legato*

mf

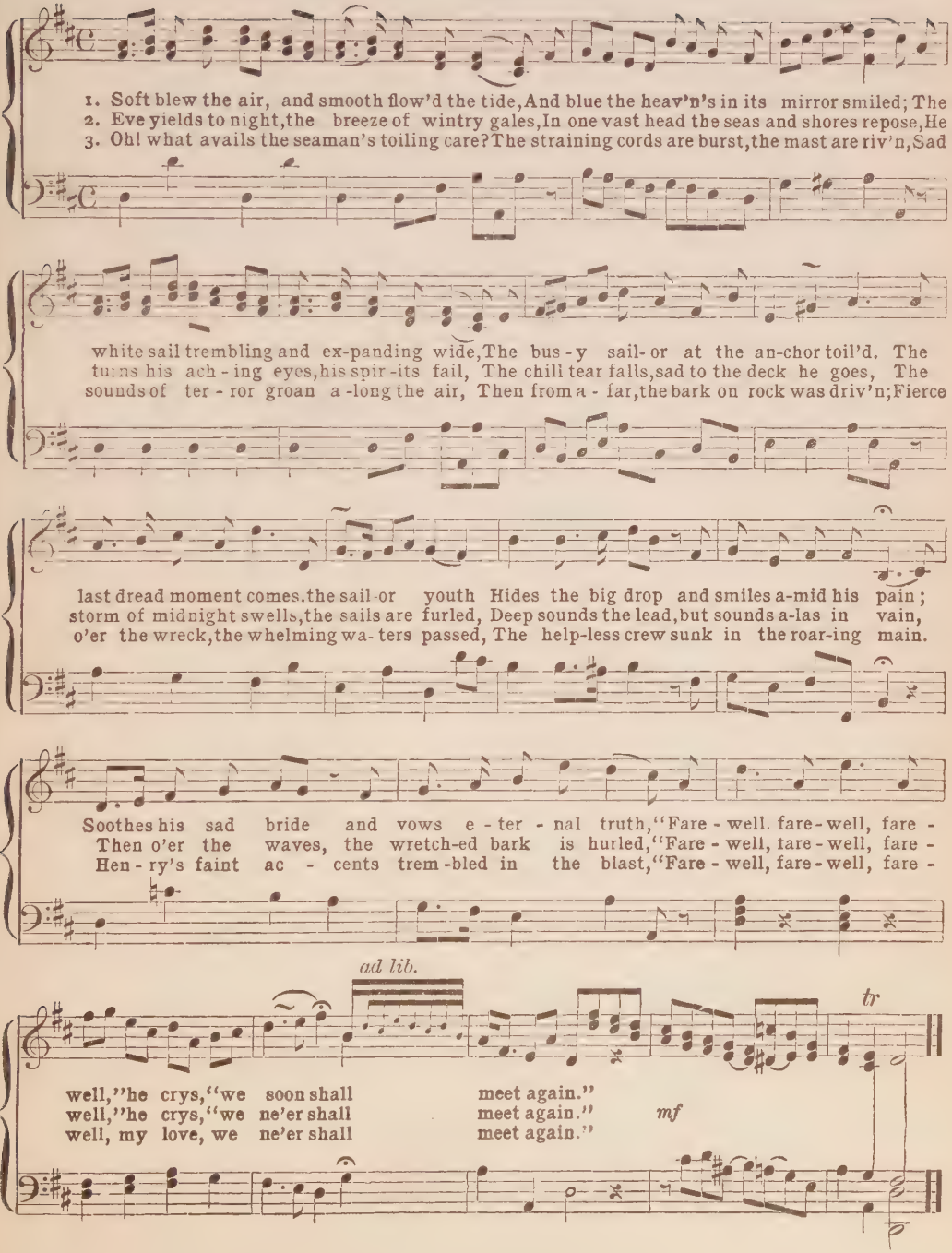
land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

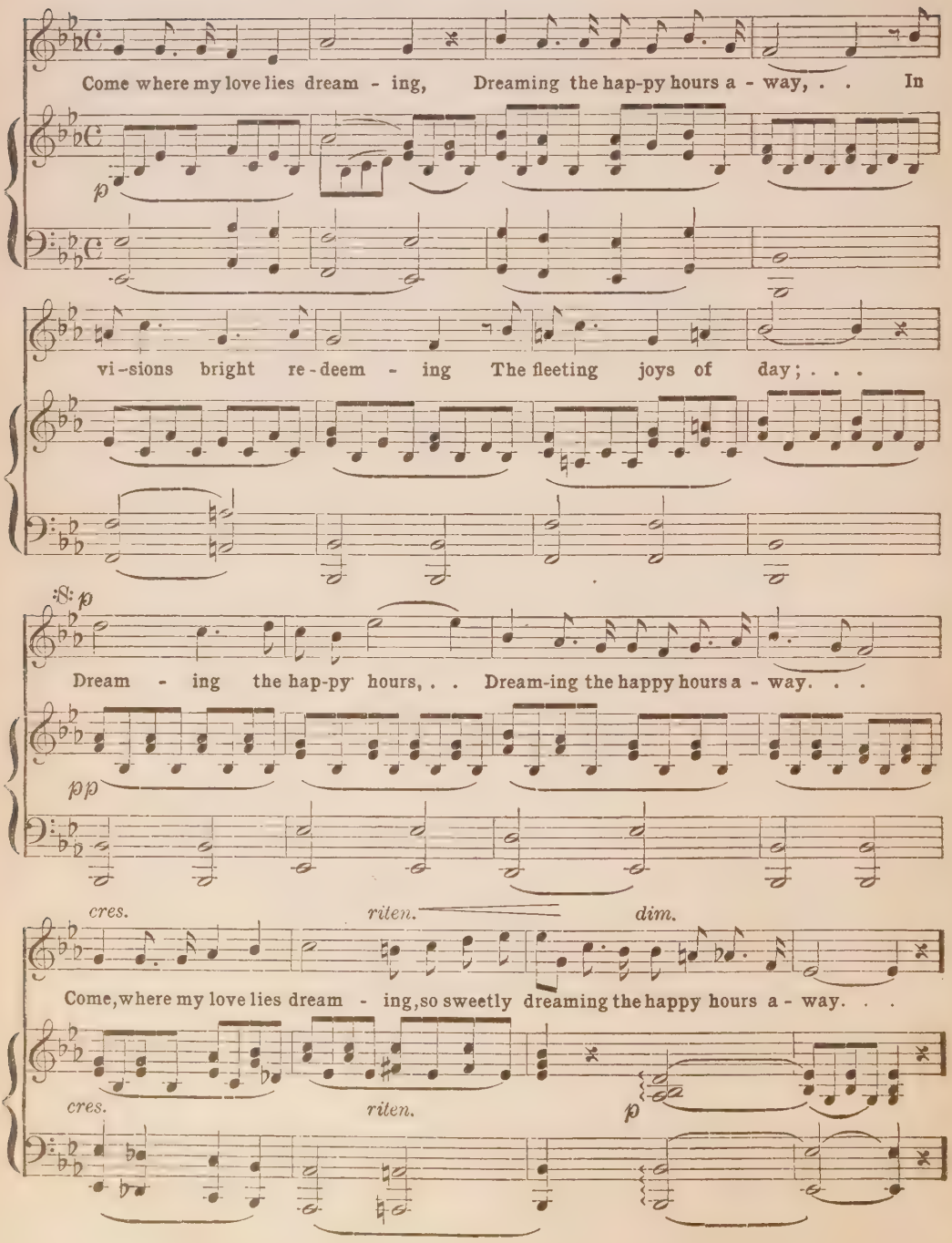
mf

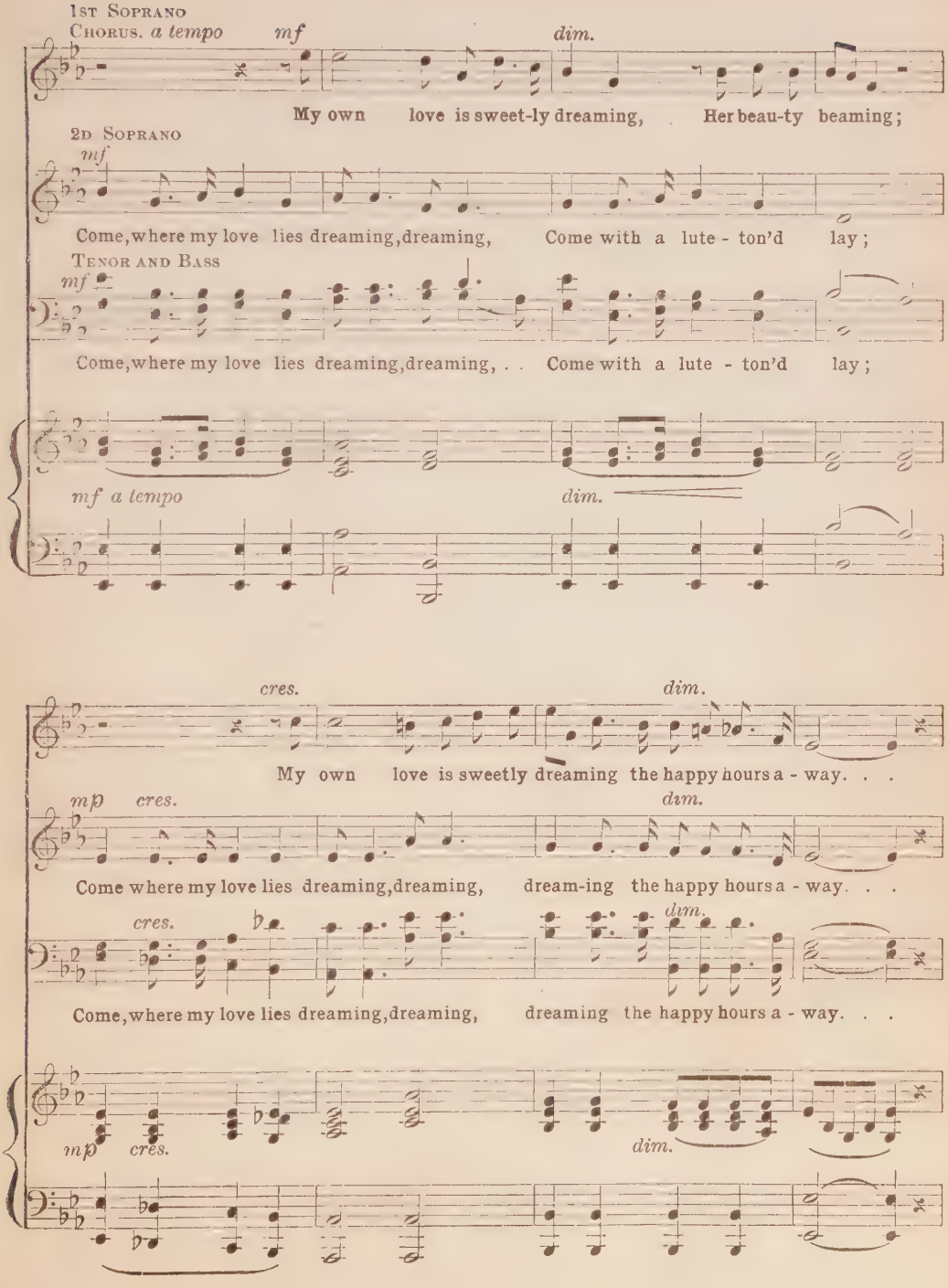
The Mariner

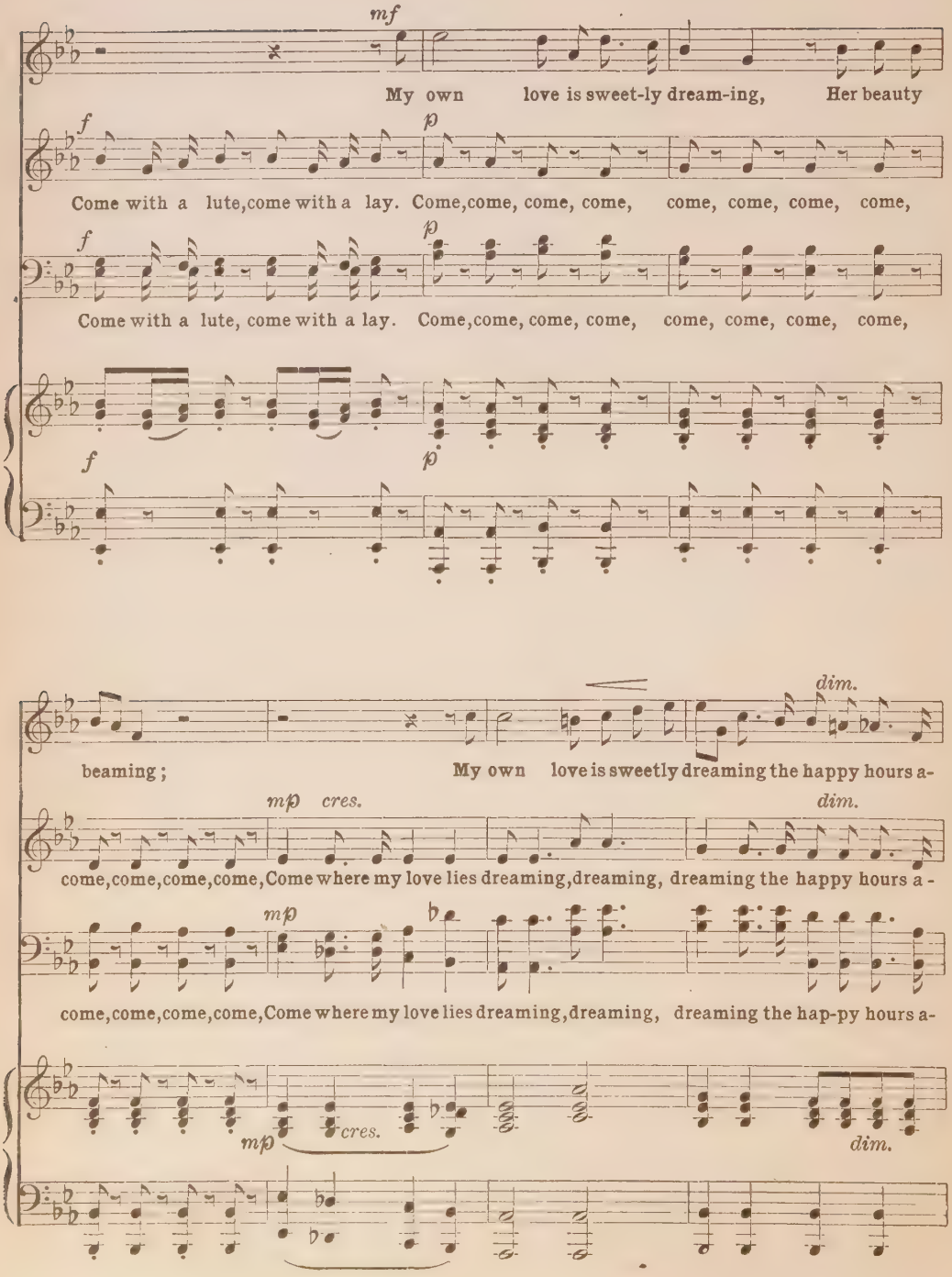

1. Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, And blue the heav'n's in its mirror smiled; The
2. Eve yields to night, the breeze of wintry gales, In one vast head the seas and shores repose, He
3. Oh! what avails the seaman's toiling care? The straining cords are burst, the mast are riv'n, Sad
white sail trembling and ex-panding wide, The bus-y sail-or at the an-chor toil'd. The
turns his ach-ing eyes, his spir-its fail, The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes, The
sounds of ter-ror groan a-long the air, Then from a-far, the bark on rock was driv'n; Fierce
last dread moment comes, the sail-or youth Hides the big drop and smiles a-mid his pain;
storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled, Deep sounds the lead, but sounds a-las in vain,
o'er the wreck, the whelming wa-ters passed, The help-less crew sunk in the roar-ing main.
Soothes his sad bride and vows e-ter-nal truth, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
ad lib.
tr
well," he crys, "we soon shall meet again."
well," he crys, "we ne'er shall meet again."
well, my love, we ne'er shall meet again."
mf

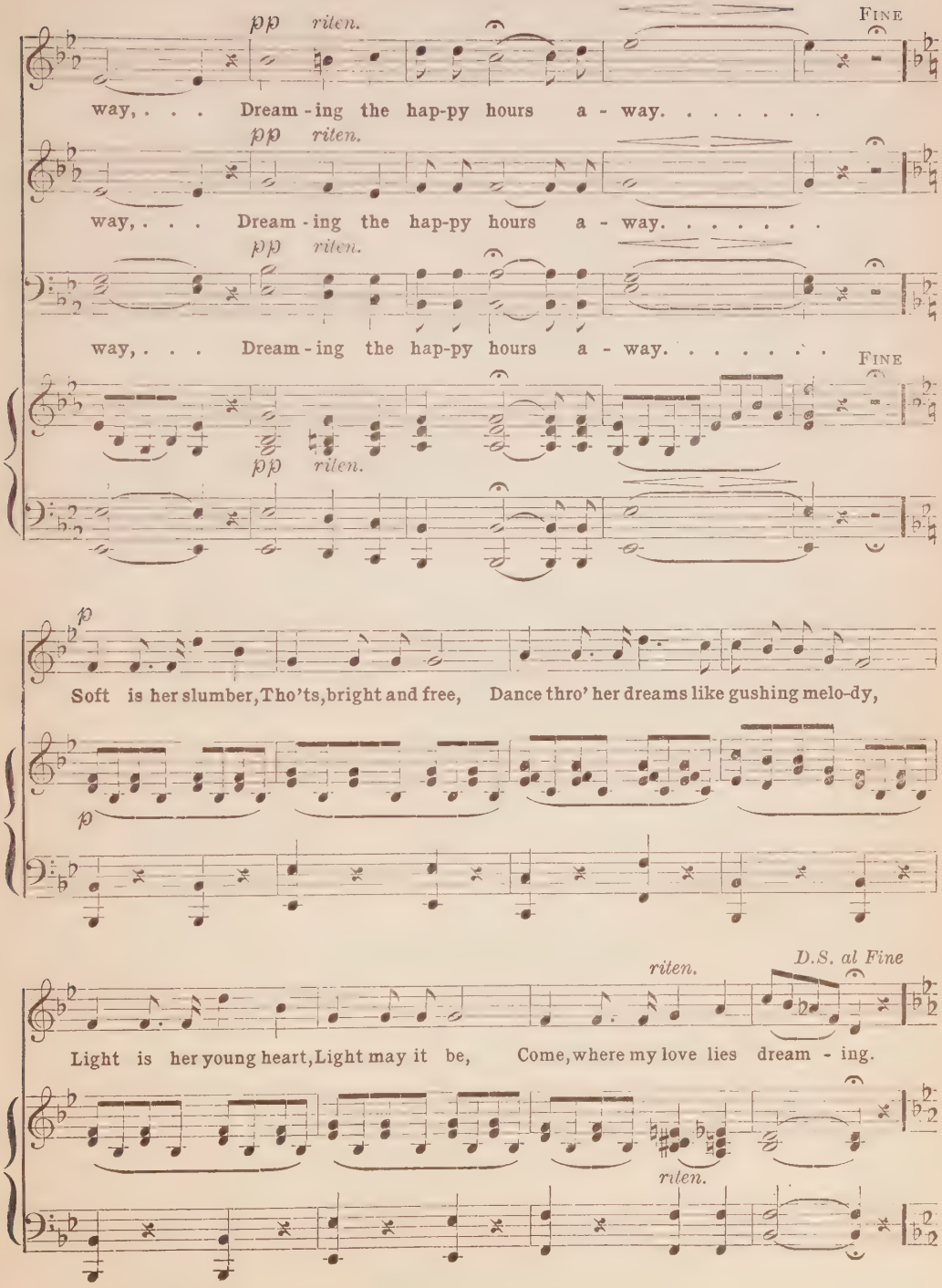
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S. C. Foster




1st Soprano
Chorus. a tempo
mf
dim.
My own love is sweet-ly dreaming, Her beau-ty beaming;
2d Soprano
mf
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, Come with a lute - ton'd lay;
Tenor and Bass
mf
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, . . Come with a lute - ton'd lay;
mf a tempo
dim.
cres.
dim.
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .
mp cres.
dim.
Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .
cres.
dim.
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .
mp cres.
dim.

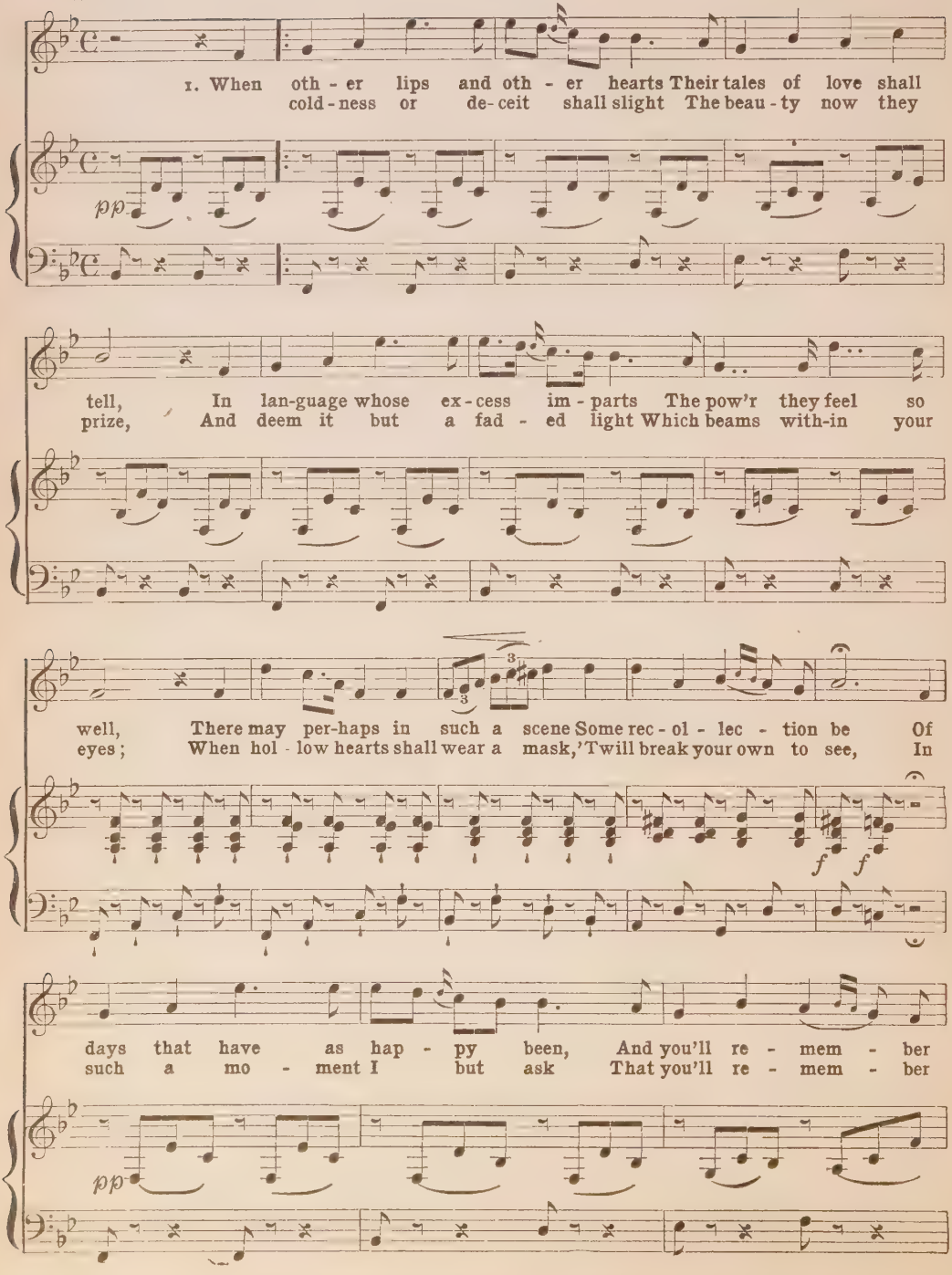

mf
My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beauty
f
p
Come with a lute,come with a lay. Come,come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
f
p
Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come,come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
f
p
dim.
beaming; My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a-
mp cres.
dim.
come,come,come,come,Come where my love lies dreaming,dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a -
mp
come,come,come,come,Come where my love lies dreaming,dreaming, dreaming the hap-py hours a-
mp cres.
dim.

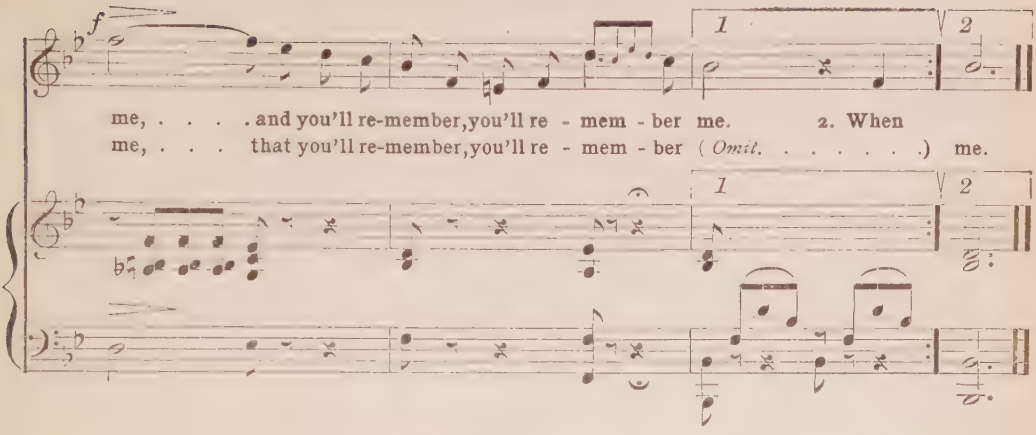

pp riten.
FINE
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp riten.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp riten.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
FINE
pp riten.
p
Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo-dy,
p
riten.
D.S. al Fine
Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing.
riten.

Then You'll Remember Me

WEBB

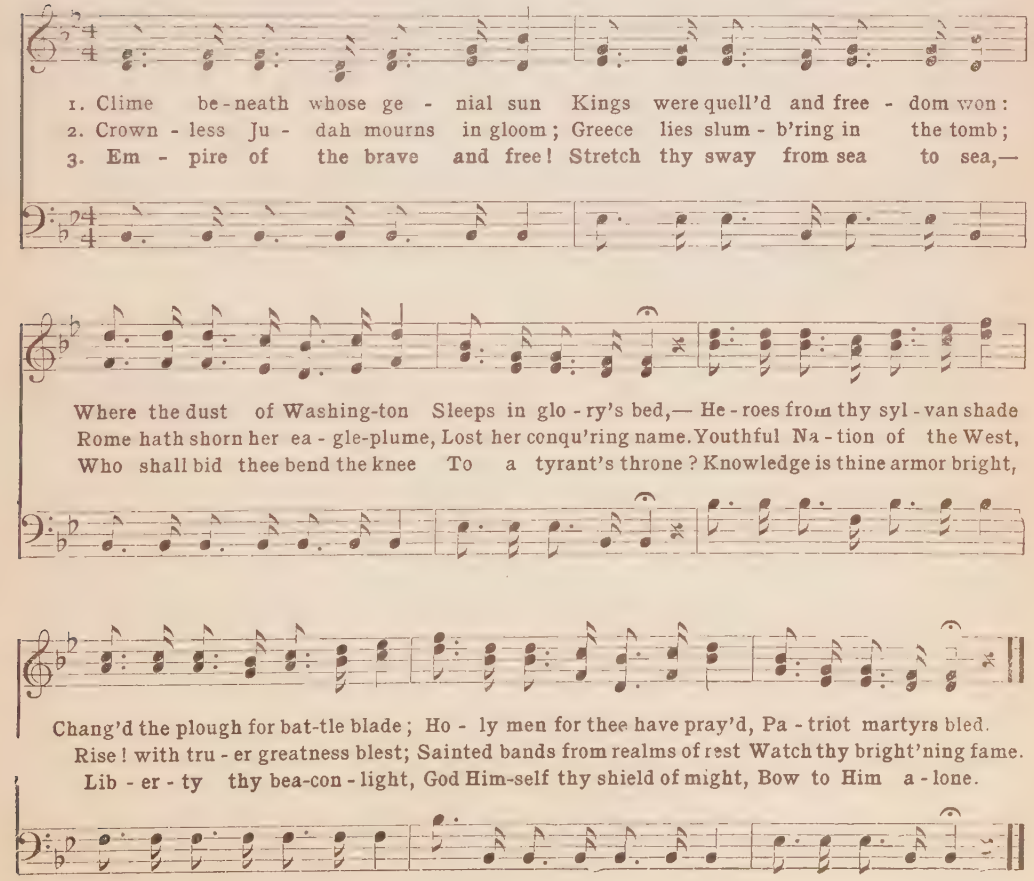
M. W. BALFE





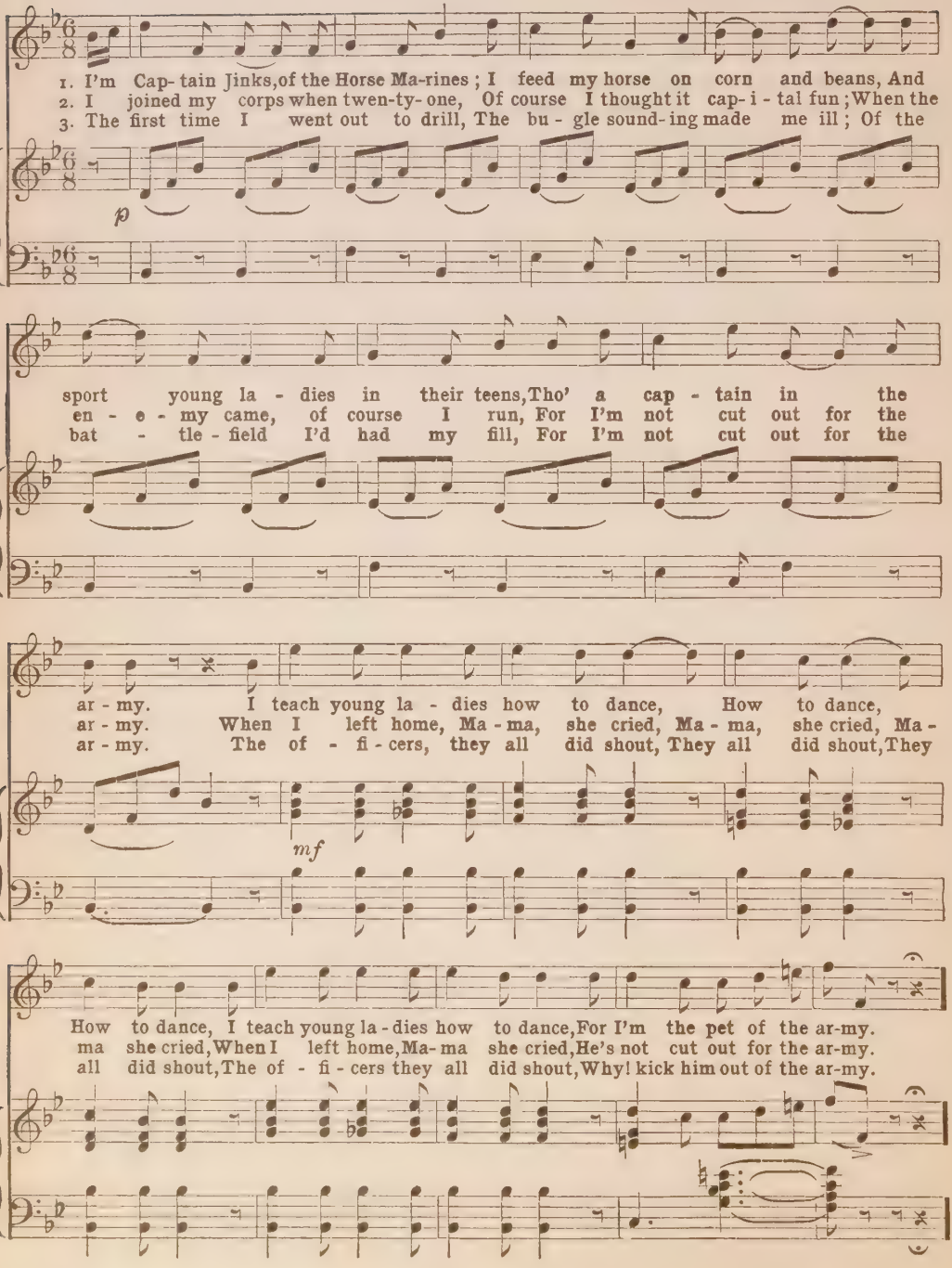
Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

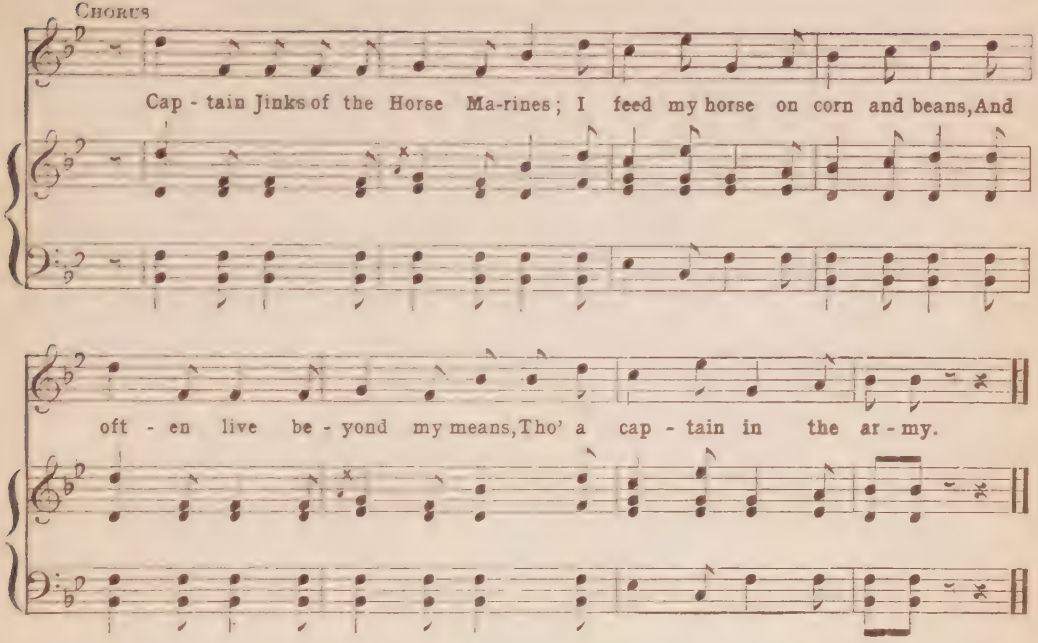
Old Scotch Folksong



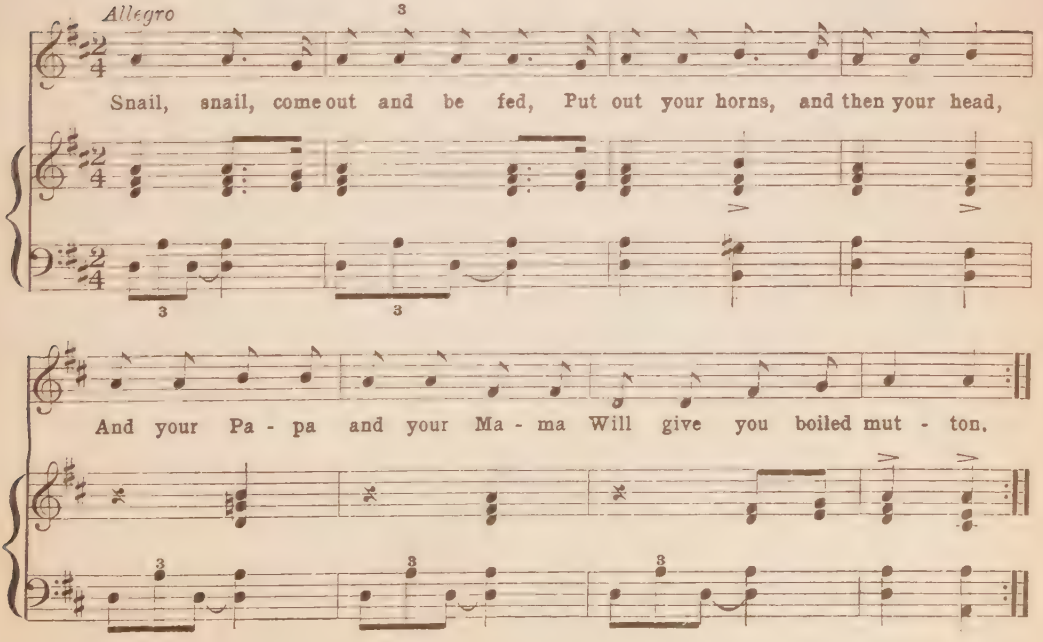
Captain Jinks

Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT





Chinese Baby-Song



Repeated ad infinitum.

Call Me Pet Names

Mrs. Osgood

Poco andante

1. Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one
2. Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star, Whose smile's beaming welcome thou
3. Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flow'r! That lives in the light of thy
4. Call me dear names, dar-ling! Call me thine own! Speak to me al-ways in

pp

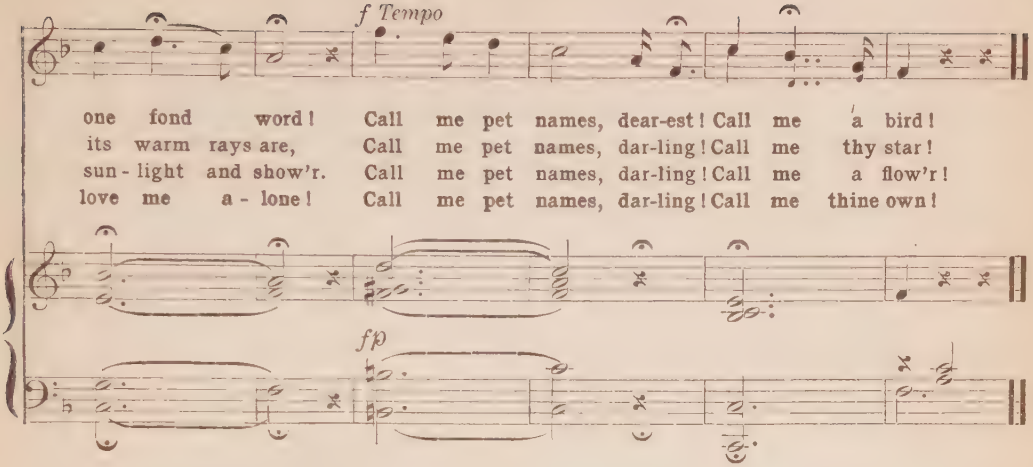
sostenuto

cher-ish-ing word; That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dream-ing of flight, That
feel'st from a-far; Whose light is the clear-est, the tru-est to thee, When the
smile each hour; That droops when its heav-en thy love . . . grows cold, That
love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice . . grow cold,

ad lib.

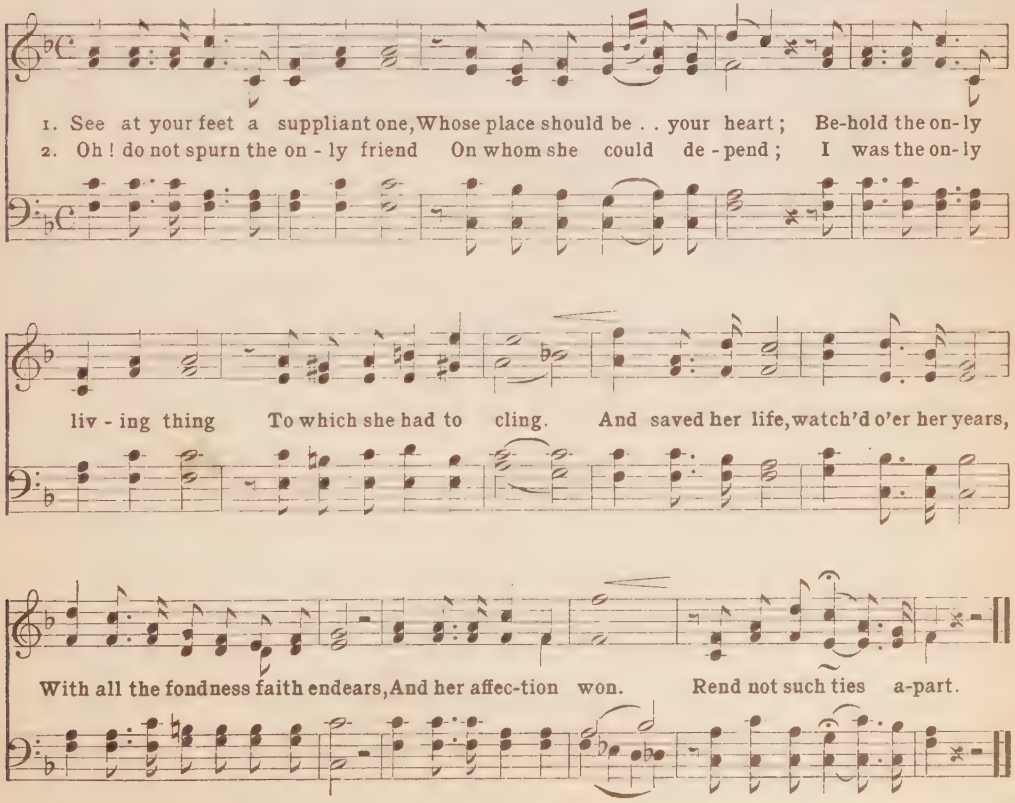
RECITATIVE

ten-der-ly sings there in lov-ing de-light! Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for
"night time of sor-row" steals o-ver life's sea. Oh! trust thy rich bark, where
shrinks from the wick-ed, the false and bold, That blooms for thee on-ly, thro'
Let my fond wor-ship thy be-ing en-fold; Love me for-ev-er, and



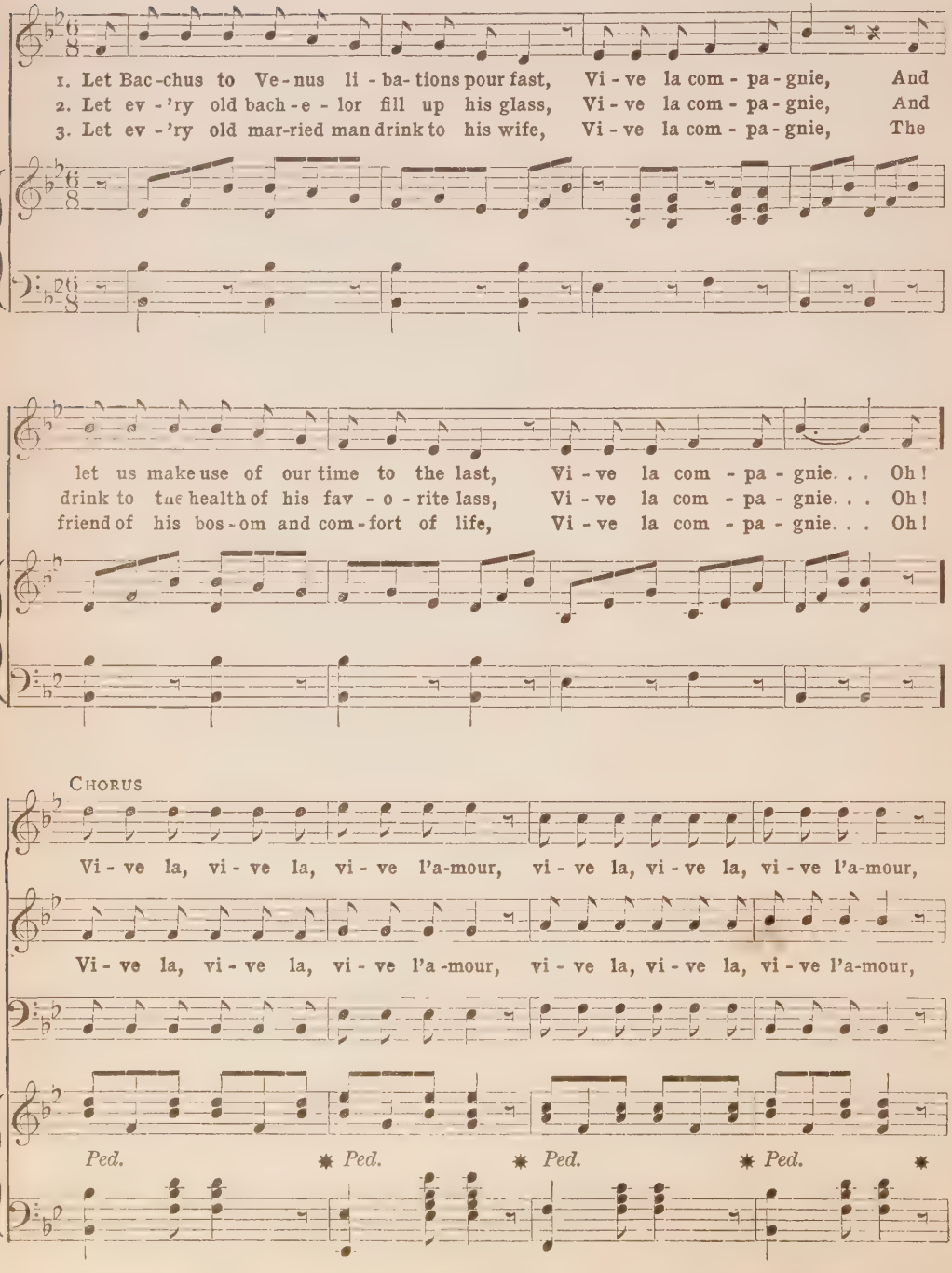
See at Your Feet

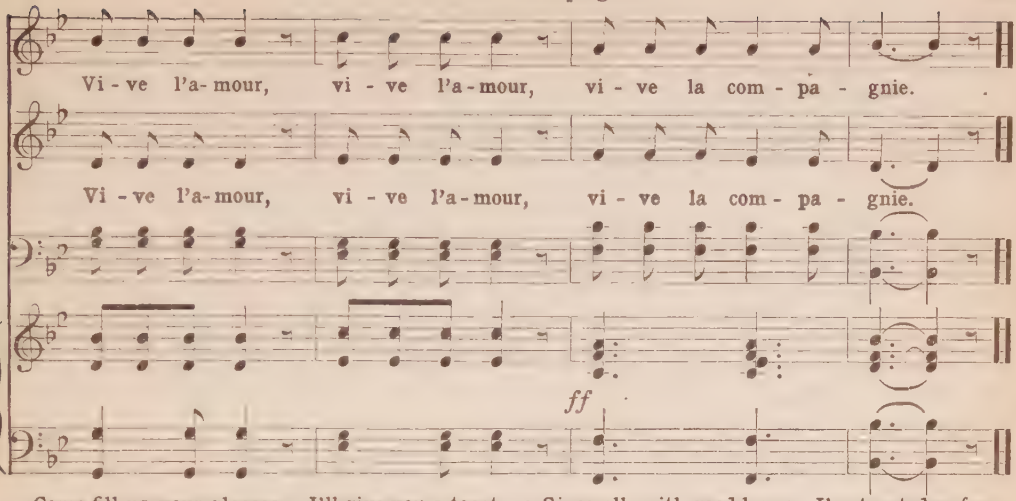
M. W. Balfe
From "Bohemian Girl"



"Vive La Compagnie"

As sung by the Maryland Cadets



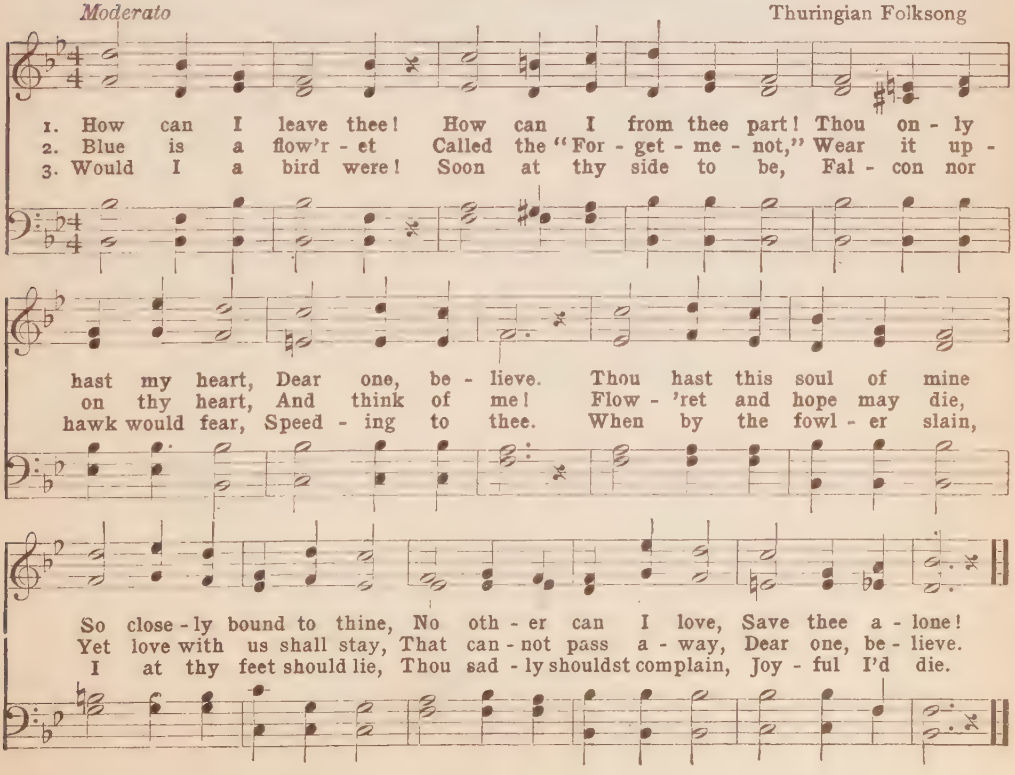


4 Come fill up your glasses — I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie.
Here's a health to our friend — our kind, worthy host,
Vive la compagnie. Cho.

5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie.
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
Vive la compagnie. Cho

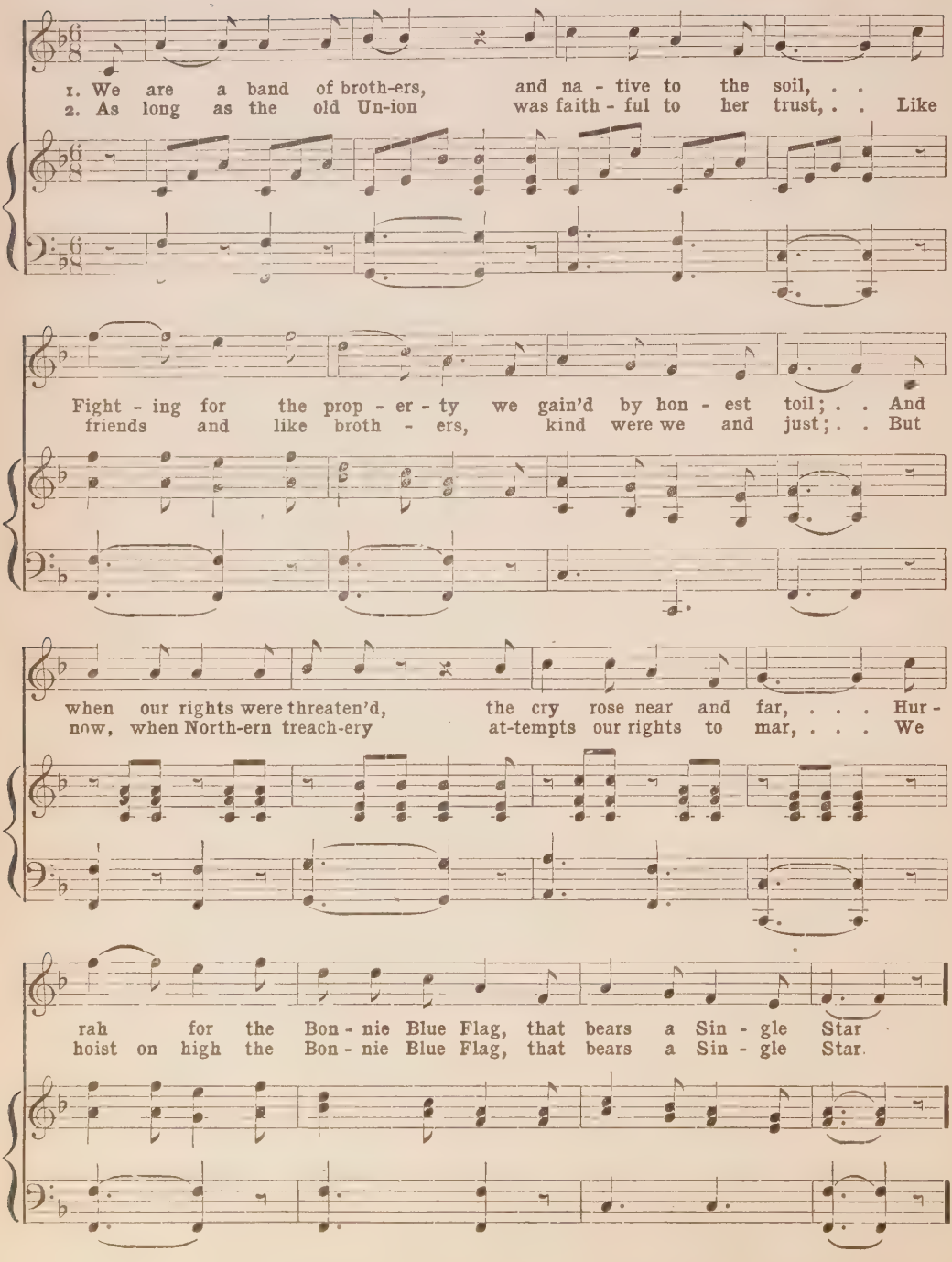
How Can I Leave Thee

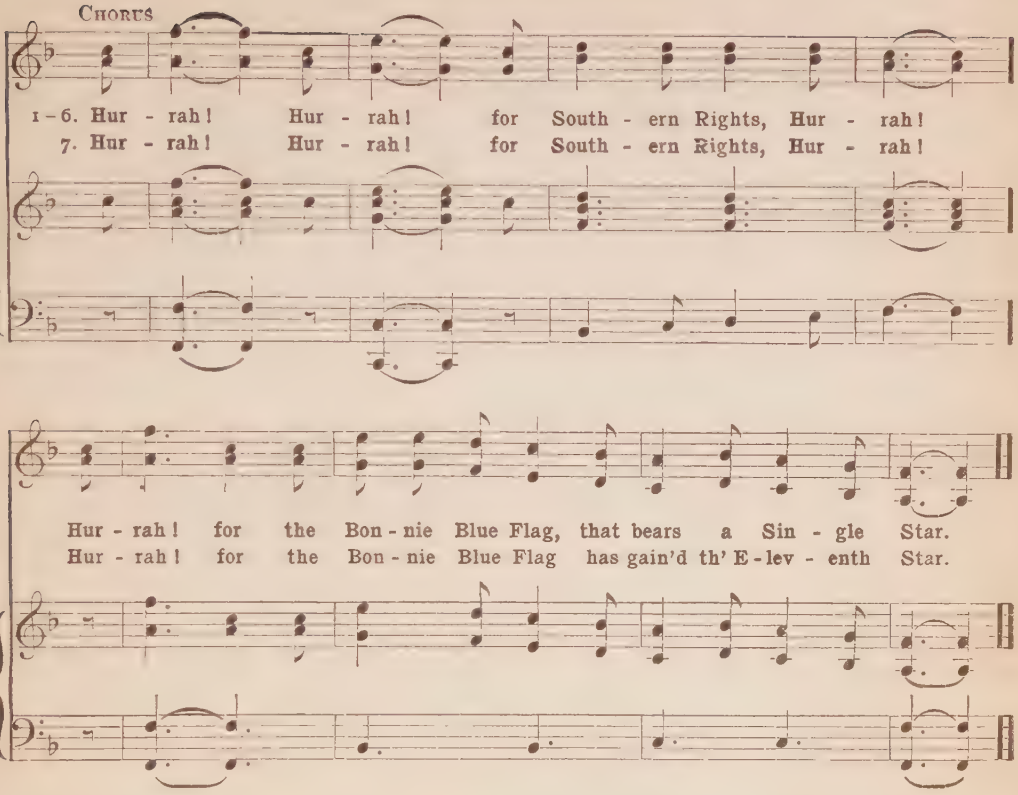
Moderato Thuringian Folksong



The Bonnie Blue Flag

HARRY MACARTHY





3 First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

4 Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

5 And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Fag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

6 Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

7 Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven. Cho.

Kiss Me Quick, and Go

F. BUCKLEY

Allegretto ma moderato

1. The oth - er night, while I was sparking Sweet Tar-li - na Spray, The more we whis-per'd
2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moonlight prom-e - nade, At last we fetch'd up
3. One Sun-day night we sat to - geth - er, Sigh-ing, side by side, Just like two win - ter

our love talk - ing, The more we had to say: . . The old folks and the
to the door, Just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her
leaves of cab - bage, In the sun - shine fried. . My heart with love was

rall.

lit - tle folks, We tho't were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs,
heart struck too, And peep-ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
nigh to split, To ask her for to wed, Said I, "Shall I go for the priest,

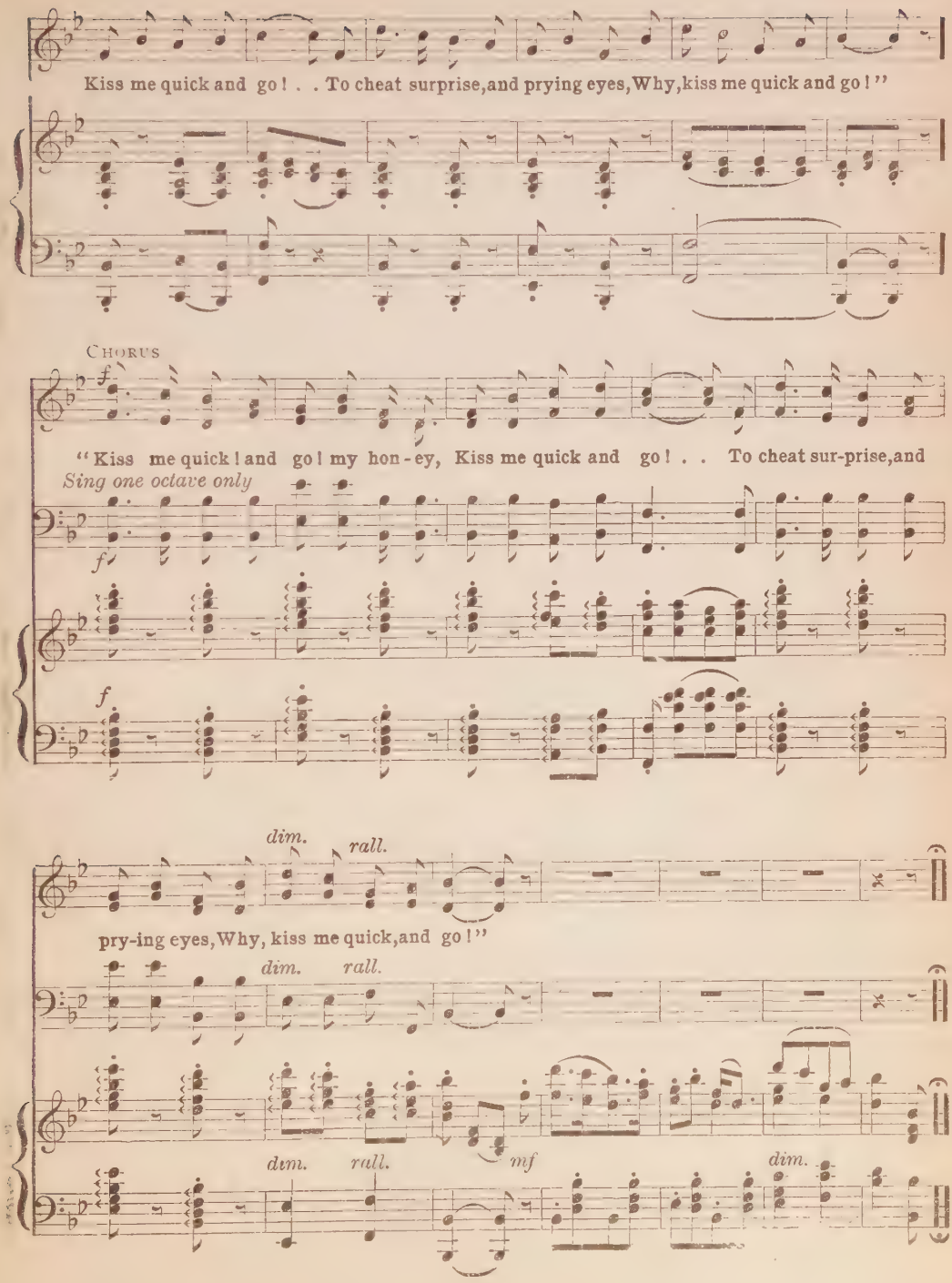
ff

rall.

a tempo

And what d'ye think she said? O! "Kiss me quick, and go! my hon - ey,

p


Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!"
CHORUS
f
"Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat sur-prise, and
Sing one octave only
f
f
dim.
rall.
pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!"
dim.
rall.
dim.
rall.
mf
dim.

A Thousand Leagues Away

W. C. Bennett J. Barnby

Allegro con spirito

1. The wind is blow-ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One kiss and I'm a -
2. I half could be a landsman, While those dear eyes I see, To hear the gale rave
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs fast, love; I must not lag-gard be Up-on the voy - age

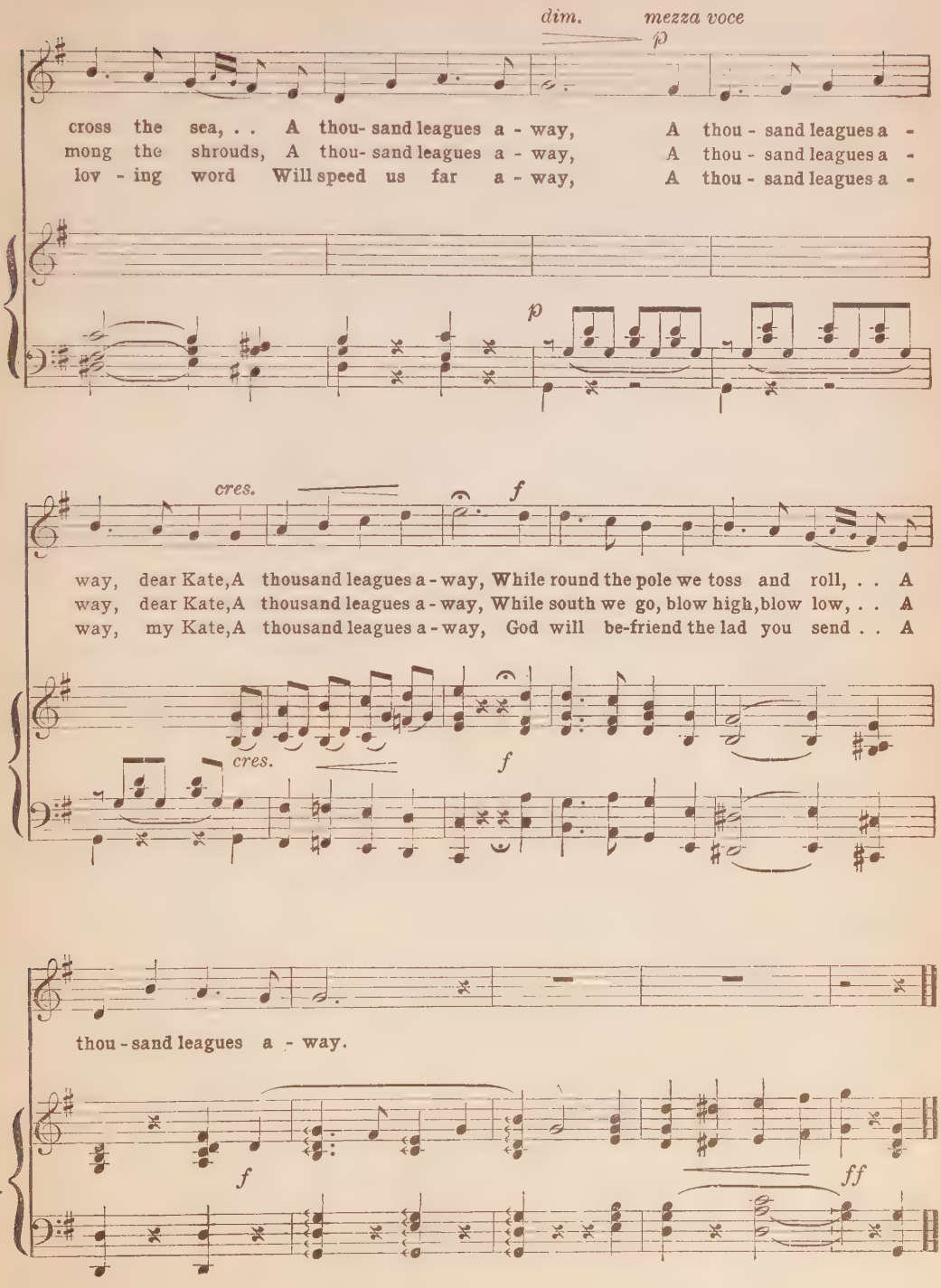
p

rall. *a tempo*

way, Kate, For two long years to sea; For two long years to
by with-out, While you sat snug with me; But I must hear the
which, I hope, Will give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate; such

colla voce

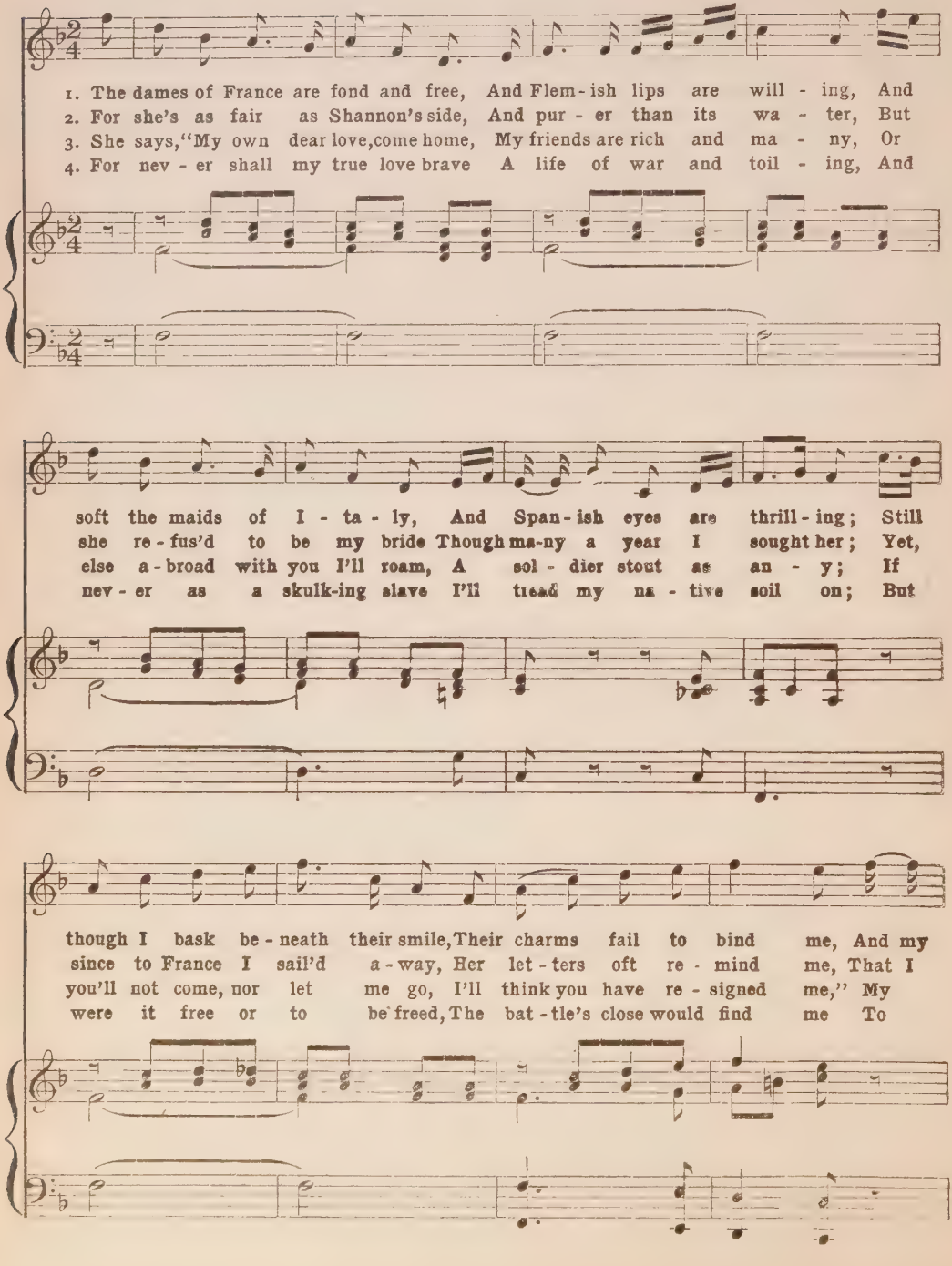
think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a -
storm howl by, The salt breeze whist - ling play Its weird sea-tune a -
pray'rs as yours God bids the winds o - bey, By for - tune heard, your

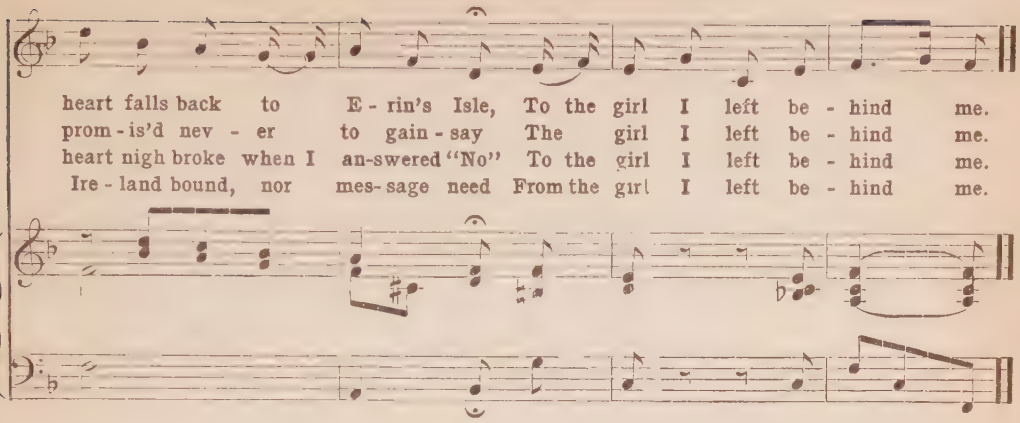

dim.
mezza voce
p
cross the sea, . . A thou- sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
mong the shrouds, A thou- sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
lov - ing word Will speed us far a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
p
cres.
f
way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While round the pole we toss and roll, . . A
way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, . . A
way, my Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, God will be-friend the lad you send . . A
cres.
f
thou - sand leagues a - way.
f
ff

The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author Unknown

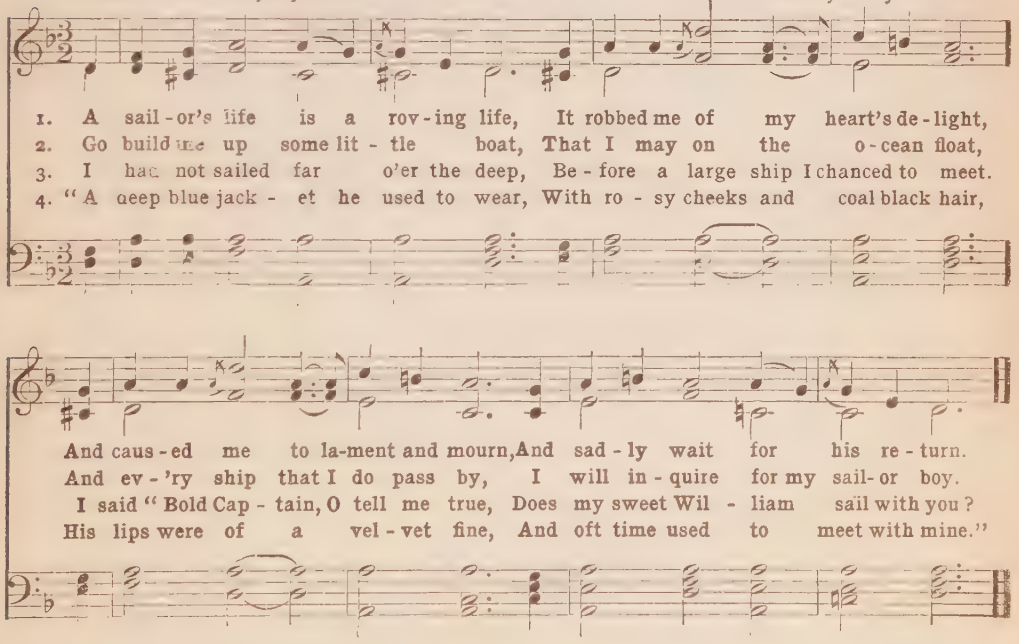
Old Irish Air





A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. FISHER — Probably 100 years old



5 "Oh no, fair maid, he sails not here,
He's drowned in the deep, I fear,
Near that lone island, which you passed by,
You've chanced to lose your sailor boy."

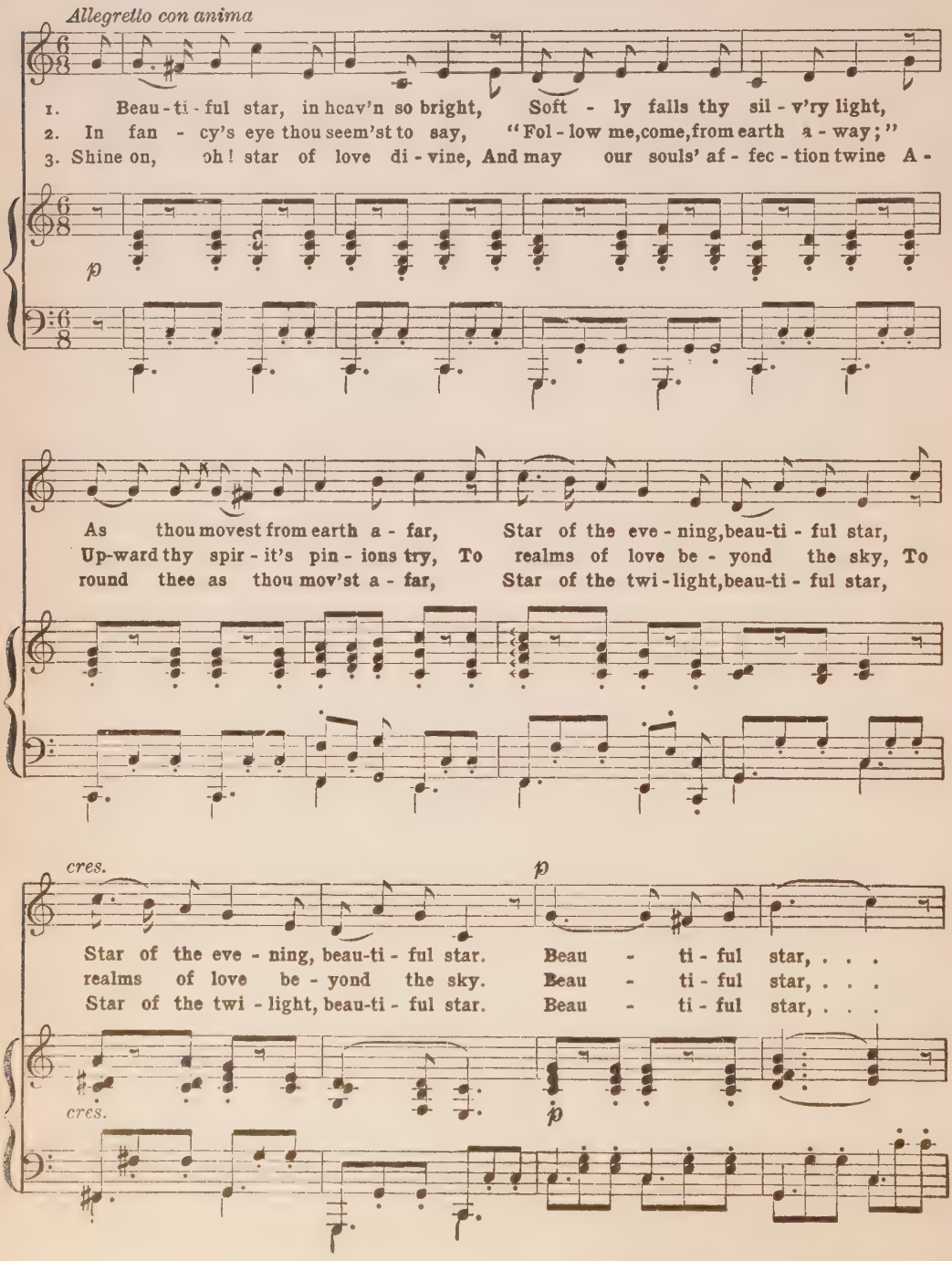
6 She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
Like some fair maid in deep despair,
Her boat against the rocks she run,
Crying, "Alas, I am undone.

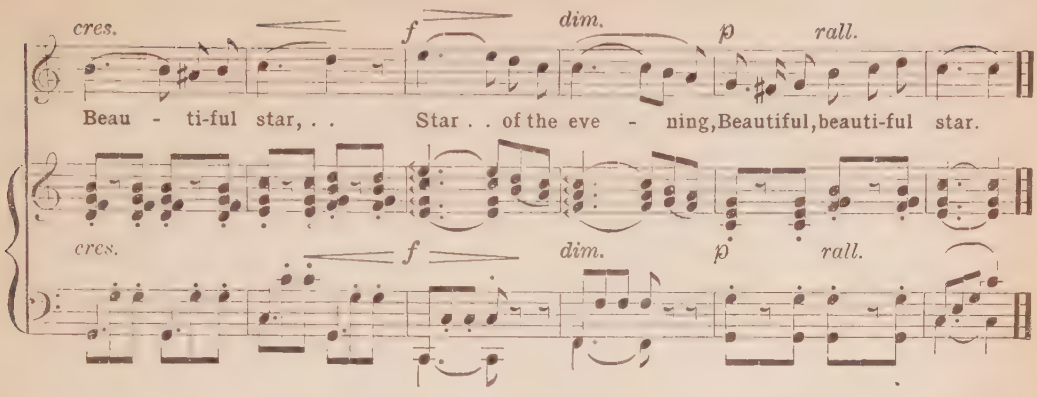
7 "Now, I'll go home and write a song,
I'll write it true, I'll write it long,
On every line I'll shed a tear,
On every verse, 'Fare you well, my dear.'"

8 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And, on my breast, a turtle dove,
To show this world, I died for love.

Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright

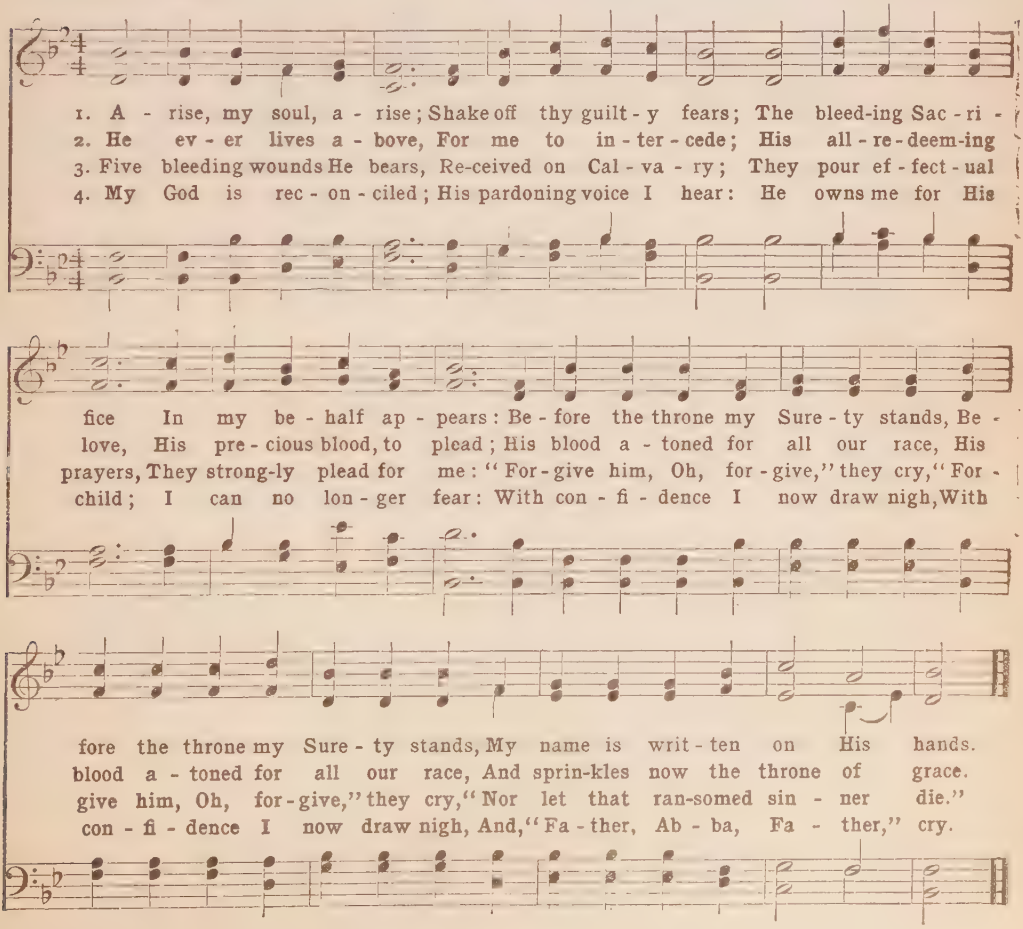
S. M. Sayles





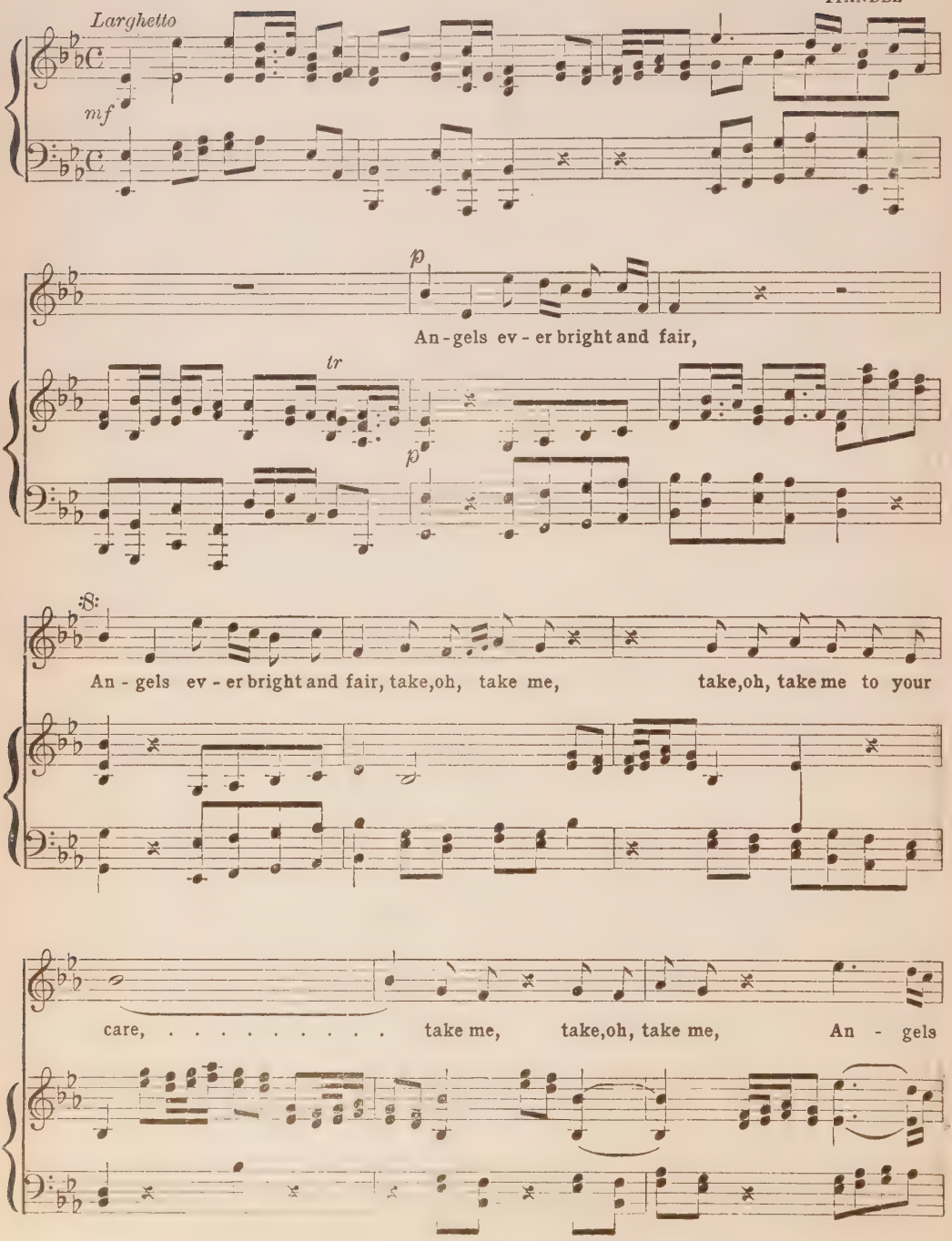
Arise, My Soul

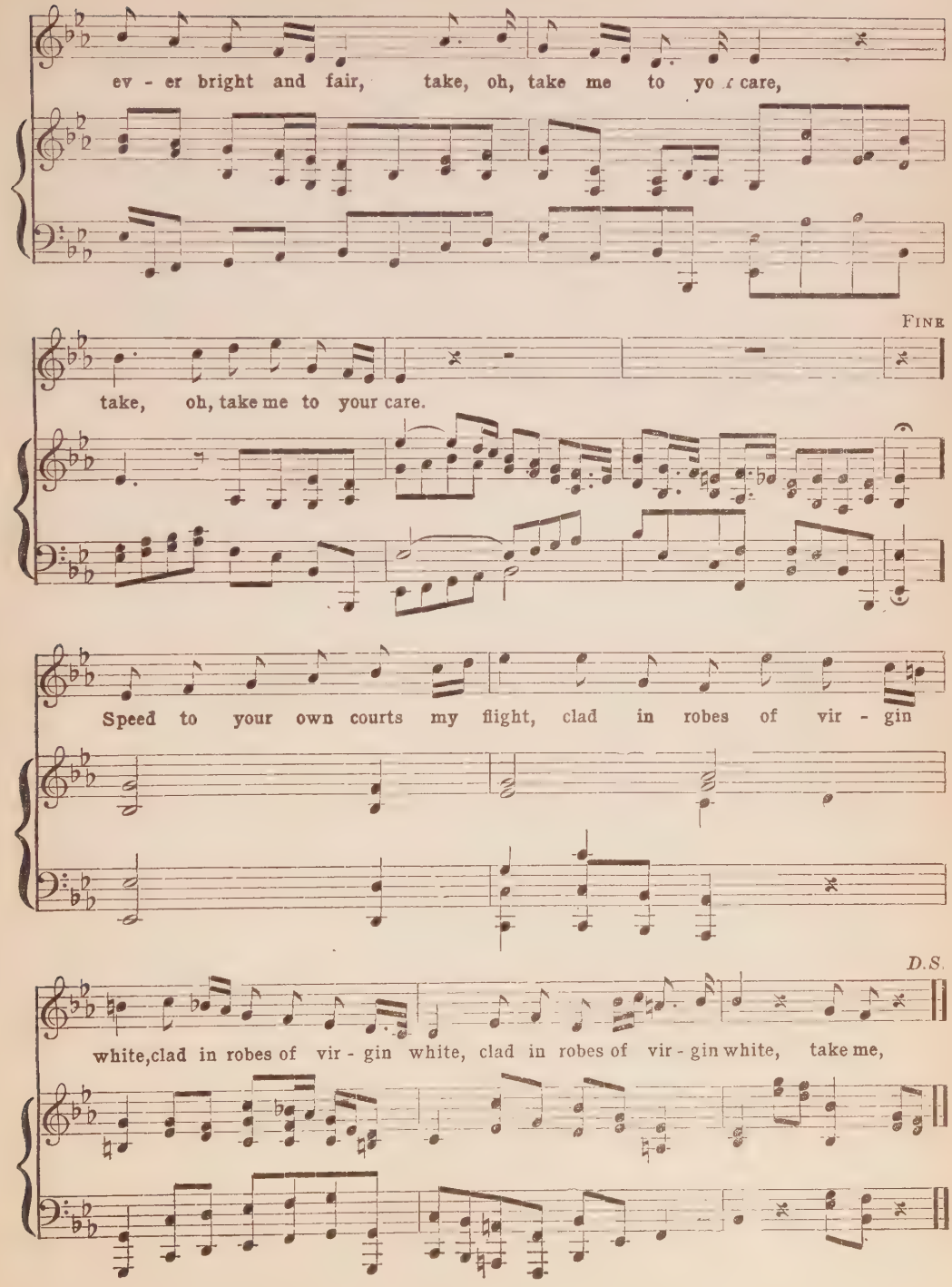
CHARLES WESLEY LEWIS EDSON



Angels Ever Bright and Fair

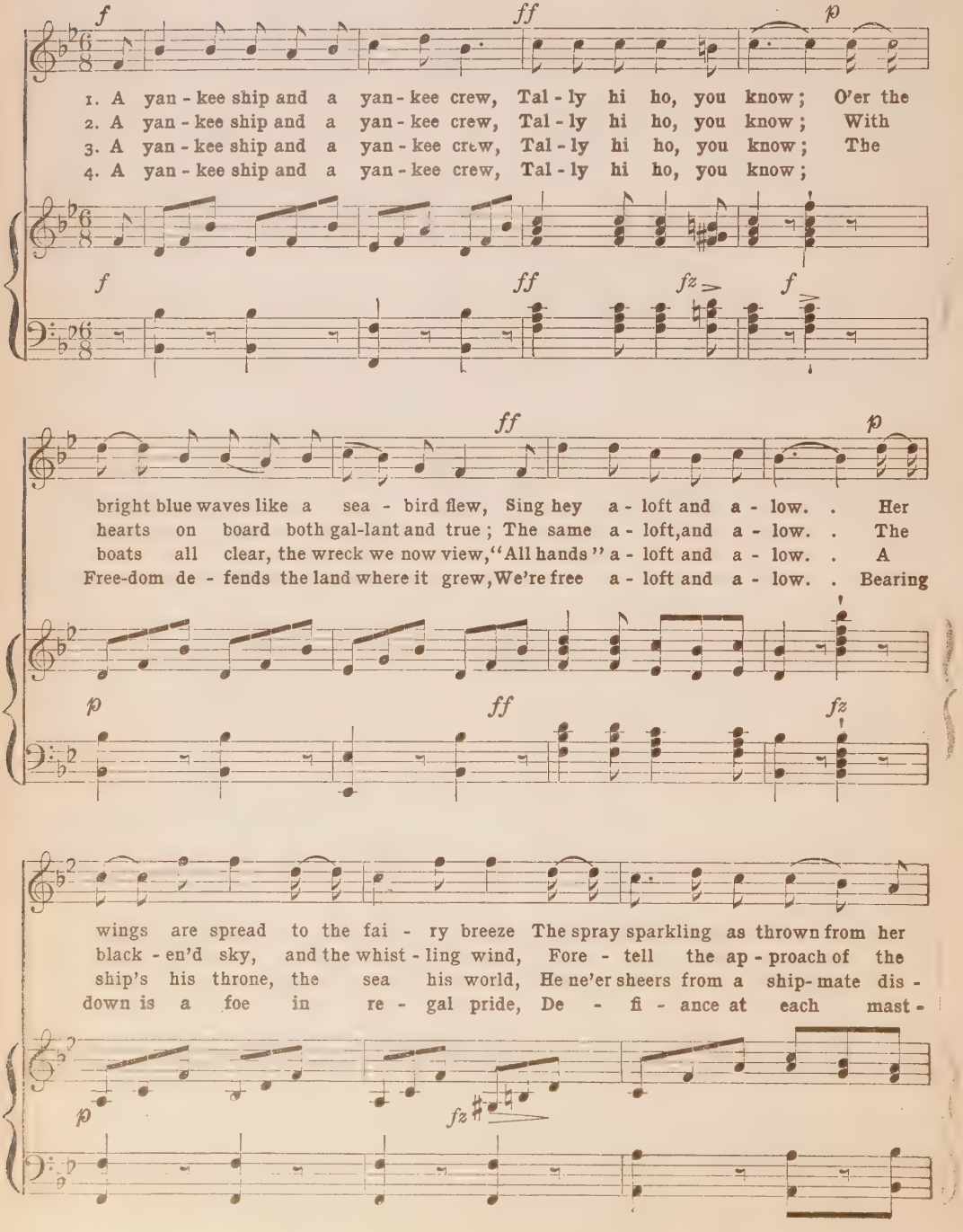
HÄNDEL

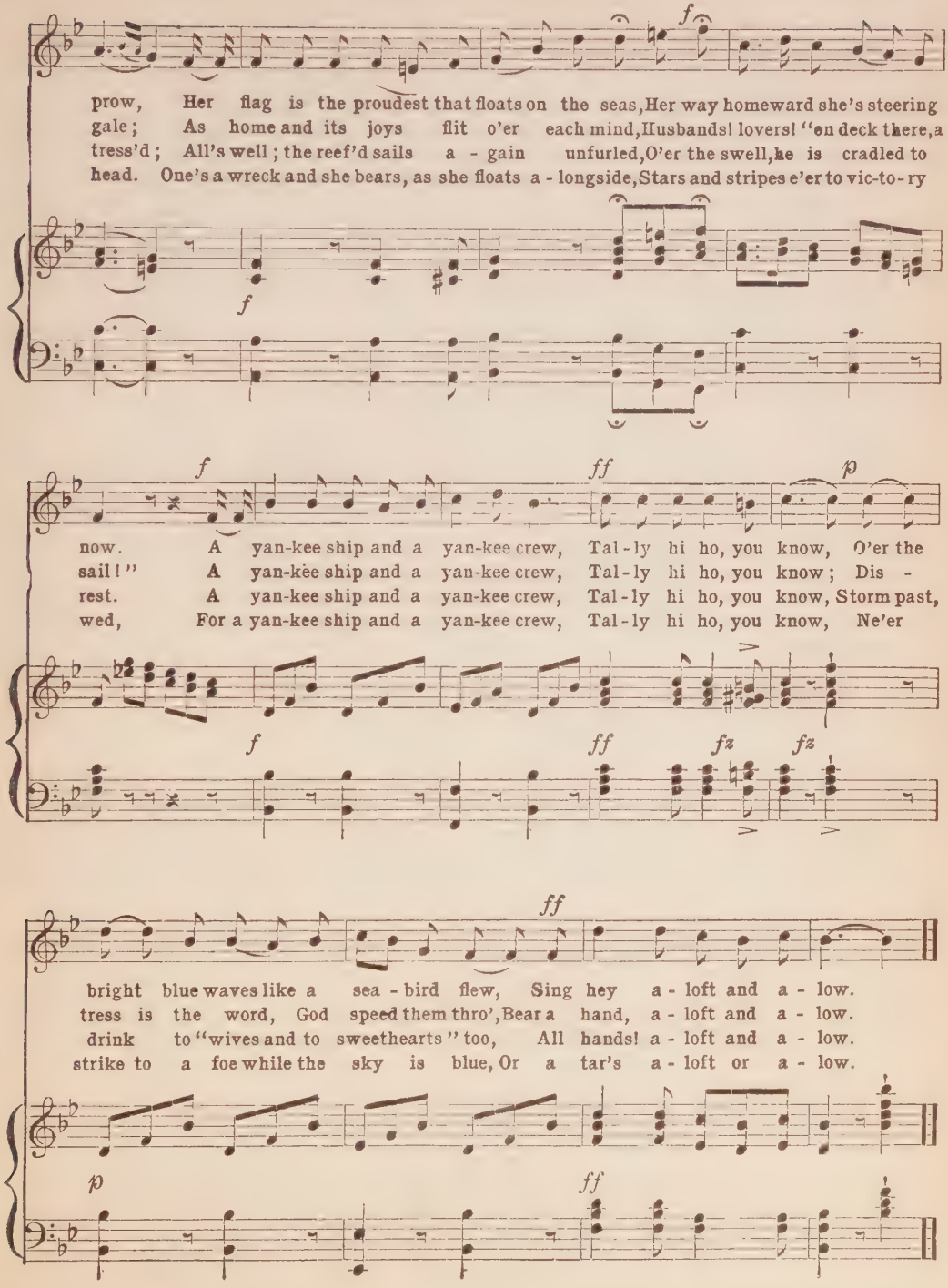



ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to yo r care,
FINE
take, oh, take me to your care.
Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin
D.S.
white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew

C. M. KING




f
prow, Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas, Her way homeward she's steering
gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind, Husbands! lovers! "on deck there, a
tress'd; All's well; the reef'd sails a - gain unfurled, O'er the swell, he is cradled to
head. One's a wreck and she bears, as she floats a - longside, Stars and stripes e'er to vic-to-ry
f
f
ff
p
now. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, O'er the
sail!" A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; Dis -
rest. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Storm past,
wed, For a yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Ne'er
f
ff
fz
fz
ff
bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low.
tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a - loft and a - low.
drink to "wives and to sweethearts" too, All hands! a - loft and a - low.
strike to a foe while the sky is blue, Or a tar's a - loft or a - low.
p
ff

Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd You

S. C. Foster

Allegretto moderato

1. Oh! Wil-lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear, They
2. We've long'd to see you nightly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz-ing bright-ly, And
3. The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been about you, Oh!

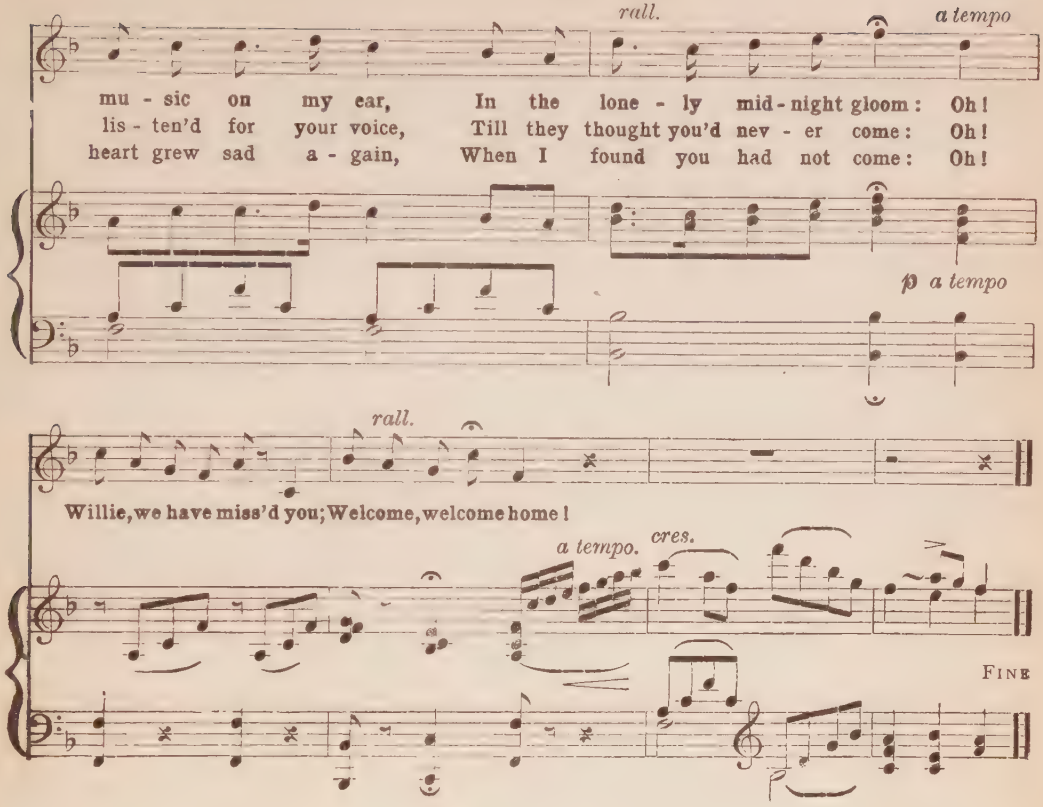
p

said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice,
lights were in the hall; The lit-tle ones were up Till 'twas ten o'-clock and past,
wel-come, Wil-lie dear! Last night I wept and watch'd By the moonlight's cheerless ray,

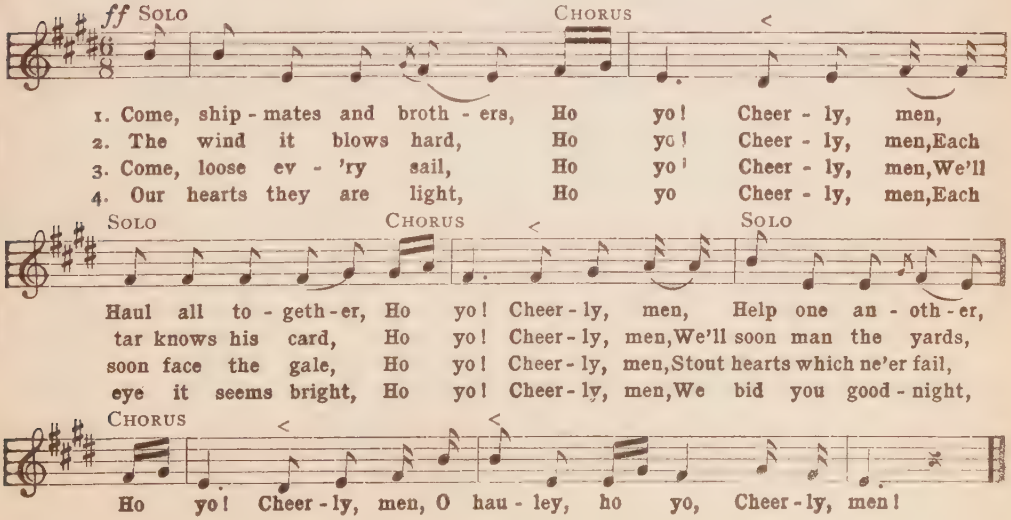
cres. un poco

rall. *a tempo*

For I knew that wel-come foot-step, And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing
Then their eyes be-gan to twin-kle, And they're gone to sleep at last; But they
Till I thought I heard your foot-step, Then I wip'd my tears a-way; But my

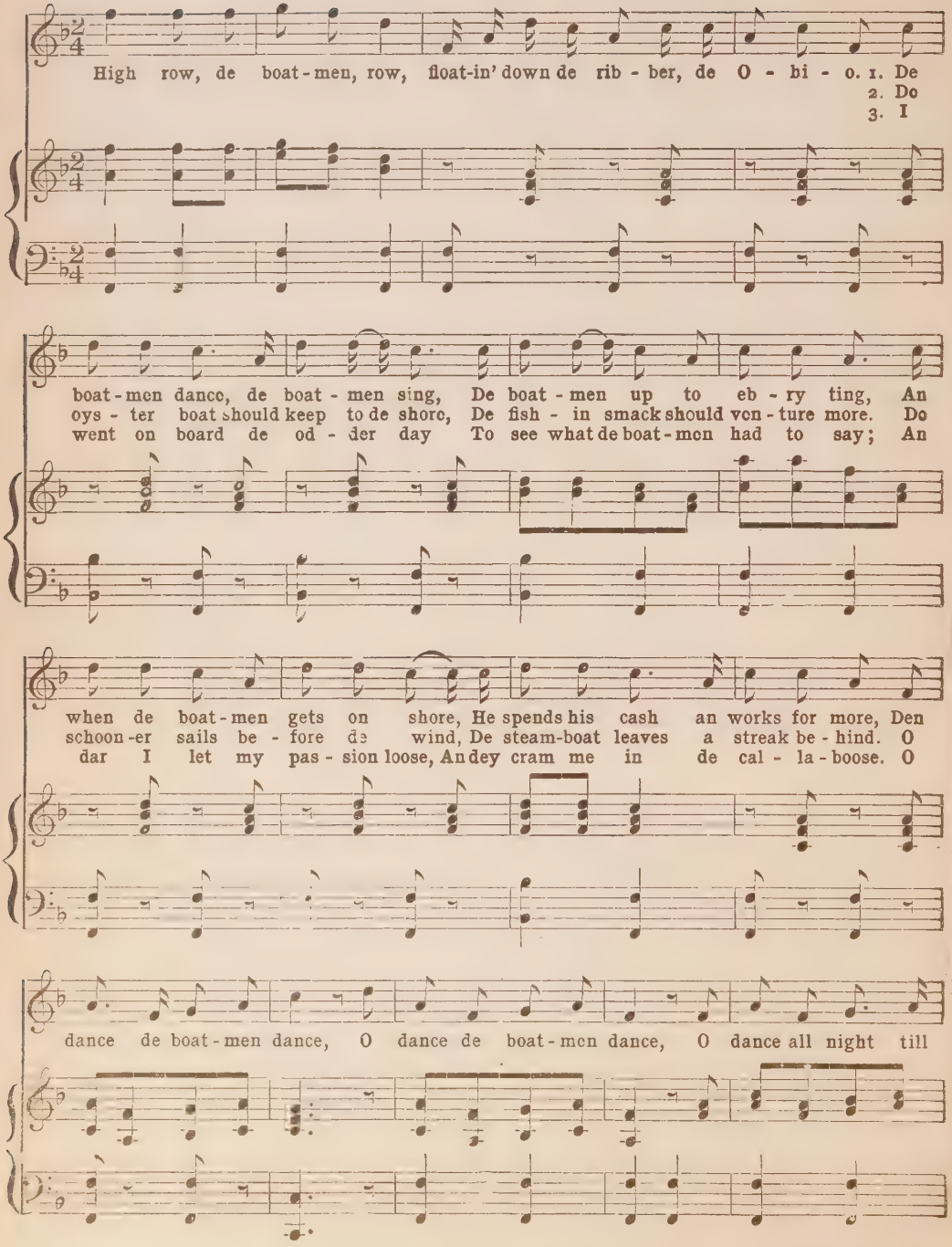


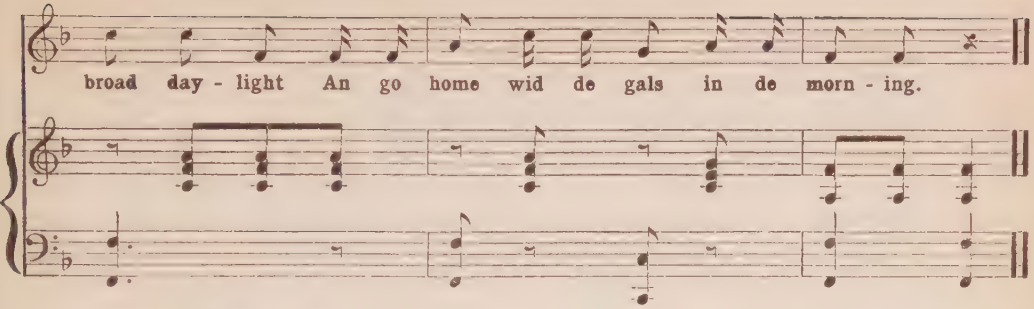
English Chanty



De Boatmen's Dance

DAN D. SMITH





4 I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
Let me loose, I'll go ashore;
For dey whole hoss, an dey a bully crew
Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too.
O dance, etc.

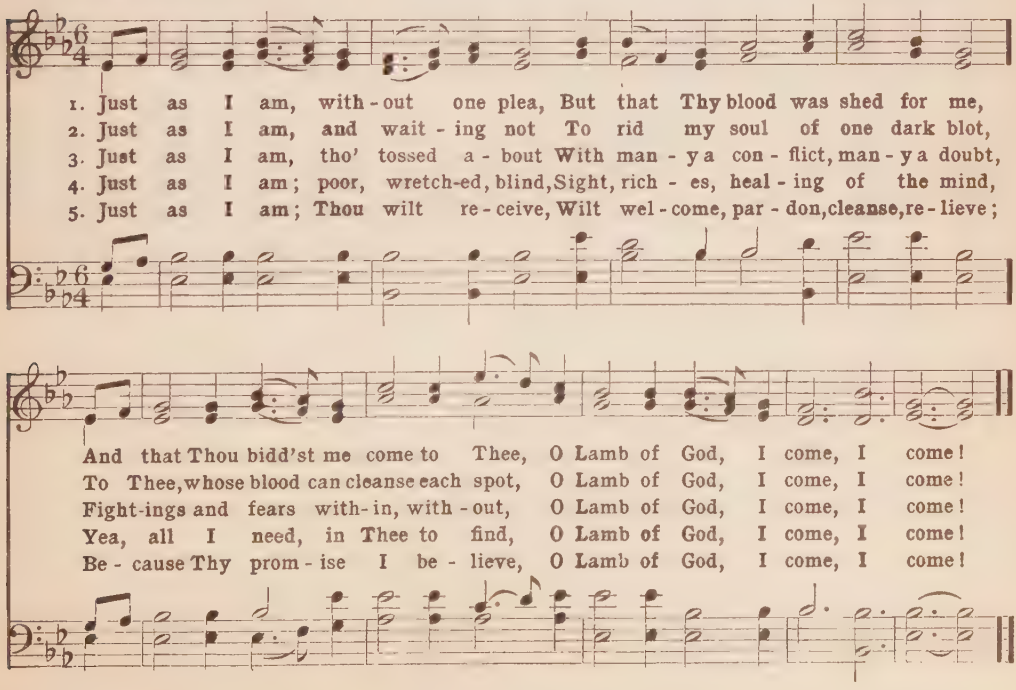
5 When you go to de boatmen's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all;
Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
Look out, my boys, for de nine-tail cat.
O dance, etc.

6 De boatman is a thrifty man,
Dar's none can do as de boatman can;
I nebber see a putty gal in my life
But dat she was a boatman's wife.
O dance, etc.

7 When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out, old man, your hog is gone;
He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,
Den put em in a bag an toat em to de boat.
O dance, etc.

Just as I Am

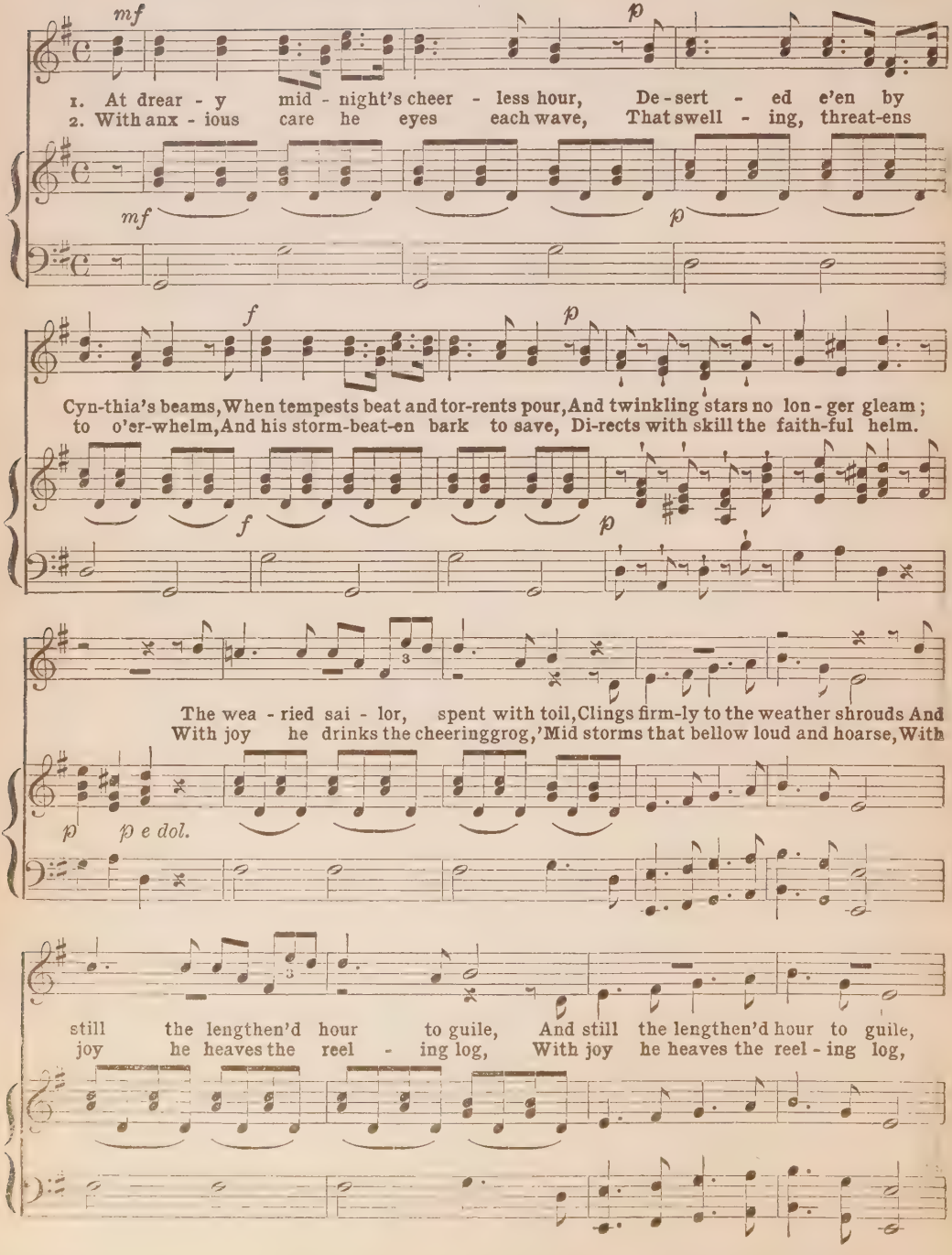
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WM. B. BRADBURY

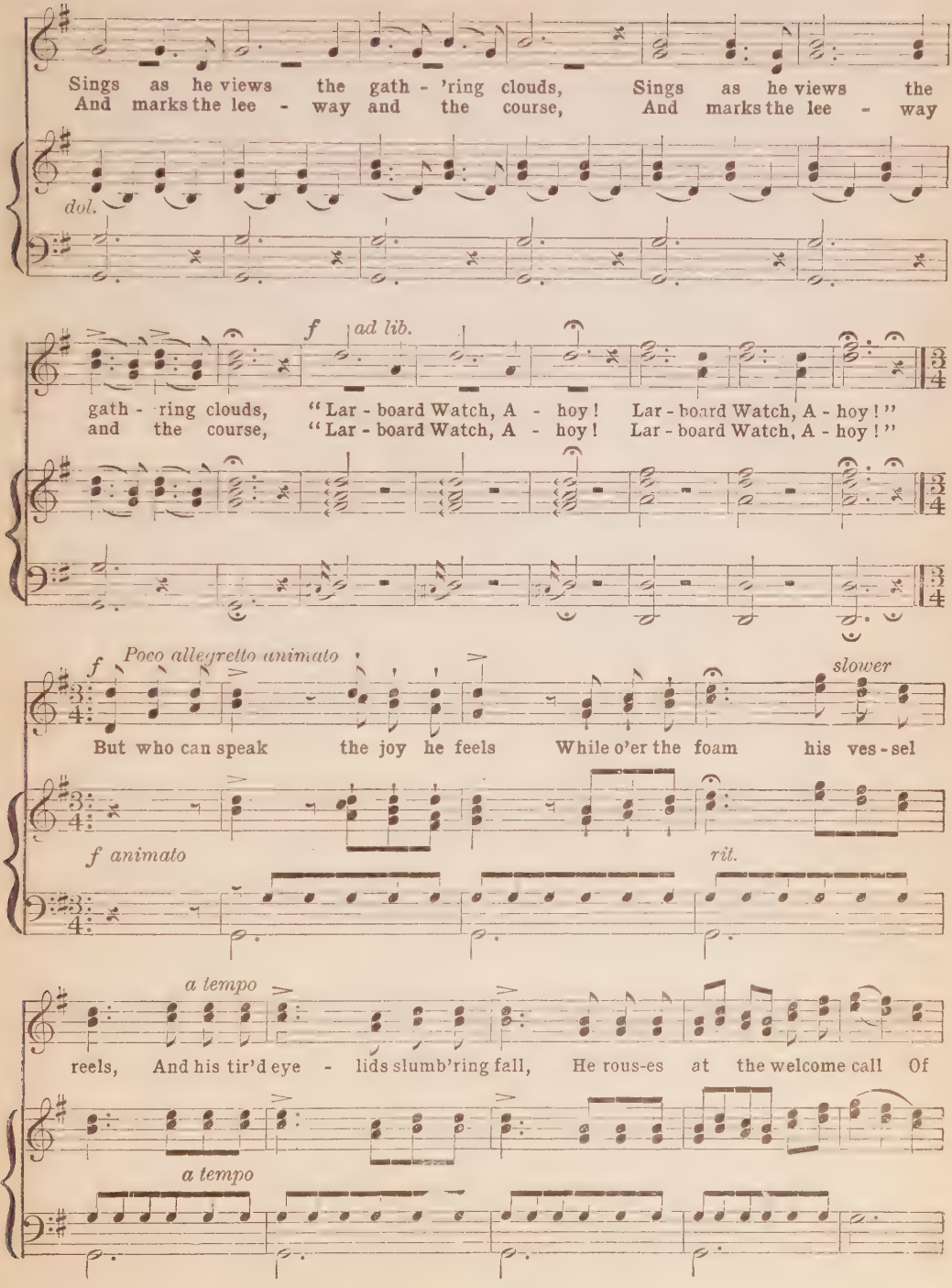


Larboard Watch

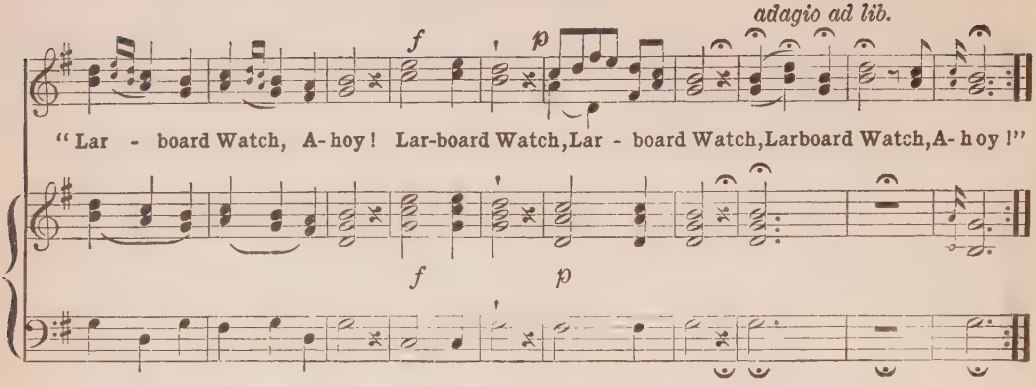
DUET

T. WILLIAMS



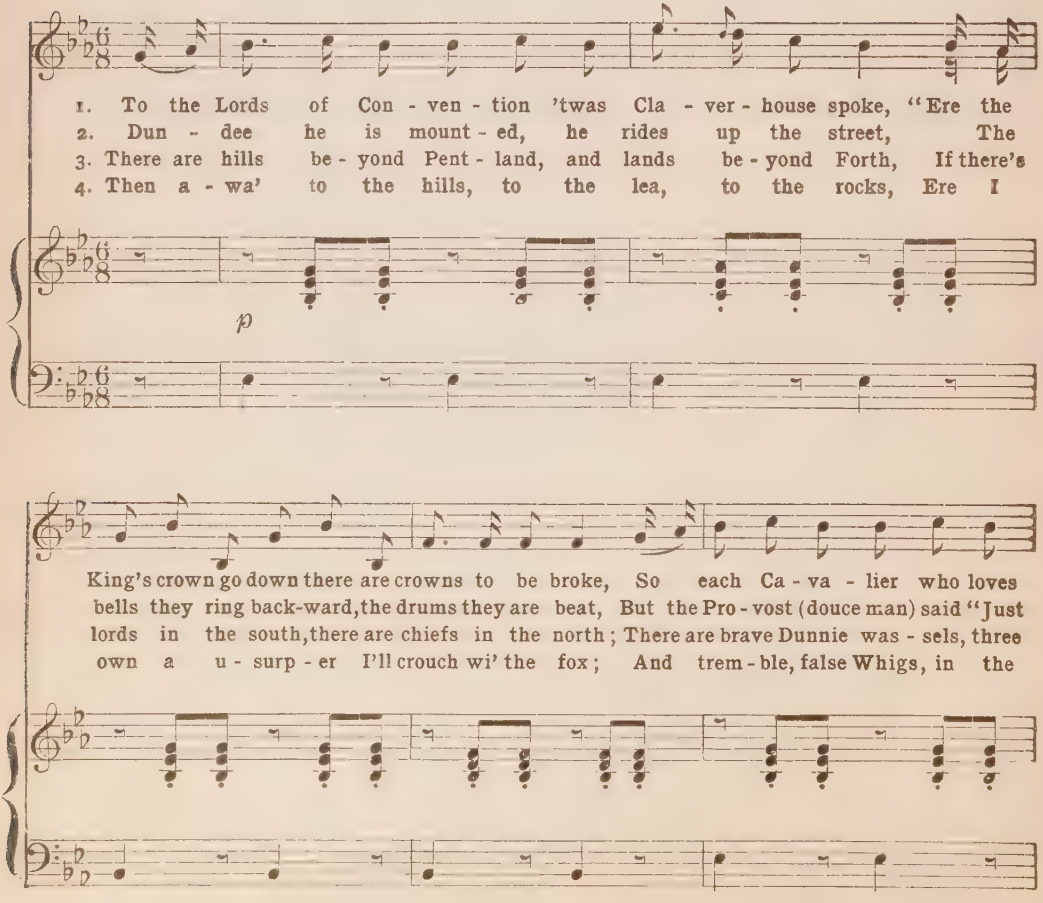

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way
dol.
f ad lib.
gath - ring clouds, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
and the course, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
f Poco allegretto animato
slower
But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the foam his ves - sel
f animato
rit.
a tempo
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous-es at the welcome call Of
a tempo

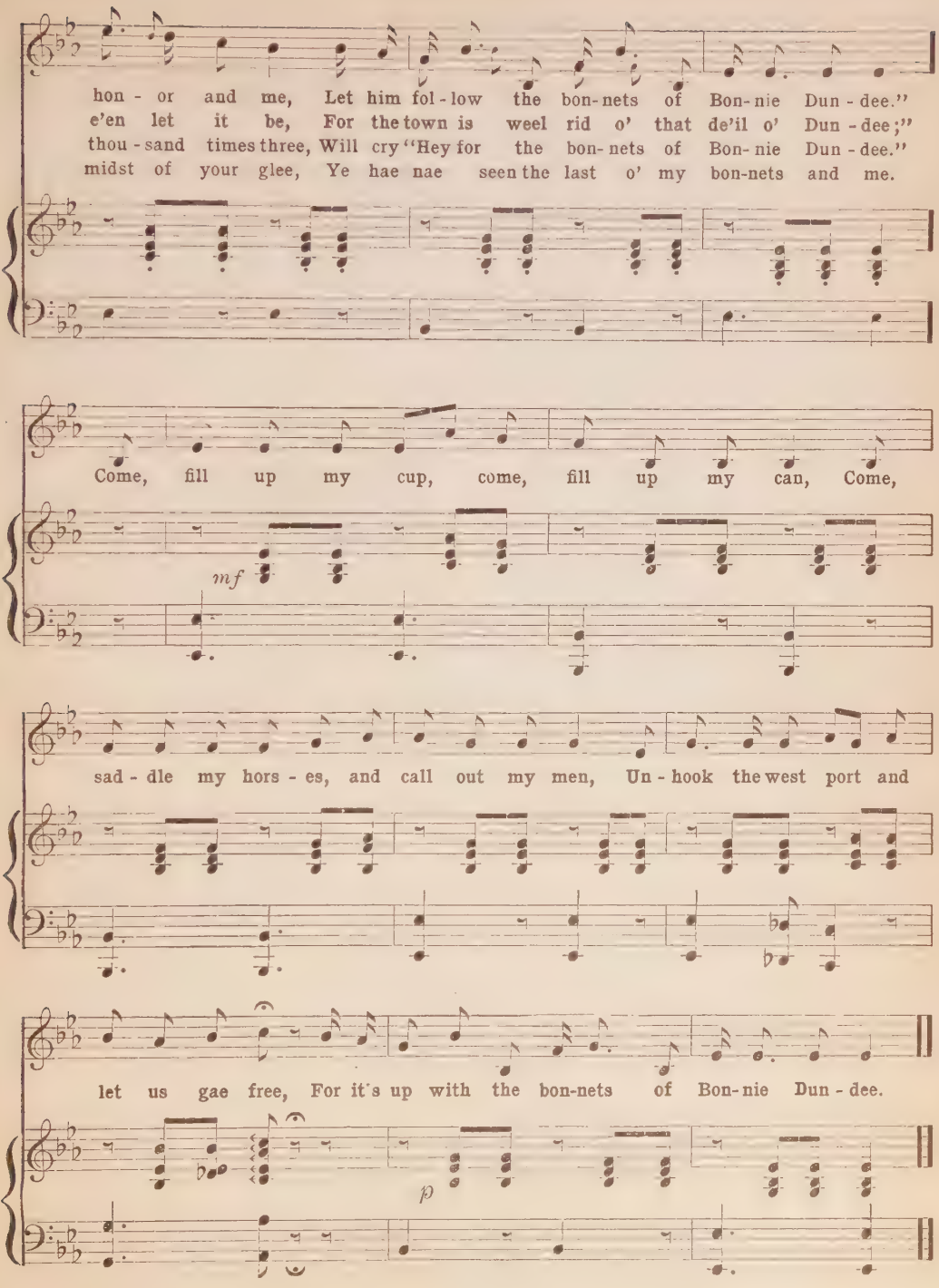
adagio ad lib.



Bonnie Dundee

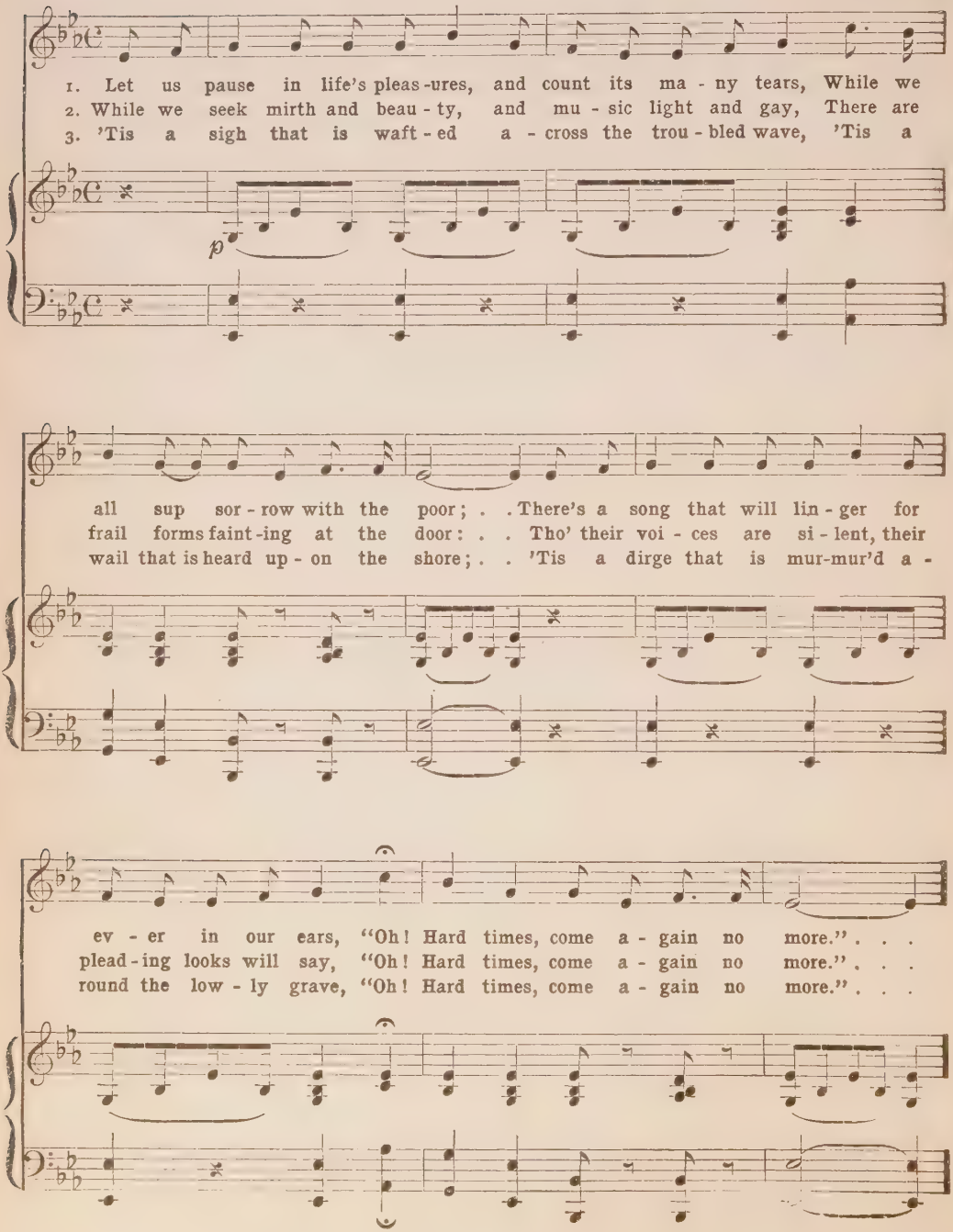
WALTER SCOTT

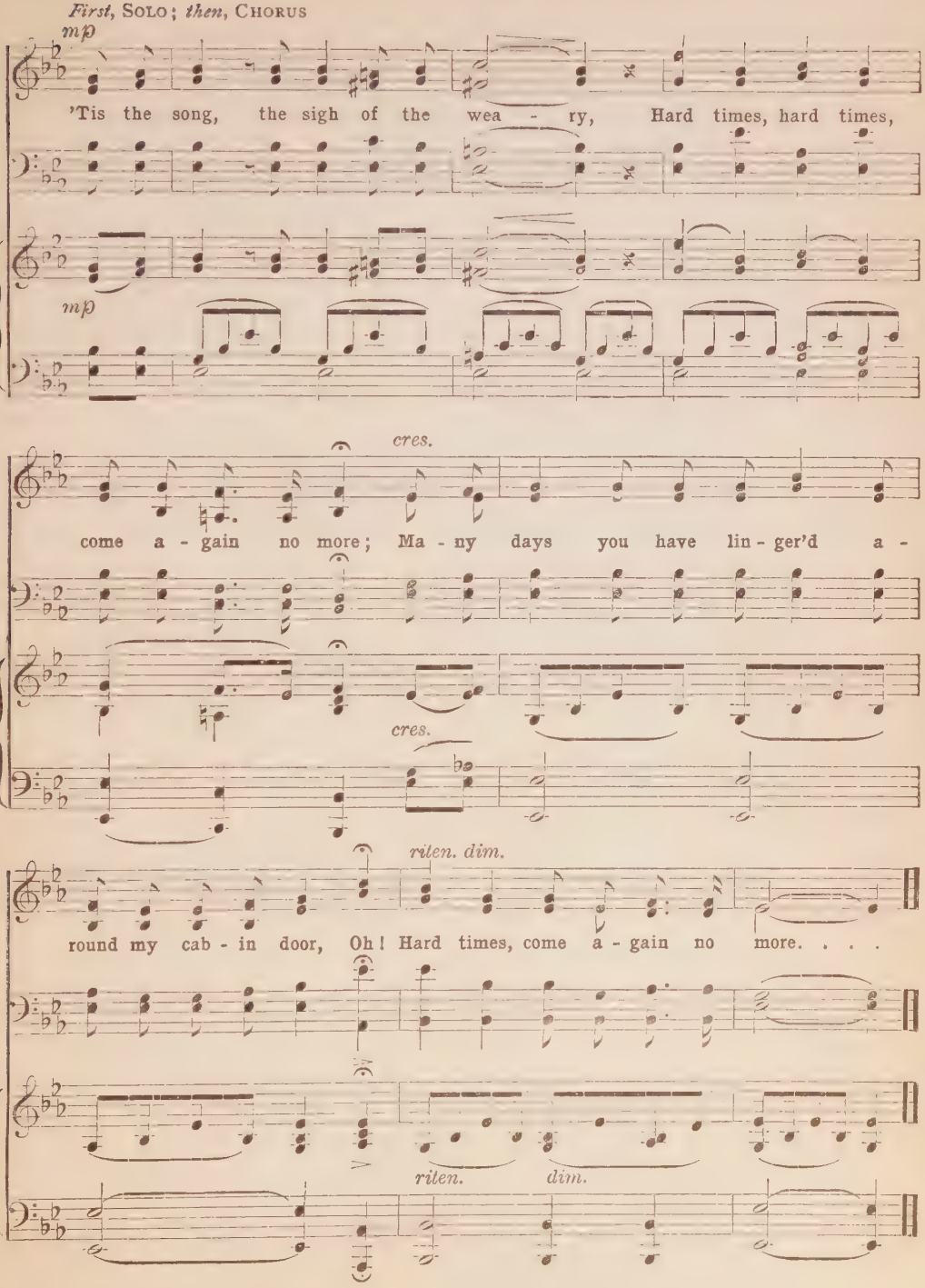



hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee."
e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;"
thou - sand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee."
midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bon-nets and me.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come,
mf
sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port and
let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee.
p

Hard Times Come Again No More

S. C. Foster




First, SOLO; then, CHORUS
mp
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,
mp
cres.
come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -
cres.
riten. dim.
round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more. . . .
riten.
dim.

Douglas! Tender and True

Author Unknown

Lady John Scott

Soave

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!
2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should pain you,
3. I was not half wor-thy of you, Doug-las!
4. Oh! to call back the days that are not;
5 Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!

rall. *p*

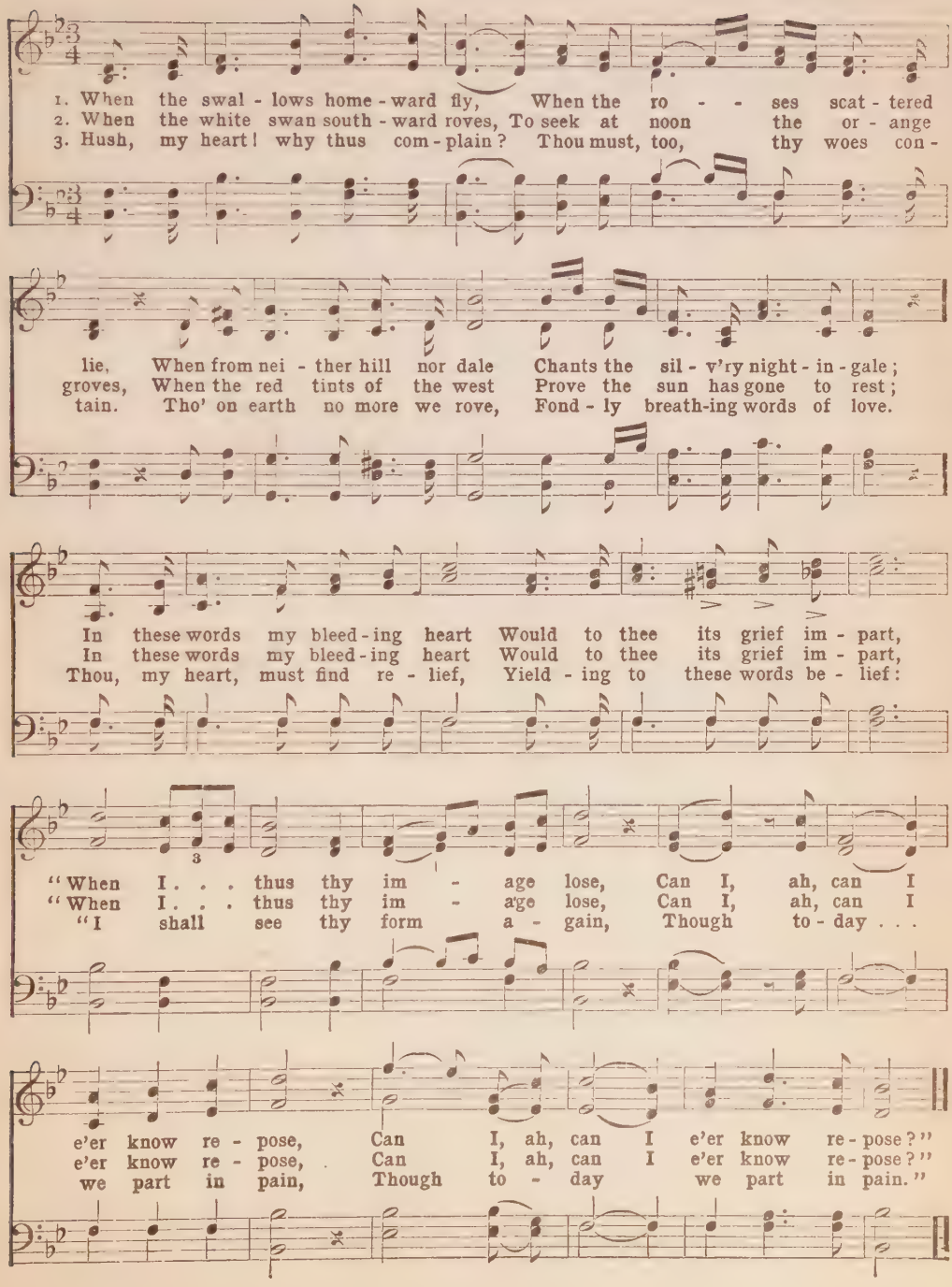
In the old like-ness that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Douglas!
I'd smile as sweet as an-gels do; Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er,
Not half wor-thy the like of you; Now all men be-sides are to me like shadows,
Mine eyes were blinded, your words are few; Do you know the truth now up in Heaven?
Drop forgiveness from Heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!

Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

cres. *dim.*

When the Swallows

FRANZ ABT



I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

G. Linley

Allegretto ma non troppo

1. I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . My
2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . Dwells

rall.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger land. I'm
one, to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand. But

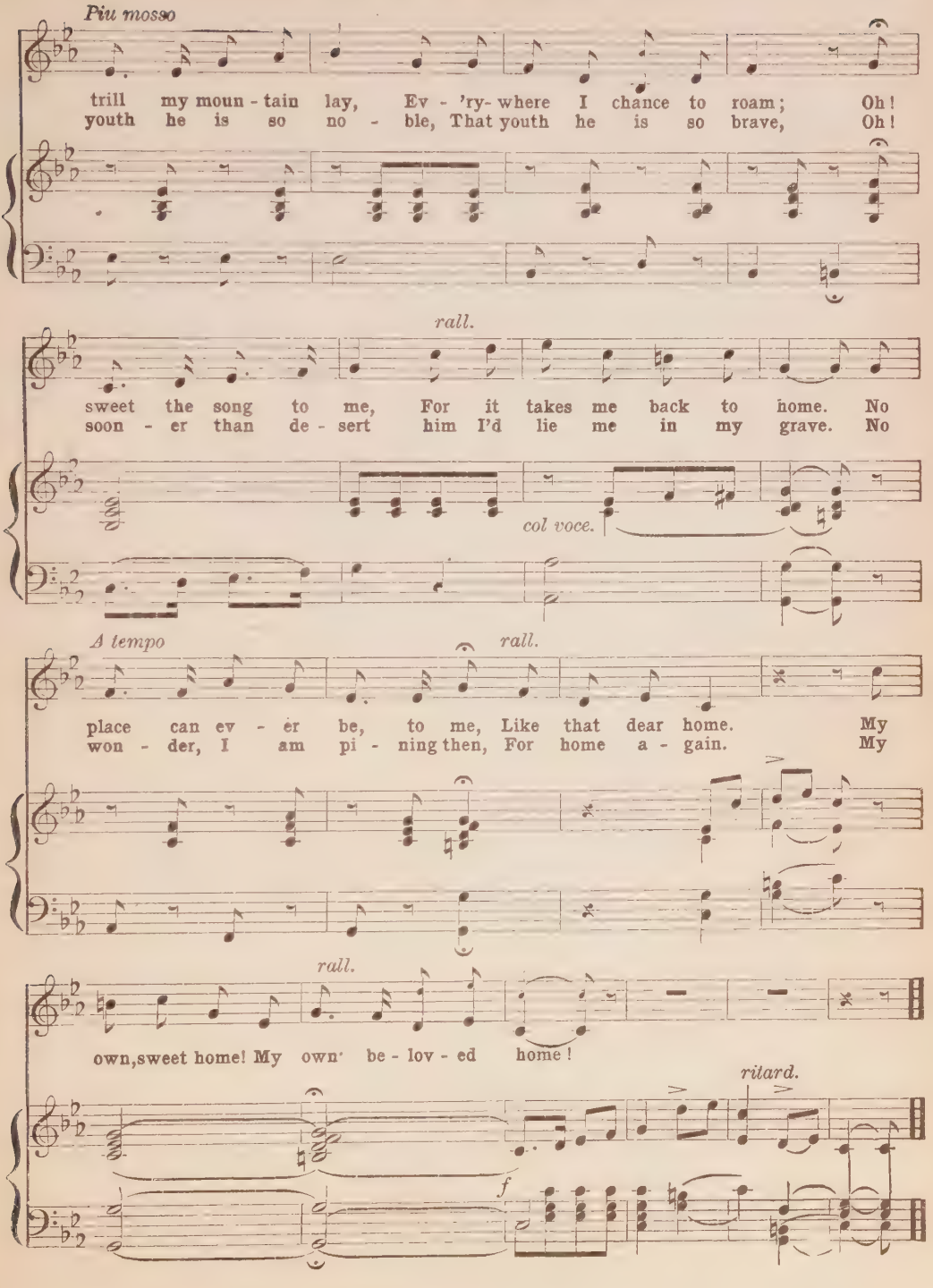
rall. *fz*

but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peas - ant guise; . Un -
not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . And

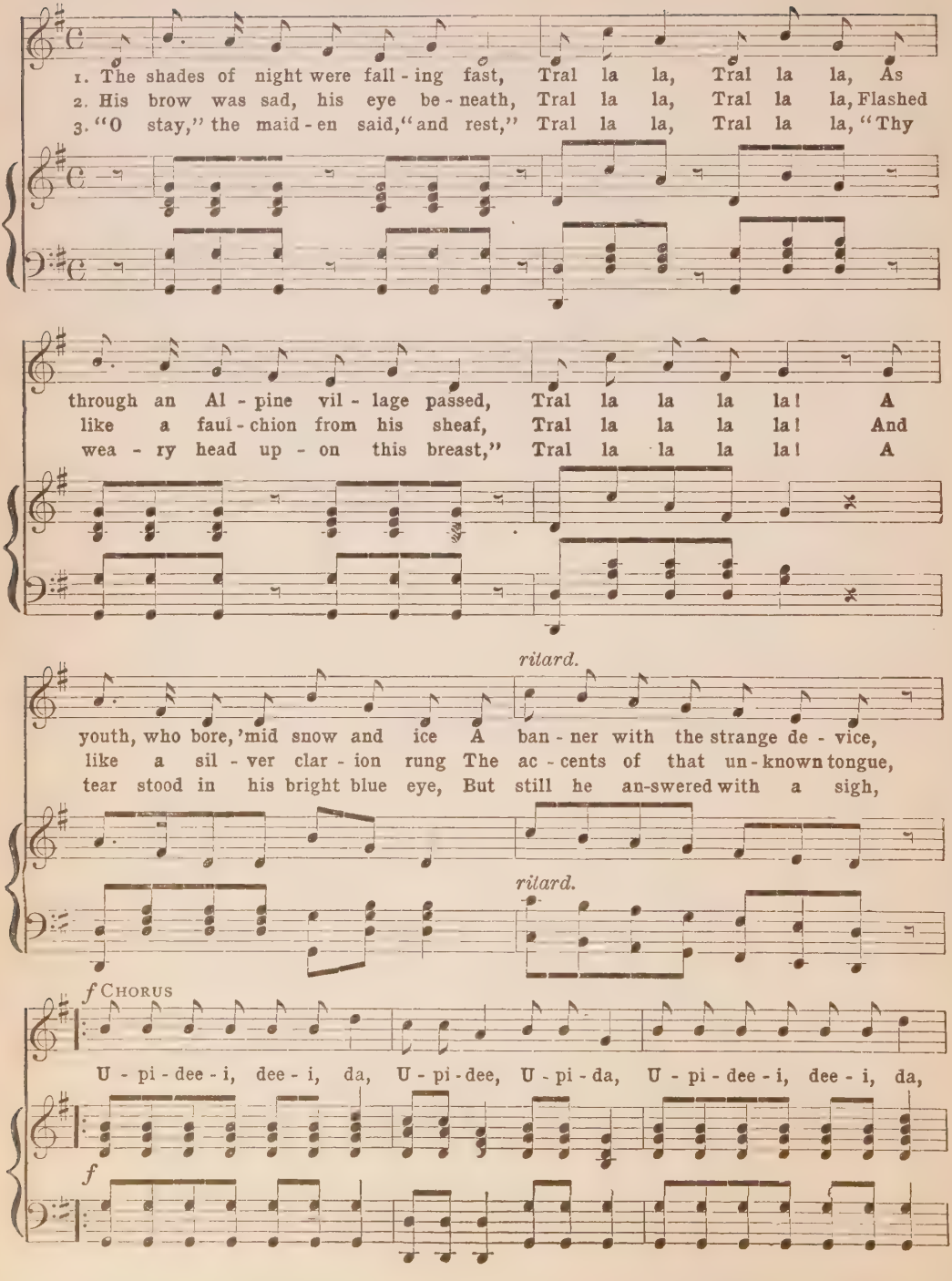
rall.

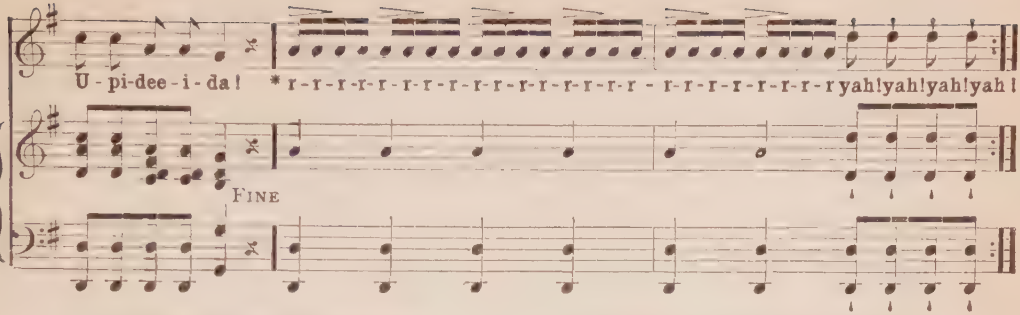
skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I
I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

fz


Più mosso
trill my moun - tain lay, Ev - 'ry- where I chance to roam; Oh!
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!
rall.
sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home. No
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No
col voce.
A tempo
rall.
place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home. My
won - der, I am pi - ning then, For home a - gain. My
rall.
own, sweet home! My own be - lov - ed home!
ritard.
f

Upidee


1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As
2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, Flashed
3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy
through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tral la la la la! A
like a faul - chion from his sheaf, Tral la la la la! And
wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la! A
ritard.
youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an-swered with a sigh,
ritard.
f CHORUS
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,
f



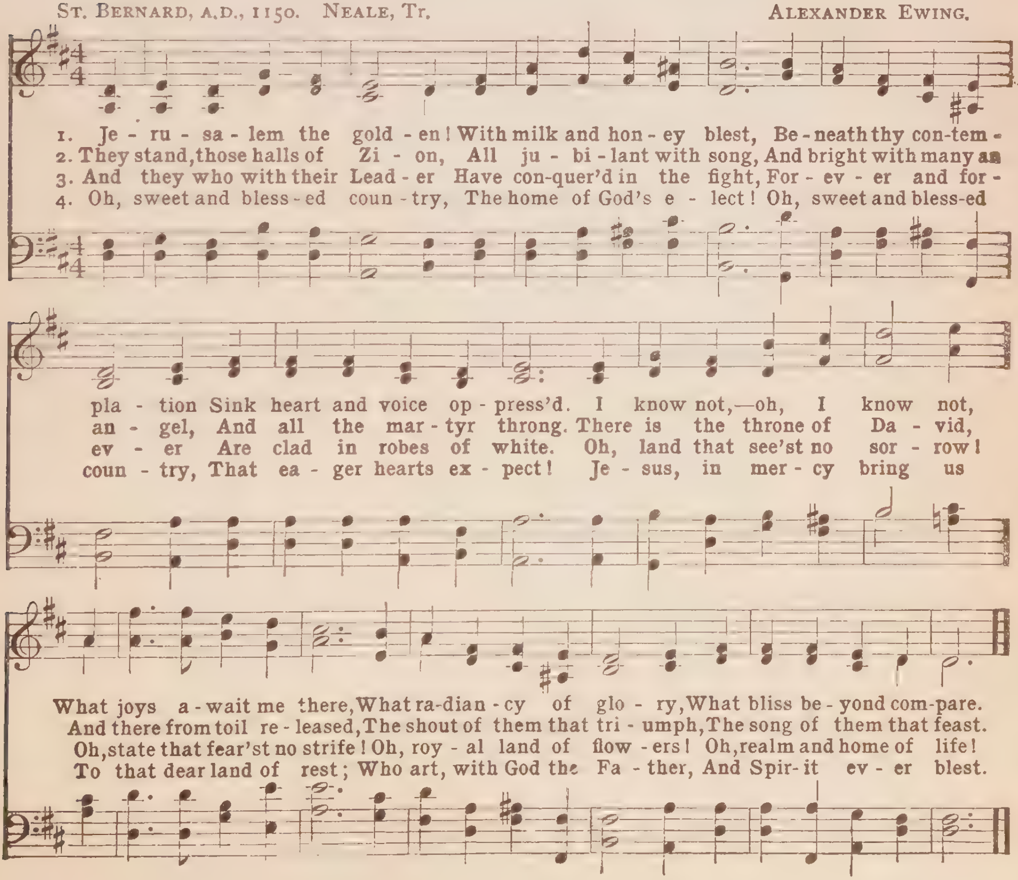
4 At break of day as heavenward
Tral la la, Tral la la!
The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
Tral la la la la!
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Chorus.

5 A trav'ler, by the faithful hound,
Tral la la, Tral la la!
Half buried in the snow was found,
Tral la la la la!
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Chorus.

* Imitating a watchman's rattle.

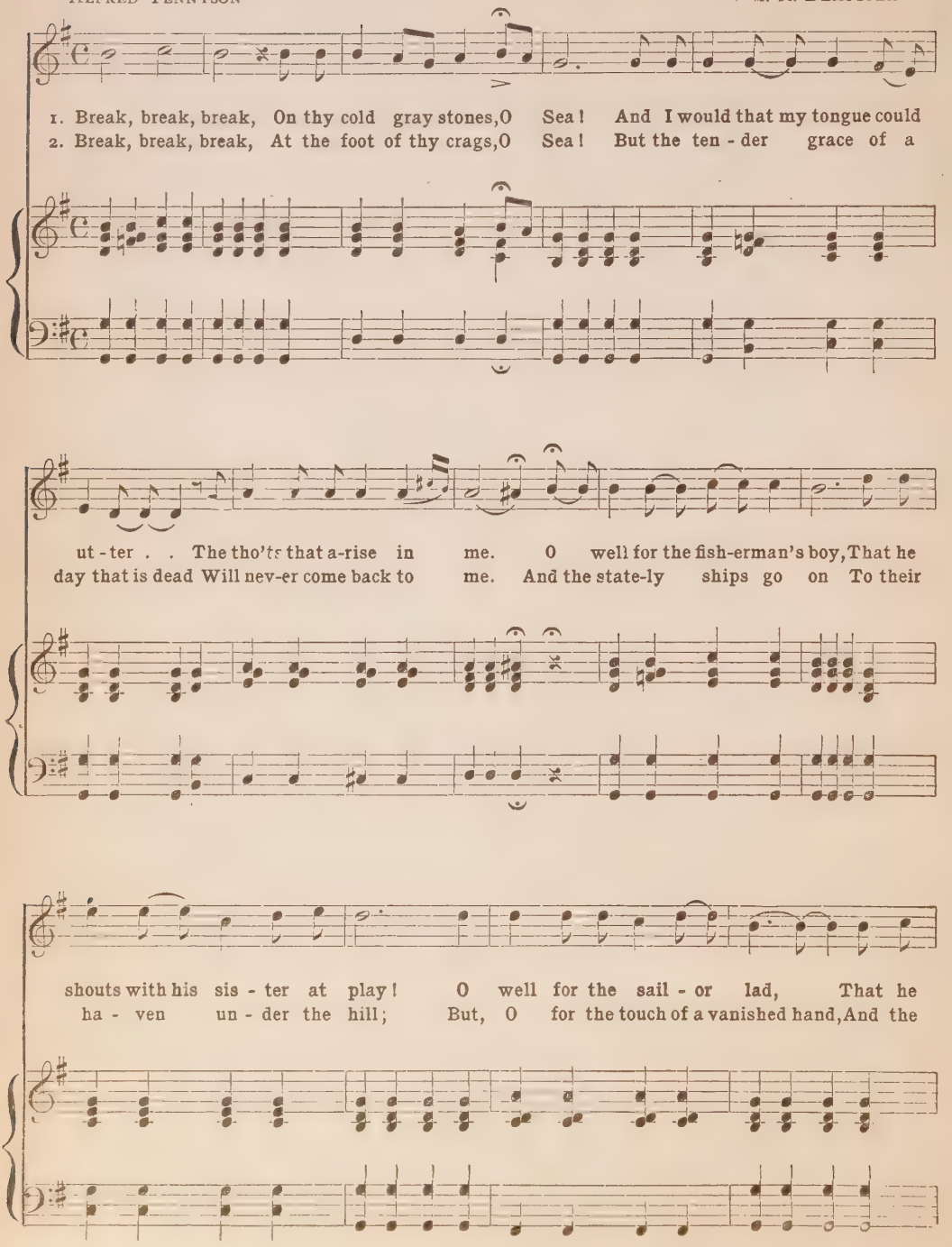
Jerusalem the Golden

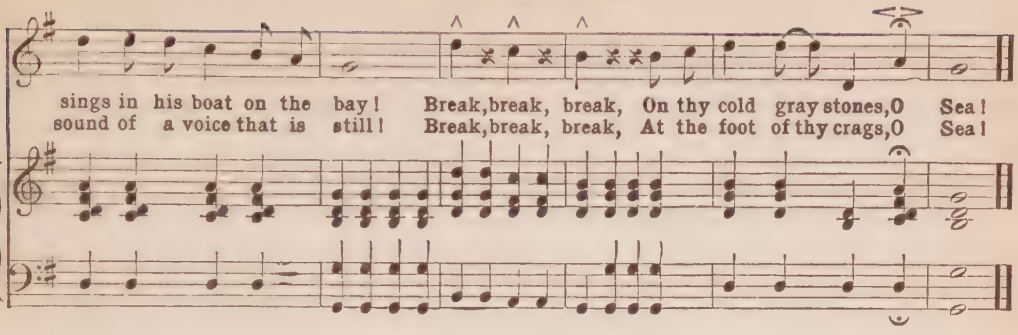
St. Bernard, A.D., 1150. Neale, Tr. — Alexander Ewing.



Break, Break, Break

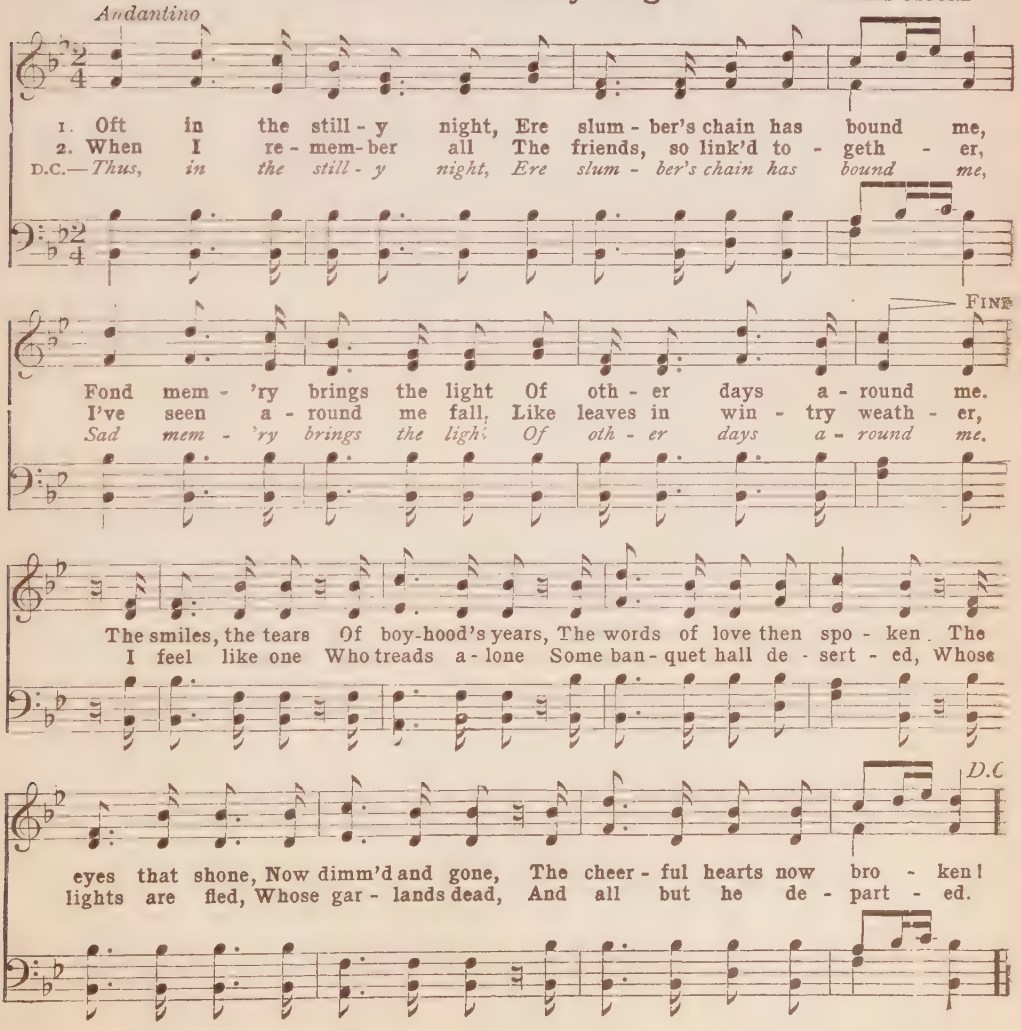
ALFRED TENNYSON — WM. R. DEMPSTER





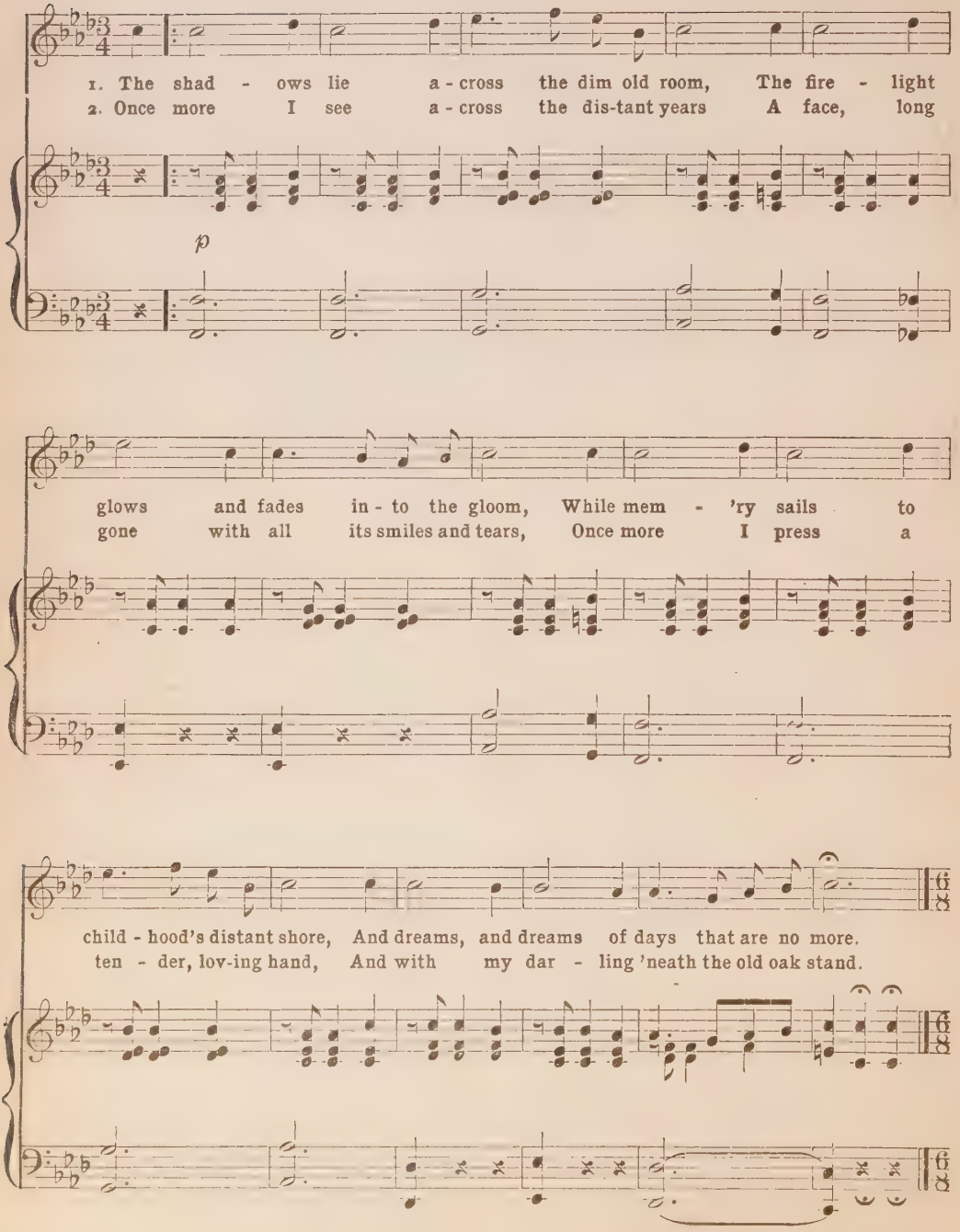
Oft in the Stilly Night

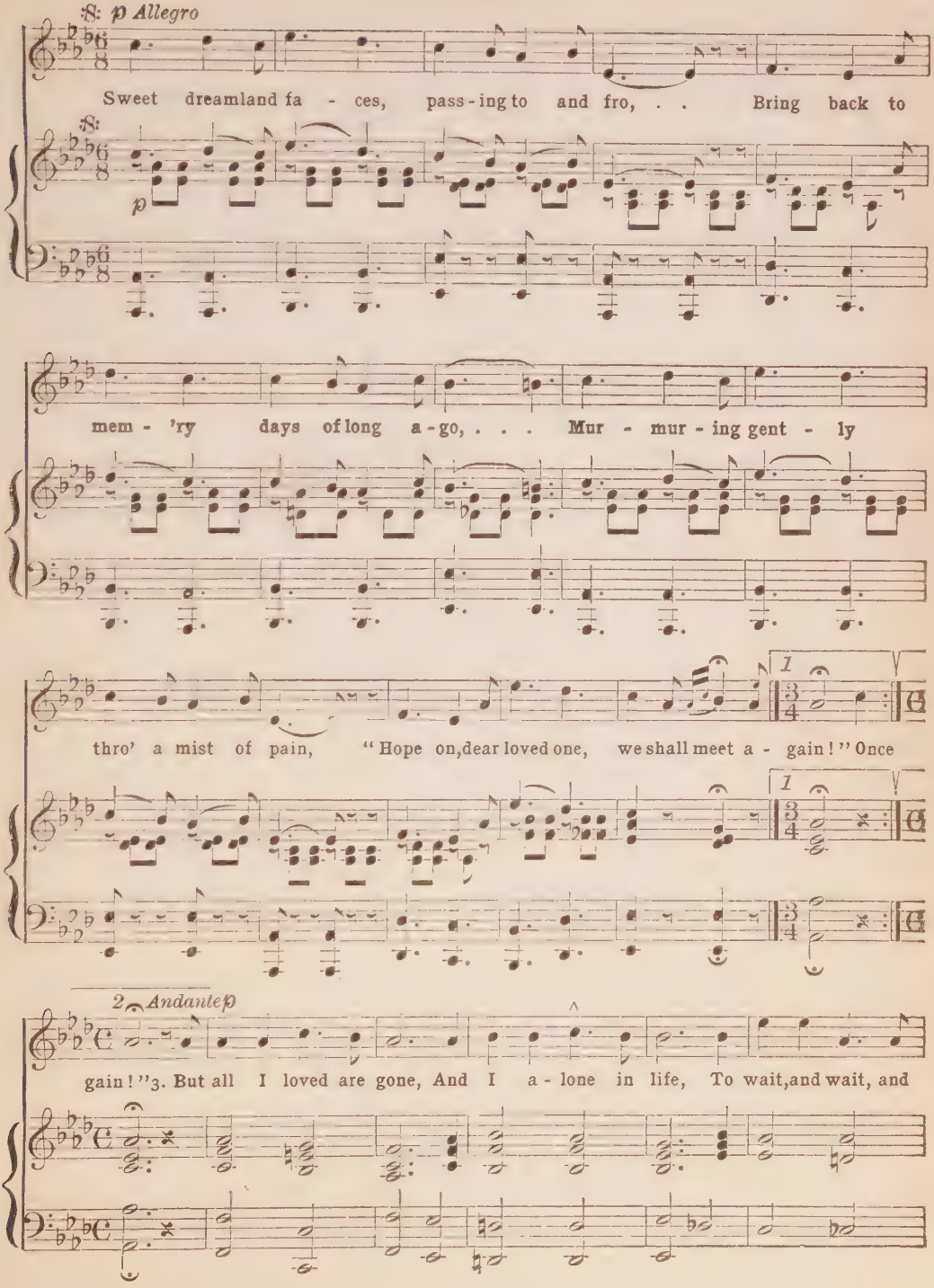
THOMAS MOORE

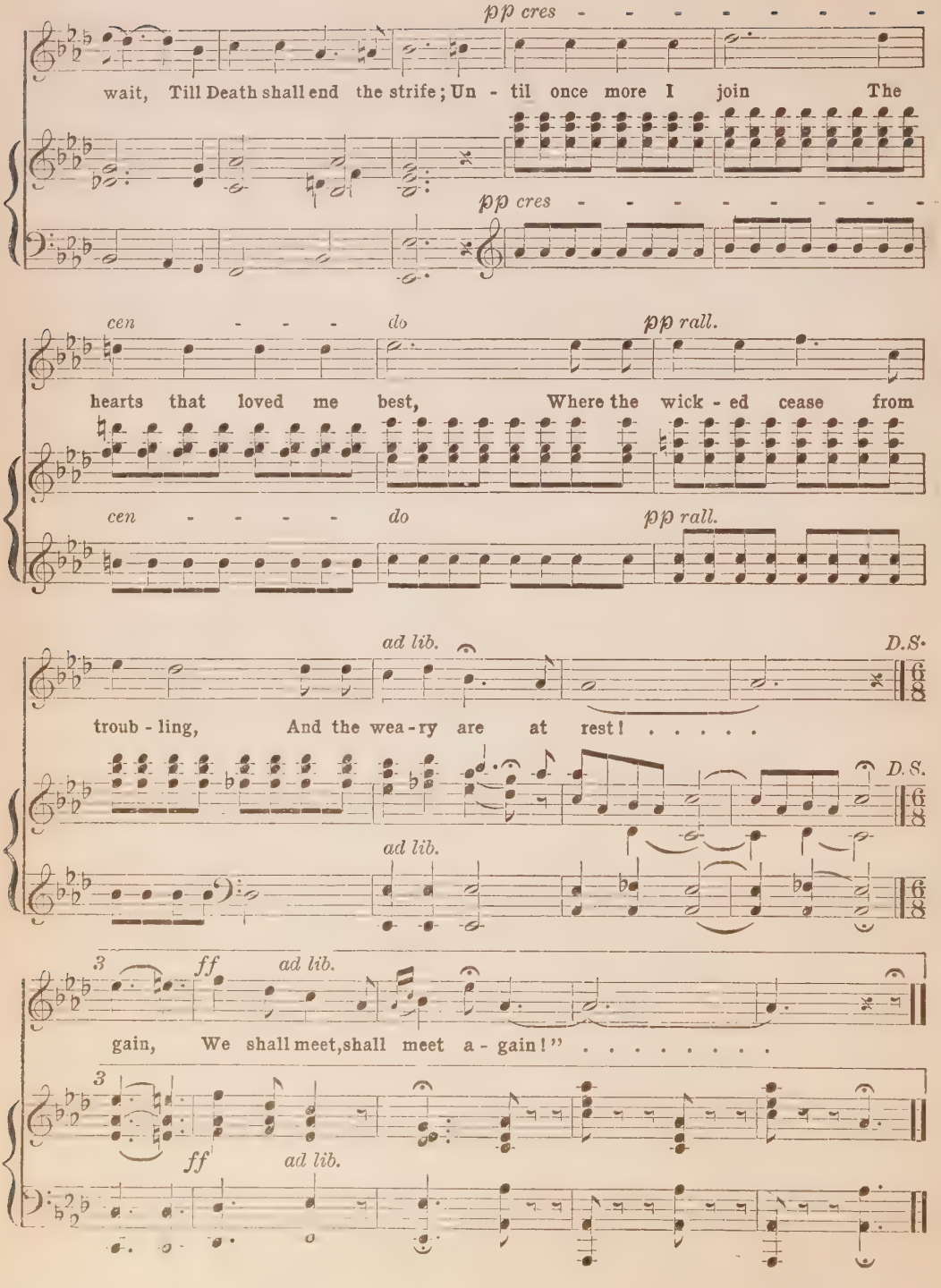


Dream Faces

W. M. Hutchinson

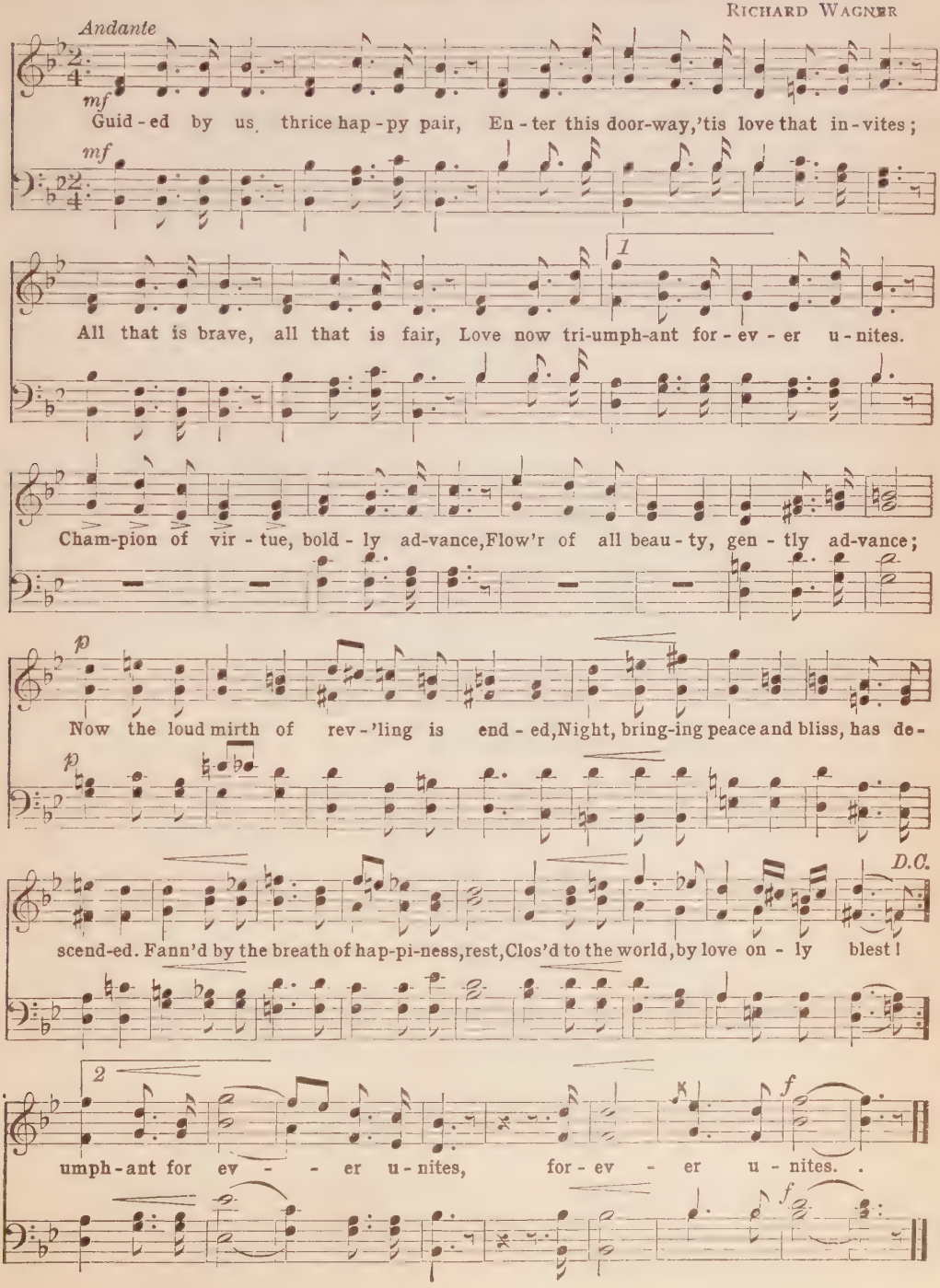



p Allegro
Sweet dreamland fa - ces, pass-ing to and fro, . . Bring back to
mem - 'ry days of long a-go, . . . Mur - mur - ing gent - ly
thro' a mist of pain, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain!" Once
2 Andante p
gain!"3. But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and


pp cres - - - - - - - - -
wait, Till Death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I join The
pp cres - - - - - - - - -
cen - - - do
pp rall.
hearts that loved me best, Where the wick - ed cease from
cen - - - - do
pp rall.
ad lib.
D.S.
troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest! . . . . .
D.S.
ad lib.
3
ff
ad lib.
gain, We shall meet, shall meet a - gain!" . . . . . .
3
ff
ad lib.

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER



Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

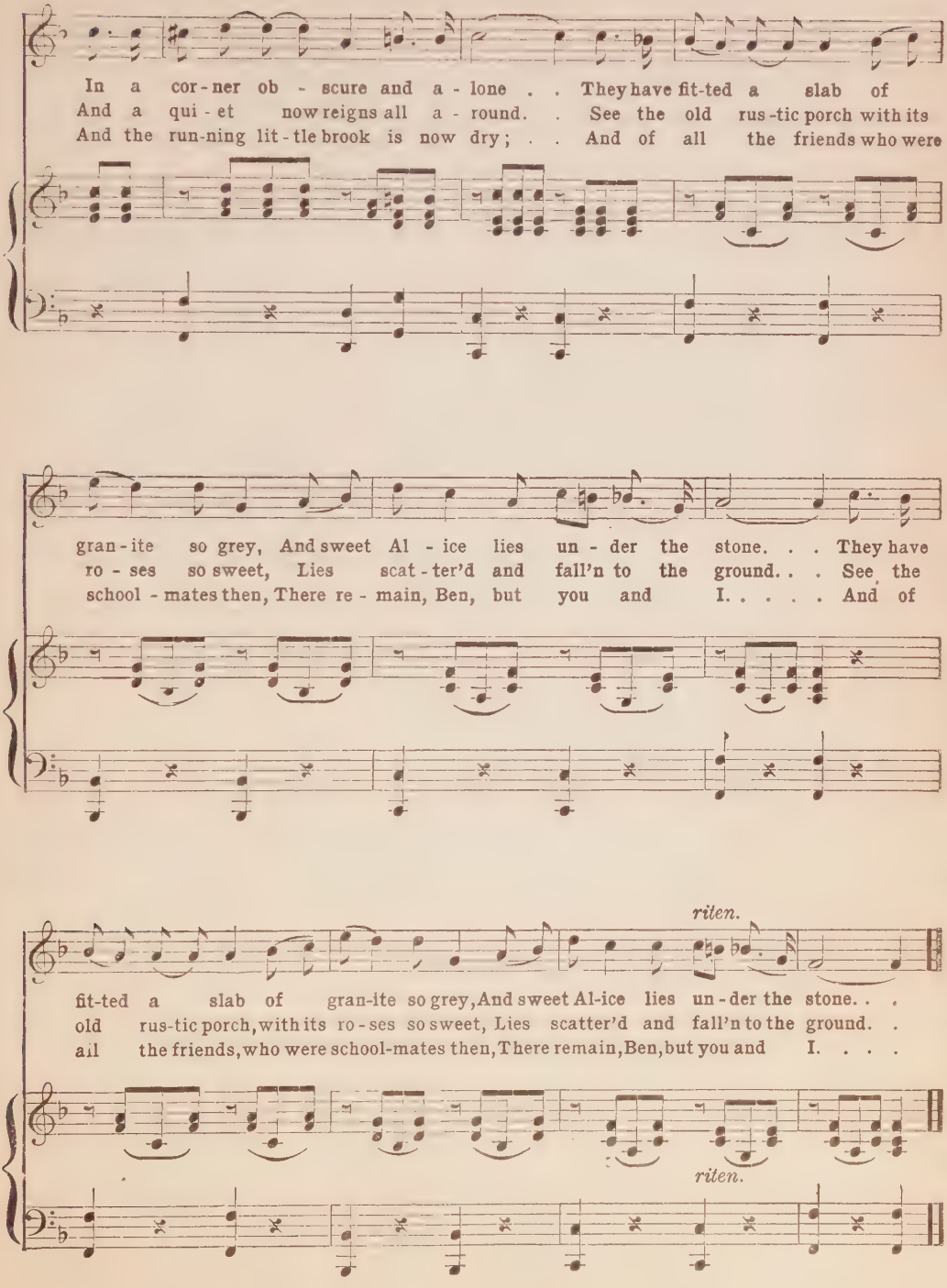
Or Ben Bolt

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice with hair so
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sun - ny slope of the
3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the mas - ter so kind and so

p

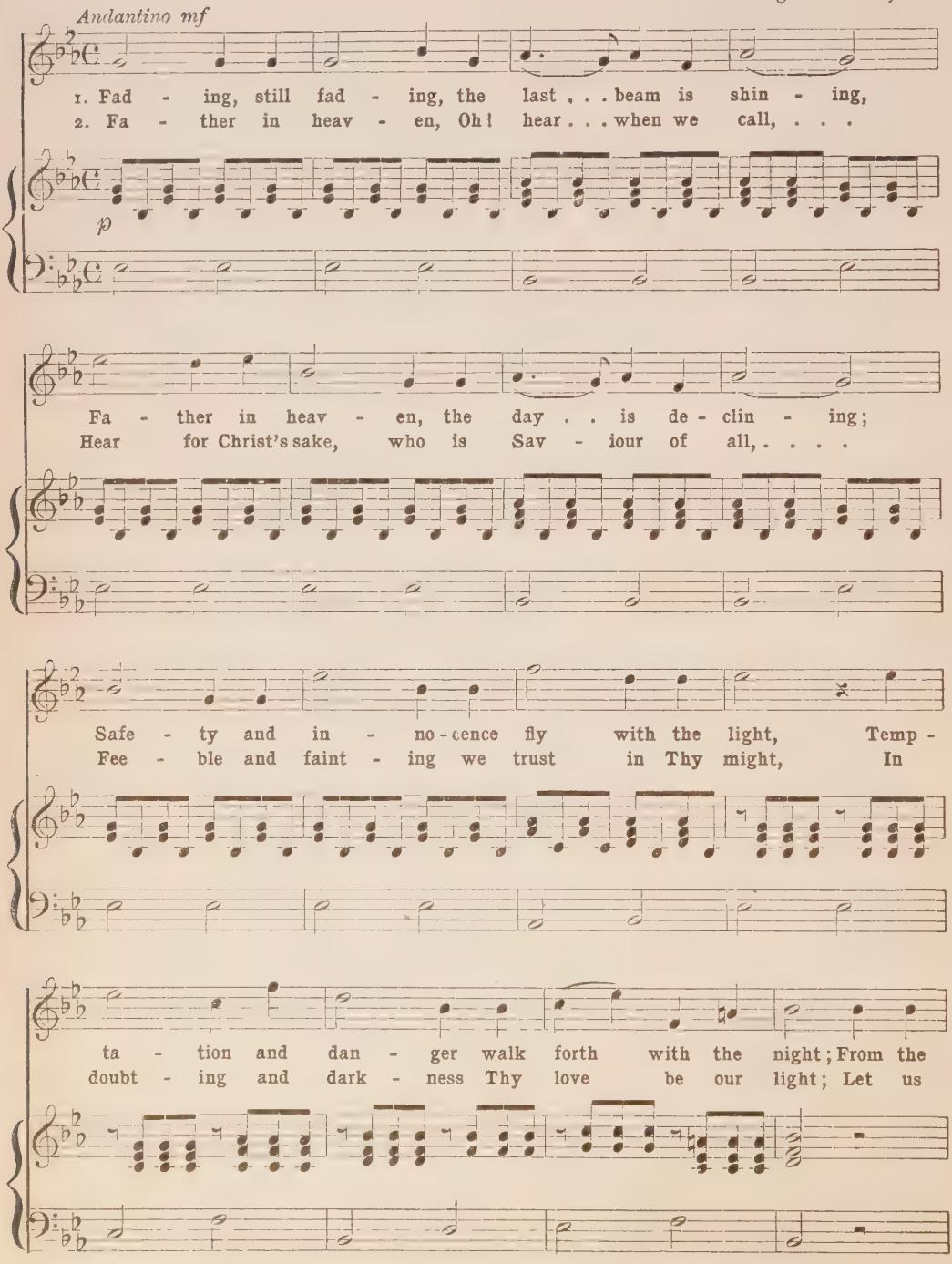
brown, . . She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, . . . When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spread - ing shade, And kept
true, . . . And the lit-tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we

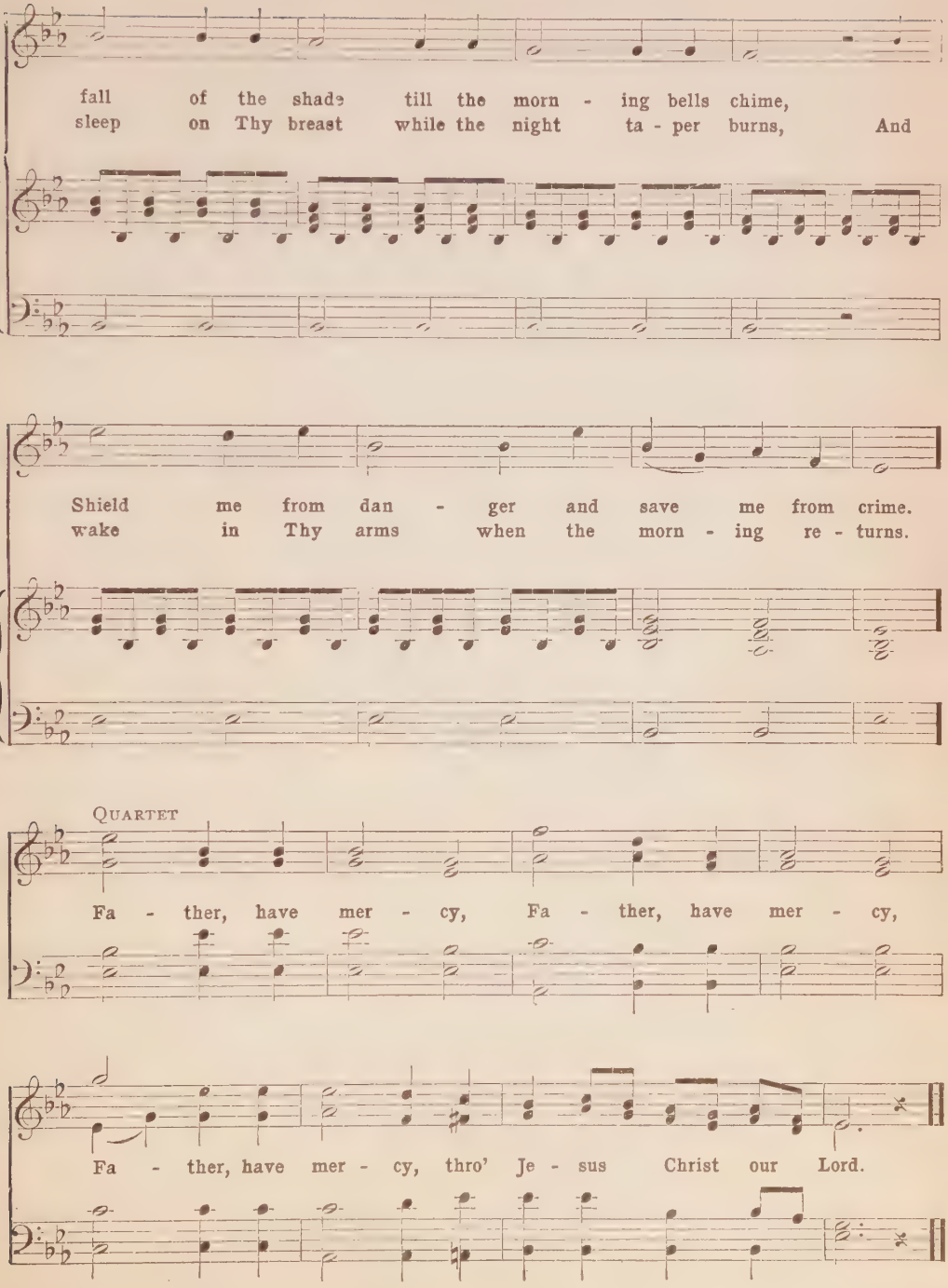
trem - bled with fear at your frown; . . In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,
time to the click of the mill; . . The mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt,
gath - ered the flow'rs as they grew; . . On the Mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,


In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone . . They have fit-ted a slab of
And a qui-et now reigns all a-round. . See the old rus-tic porch with its
And the run-ning lit-tle brook is now dry; . . And of all the friends who were
gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone. . . They have
ro-ses so sweet, Lies scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. . . See the
school-mates then, There re-main, Ben, but you and I. . . . . And of
riten.
fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone. . .
old rus-tic porch, with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground. .
all the friends, who were school-mates then, There remain, Ben, but you and I. . . .
riten.

Fading, Still Fading

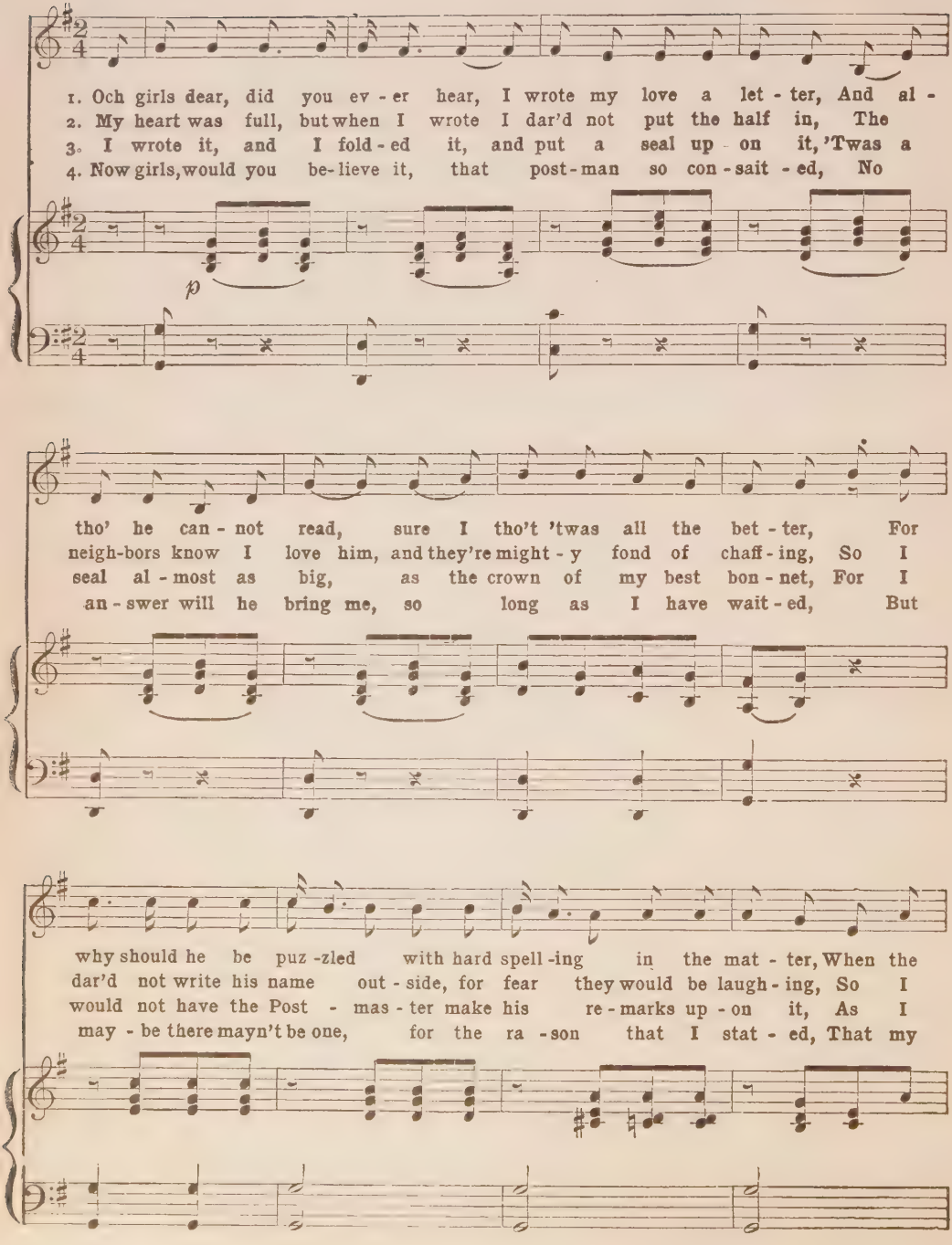
Portuguese Melody

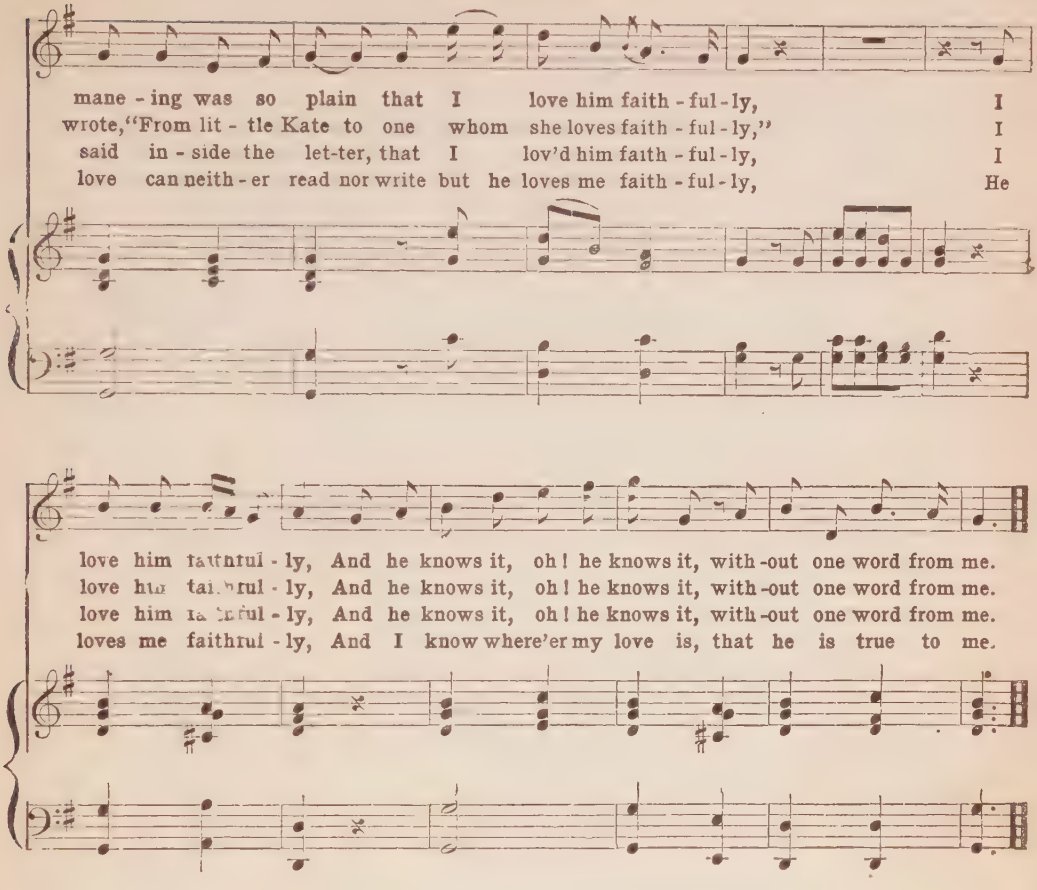



fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And
Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime.
wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns.
QUARTET
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

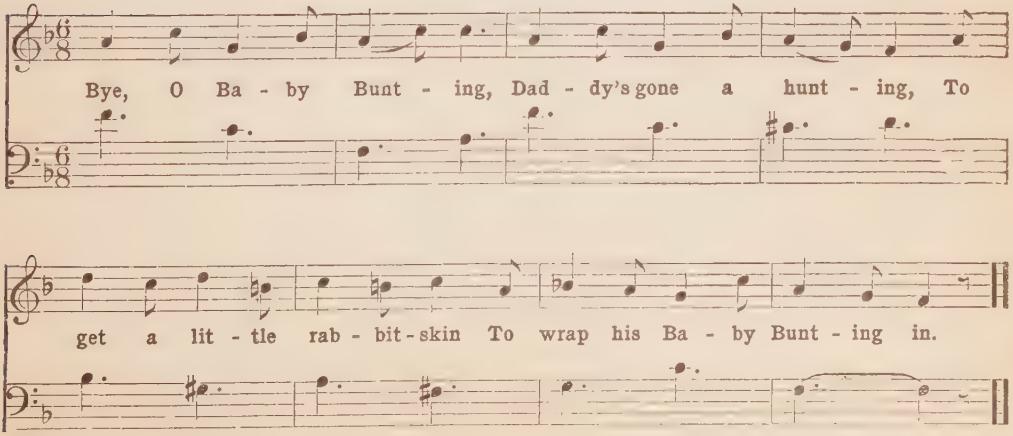
Katey's Letter

Lady Dufferin



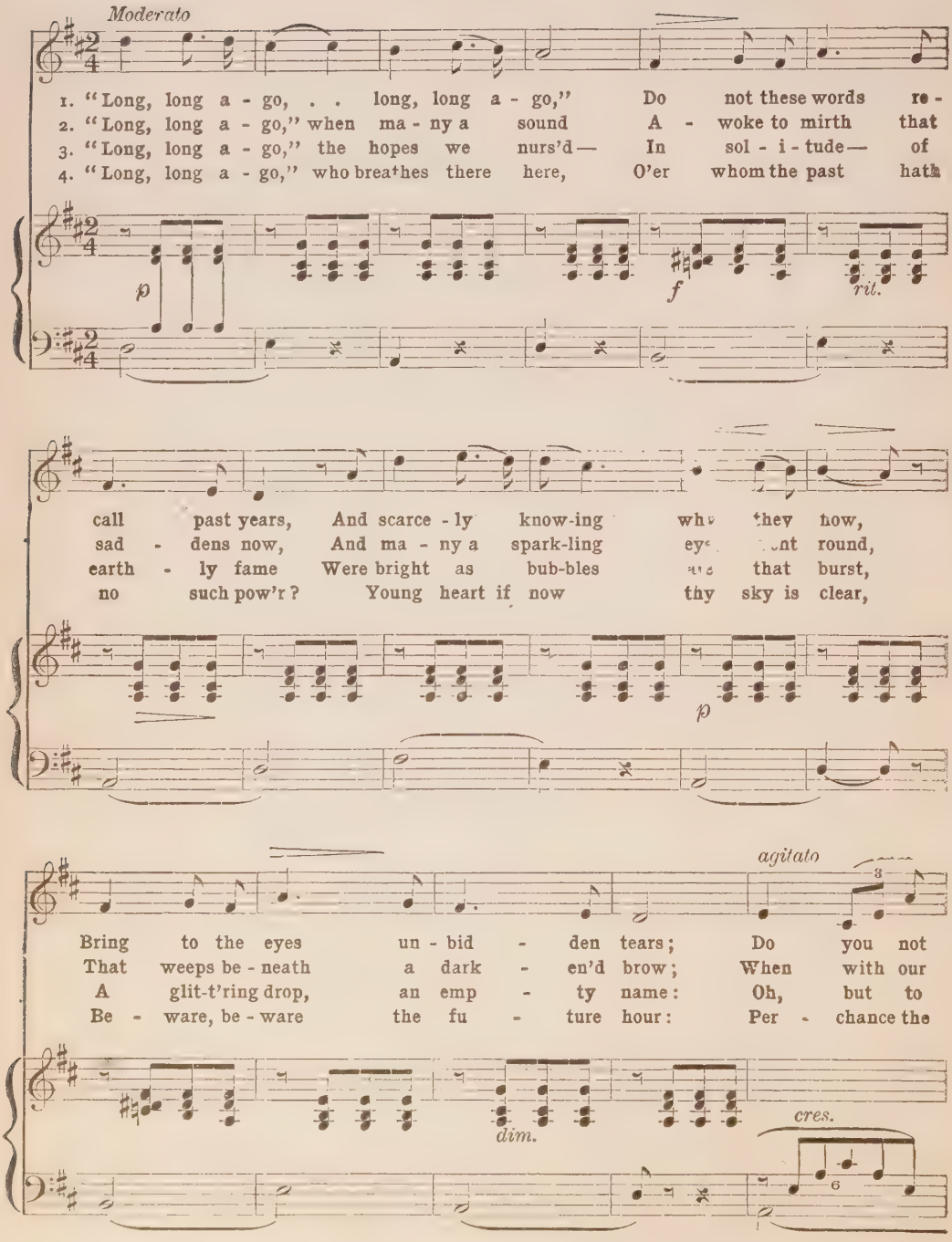


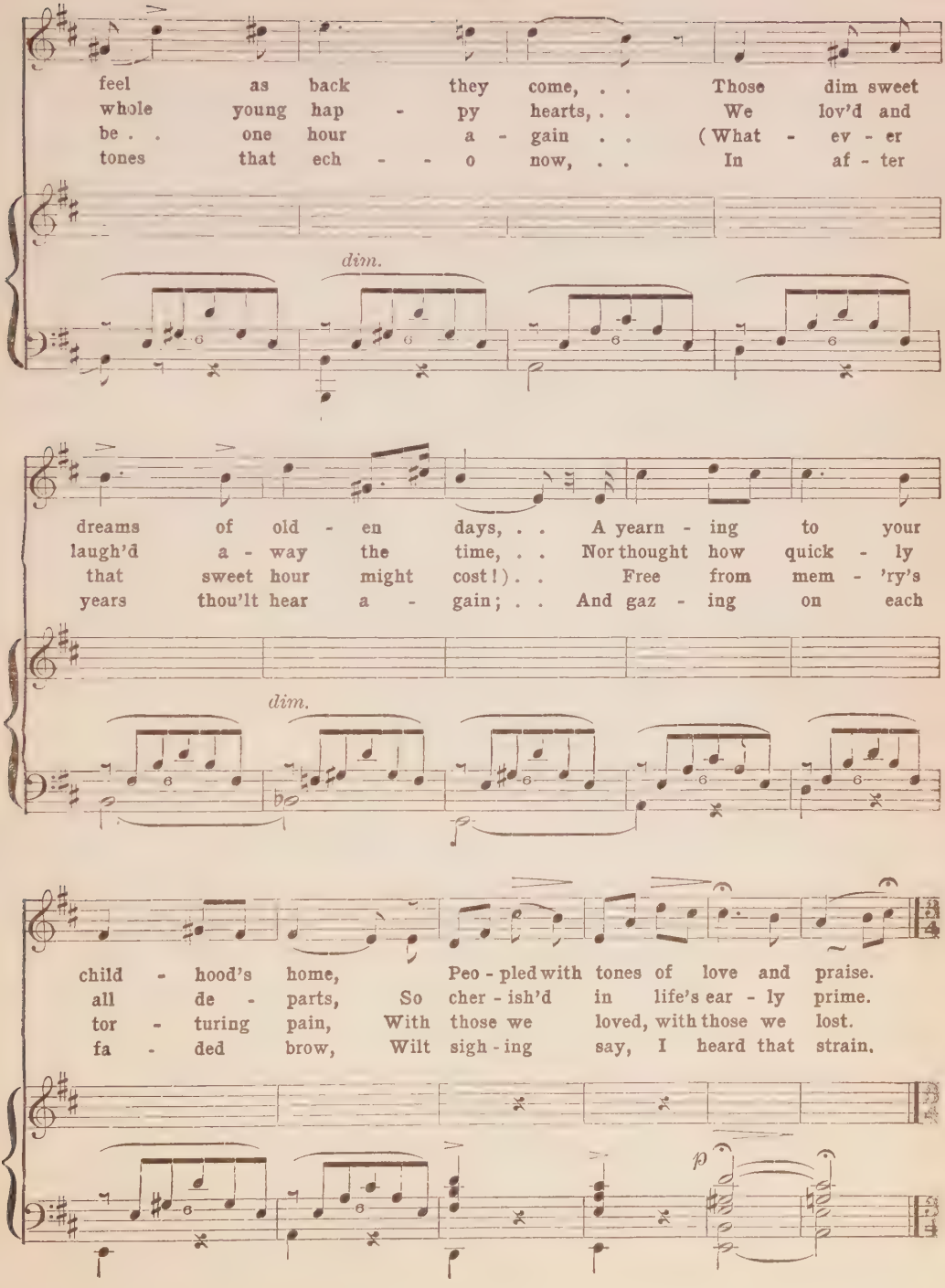
Baby Bunting

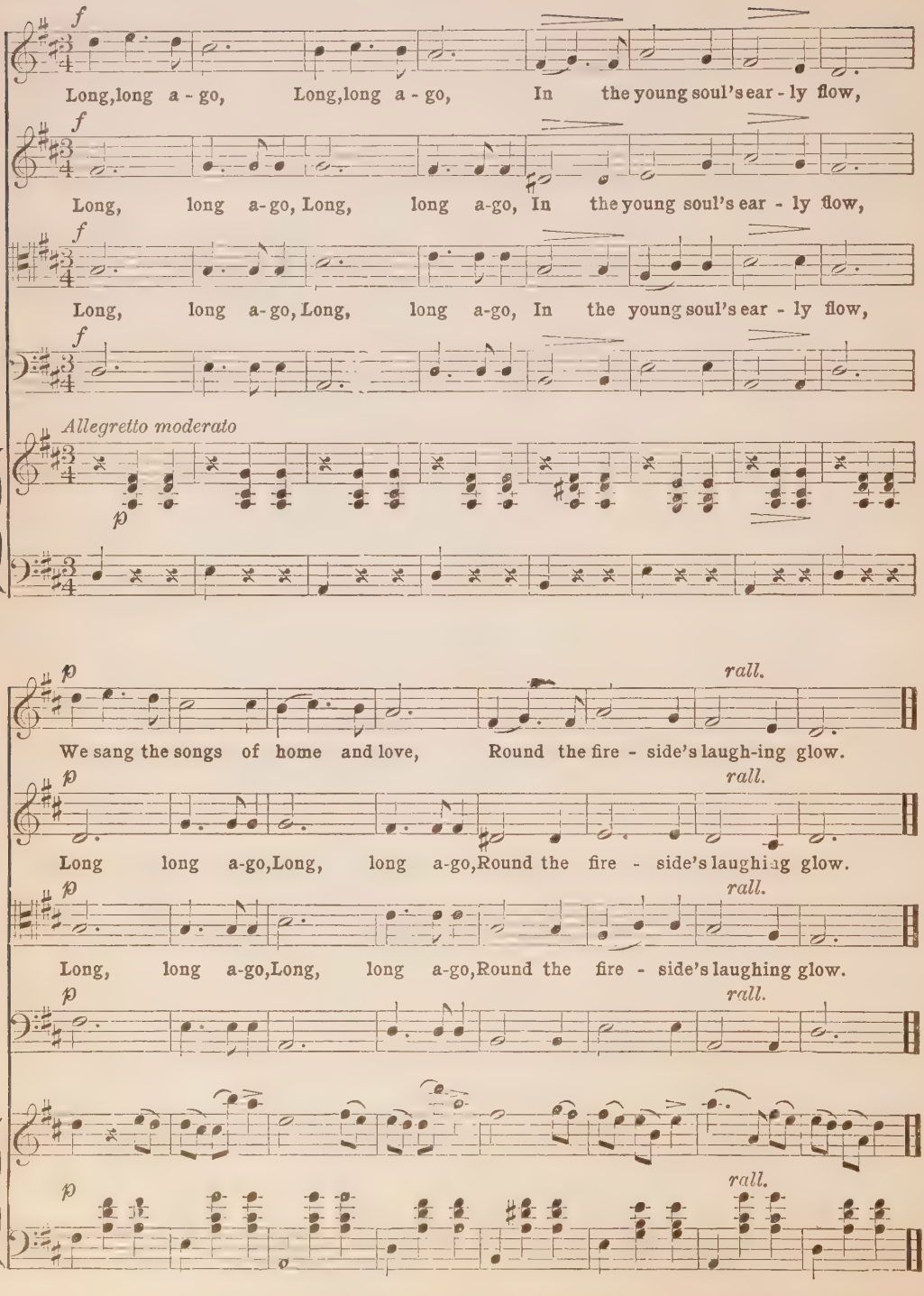


Long Ago

FRANK MUSGRAVE

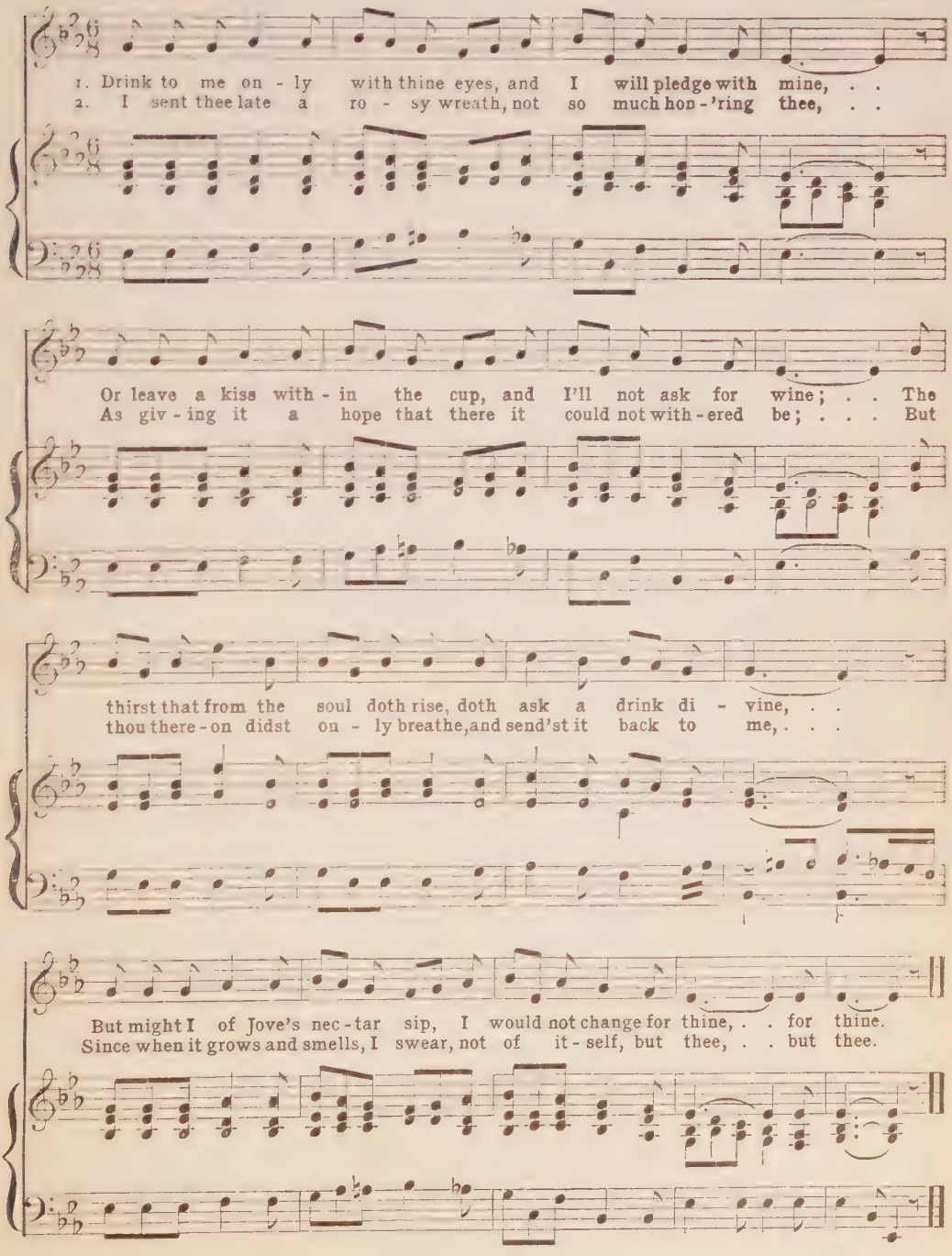



feel as back they come, . . Those dim sweet
whole young hap - py hearts, . . We lov'd and
be . . one hour a - gain . . (What - ev - er
tones that ech - - o now, . . In af - ter
dim.
dreams of old - en days, . . A yearn - ing to your
laugh'd a - way the time, . . Nor thought how quick - ly
that sweet hour might cost!) . . Free from mem - 'ry's
years thou'lt hear a - gain; . . And gaz - ing on each
dim.
child - hood's home, Peo - pled with tones of love and praise.
all de - parts, So cher - ish'd in life's ear - ly prime.
tor - turing pain, With those we loved, with those we lost.
fa - ded brow, Wilt sigh - ing say, I heard that strain.
p


f
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Allegretto moderato
p
p
rall.
We sang the songs of home and love, Round the fire - side's laugh-ing glow.
p
rall.
Long long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.
p
rall.
Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.
p
rall.
p
rall.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON W. A. MOZART



Tempest of the Heart

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Largo

1. Her bright eyes whose ra - diant gleam-ing Pales the stars in yon fair
2. Airs that wan - der, mur-m'ring round us, Waft the prayer that I, so
1. Il ba - len del suo sor - ri - so d'u - na stel - la vin - ce il

heav-en, With her smile in beauty beam-ing, Round me throw their witching spell, new ardor
lonely, Breathe for those blest ties that bound us, While her love, oh! rare sweet dream, is mine, mine
rag - gio; il ful-gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo in-fon - de, no - vo infonde a me co -

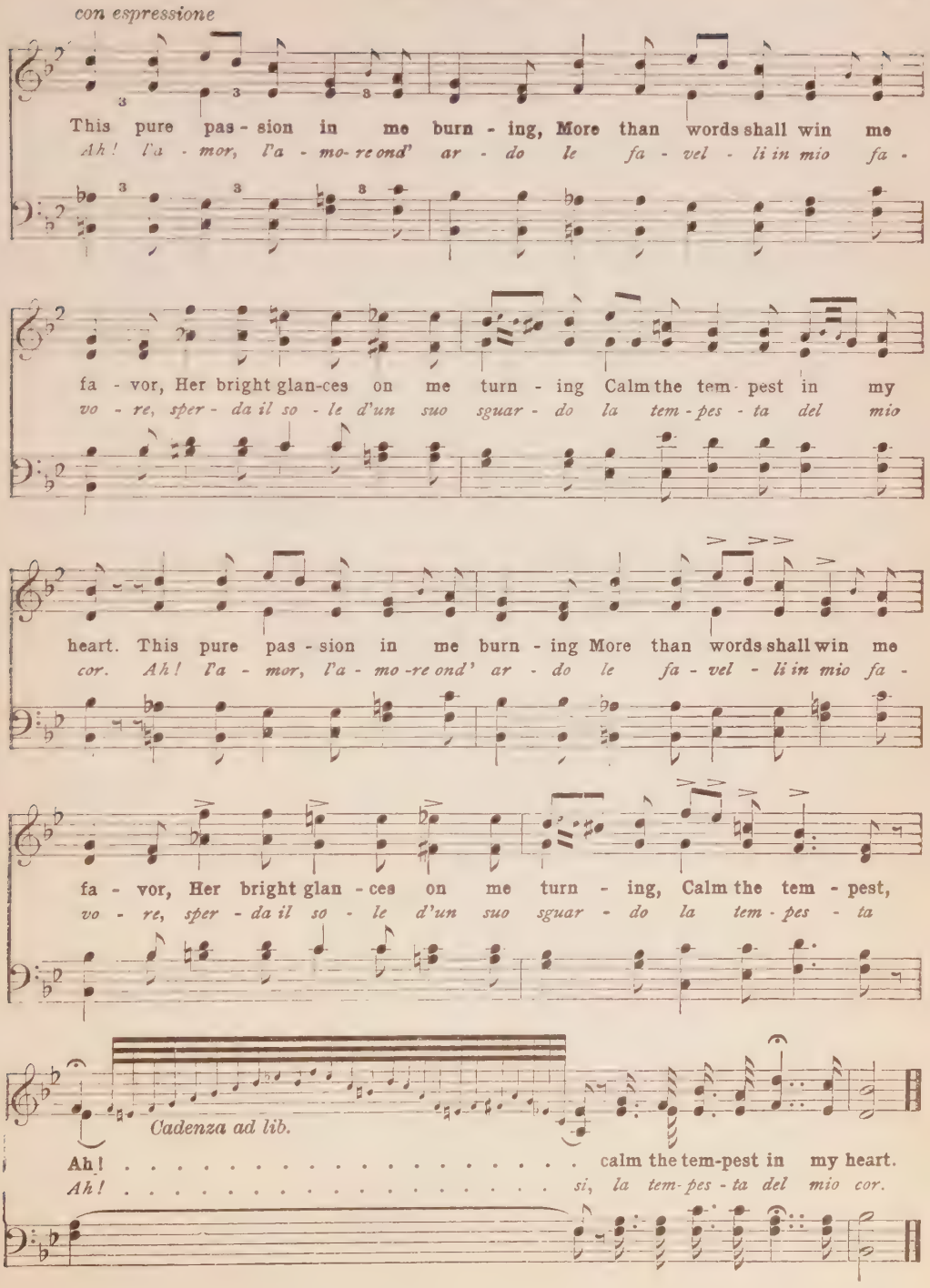
pp

giv - en! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
on - ly! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
rag - gio. Ah! l'a mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa -

dolce

words shall plead a lov - er's part; . . . . Her bright glan - ces on me . . .
vel - li in mi - o fa - vor. . . . . sper - da il so - le d'un suo . . .

turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest, Calm the tem - pest, in my heart.
sguar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

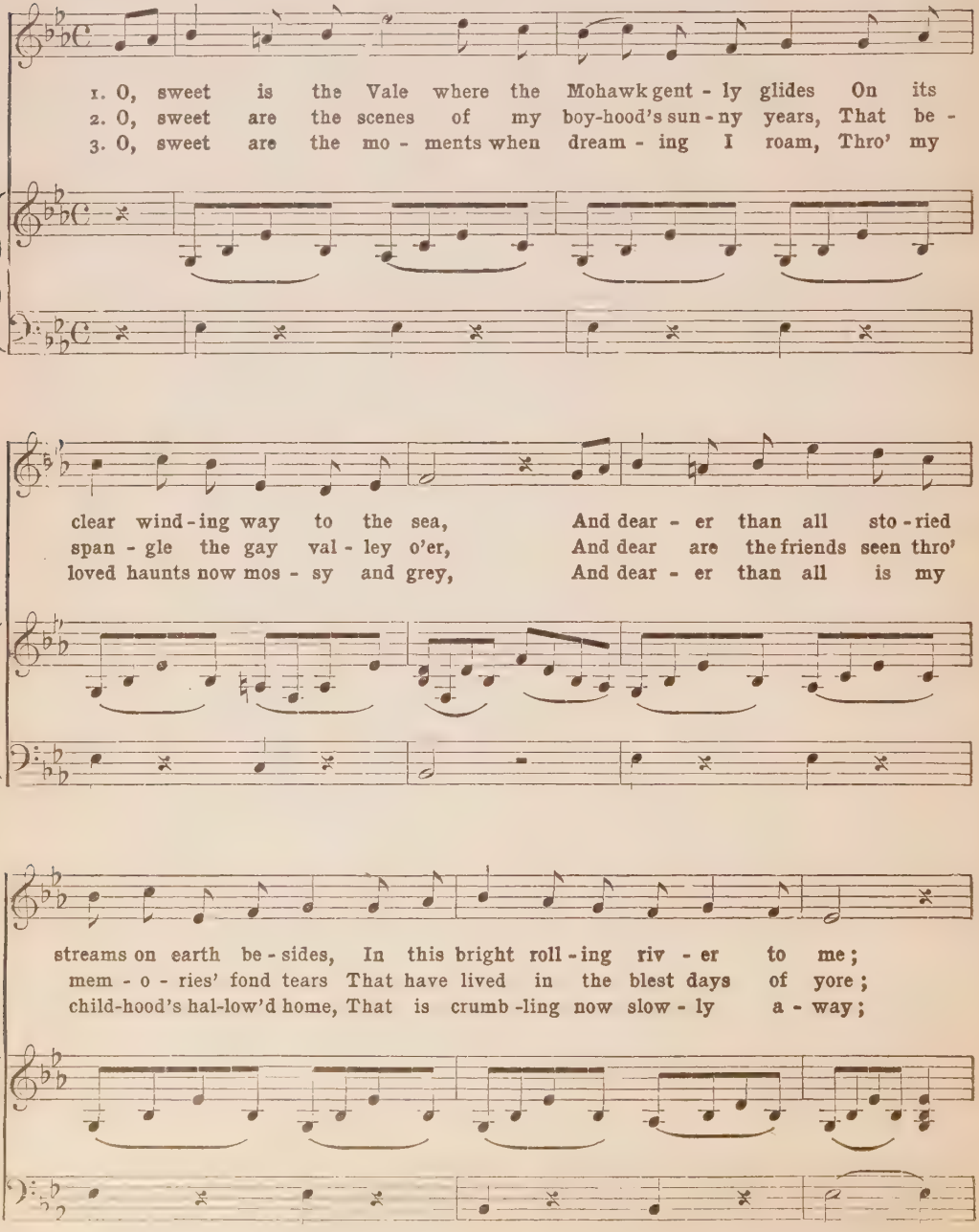

con espressione
This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing, More than words shall win me
Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo- re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -
fa - vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn - ing Calm the tem - pest in my
vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta del mio
heart. This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing More than words shall win me
cor. Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo -re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -
fa - vor, Her bright glan - ces on me turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest,
vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta
Cadenza ad lib.
Ah! . . . . . calm the tem-pest in my heart.
Ah! . . . . . si, la tem-pes - ta del mio cor.

Bonny Eloise

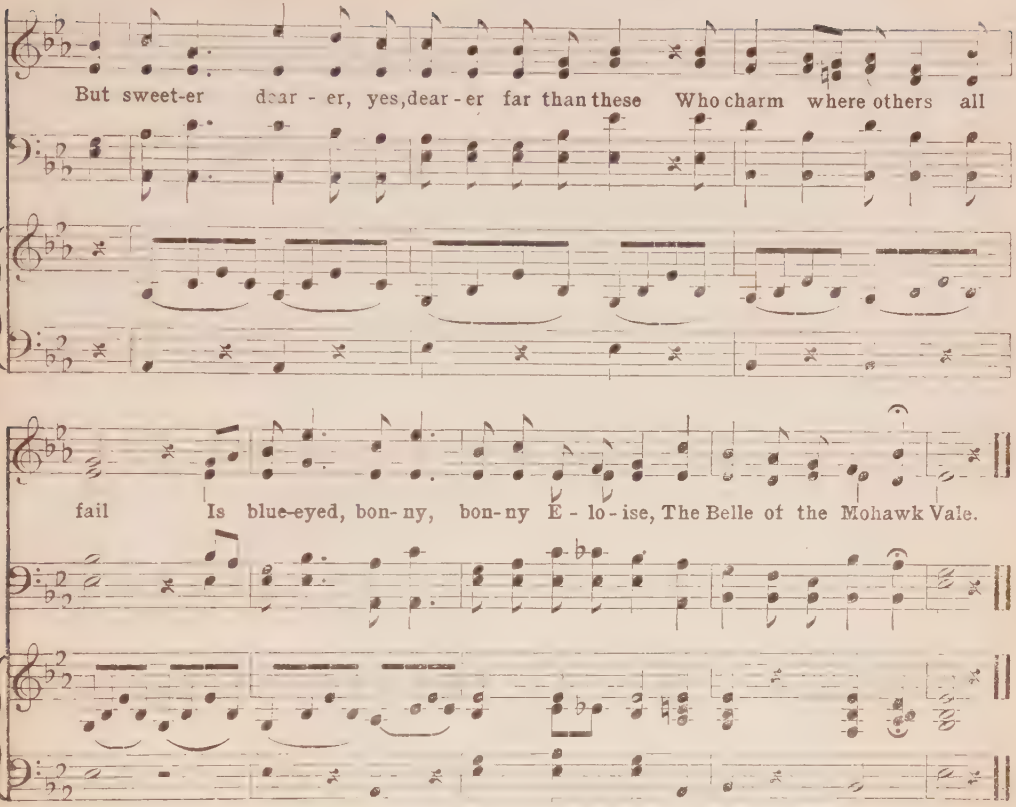
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale

A song taken up by Military Bands North and South in 1861

C. W. Elliott J. R. Thomas

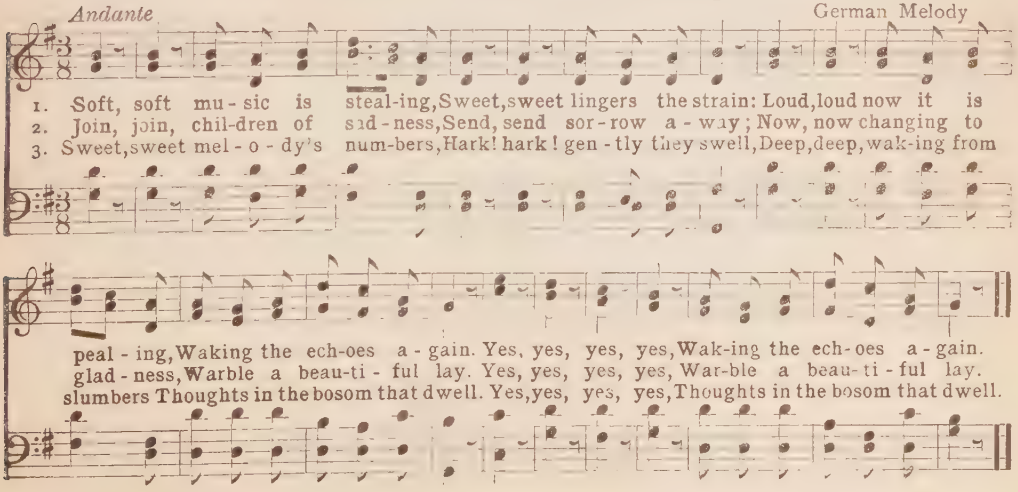


First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS



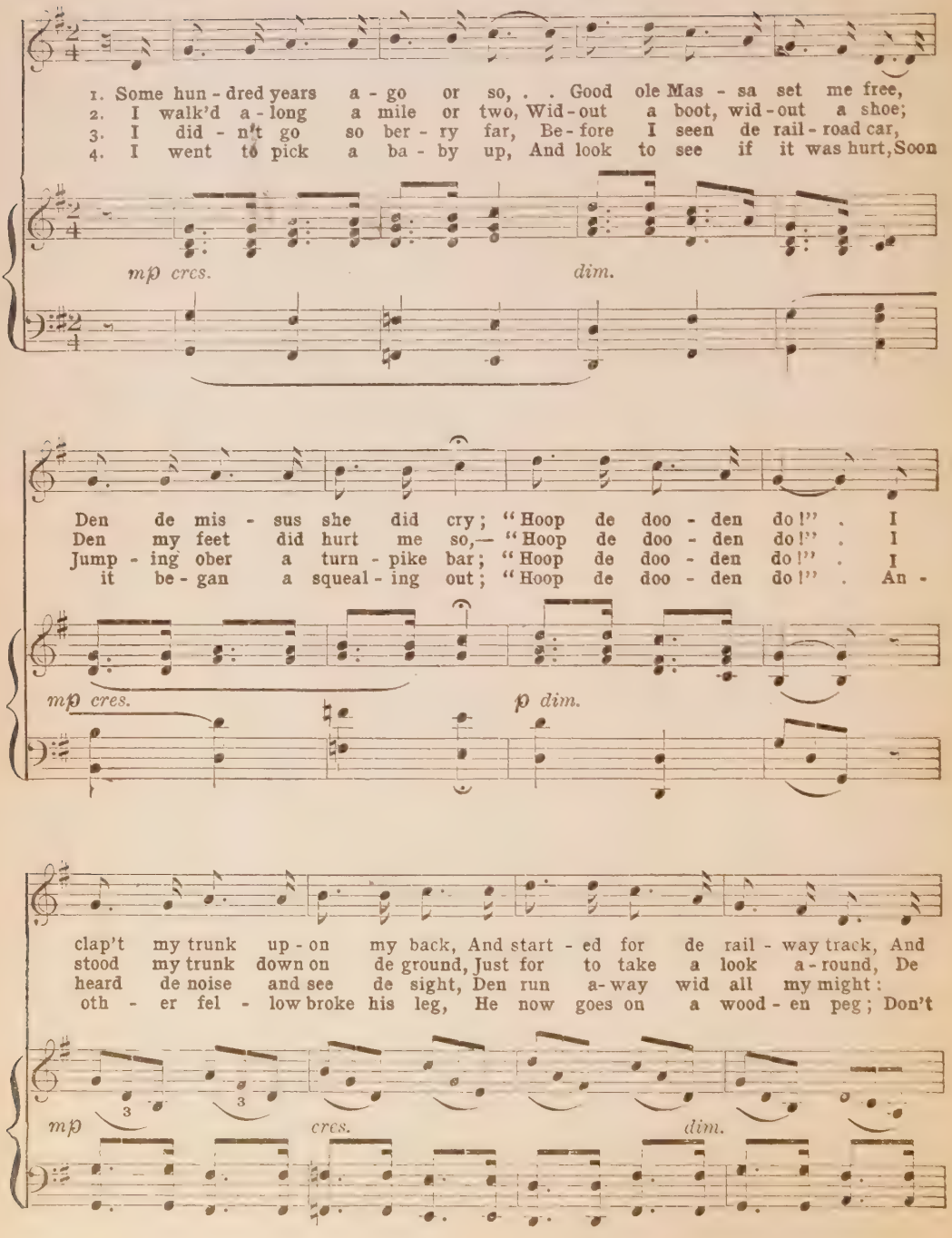
Soft, Soft Music is Stealing

Andante German Melody



Hoop de Dooden Do

A. NISH

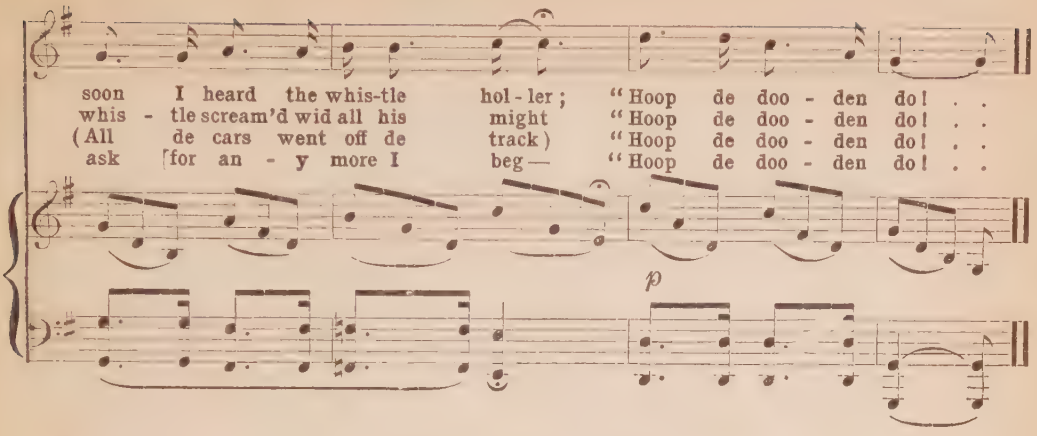


ALICE NIELSEN

The charming American lyric soprano. She was born in Nashville, Tennessee, 1876, studied music in San Francisco, and made her first public appearance in California. She was a popular member of the Bostonians, and has played in both light and grand opera. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Eloise"—Heart Songs, p. 108.

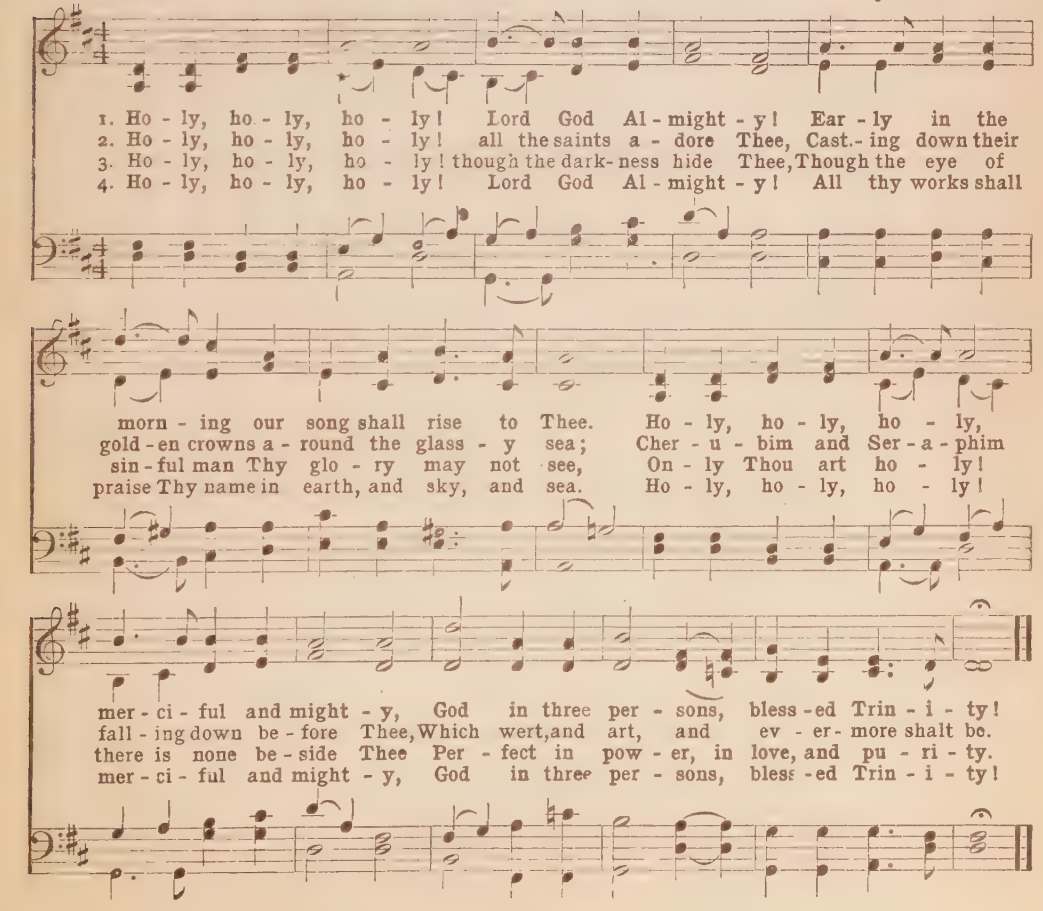
MARY GARDEN

An American singer of world-wide renown. She was born in Chicago, and received her musical education in Paris. She was for some time with the Opera Comique, Paris, and has since toured in Europe and America. Her popular encore is "The Blue Bells of Scotland"—Heart Songs, p. 387.



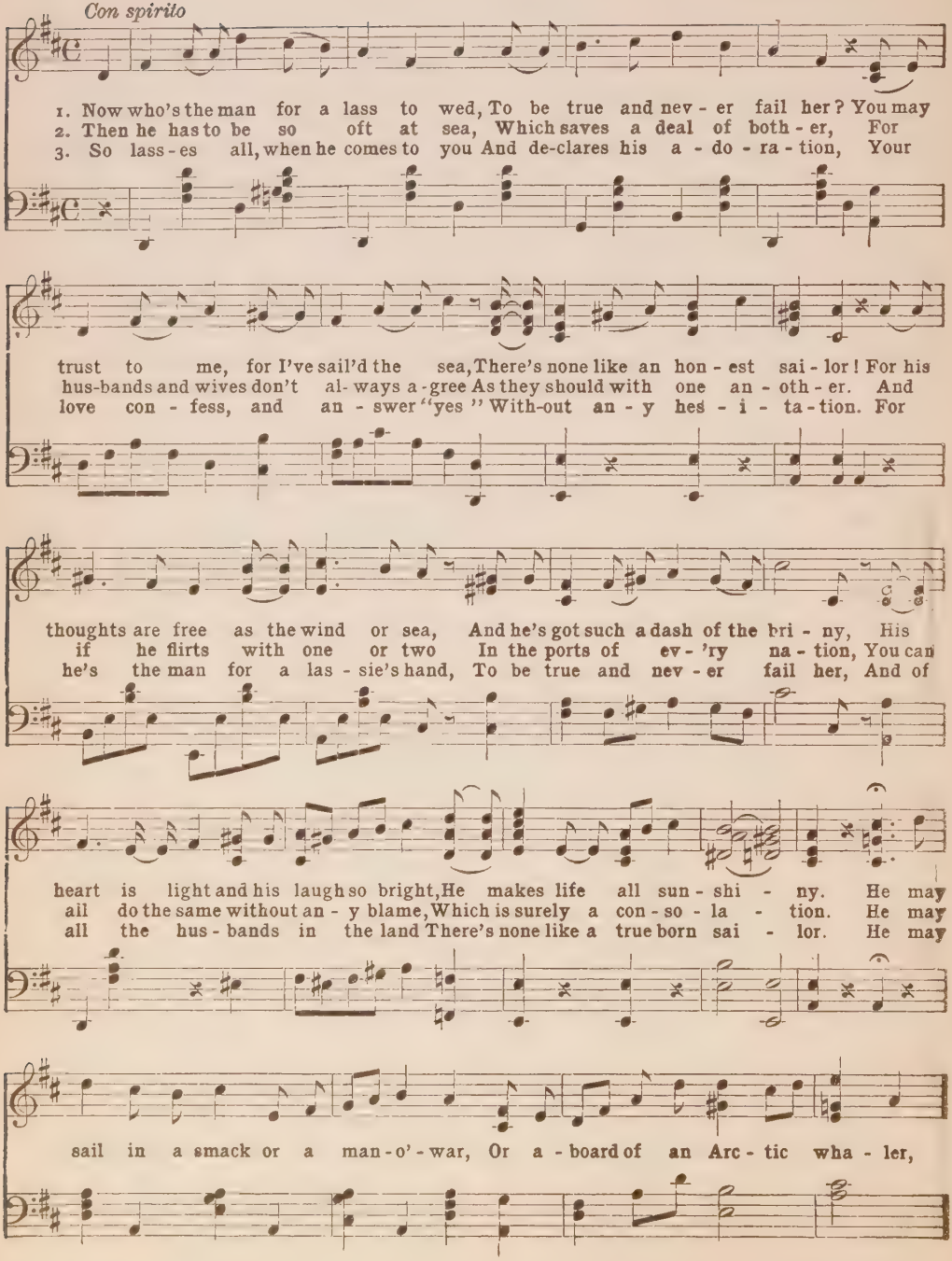
Holy, Holy, Holy

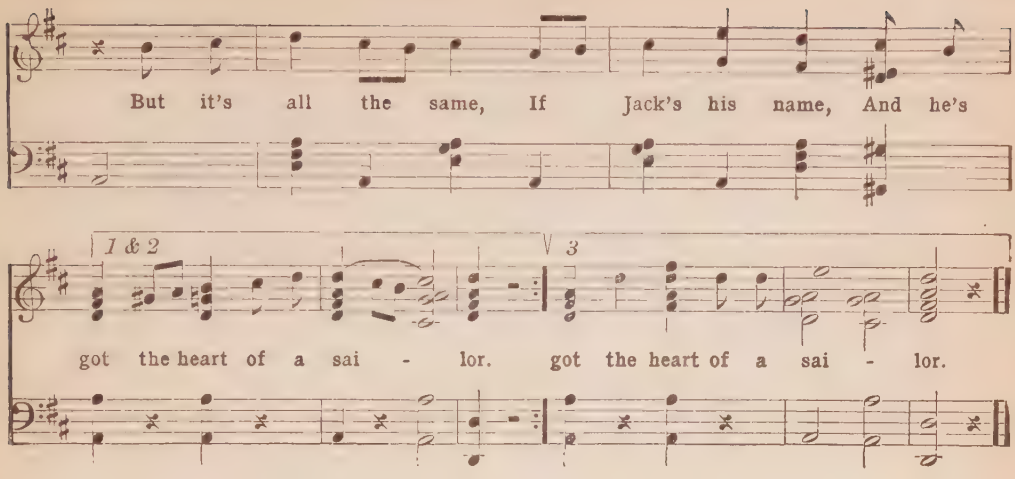
R. Heber J. B. Dykes



The Heart of a Sailor

STEPHEN ADAMS

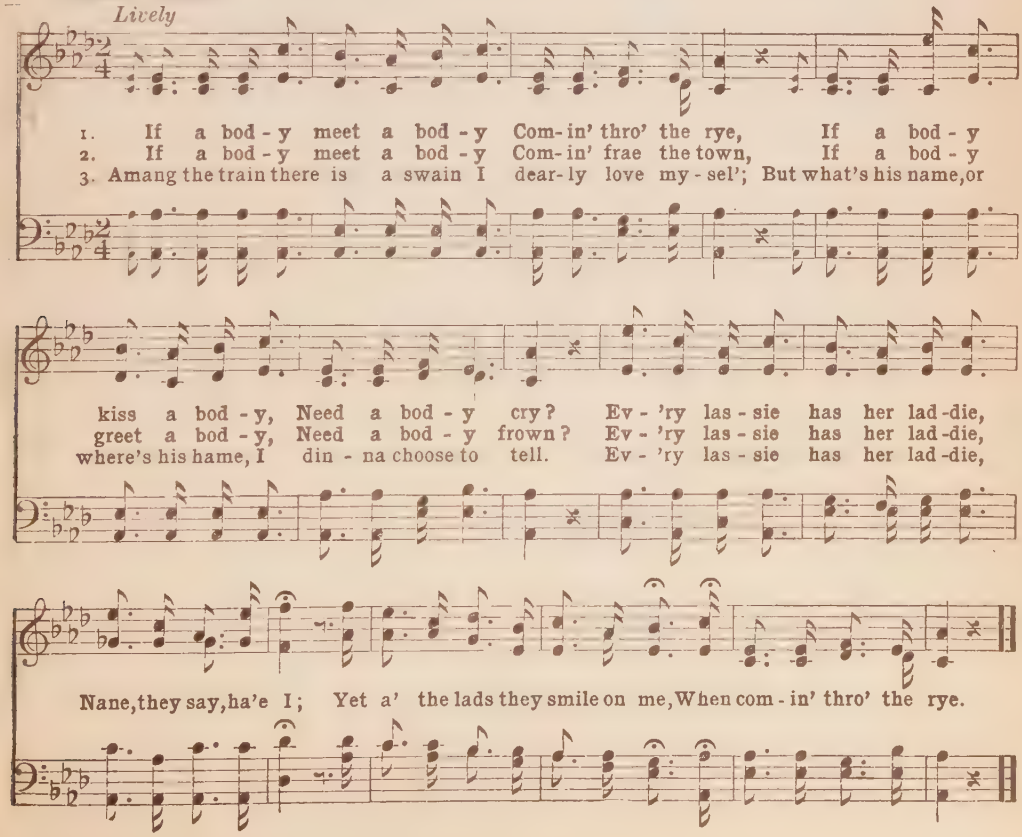




Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Lively



Some Day

HUGH CONWAY

MILTON WELLINGS

Moderato *p*

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you

p

meet, What wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead, or who for -

rit.

accell.

p

rit.

sweet; It may not be till years have passed, . Till eyes are dim and tress - es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, . . Eyes clear - er grown the truth may

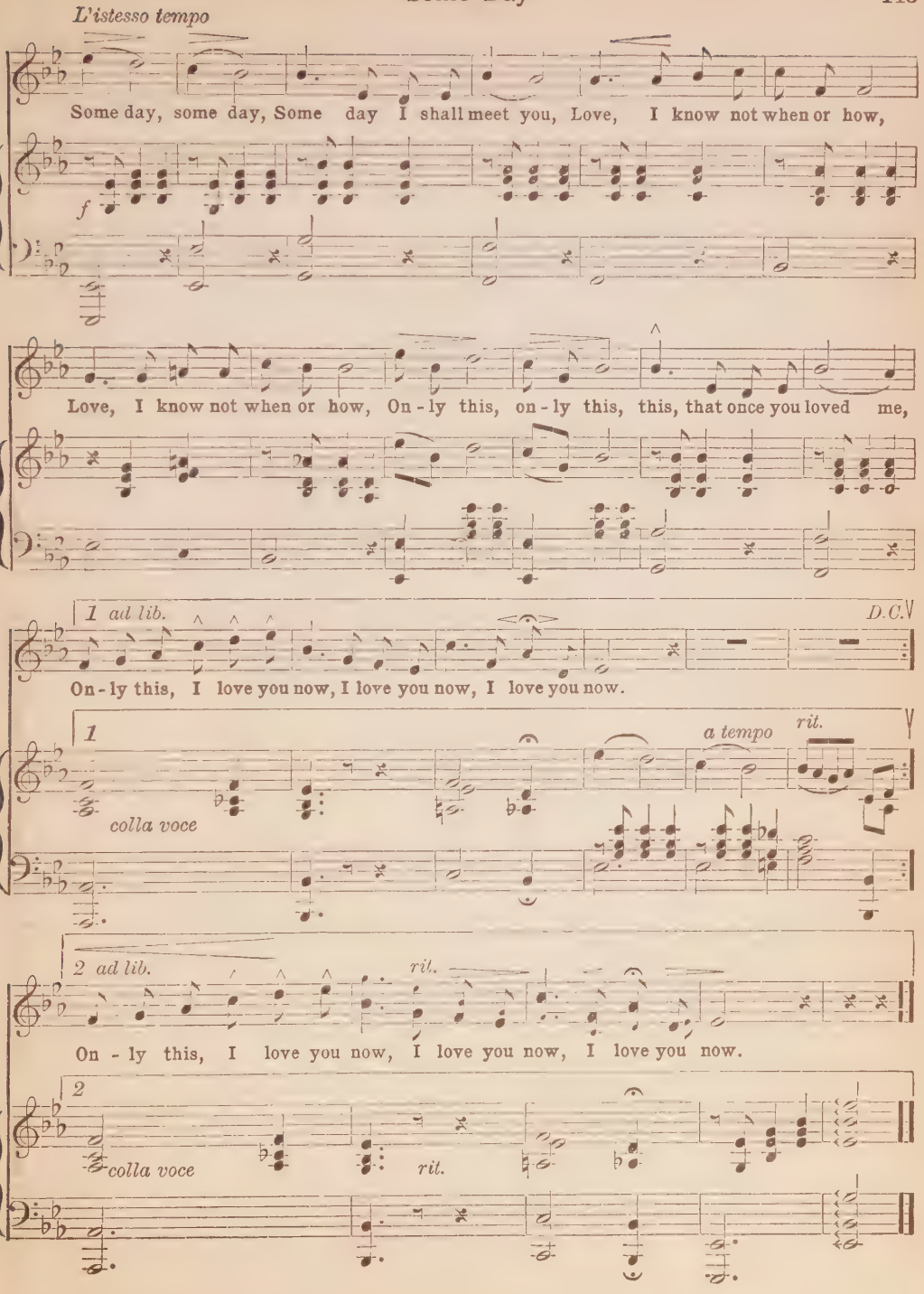
accell.

tempo

rit.

gray, . . The world is wide—but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
see, . . And ev - 'ry cloud shall roll a - way, That dark-ens love, 'twixt you and me.

rit.


L'istesso tempo
Some day, some day, Some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how,
f
Love, I know not when or how, On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,
1 ad lib.
D.C.
On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
1
a tempo
rit.
colla voce
2 ad lib.
rit.
On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
2
colla voce
rit.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. Hanby

Moderato espressivo

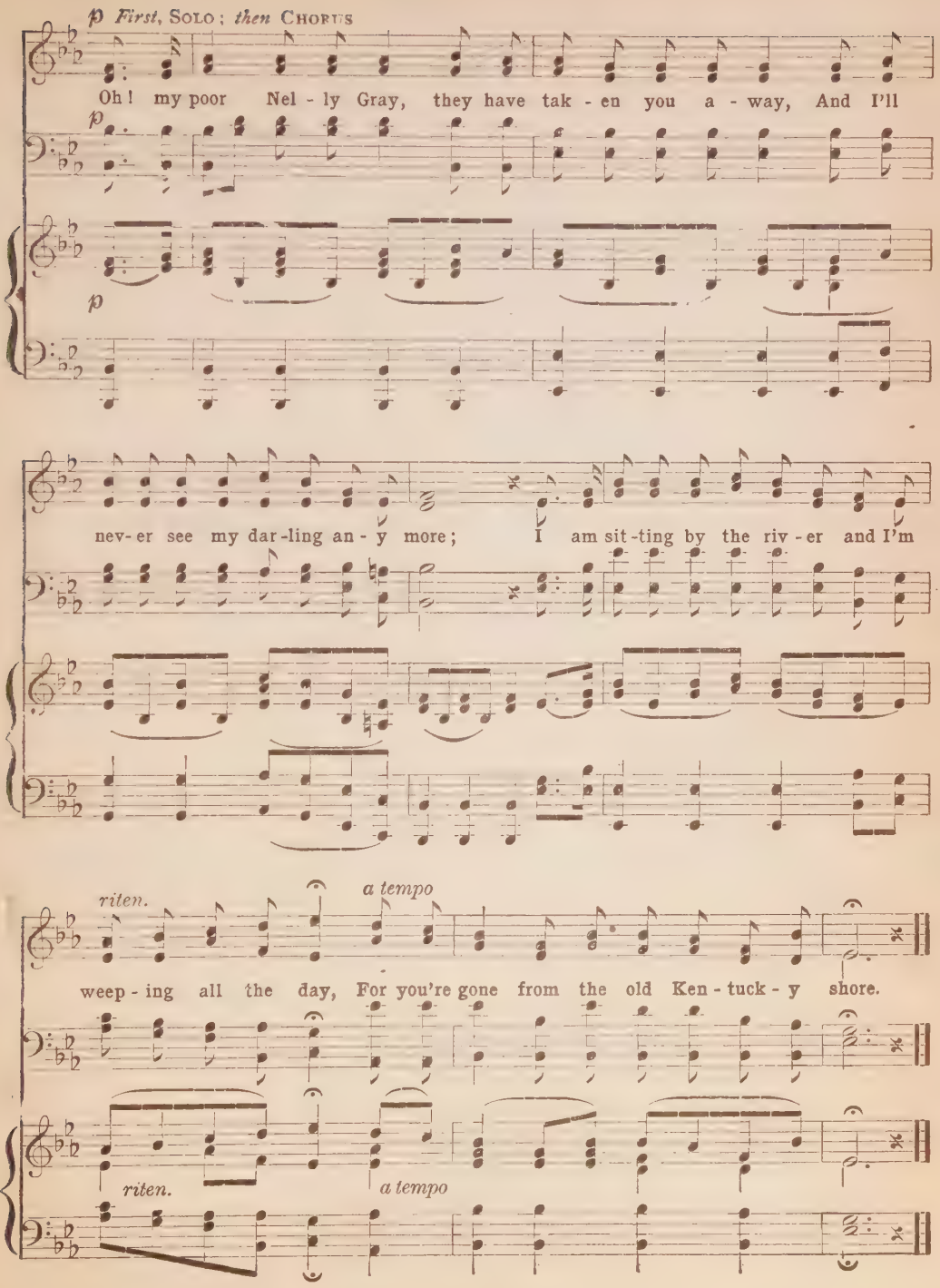
1. There's a lone green val - ley by the old Ken-tuck - y shore Where we've whil'd many hap - py hours a - way; A - sit-ting and sing-ing by the
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I took my love- ly Nel - ly Gray. And I travell'd down the riv - er in my
3. Oh! my eyes are get- ting blind-ed and I can - not see my way; Hark! there's some - bod - y knock-ing at the door. I . . hear the an - gels call - ing and I

lit - tle cot - tage door Where dwelt my love - ly Nel - ly Gray.
lit - tle red ca - noe While the ban - jo so sweet - ly I did play.
see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to my old Ken - tuck - y shore.

p

f

dim.

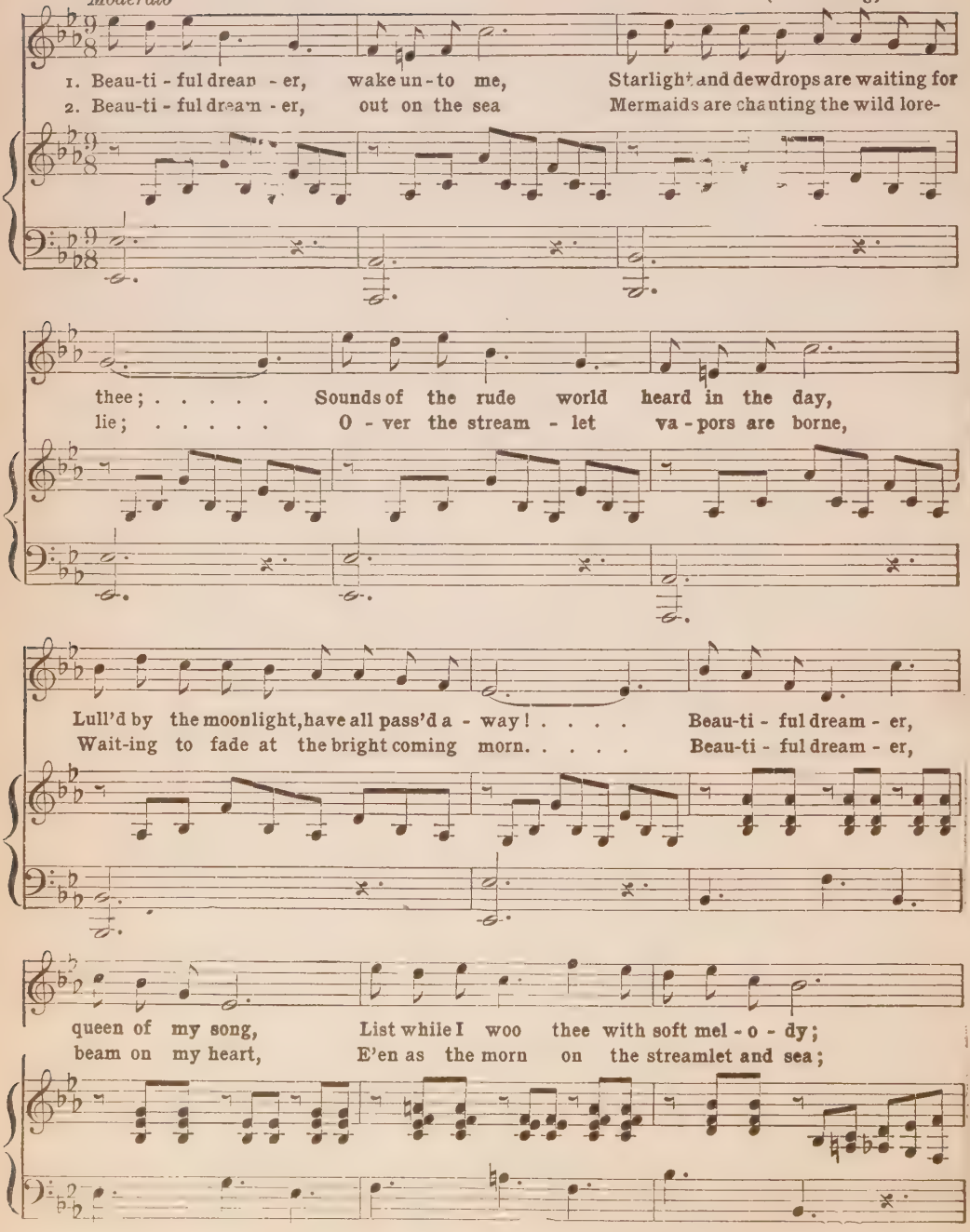

p First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll
p
p
nev-er see my dar-ling an - y more; I am sit-ting by the riv - er and I'm
riten.
a tempo
weep - ing all the day, For you're gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
riten.
a tempo

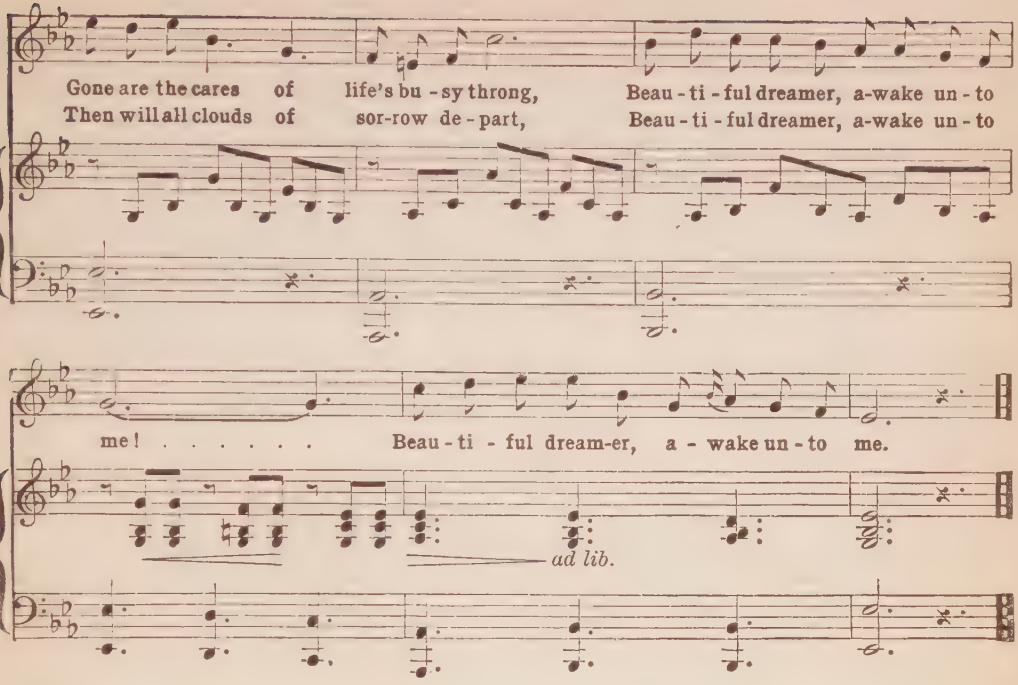
Beautiful Dreamer

Serenade

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
(His last song)

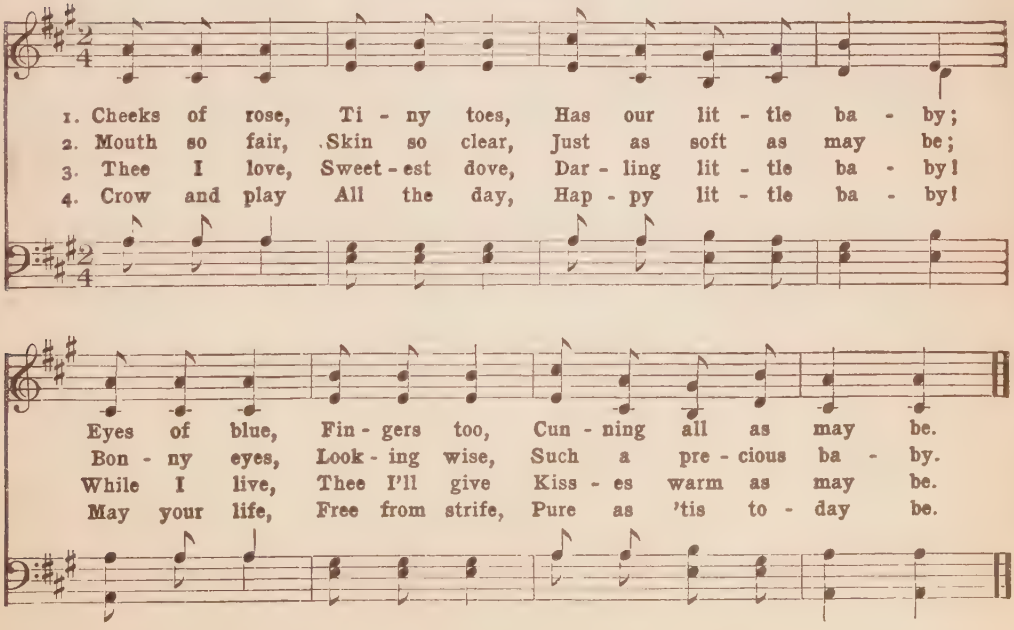
Moderato





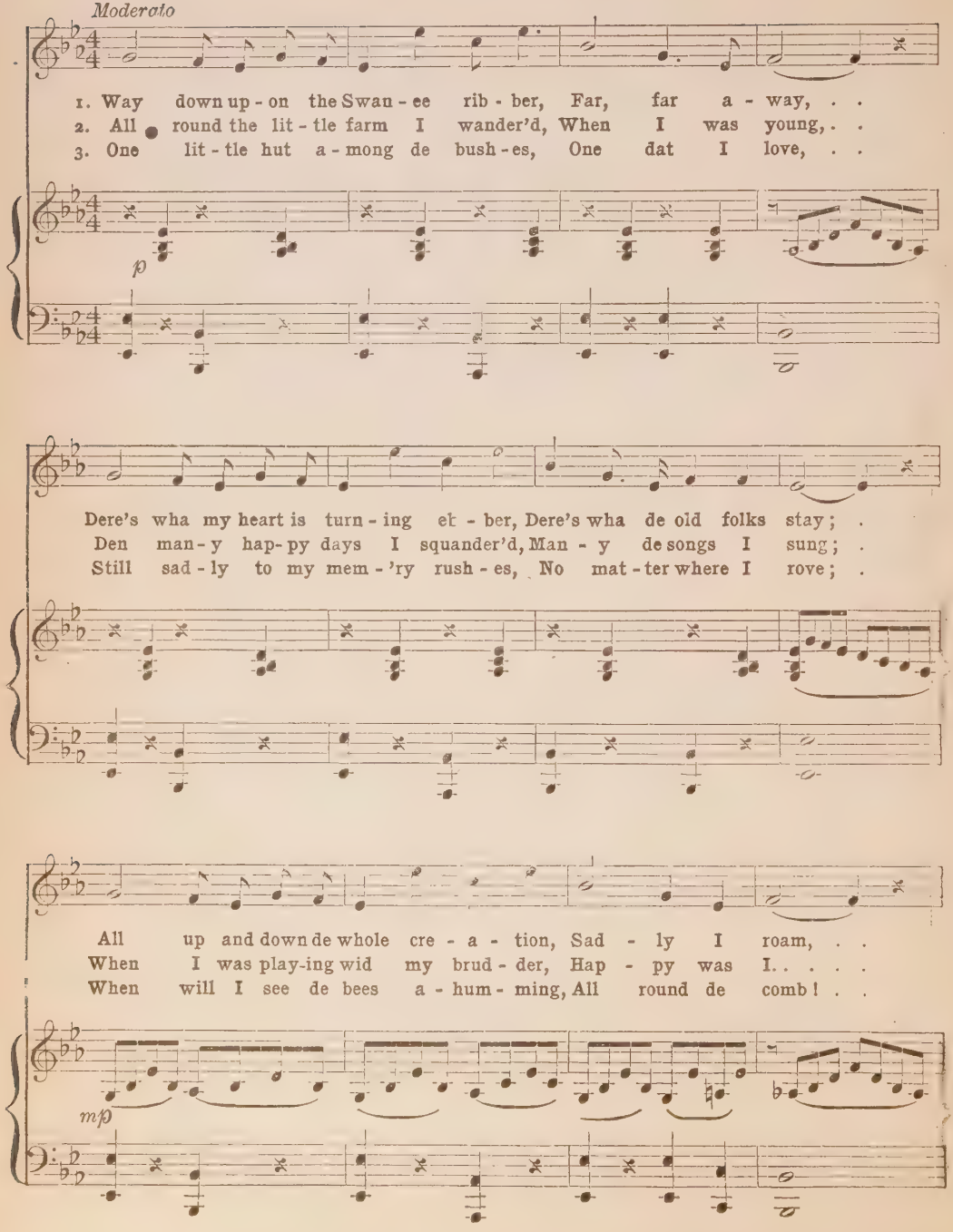
Our Baby

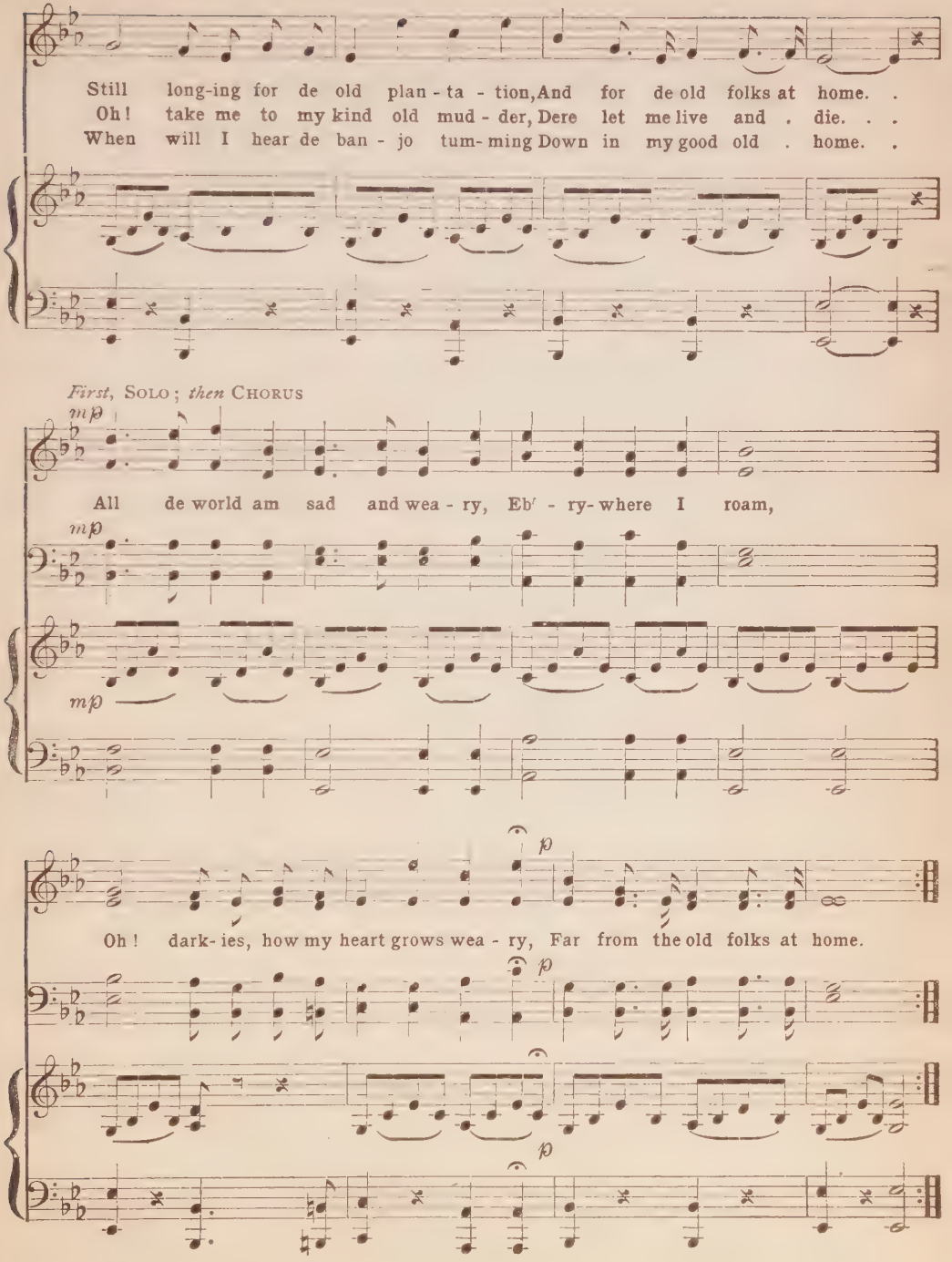
French Folksong



The Old Folks at Home

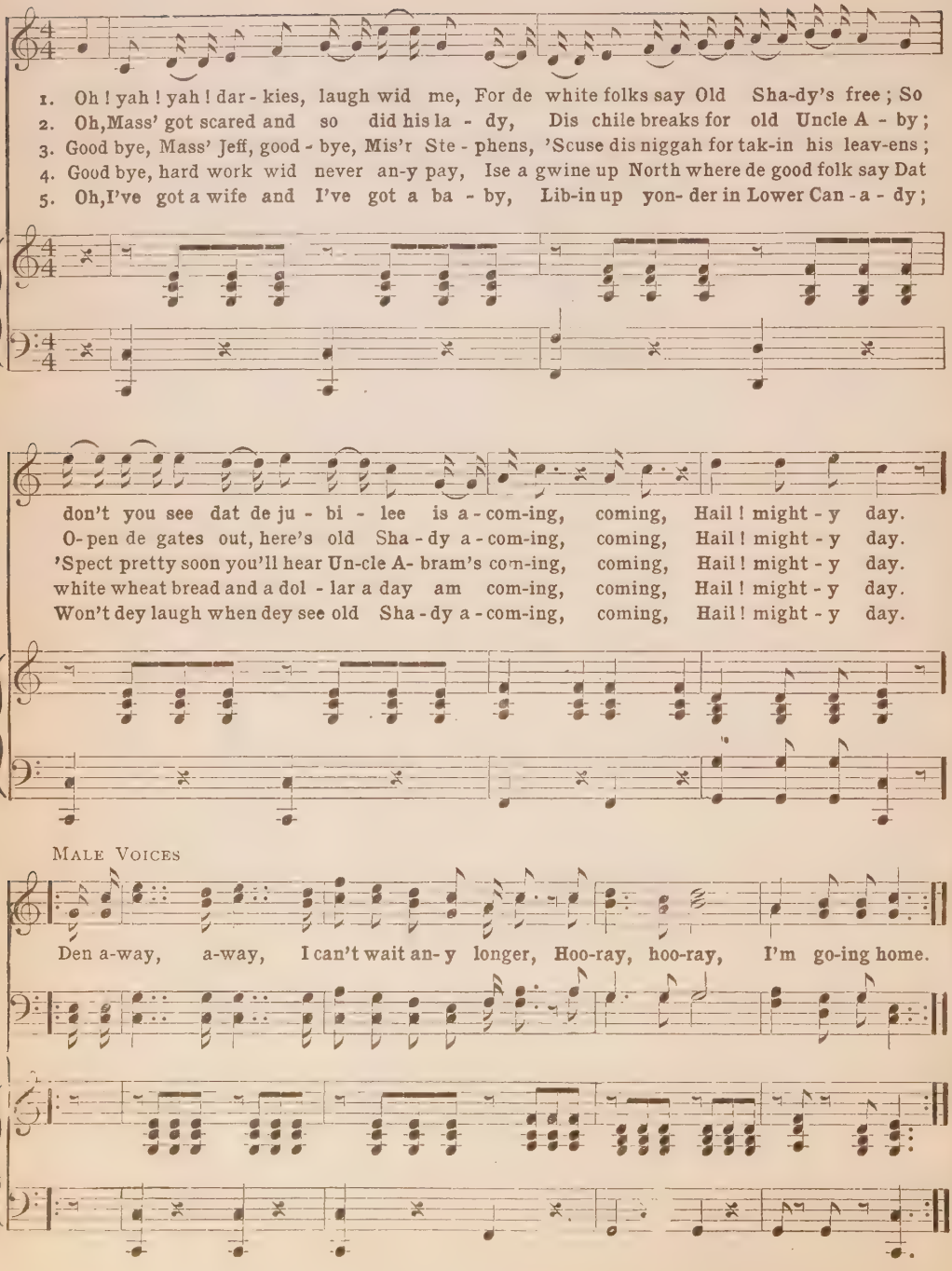
S. C. Foster




Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum- ming Down in my good old . home.
First, SOLO; then CHORUS
mp
All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry- where I roam,
p
Oh! dark- ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

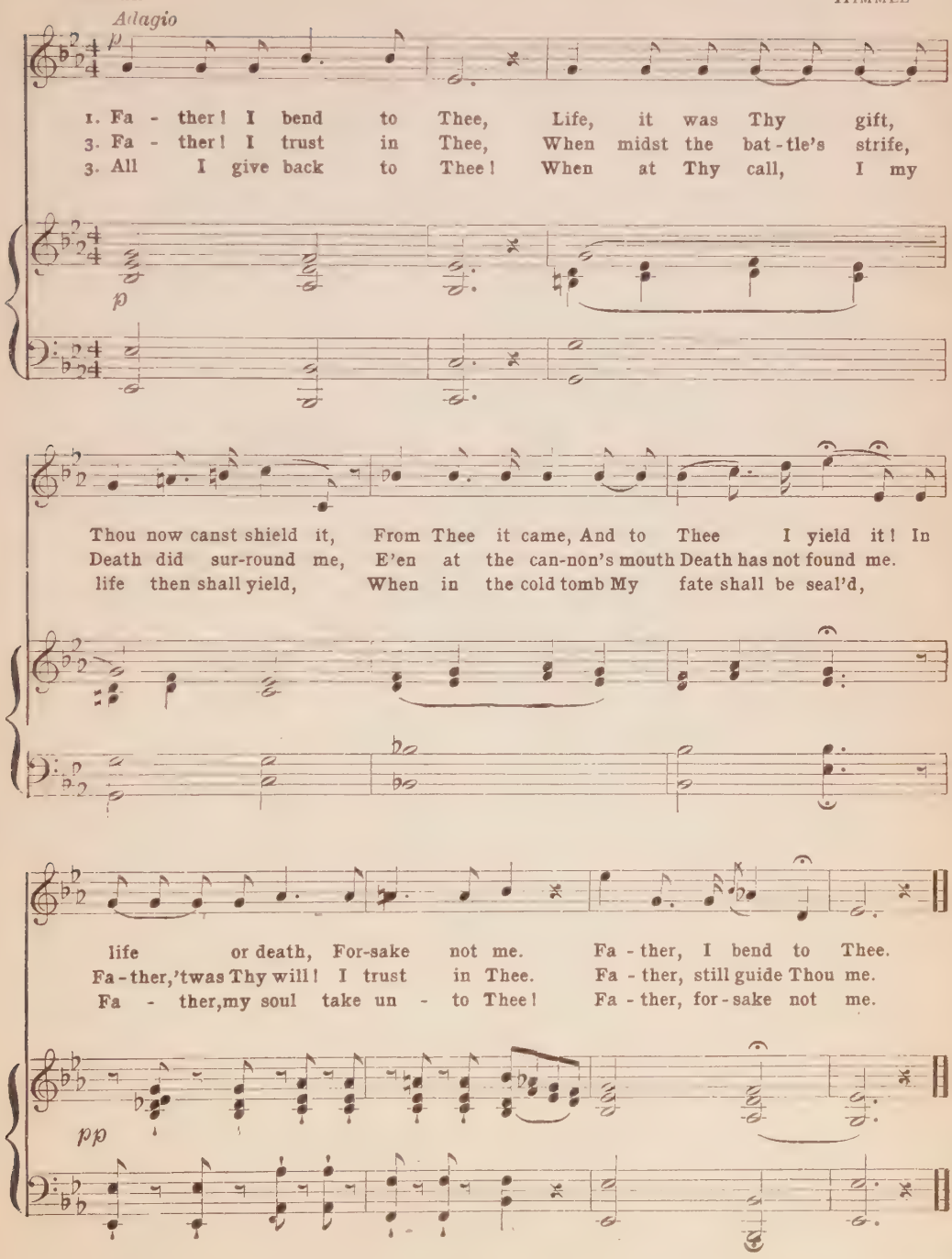
Old Shady

B. R. Hanby



Körner's Battle Prayer

KÖRNER HIMMEL



Darby and Joan

F. E. Weatherly — L. Molloy

1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding - day,
2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur - ied our ba - by child,
3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,

f

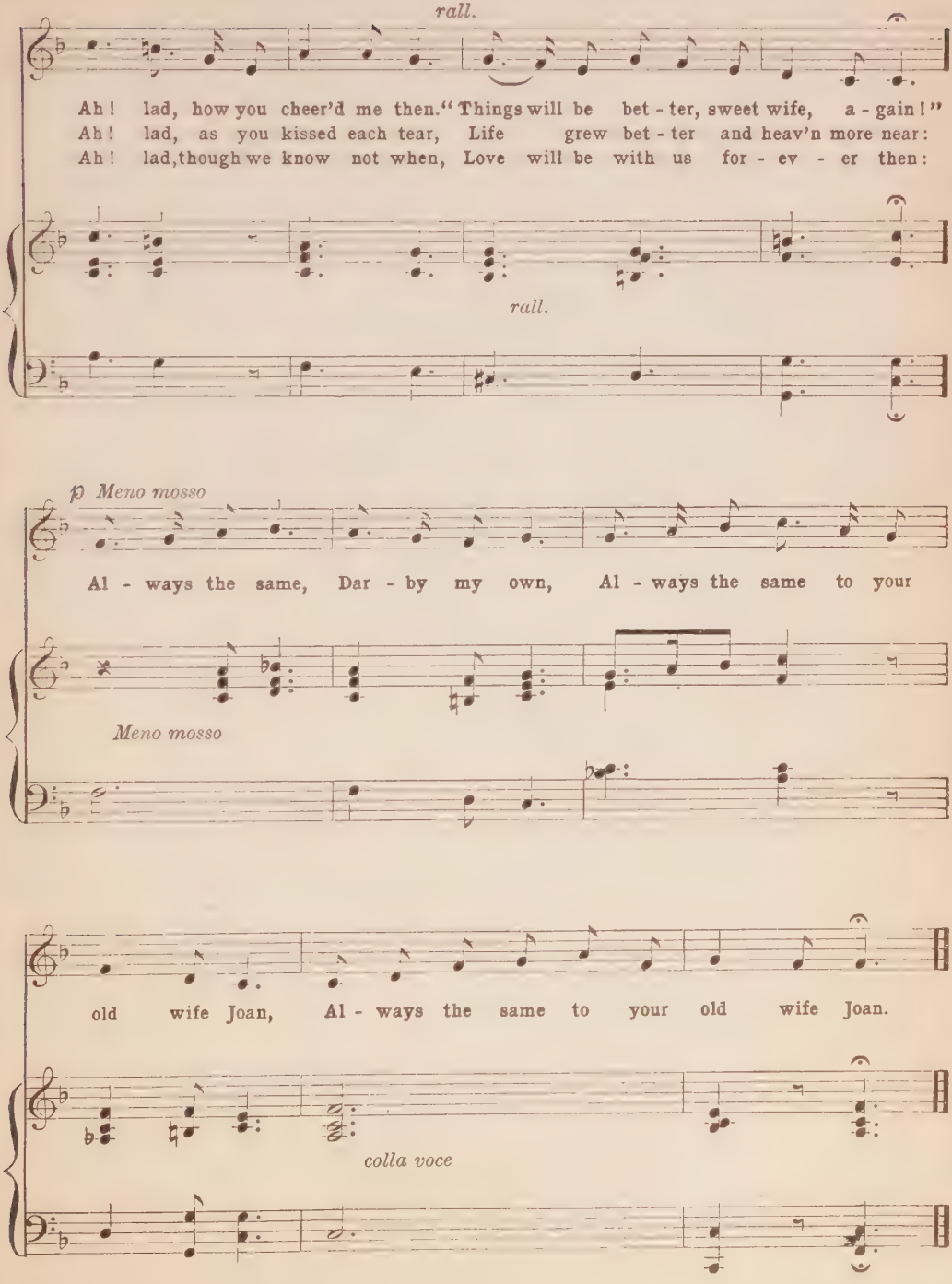
cres.

Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on:
Un - til you whis - pered "Heav'n knows best!" And my heart found rest;
Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on;

cres.

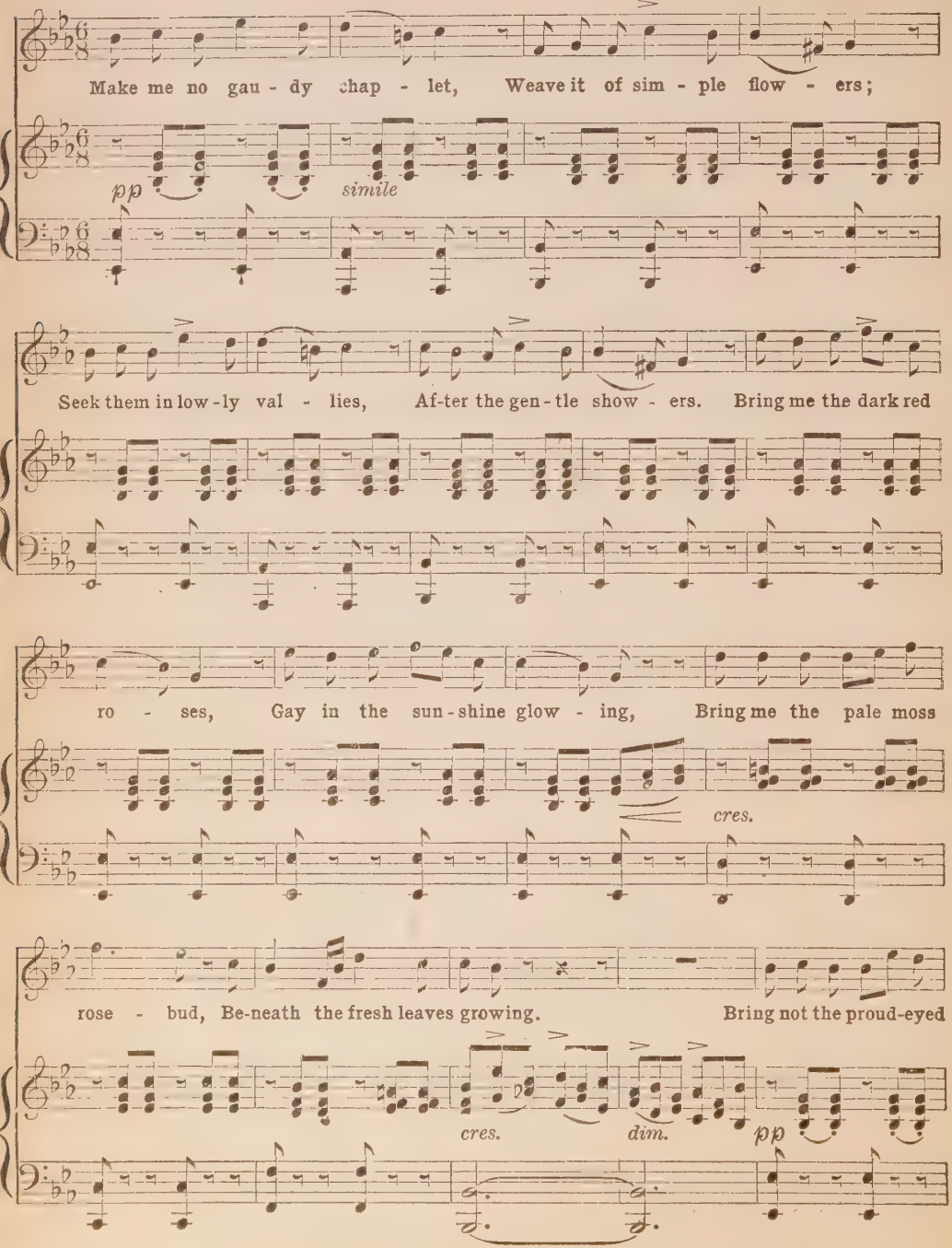
Dar - by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor - row-ful then was I.
Dar - by dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side:

p *cres.*


rall.
Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then." Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet - ter and heav'n more near:
Ah! lad, though we know not when, Love will be with us for - ev - er then:
rall.
p Meno mosso
Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own, Al - ways the same to your
Meno mosso
old wife Joan, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.
colla voce

Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet

From DONIZETTI's "Lucrezia Borgia"

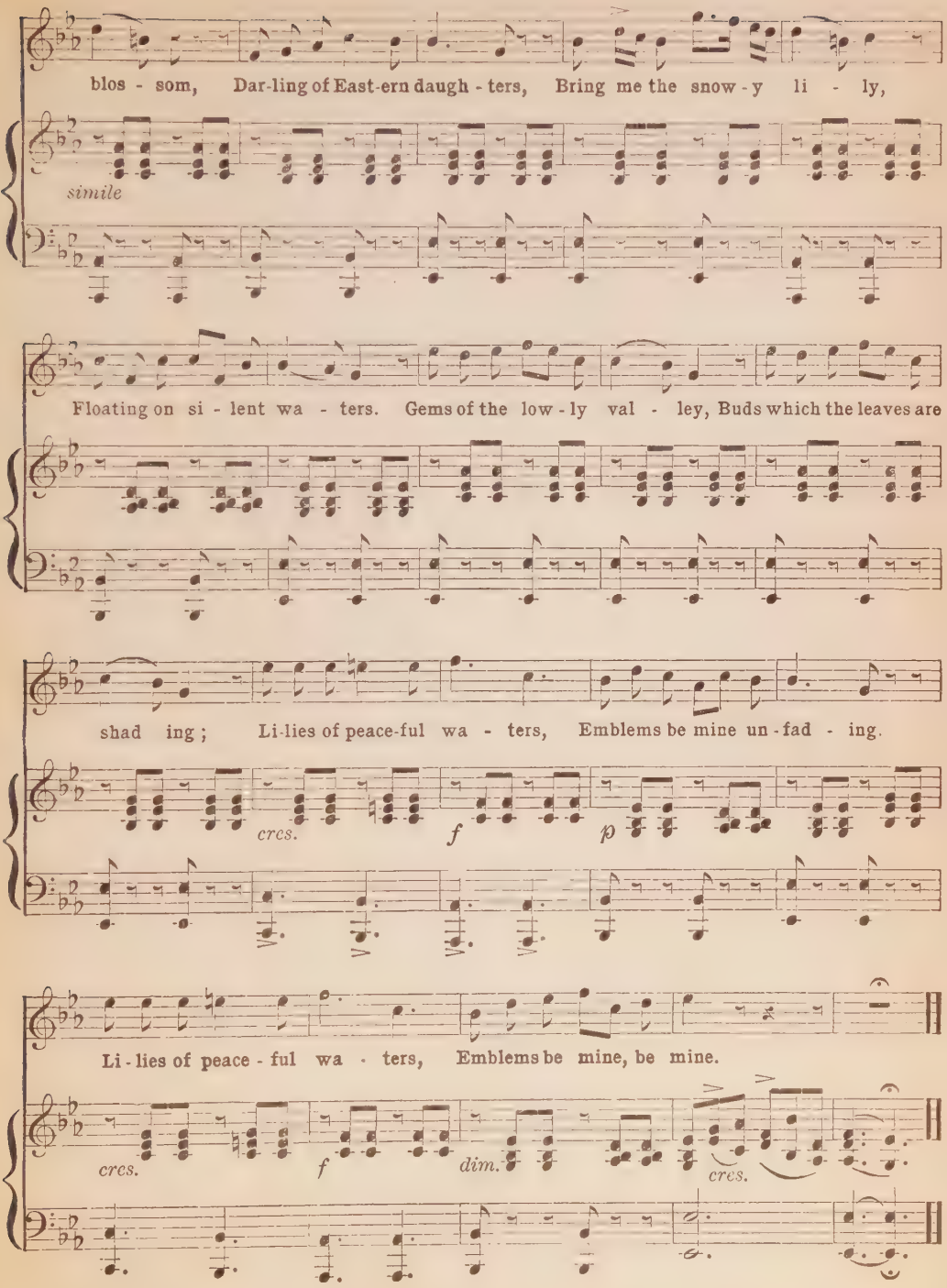


MARCELLA SEMBRICH

An Austrian opera singer who particularly endeared herself to American audiences. She was born in Lemberg, Galacia, 1858, and made her first appearance in grand opera at Athens. Her first American appearance was in 1883, and she has since made several American tours. Her popular encore is "Comin' Thro' the Rye"—Heart Songs, p. 113.

EMMA ABBOTT

The noted American opera singer. She was born in Chicago in 1849 and first sang in public at the age of nine. Clara Louise Kellogg was her friend and patron, and helped her prepare for her formal debut, made in London, 1878. She died in 1891. Her popular encore was "Then You'll Remember Me"—Heart Songs, p. 52


blos - som, Dar-ling of East-ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y li - ly,
simile
Floating on si - lent wa - ters. Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are
shad ing; Li-lies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un - fad - ing.
cres.
f
p
Li - lies of peace - ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.
cres.
f
dim.
cres.

Last Night

Allegretto HALFDAN KJERULF

p

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night, I
3. O think not I can for - get you; I could not, tho' I would! I

p dolce

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
wake, and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
see you in all a - round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

ritard.

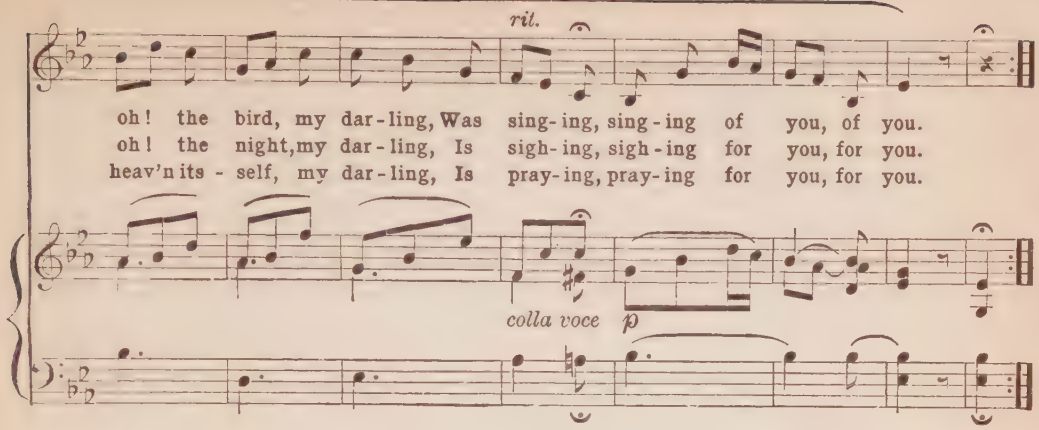
p *dolce*

Tempo 1o. dolce

o-pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew, . . And
hear a low breath in the lime - tree, The wind is float - ing thro', . And
flow'rs that slum - ber so gent - ly, The stars a - bove the blue, . . Oh!

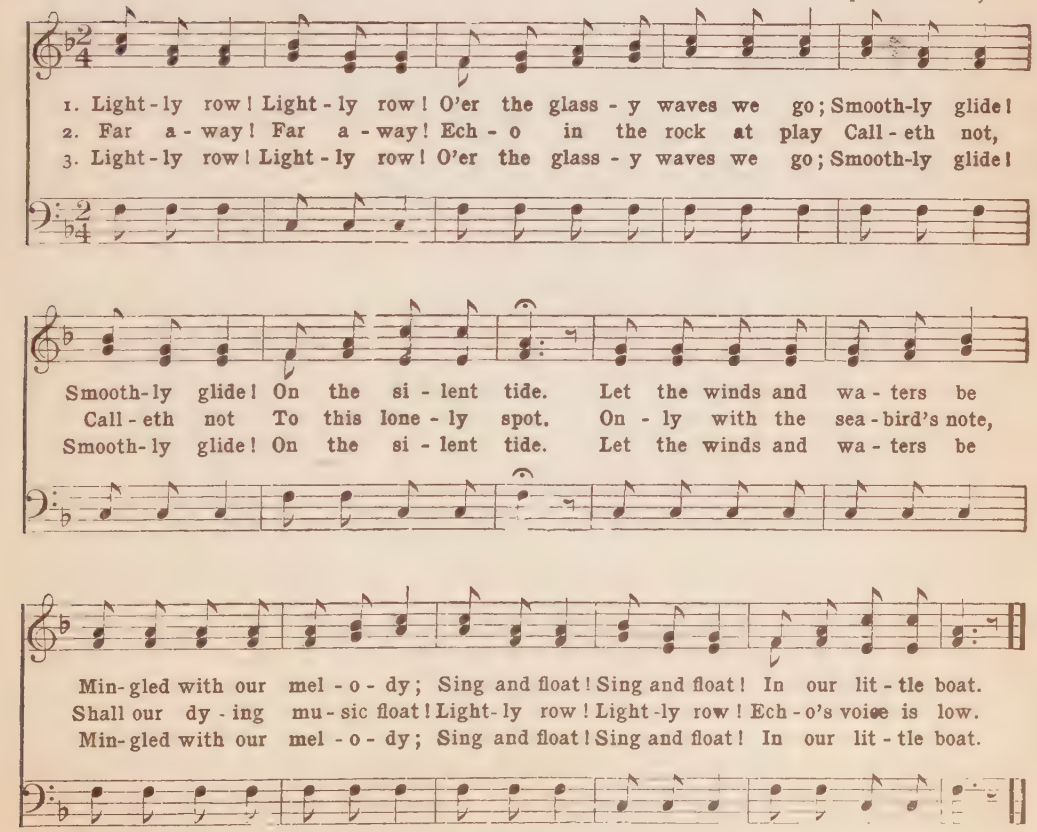
cres.

mf *p*



Lightly Row

Spanish Melody



Far Away

Miss M. LINDSAY — Mrs. J. W. BLISS

1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go? Laughing
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their home; Some up -
3. There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the past, But they

p

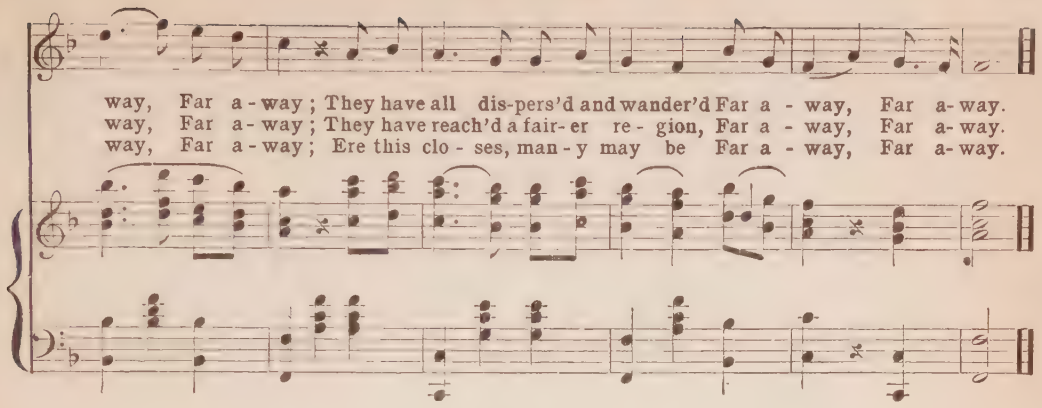
'round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by the rud-dy glow, Or in summer's balmy
on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for-
change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for

un poco cres.

p

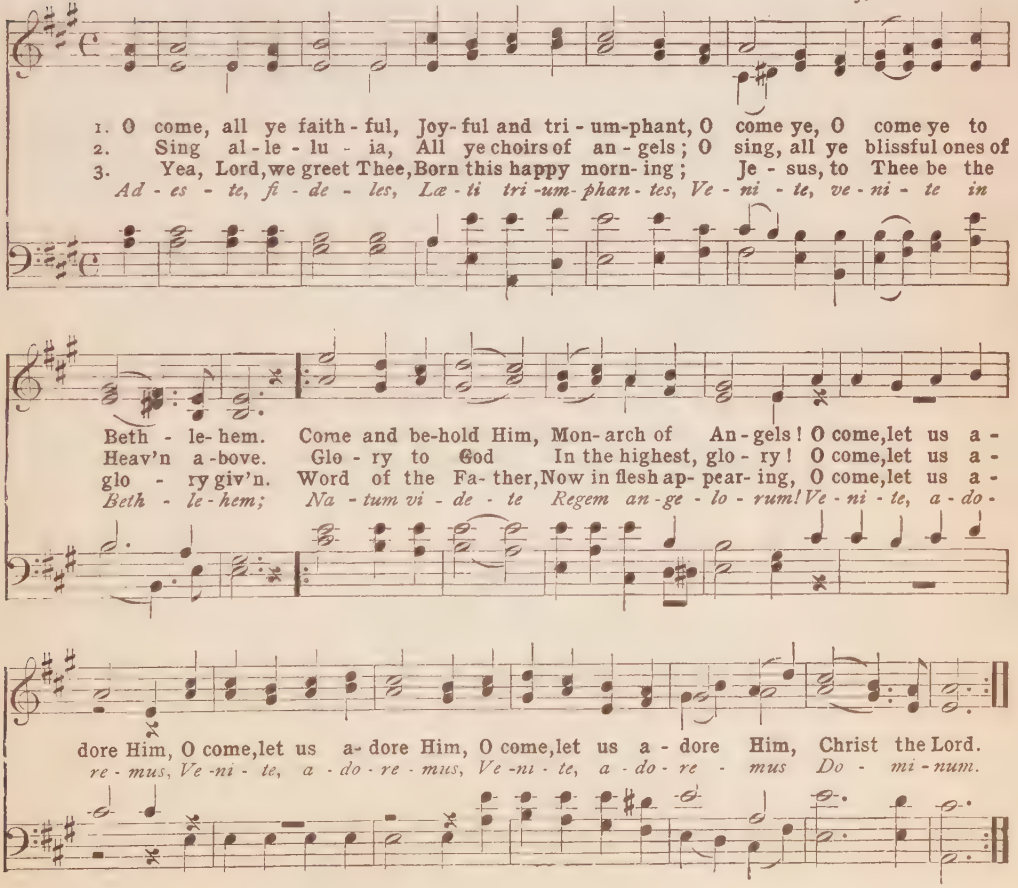
eve - nings, In the field, up - on the hay? They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a -
ev - er, Lon - ger here they might not stay: They have reach'd a fair - er re - gion Far a -
ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say? Ere this clo - ses, man - y may be Far a -

dim. *p*



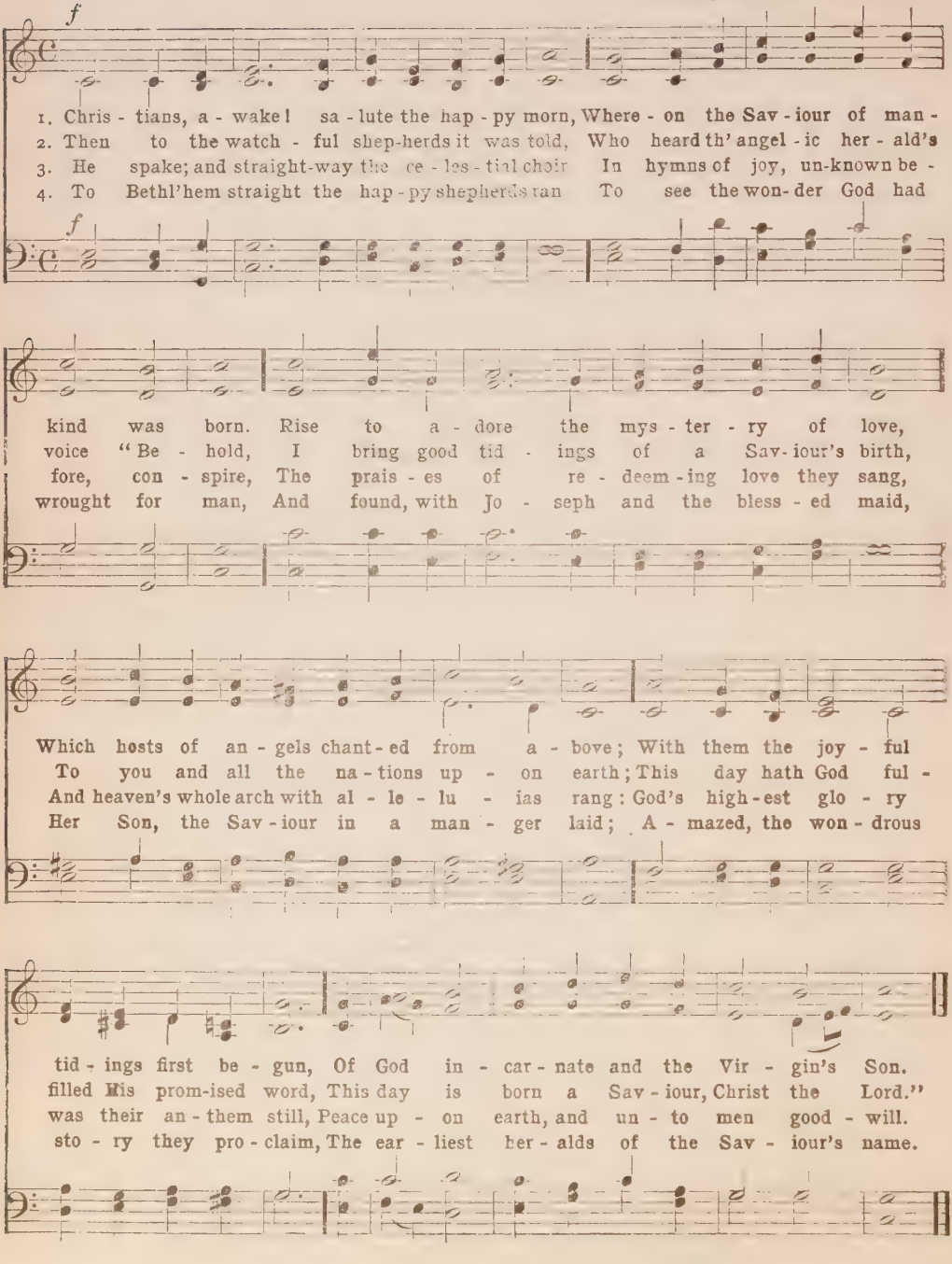
Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING



Christians, Awake

An old English Christmas Carol.

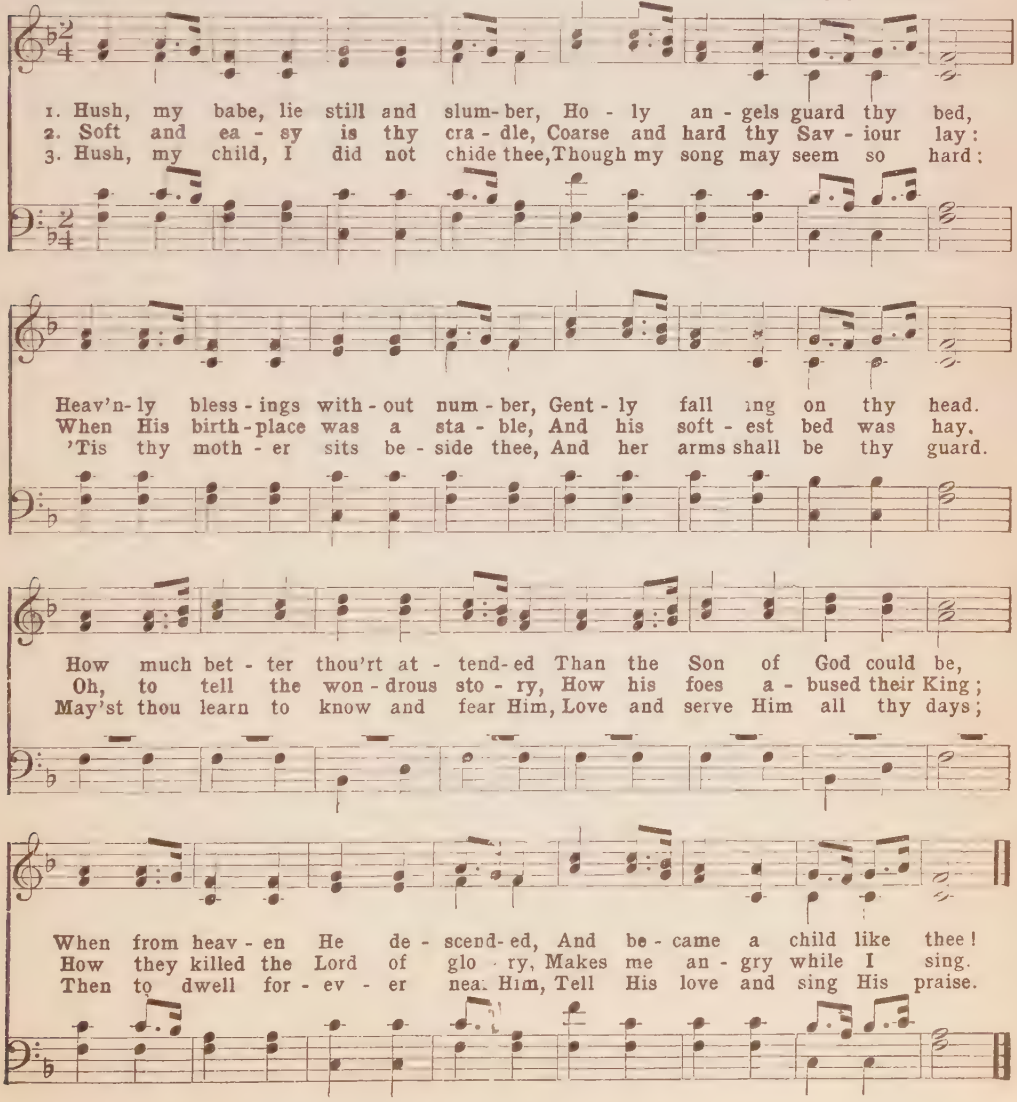


5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

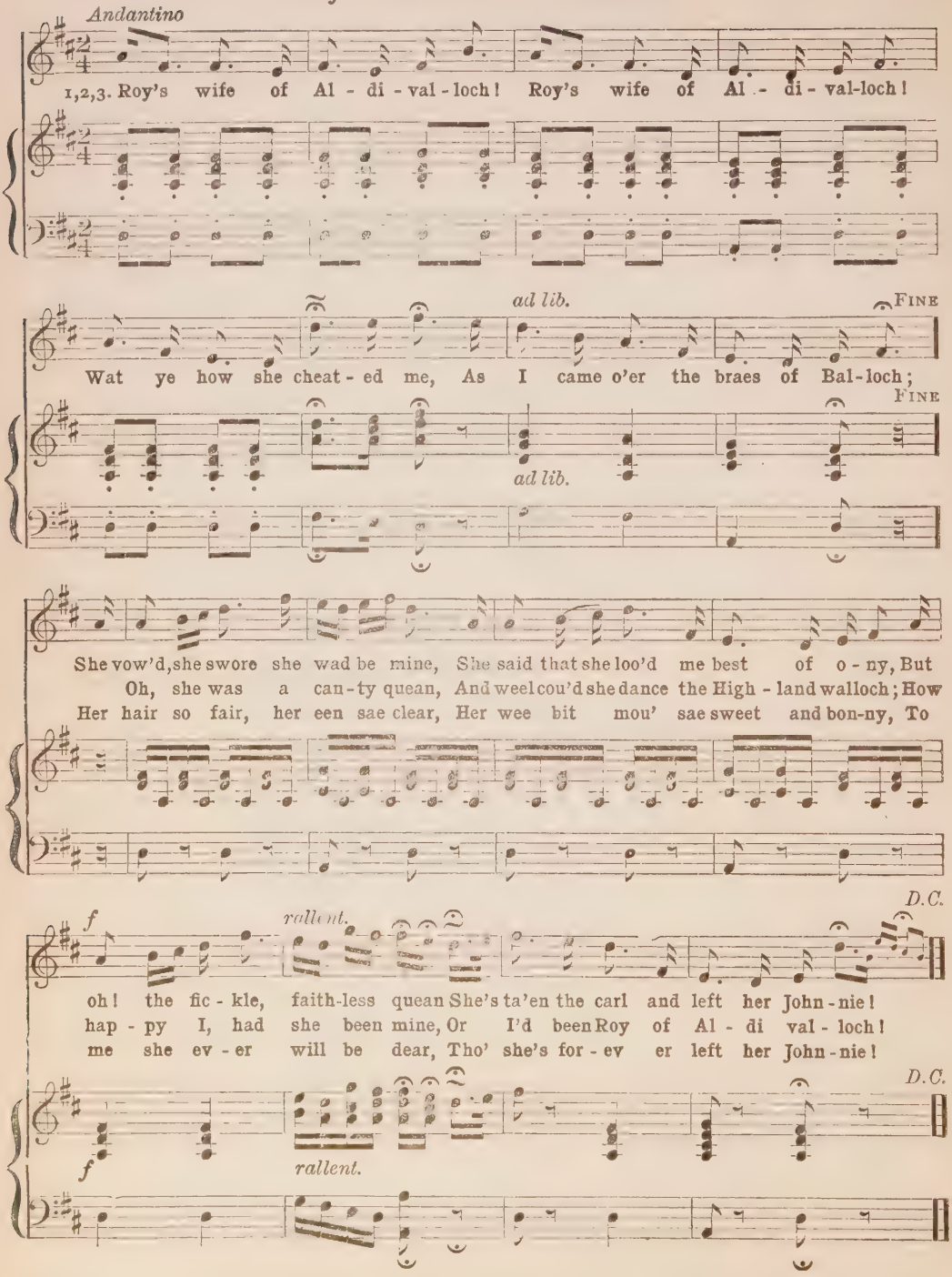
6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS J. J. ROUSSEAU

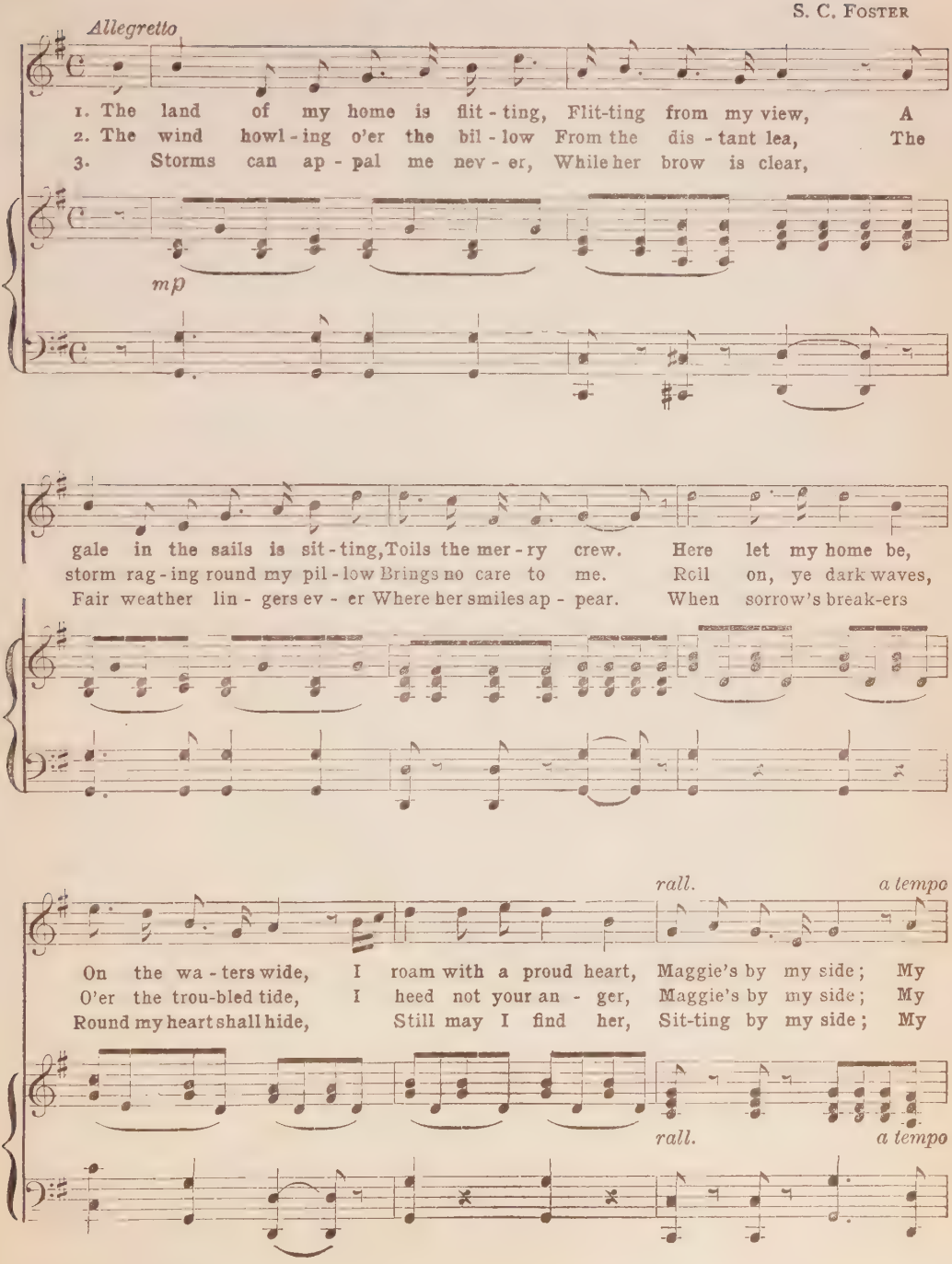


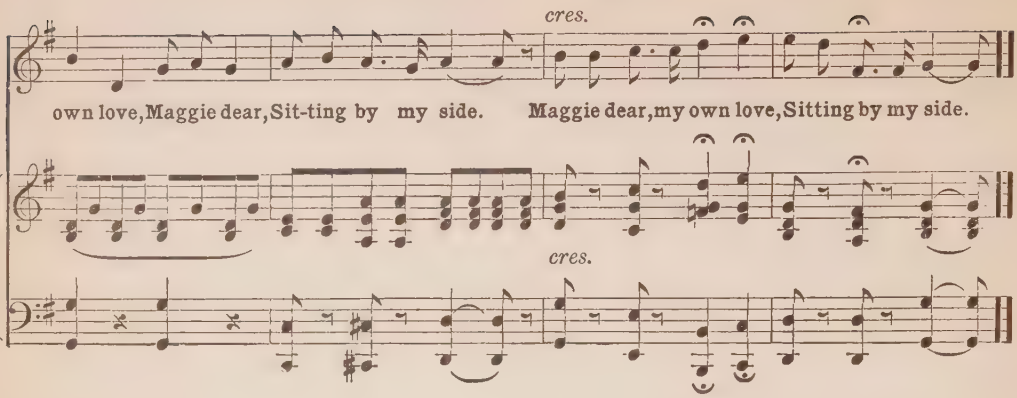
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch



Maggie By My Side

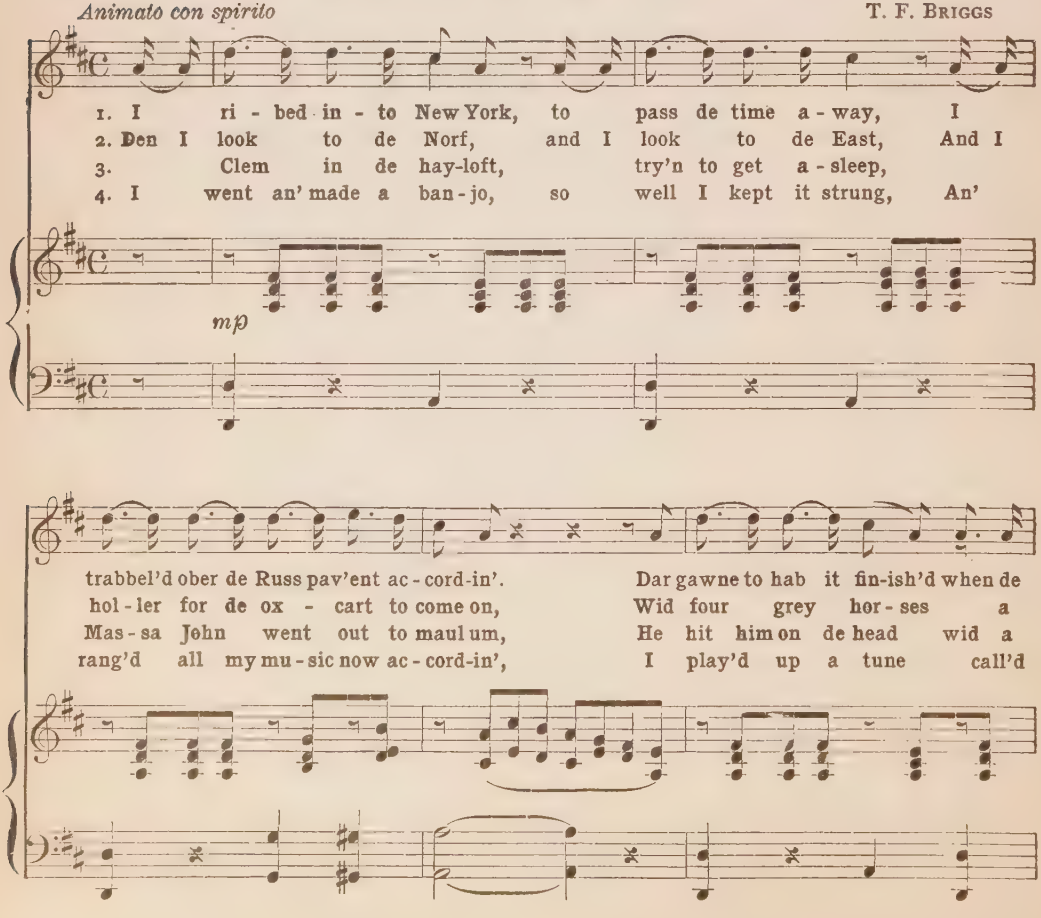
S. C. Foster

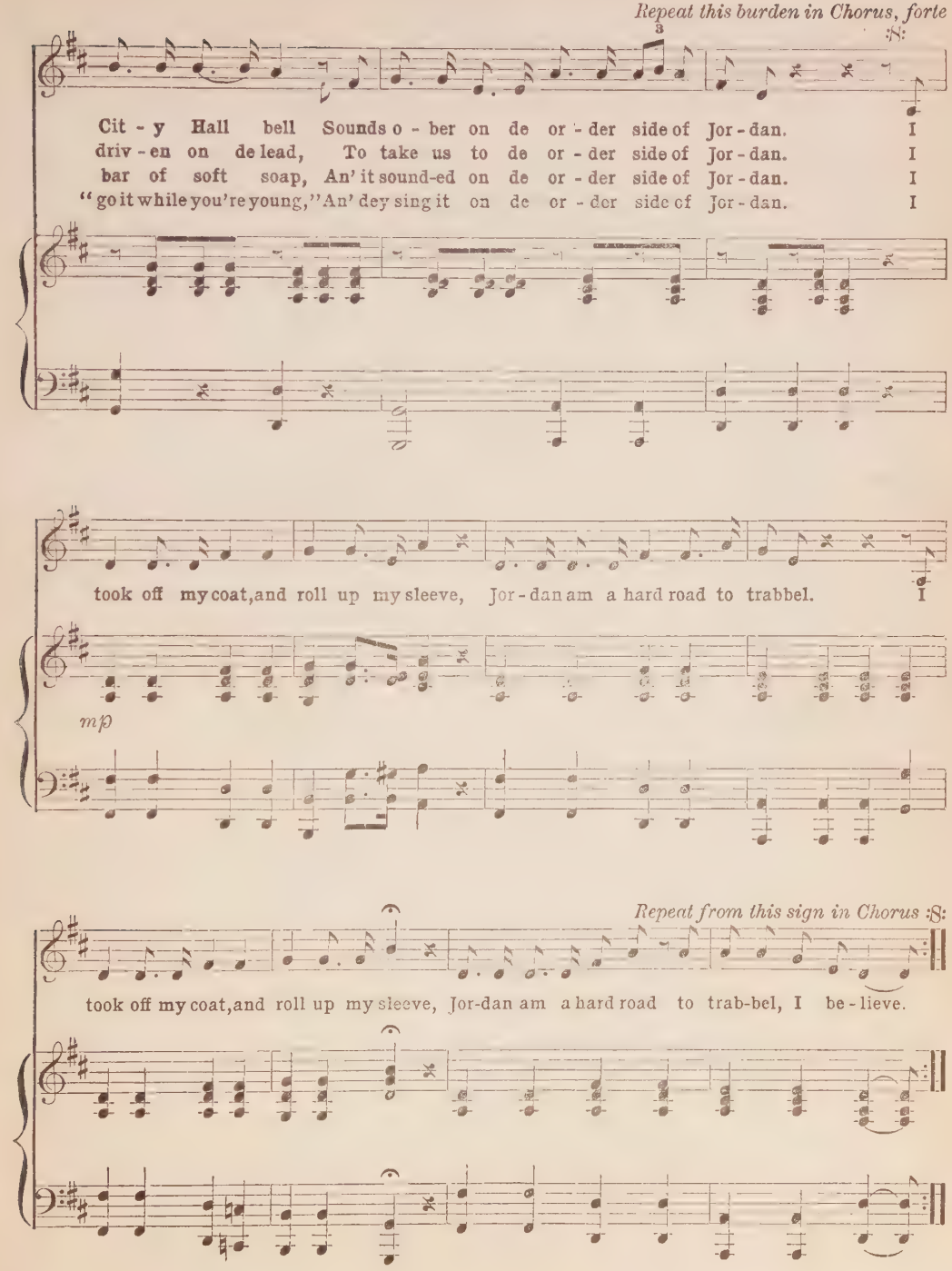




Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

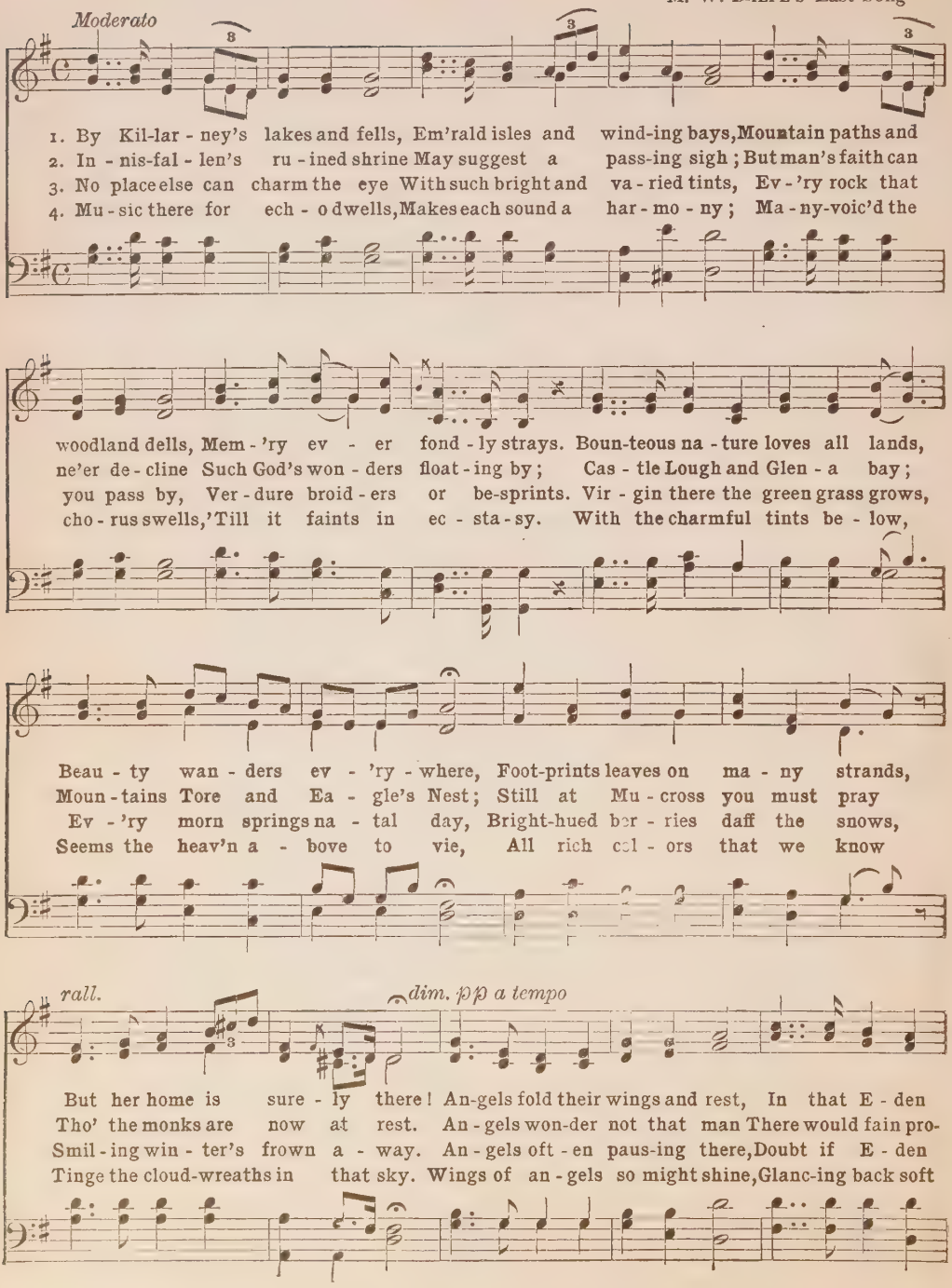
Animato con spirito T. F. Briggs

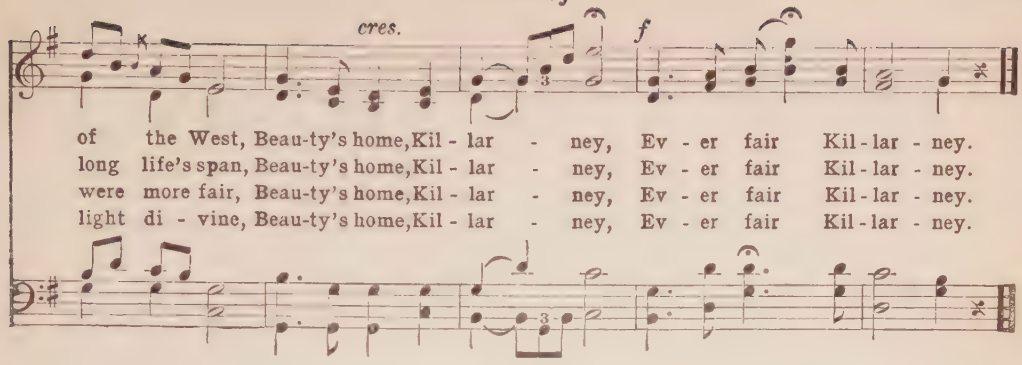



Repeat this burden in Chorus, forte
3
Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
driv - en on de lead, To take us to de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
bar of soft soap, An' it sound-ed on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
"go it while you're young," An' dey sing it on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor - dan am a hard road to trabbel. I
mp
Repeat from this sign in Chorus
took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to trab-bel, I be - lieve.

Killarney

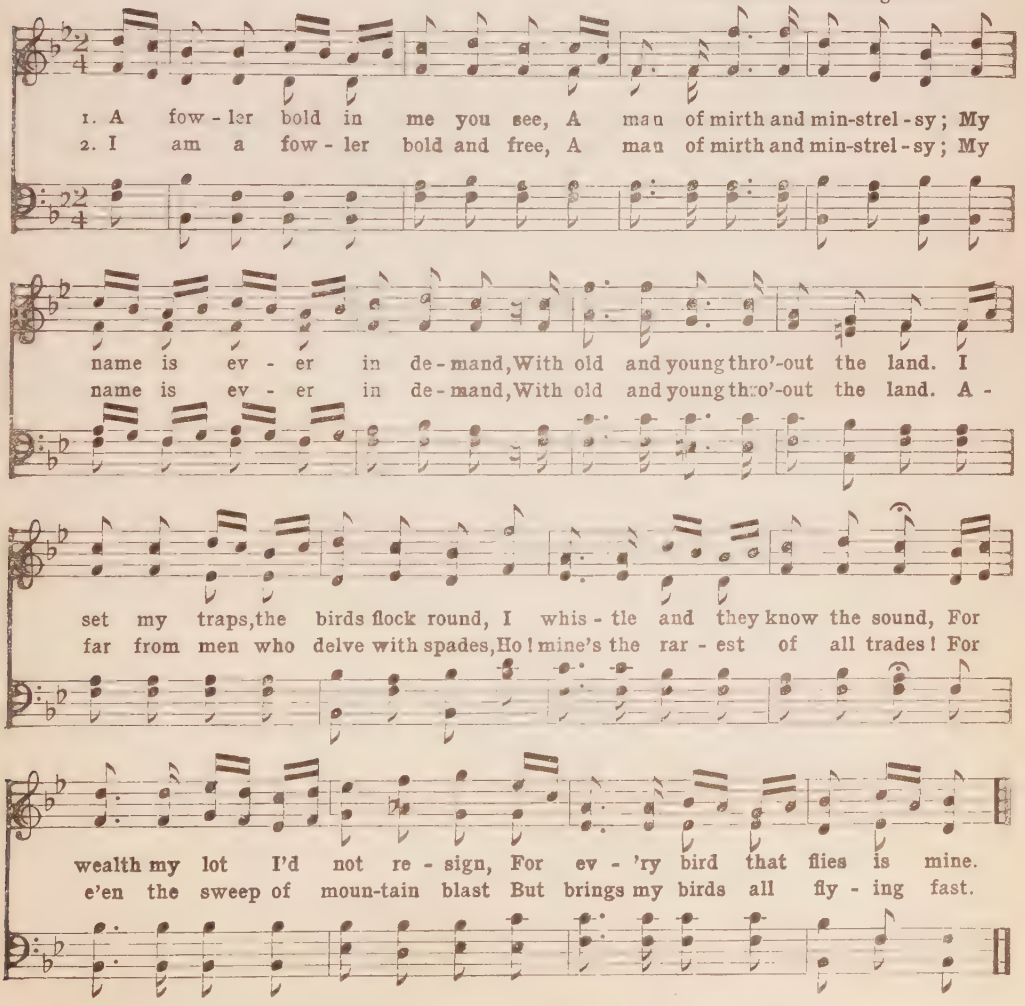
M. W. Balfe's Last Song



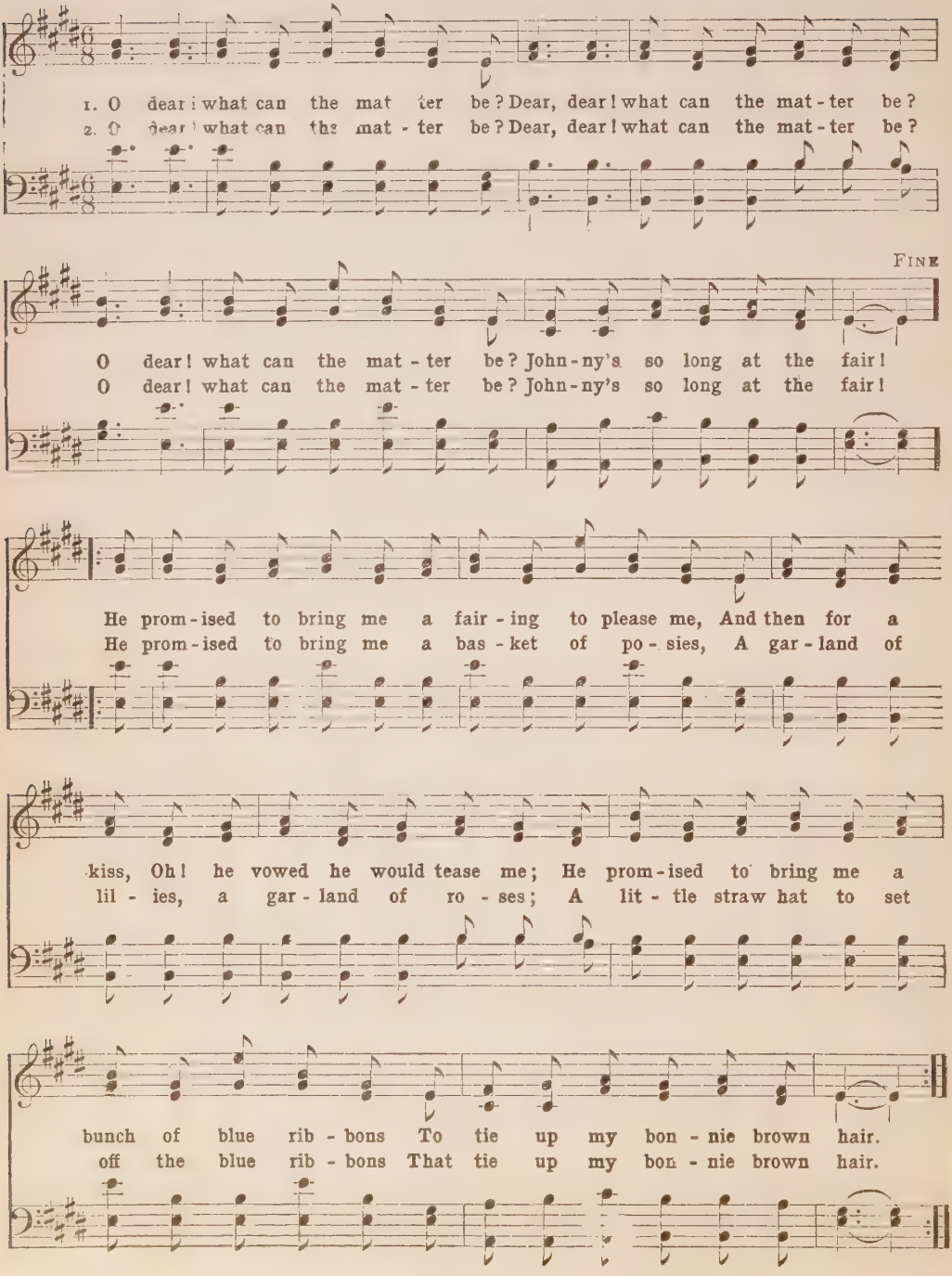


Song of the Fowler

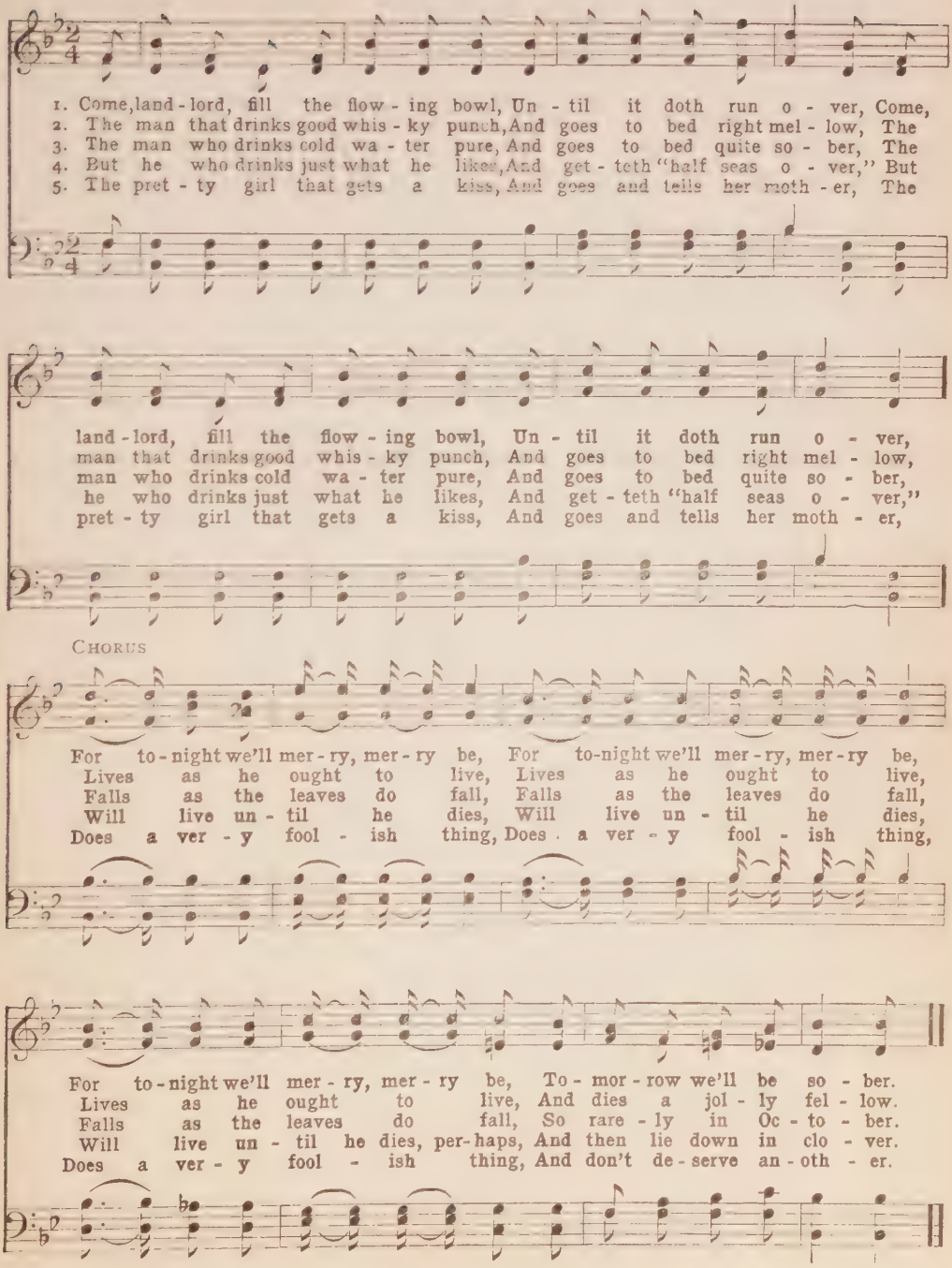
From MOZART's "Magic Flute"



O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?



Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl



The Danube River

**Tempo di mazurka*

HAMILTON AIDE

1. Do you re - call that night in June, Up -
2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oars, The

on the Dan-ube riv - er? We list-en'd to a Länd - ler tune, We
mu - sic rose in snatches From peas-ants danc - ing on the shore, With

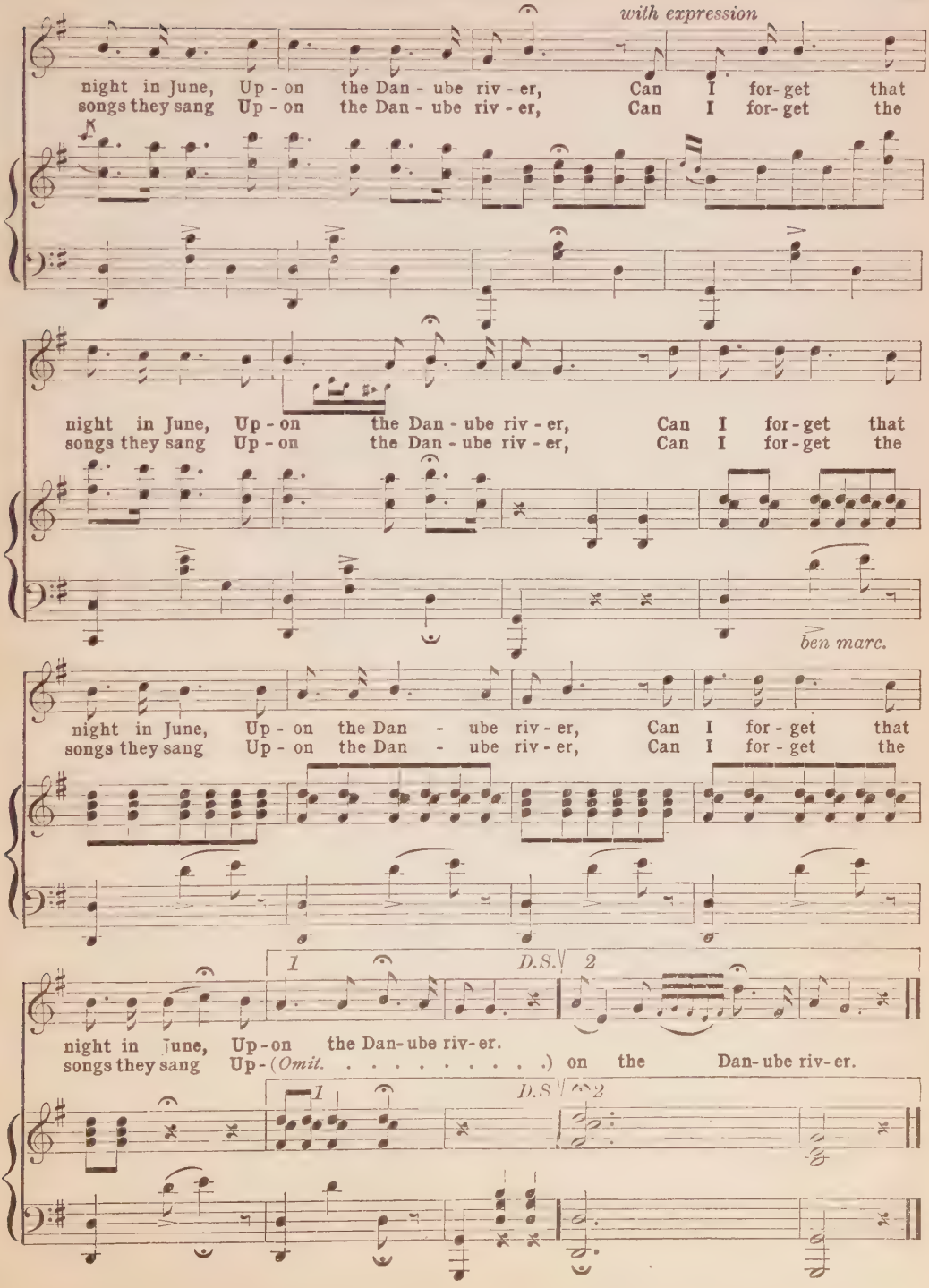
a little slower

watch'd the moonbeams quiv-er. I oft since then have watch'd the moon, But
boist' - rous songs and catch - es. I know not why that Länd-ler rang Through

original time

nev - er, love, oh, nev - er, nev - er Can I for - get that
all my soul, but nev - er, nev - er Can I for - get the

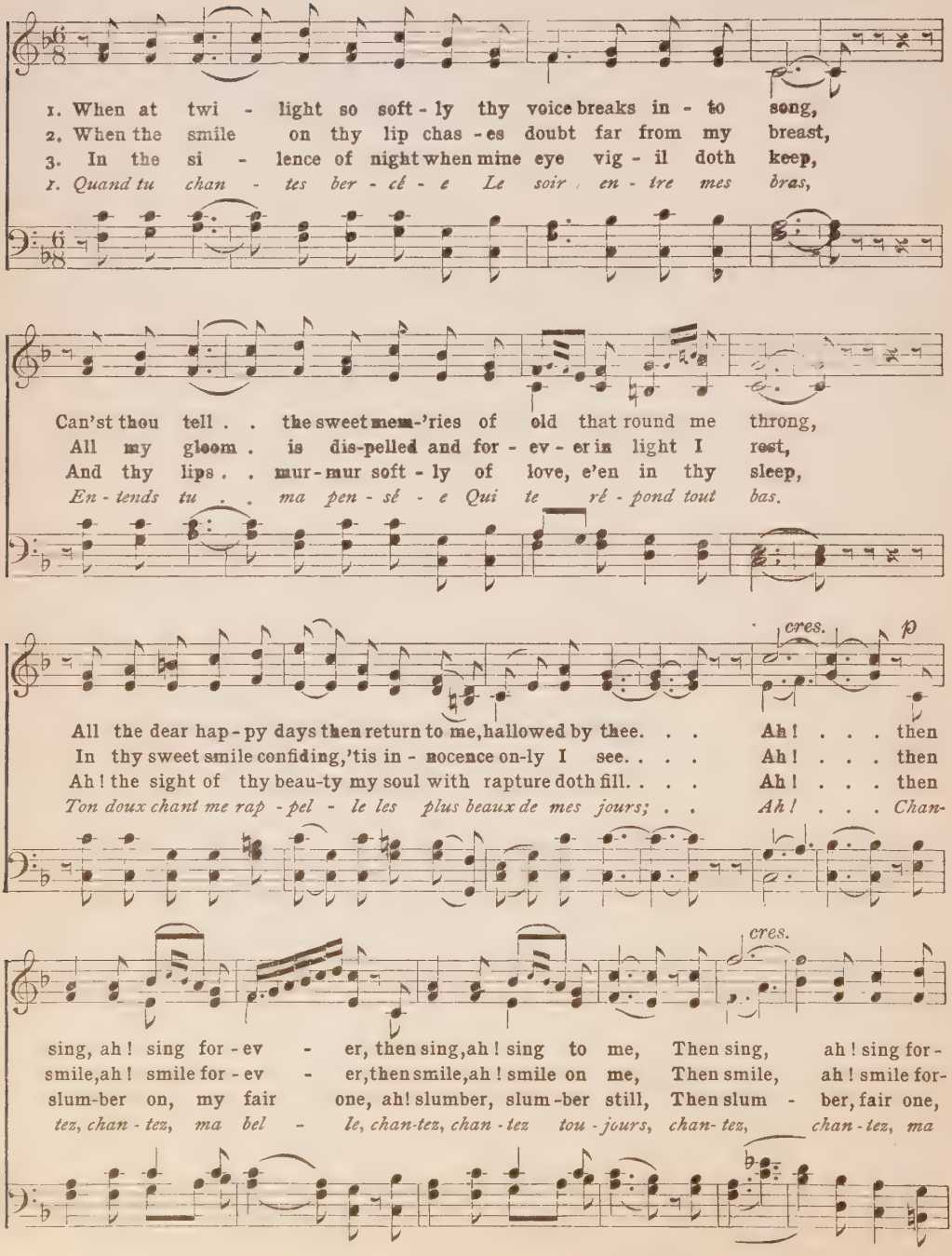
* To be played in moderate time but with great variation according to the sentiment of the words.

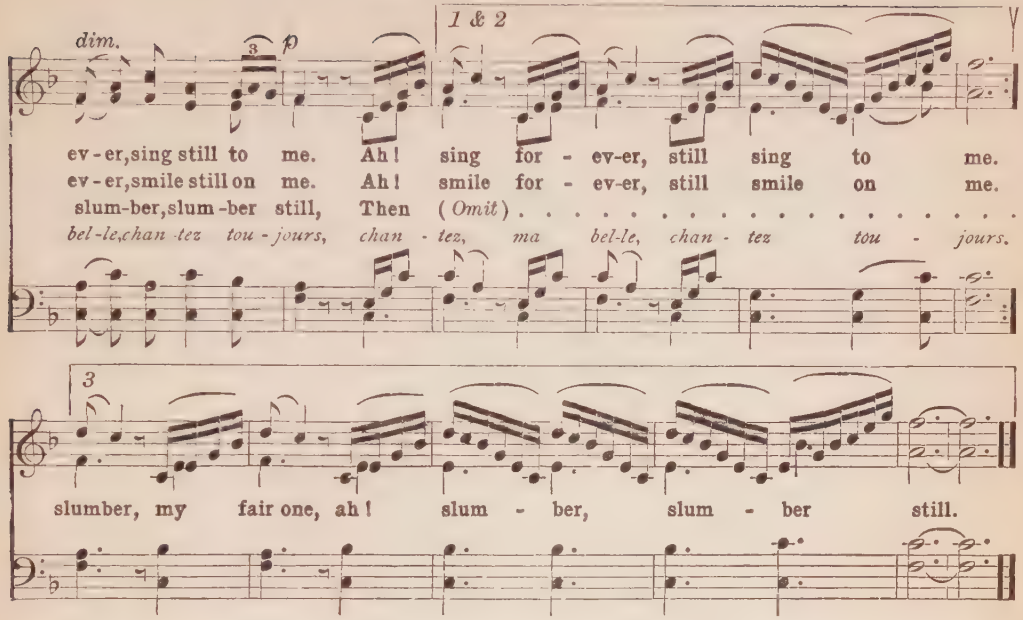

with expression
night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the
night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the
ben marc.
night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the
1
D.S.
2
night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er.
songs they sang Up-(Omit. . . . . .) on the Dan-ube riv-er.
1
D.S.
2

Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Canti, Ridi, Dormi)

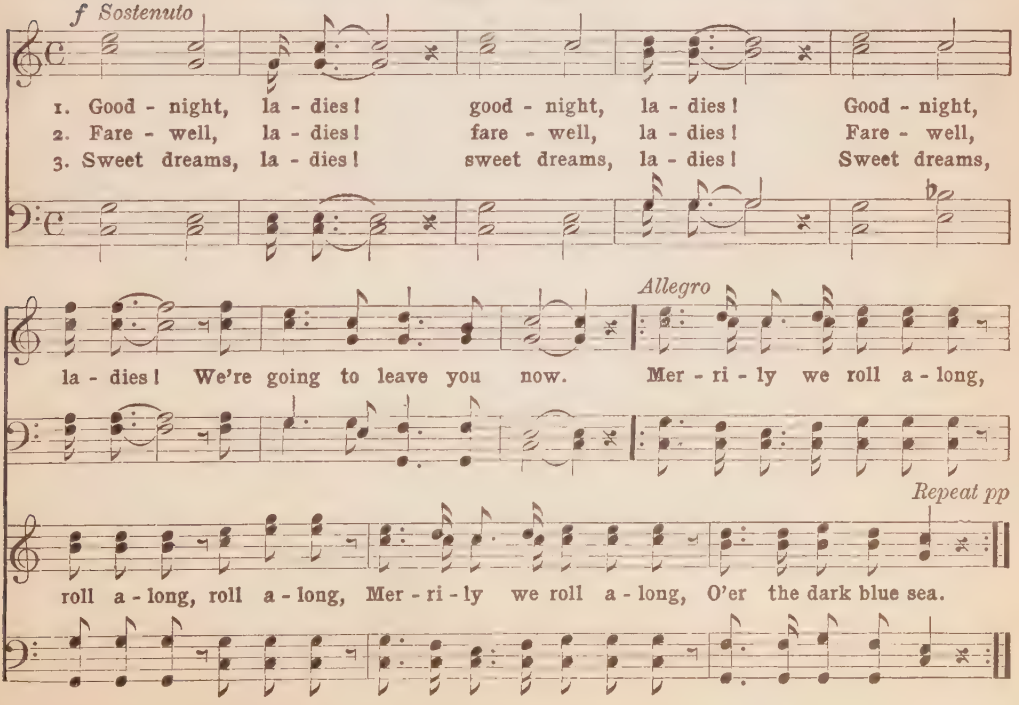
CHARLES GOUNOD





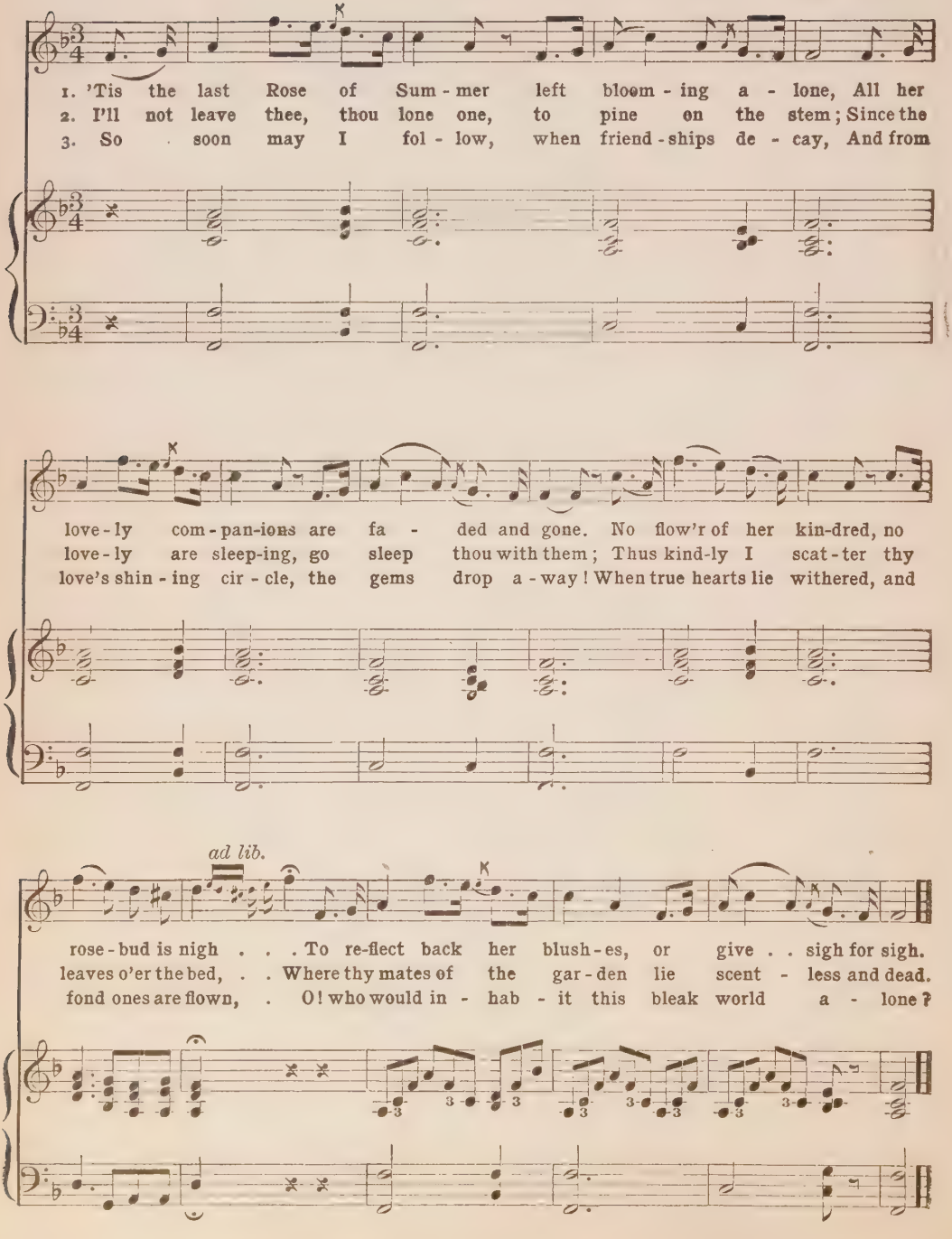
Good-night

Male Voices



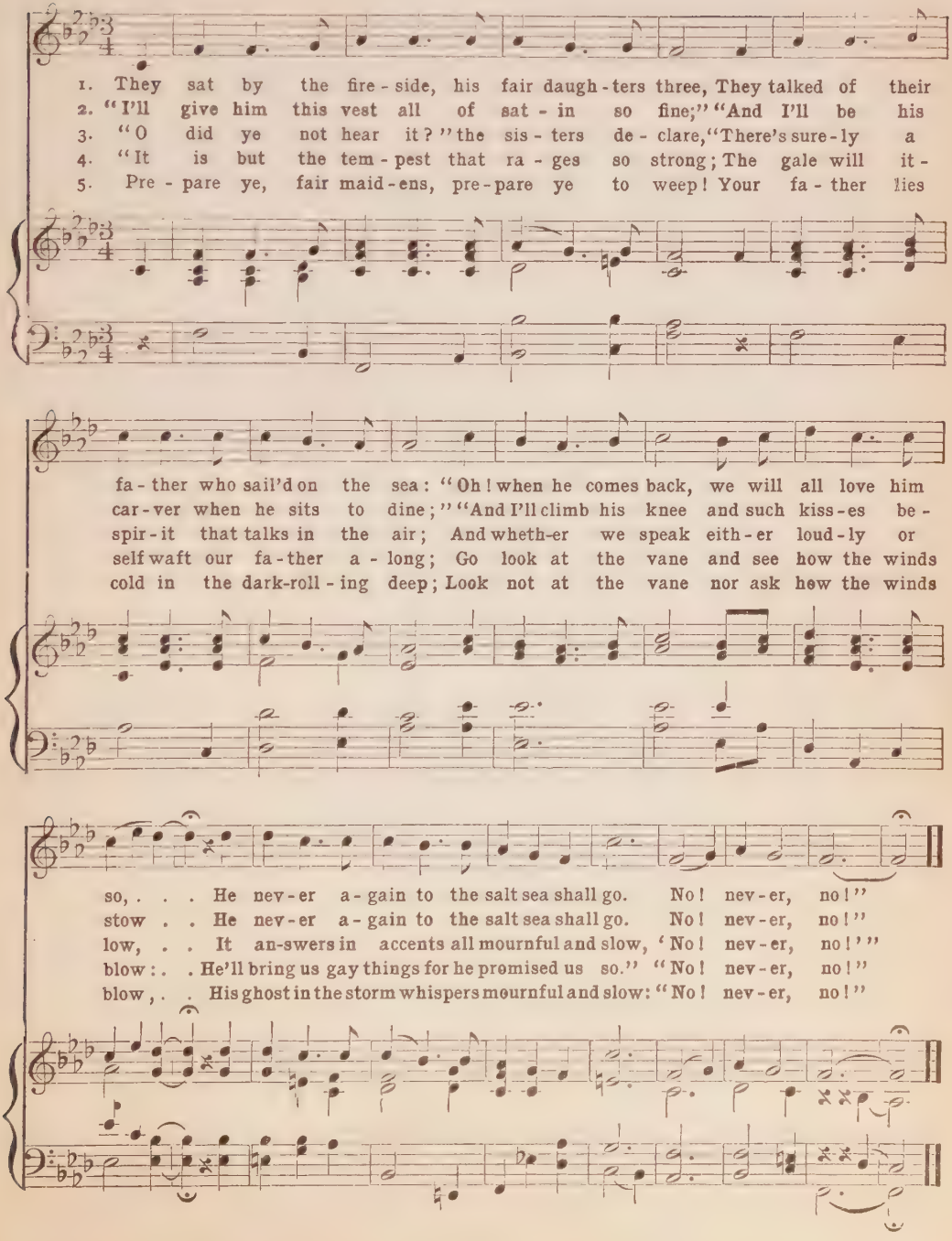
The Last Rose of Summer

English Air

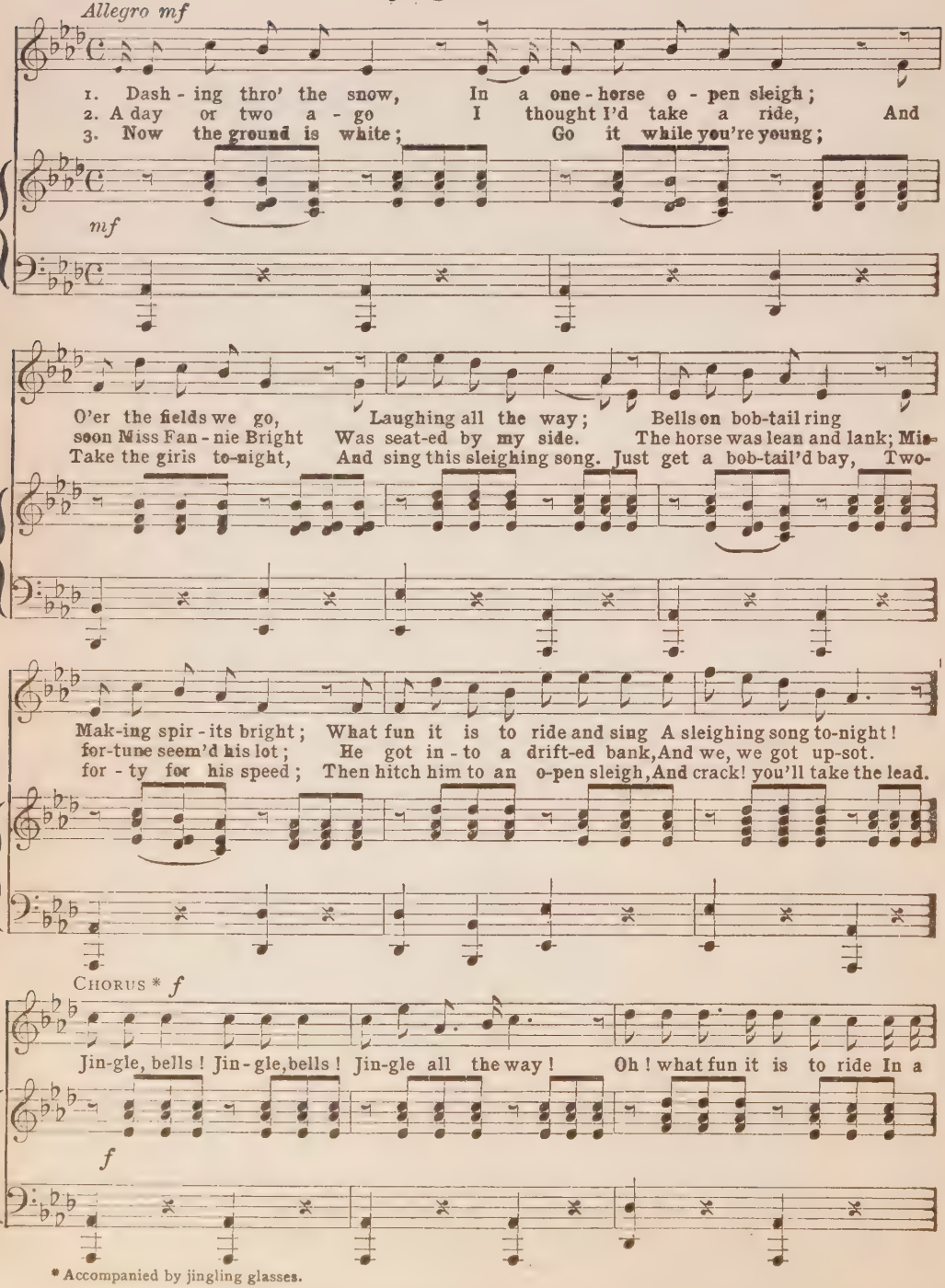


No, Never, No

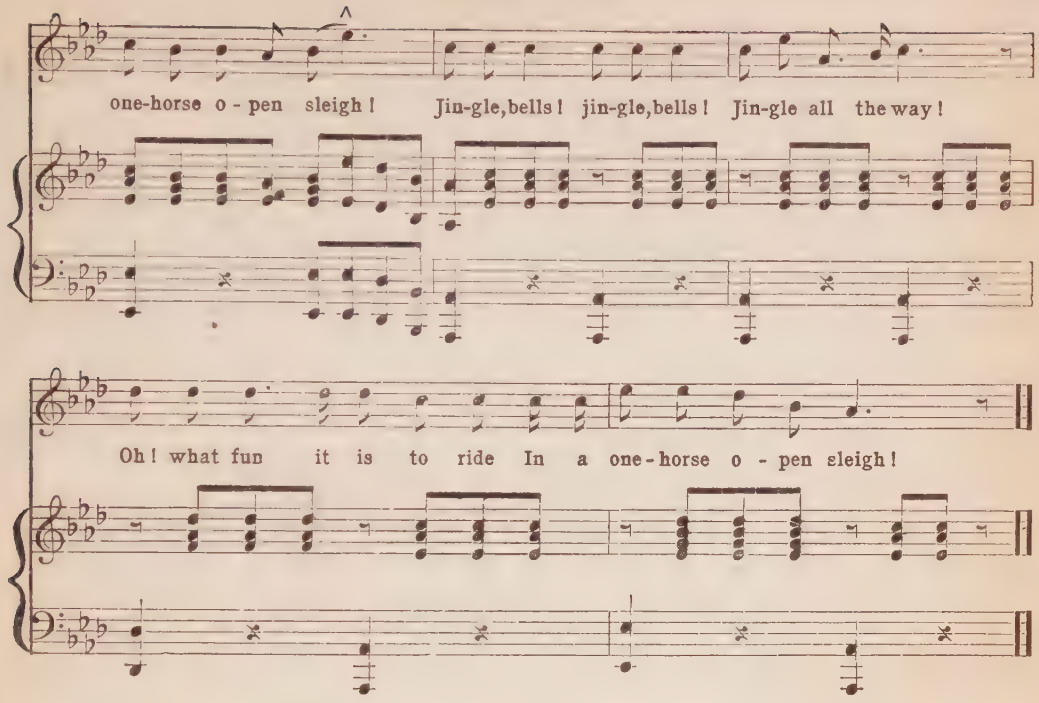
Written from memory by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR — Old Ballad



Jingle, Bells

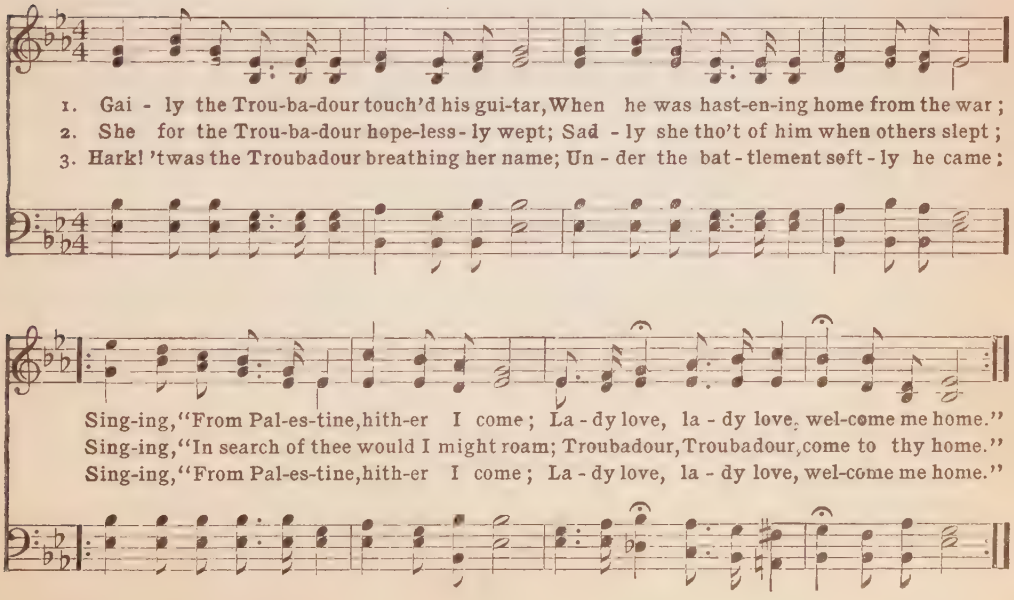


* Accompanied by jingling glasses.



Gaily the Troubadour

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY



Birds in the Night

LIONEL H. LEWIN — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Andante, ma non troppo lento

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake,

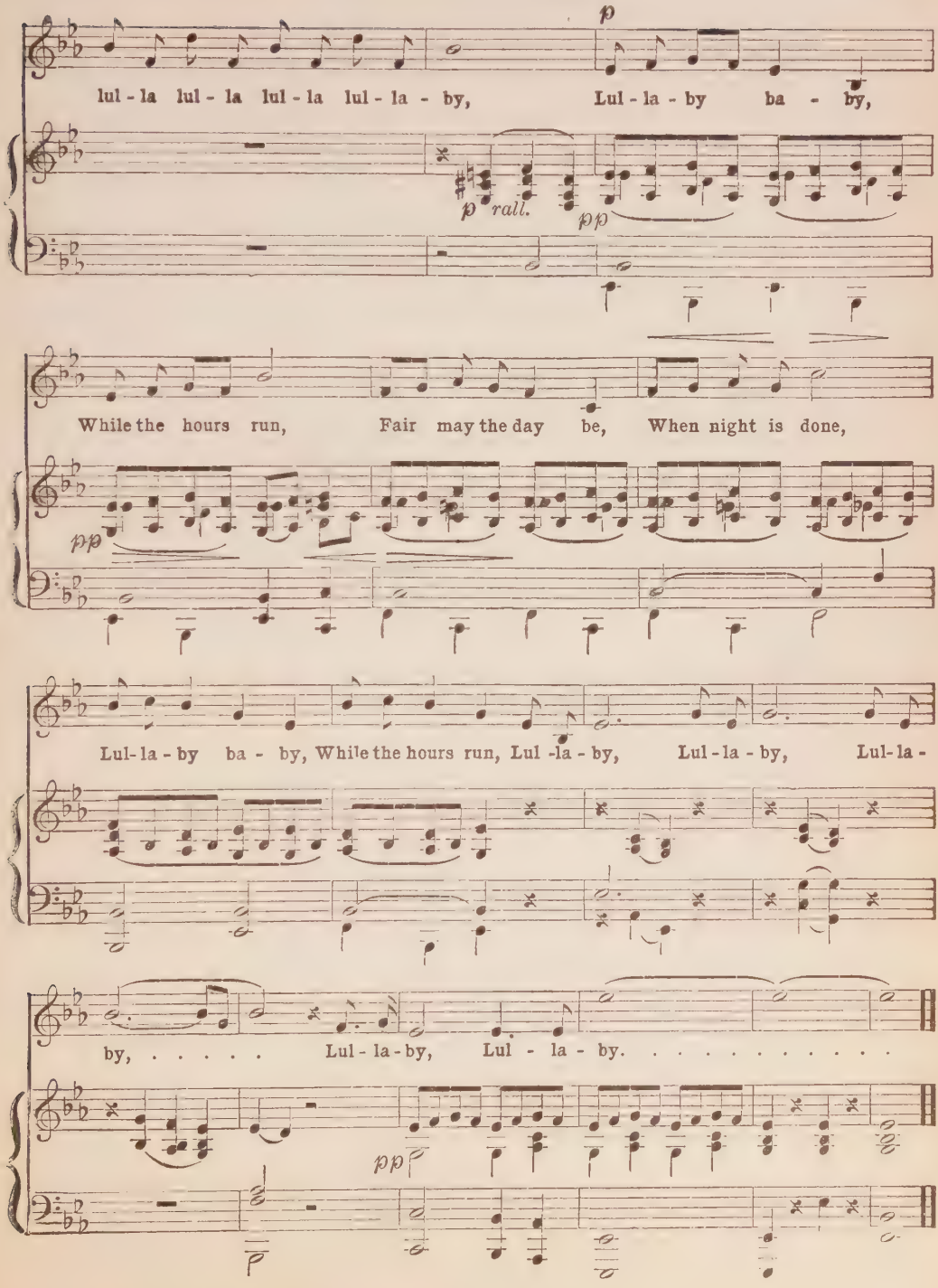
Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh, Come to me, help me,
Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why. Soon is the sleep but

one and all, And murmur, mur-mur, mur-mur, mur-mur ba - by's
God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per, an - gels whis - per

f *pp*

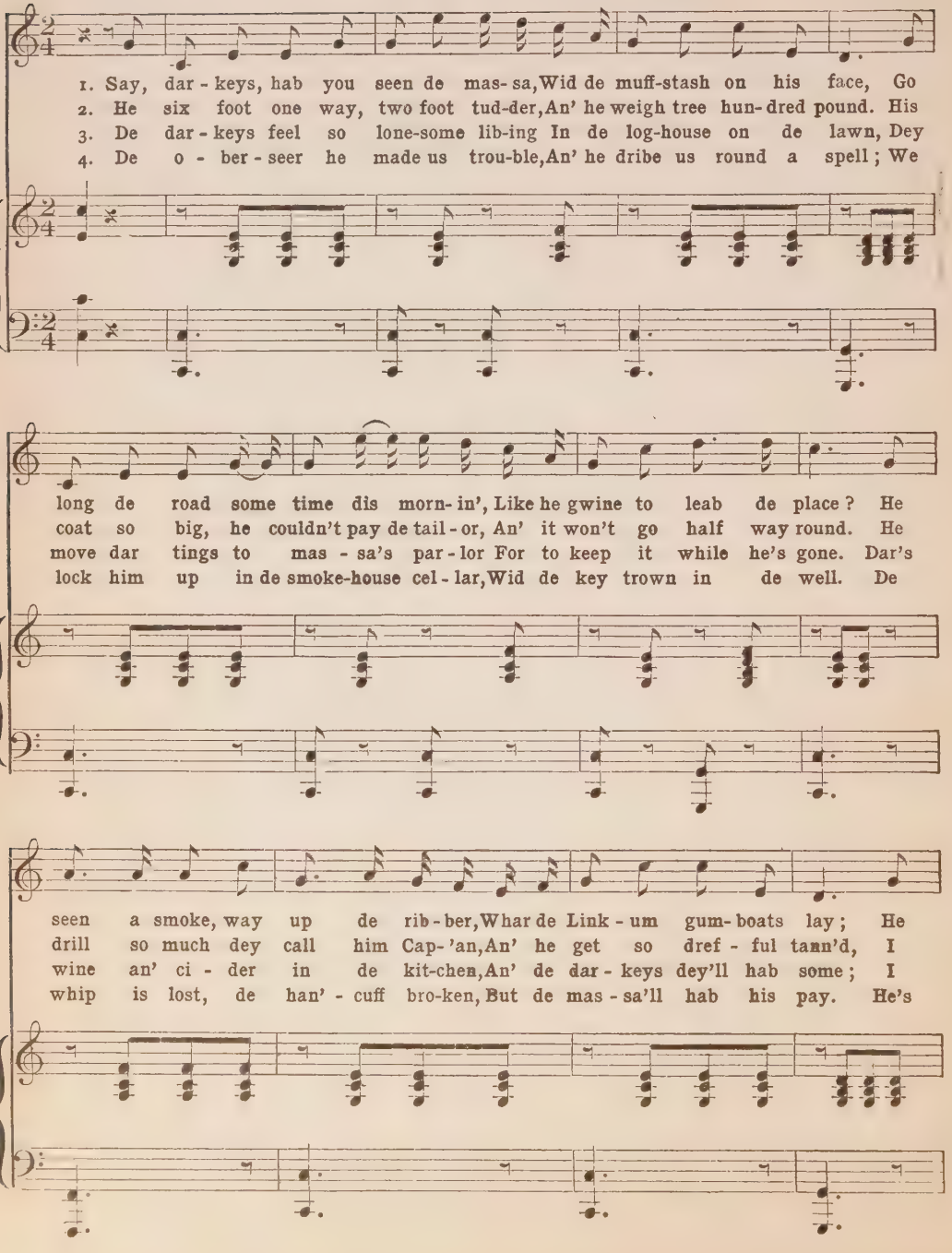
lul - la - by, Lul - la by, . . Lul - la - by, ... Lul - la -

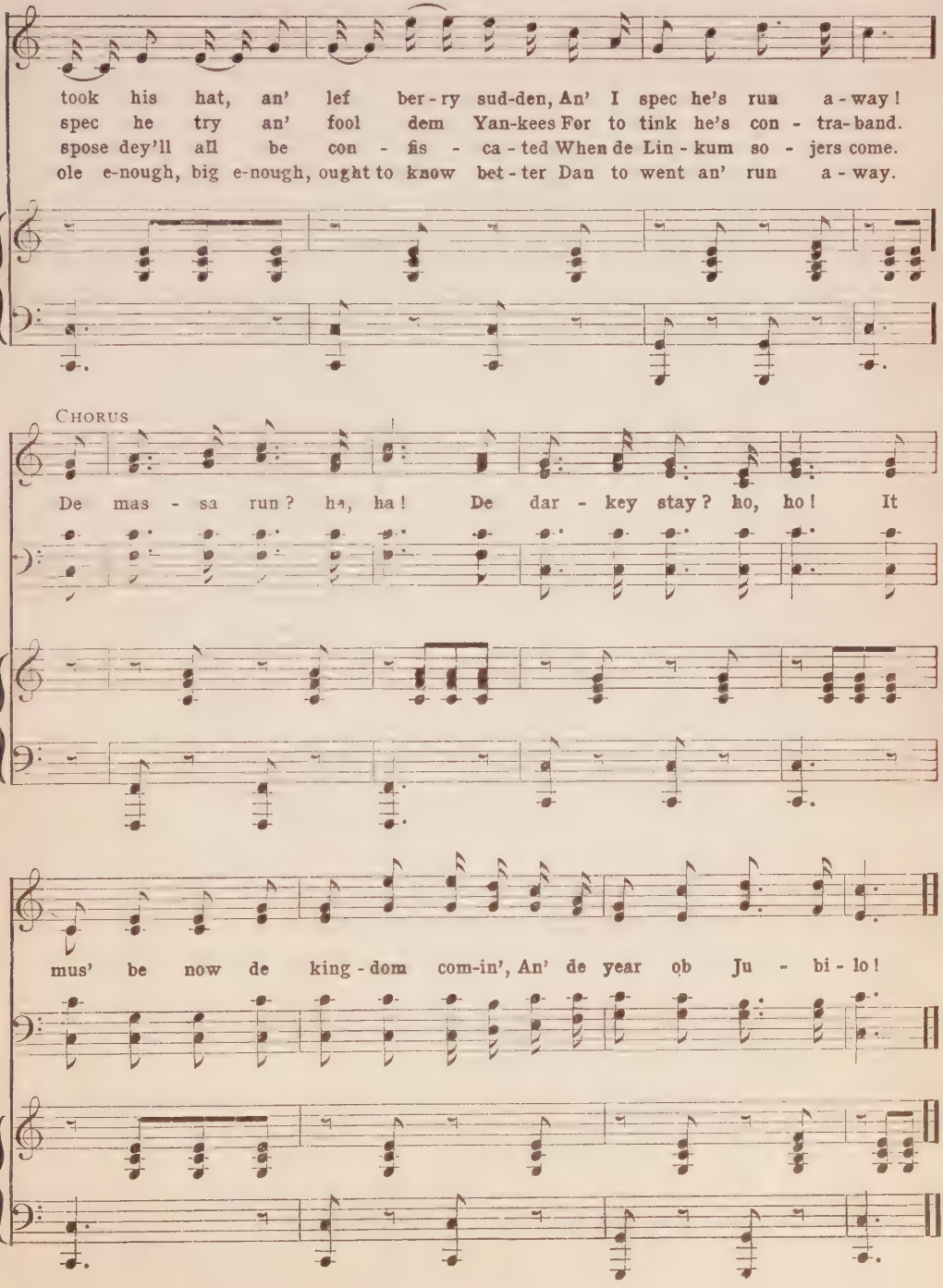
f


p
lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by ba - by,
p rall. pp
While the hours run, Fair may the day be, When night is done,
pp
Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -
by, ... Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by. . . . . .
pp

Kingdom Coming

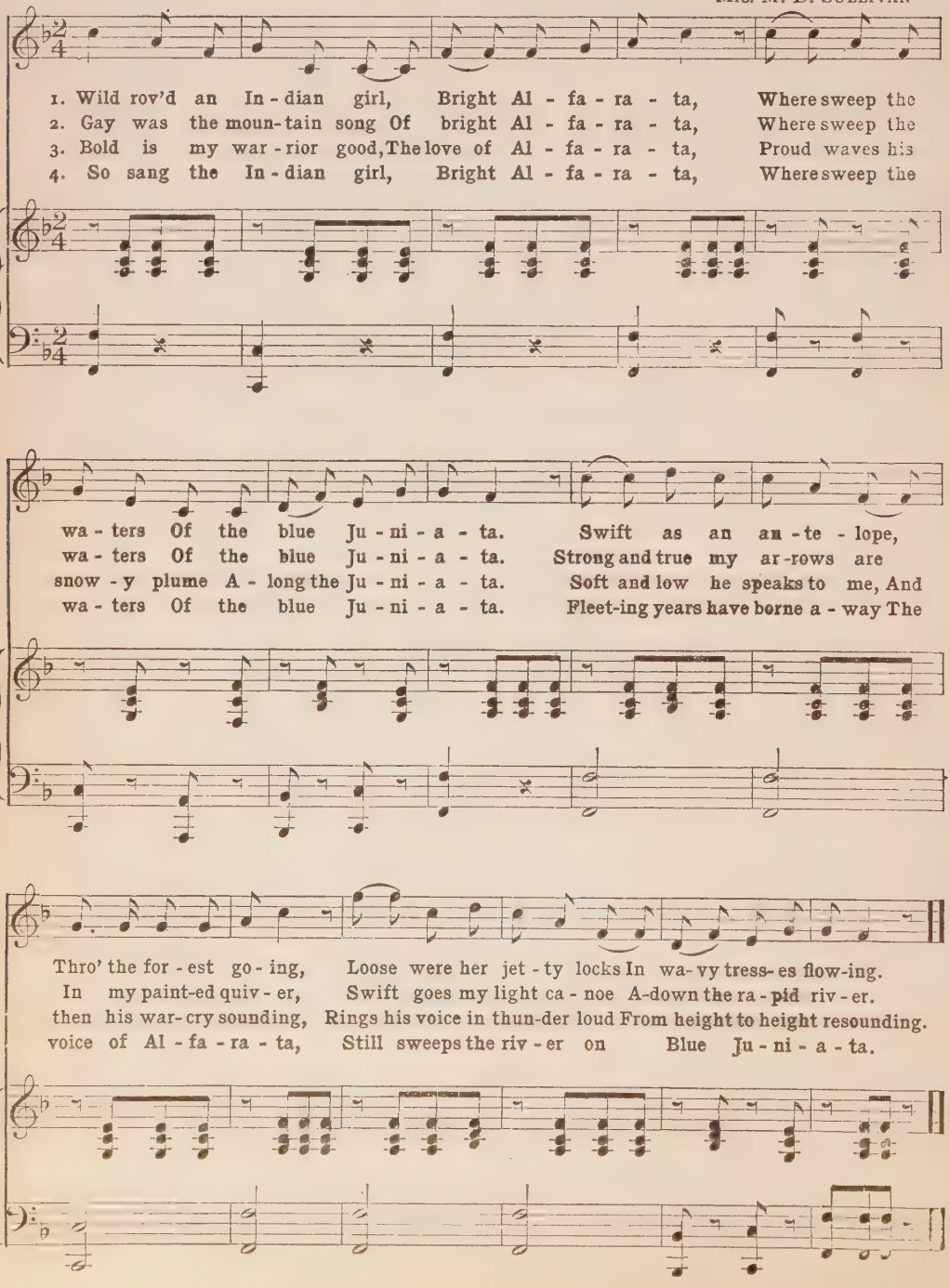
Words and music by HENRY C. WORK




took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band.
spose dey'll all be con-fis-ca-ted When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet-ter Dan to went an' run a-way.
Chorus
De mas-sa run? ha, ha! De dar-key stay? ho, ho! It
mus' be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju-bi-lo!

The Blue Juniata

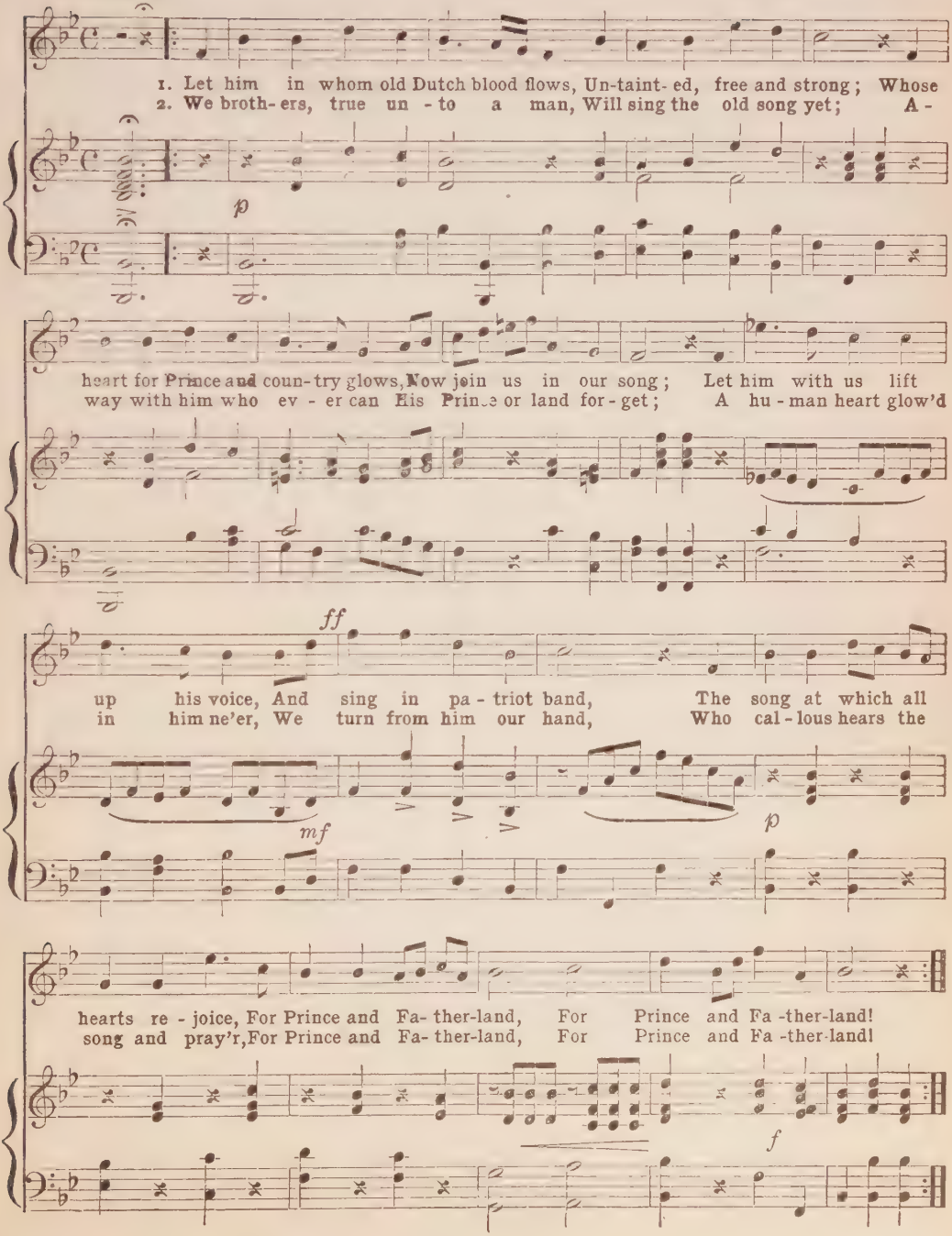
Mrs. M. D. Sullivan



Dutch National Song

Andante

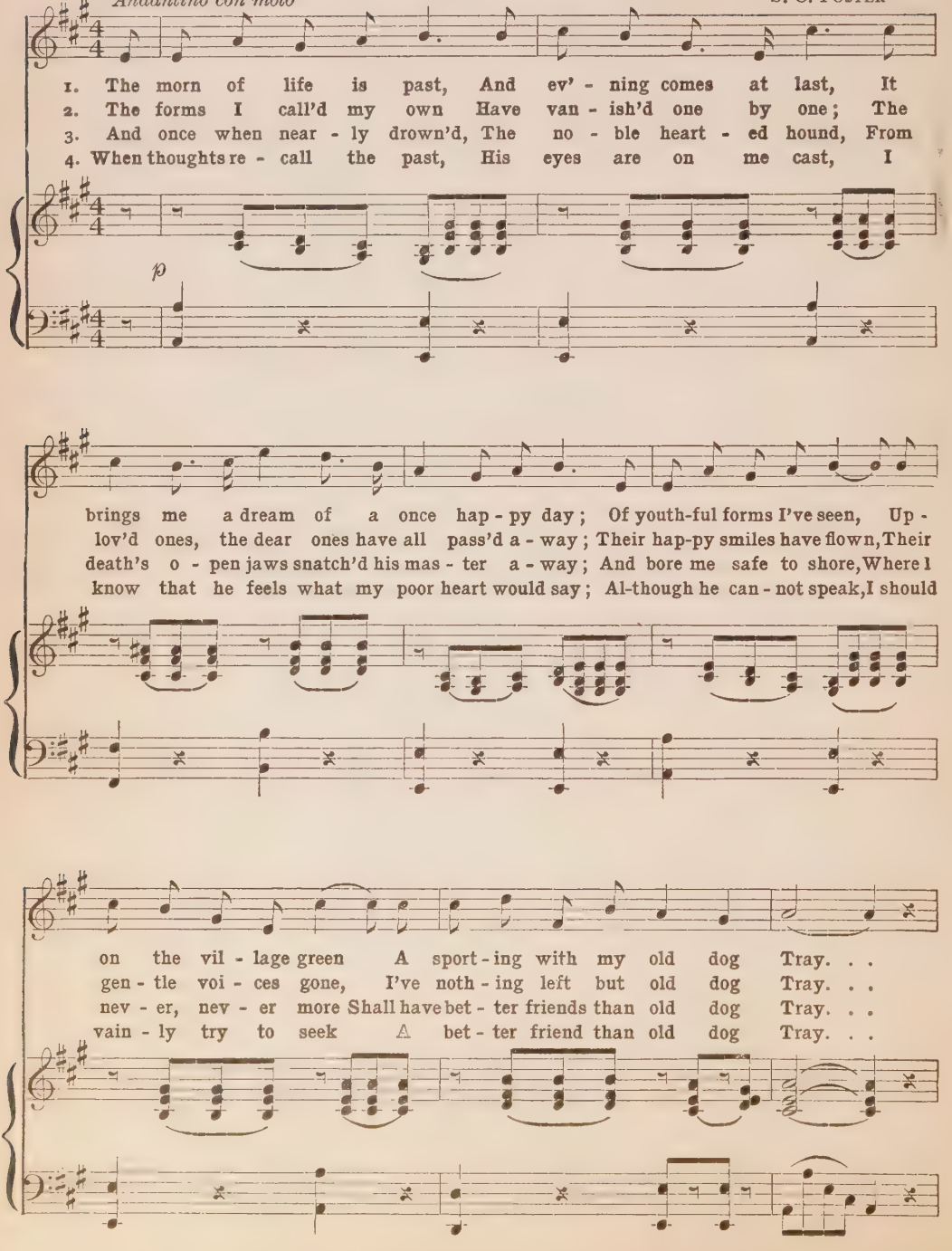
Composer Unknown

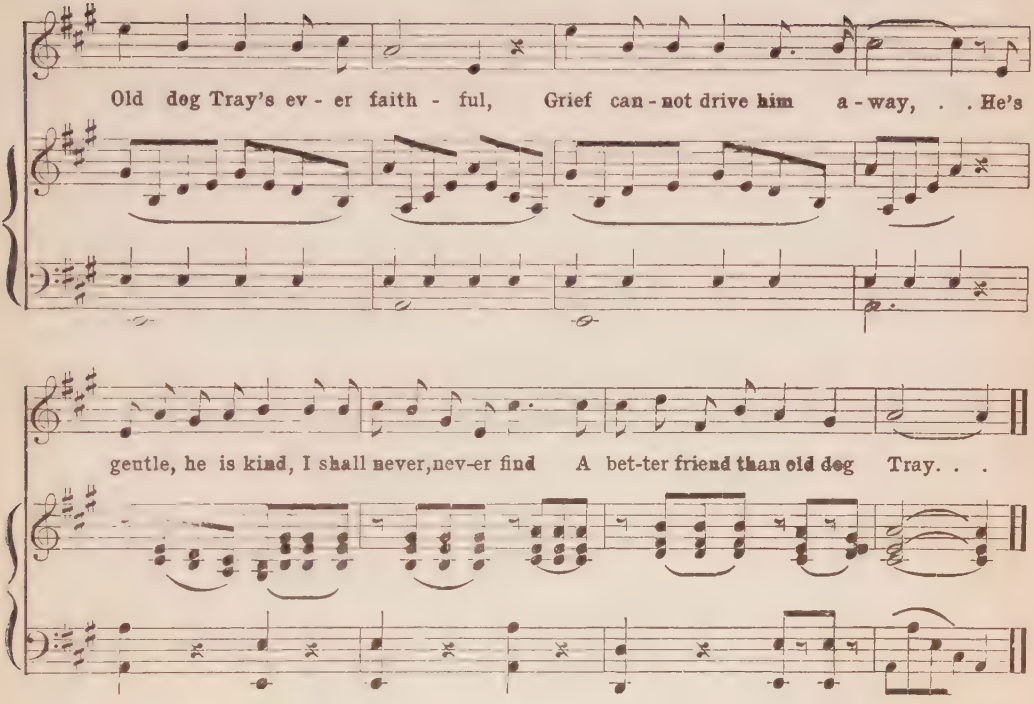


My Old Dog Tray

Andantino con moto

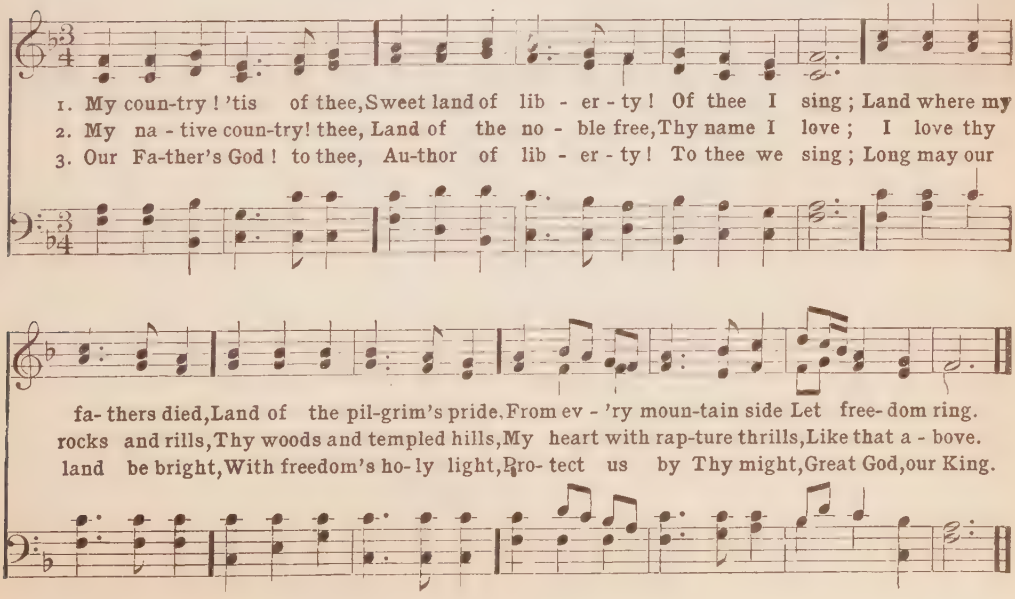
S. C. Foster





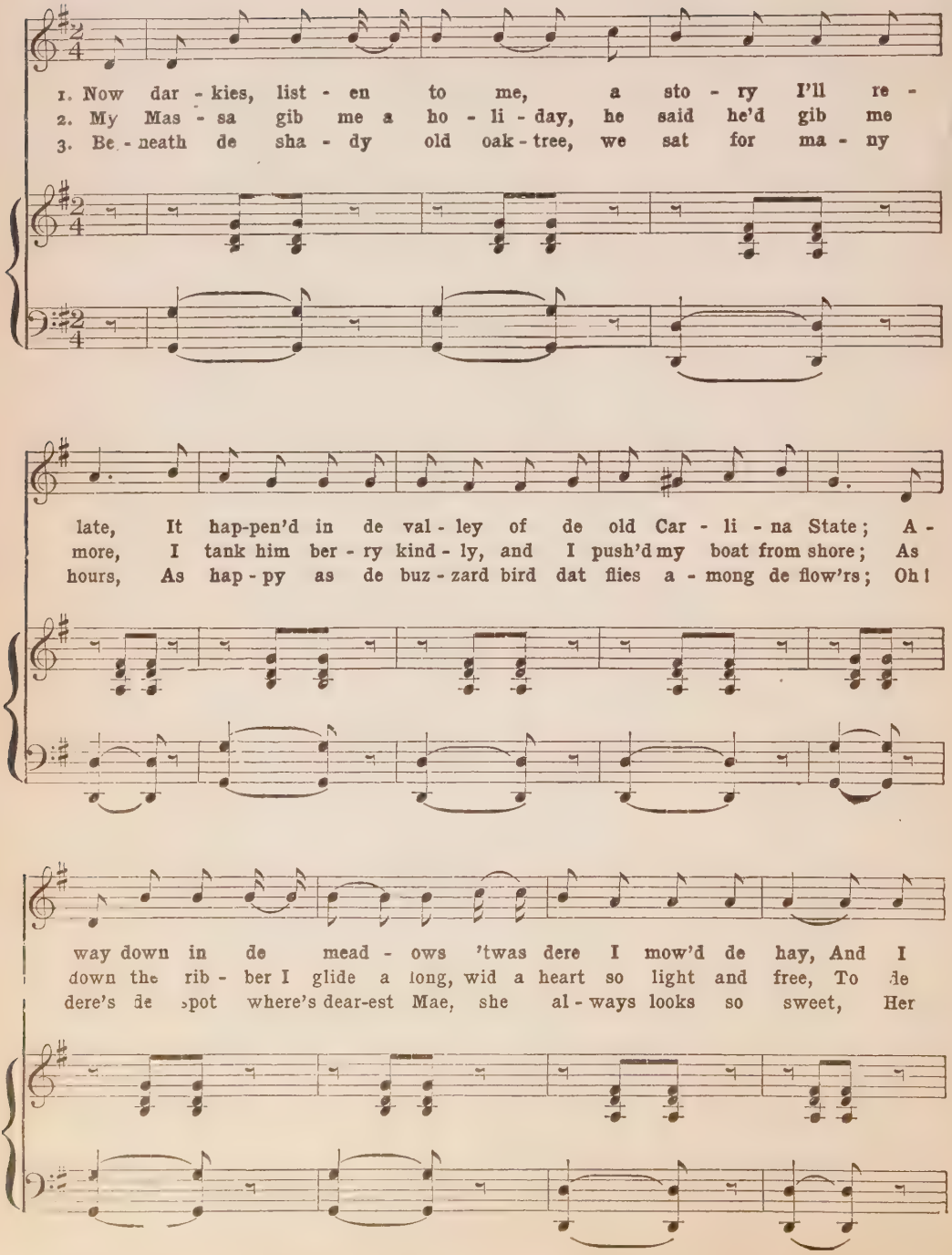
America

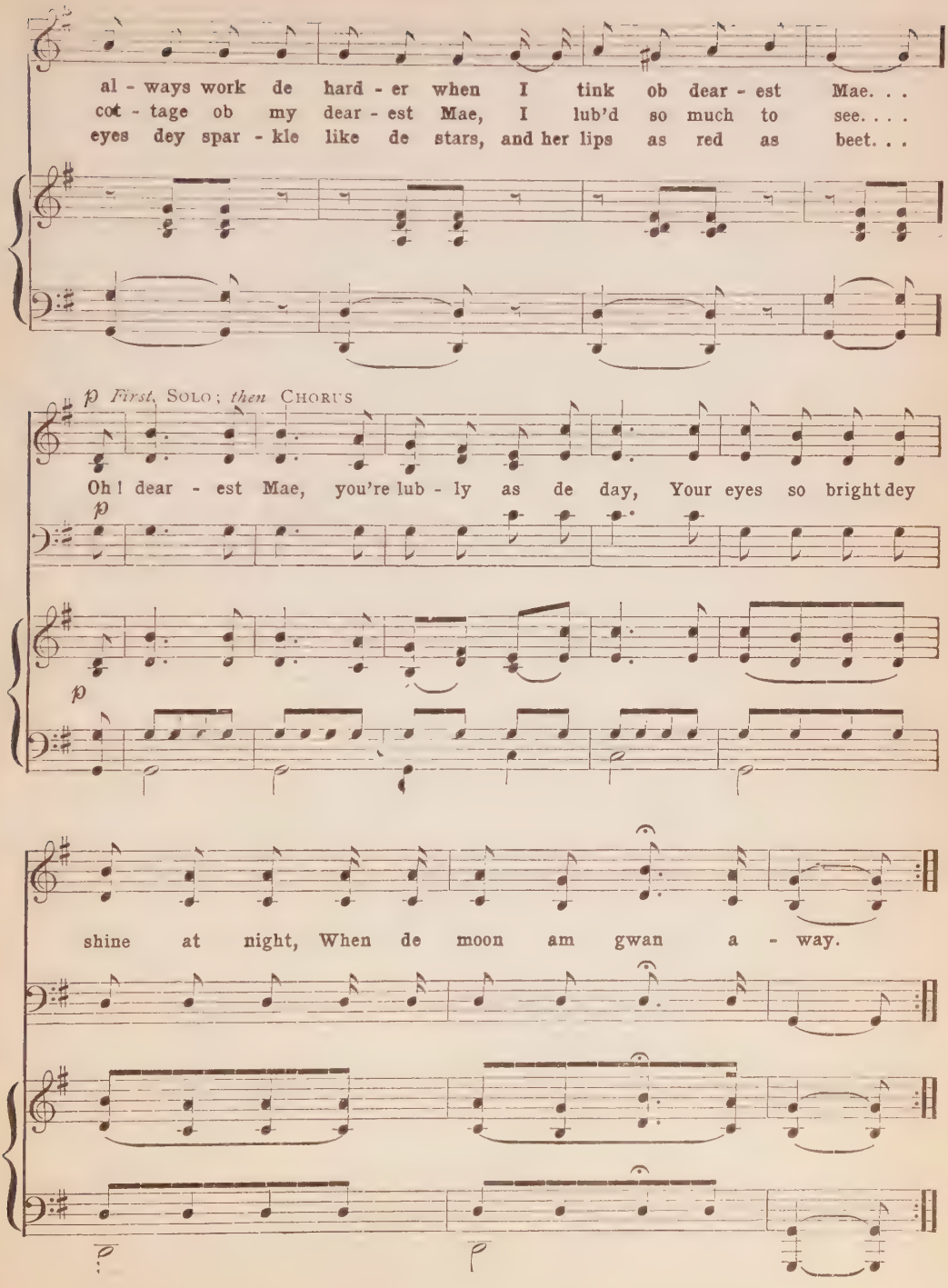
National Hymn



Dearest Mae

FRANCIS LYNCH — L. H. V. CROSBY




al - ways work de hard - er when I tink ob dear - est Mae. . .
cot - tage ob my dear - est Mae, I lub'd so much to see. . . .
eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, and her lips as red as beet. . .
p First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey
p
p
shine at night, When de moon am gwan a - way.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J. L. Hatton

Moderato

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew - drops pearl each
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of

rall. un poco

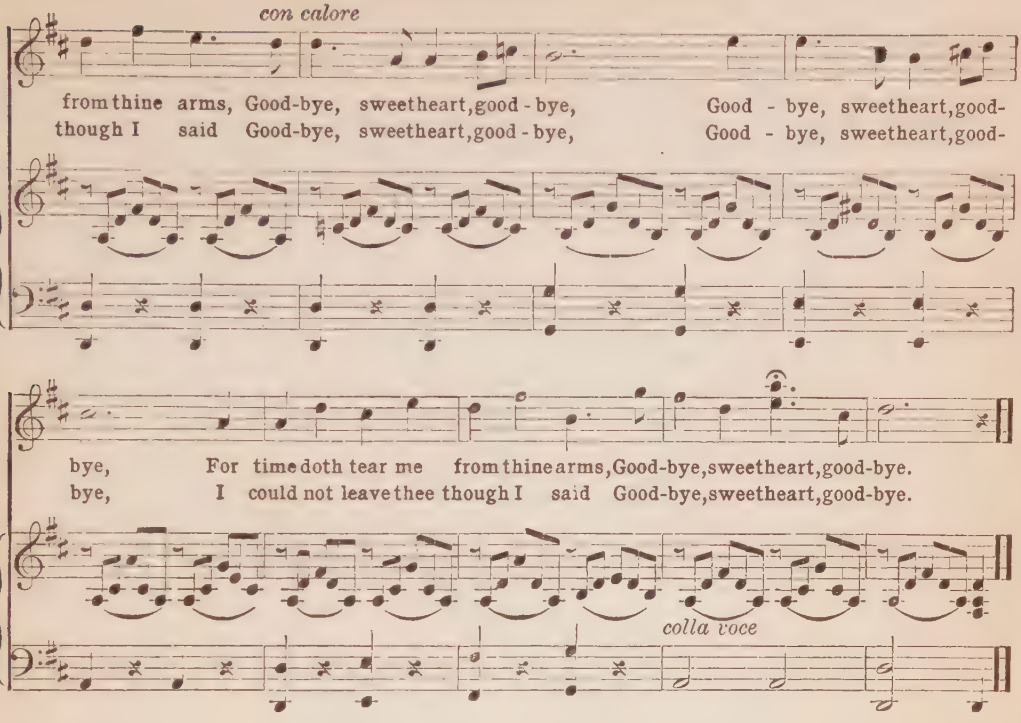
bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with
chan - ti-cleer, The lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flow'ring, Yet I am here, yet

tr

a tempo

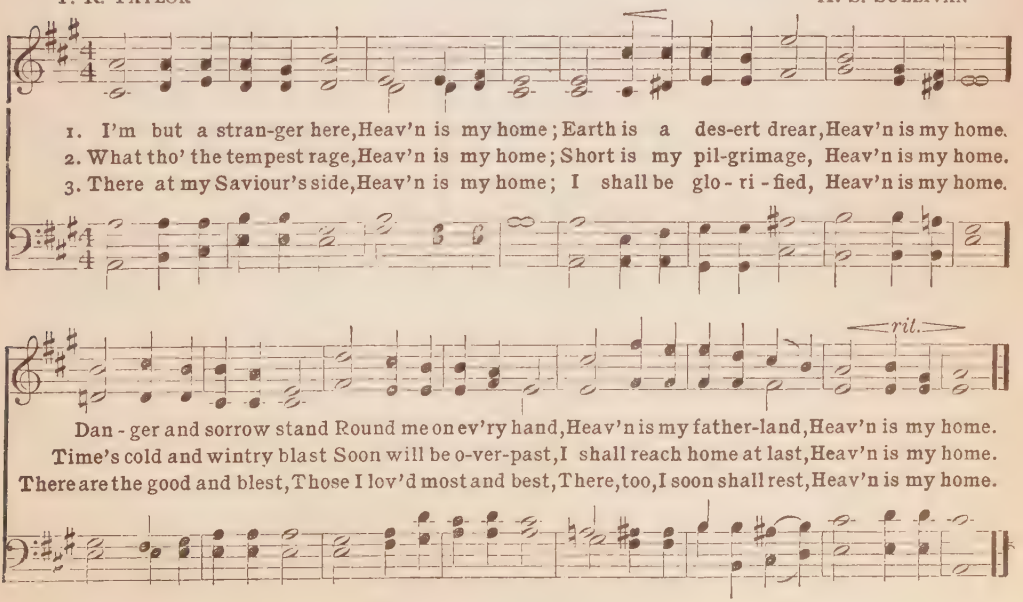
bliss, . . . with bliss . . . too brief. How sinks my heart with
I, ... yet I . . . . am here. For since night's gems from

fond a-larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye, For time doth tear me
heav'n do fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee



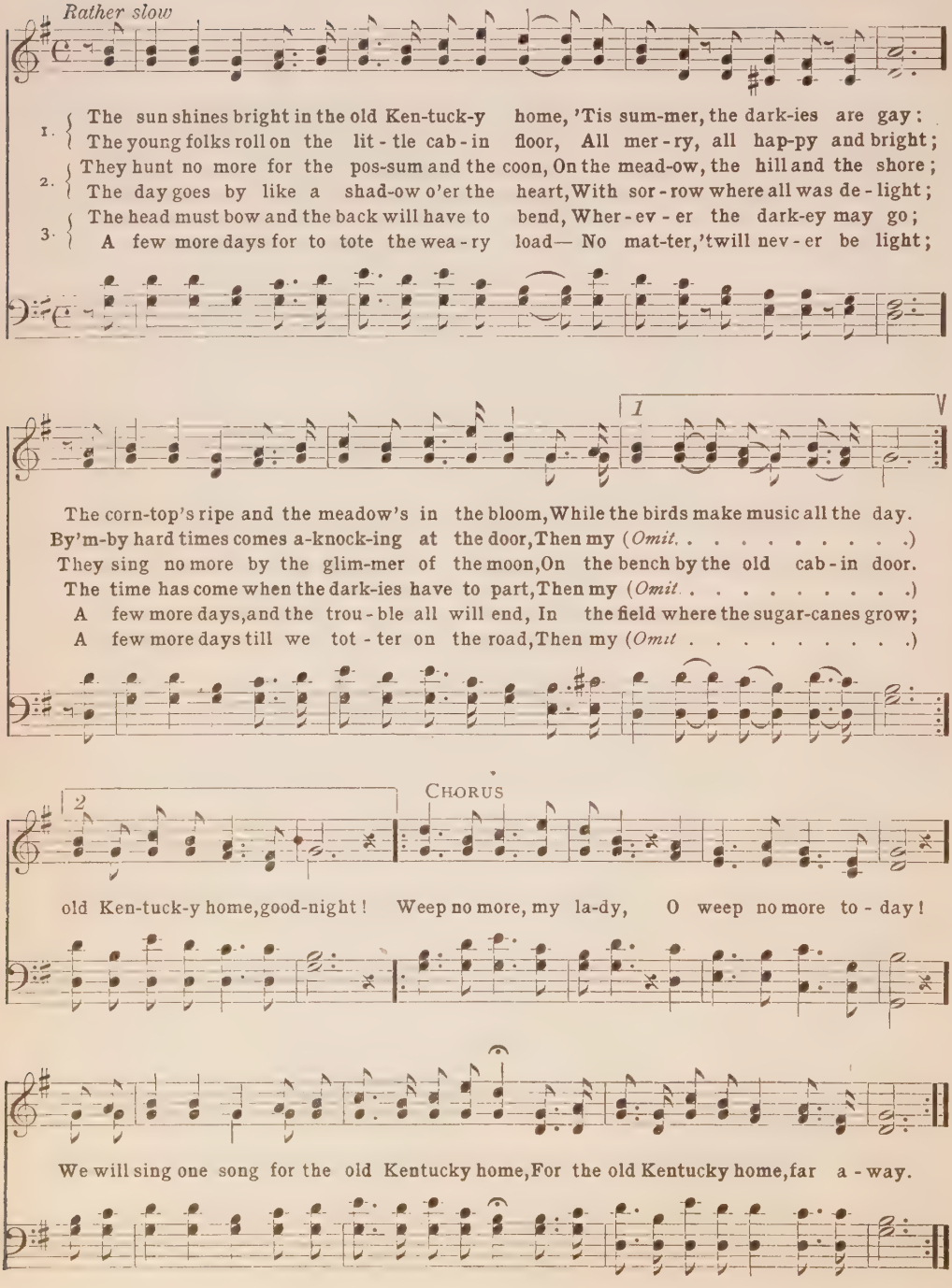
Heaven is My Home

T. R. Taylor A. S. Sullivan



My Old Kentucky Home

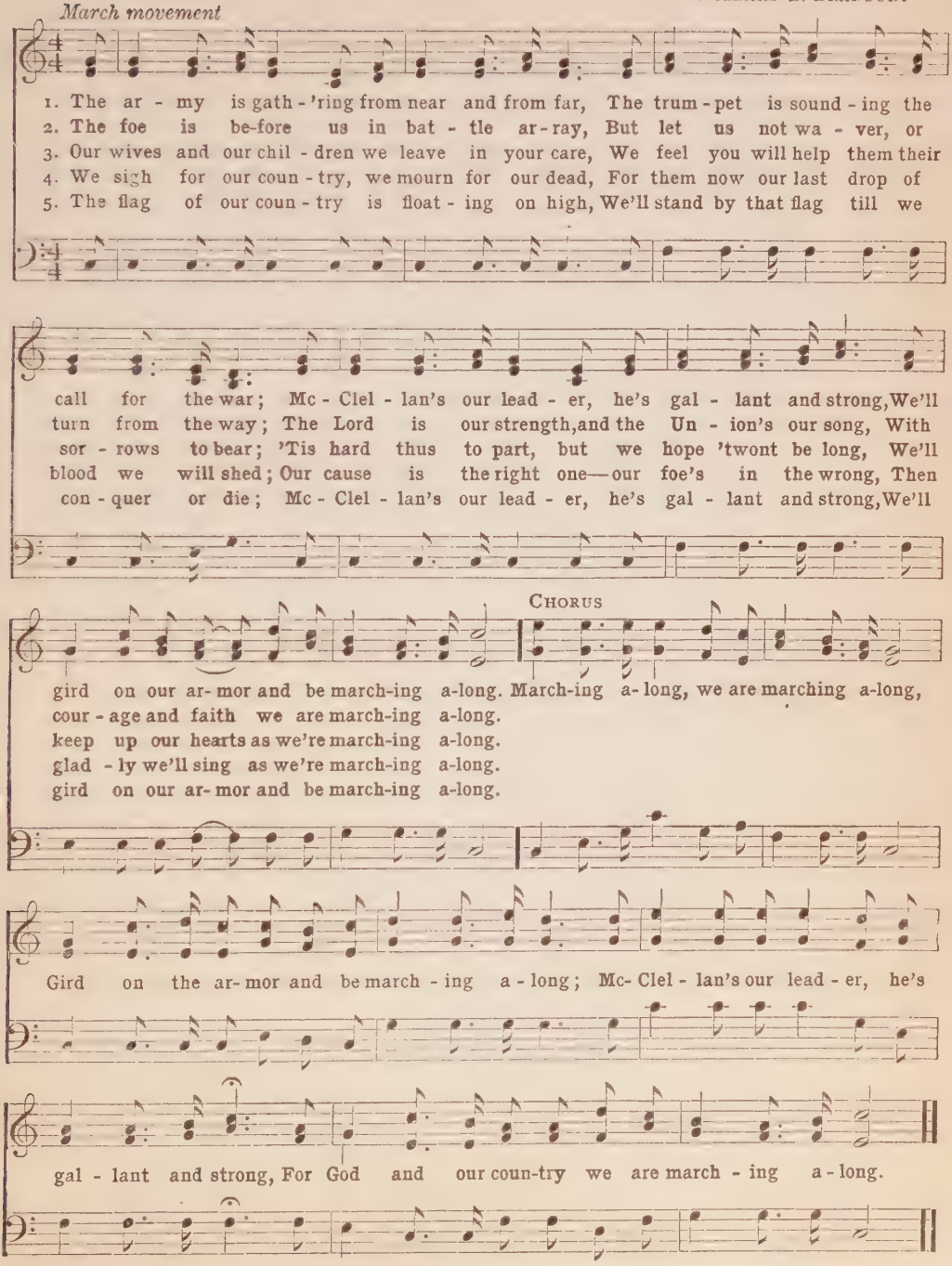
S. C. Foster



Marching Along

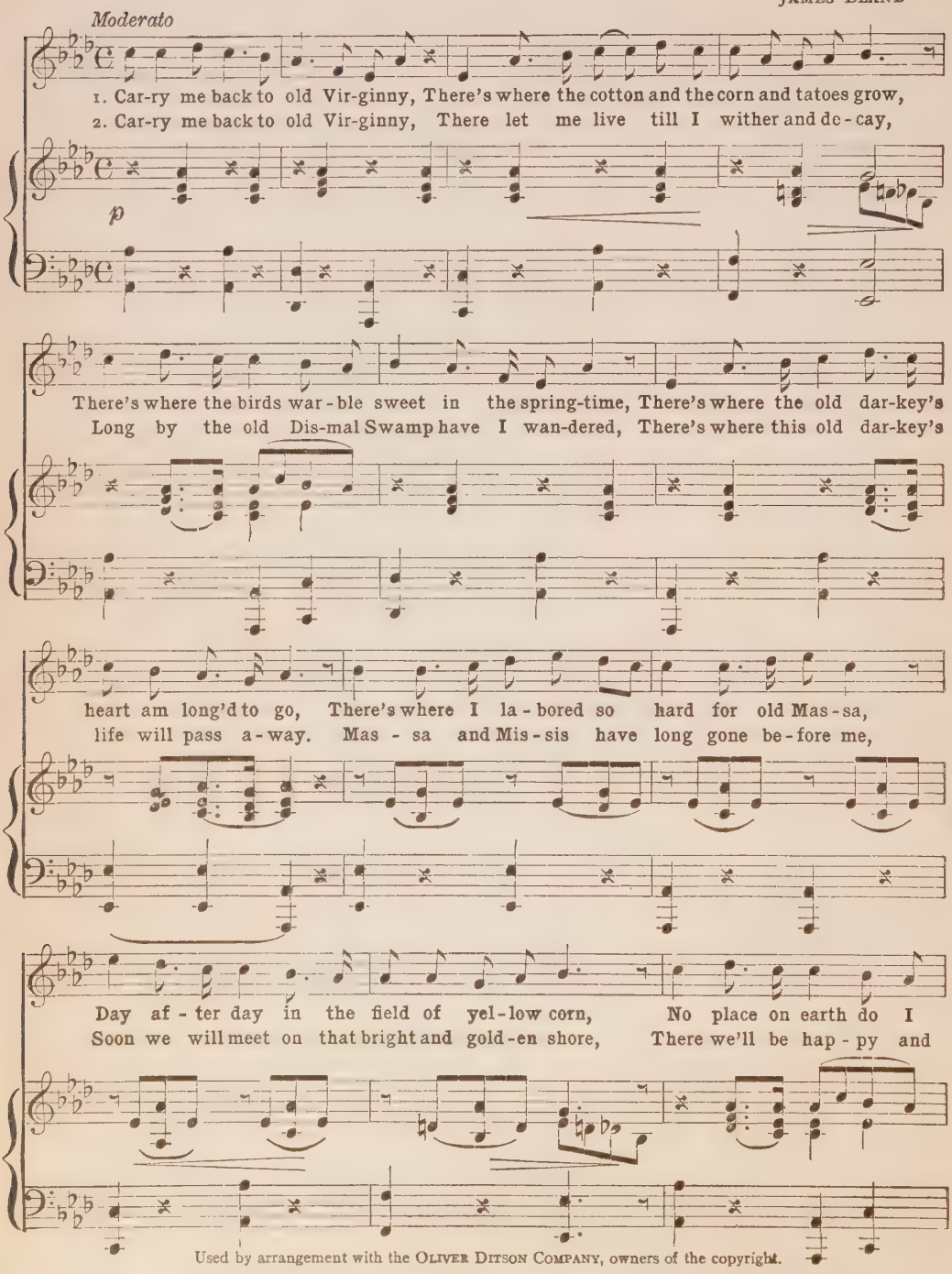
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

March movement



Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

JAMES BLAND



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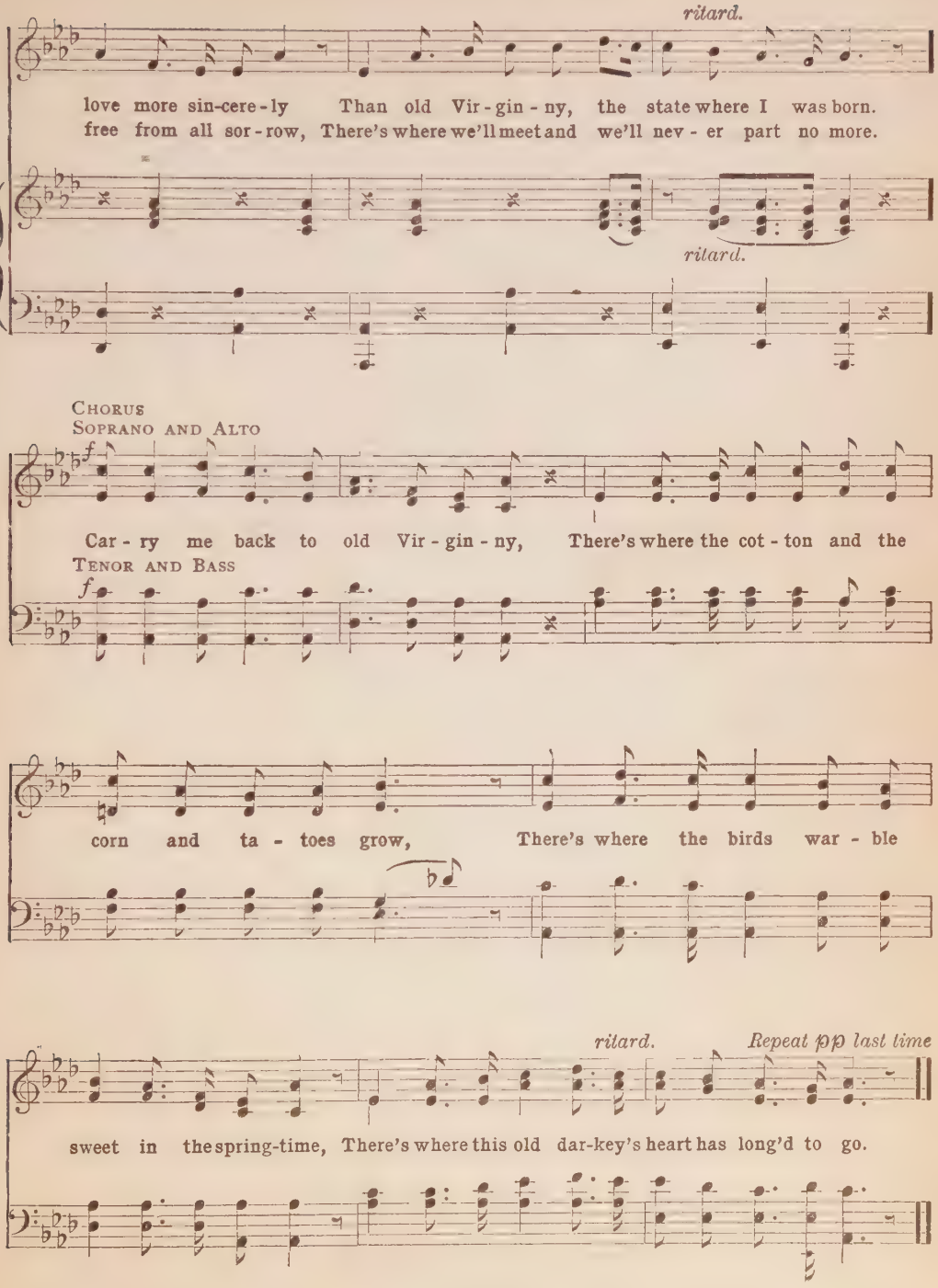
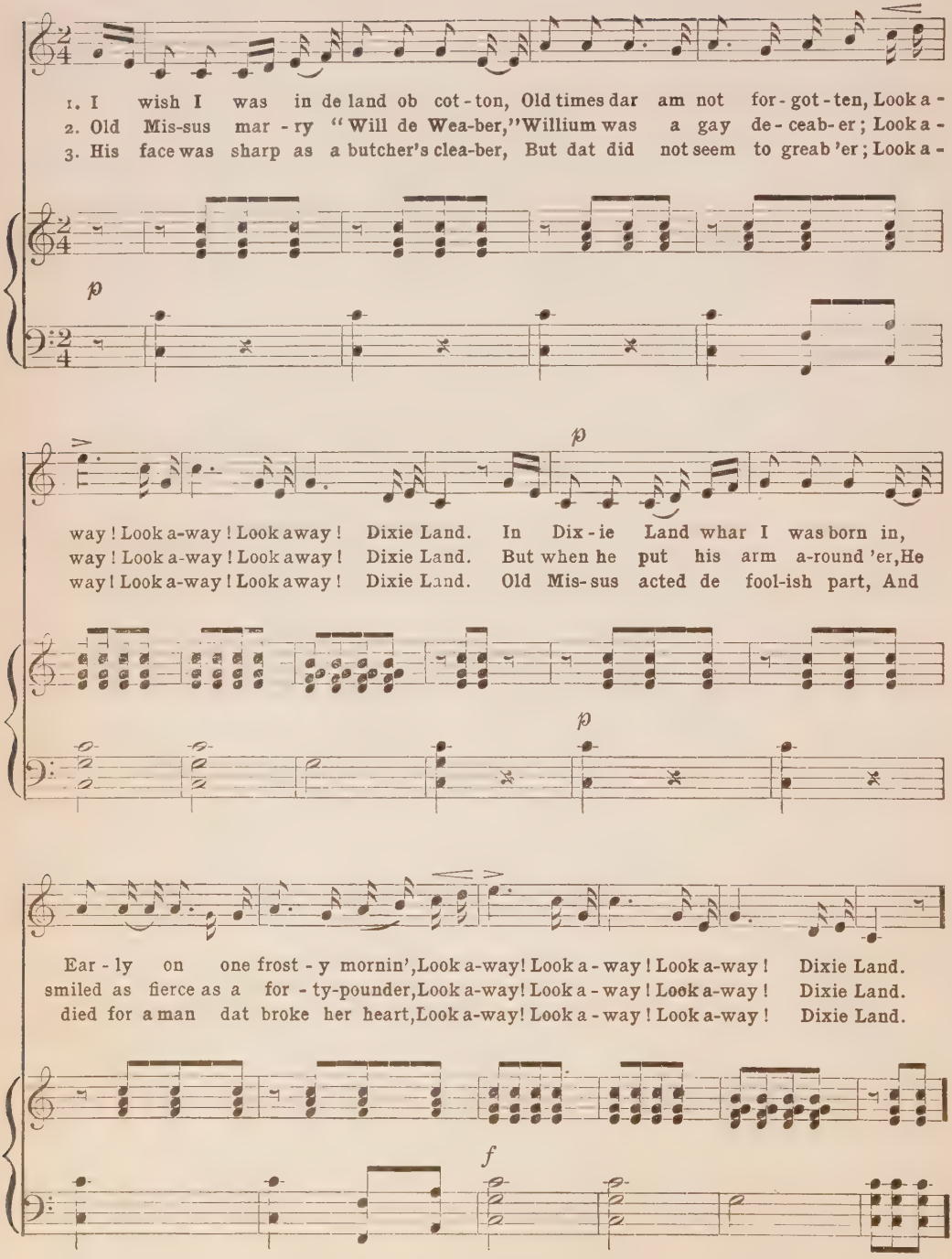
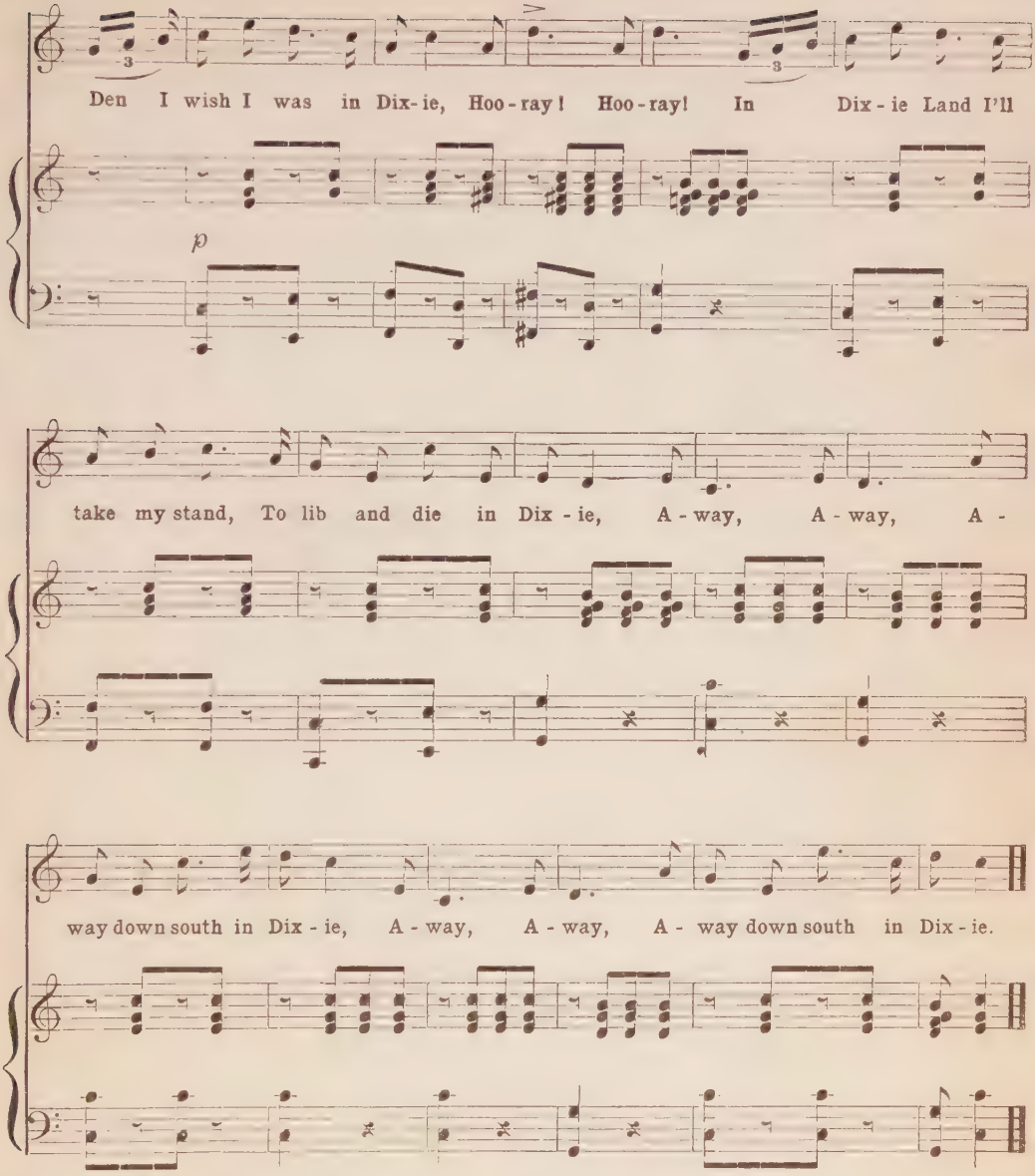

ritard.
love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.
ritard.
Chorus
Soprano and Alto
f
Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
Tenor and Bass
f
corn and ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble
ritard.
Repeat pp last time
sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart has long'd to go.

Dixie

Adapted by COLLIN COE — DAN EMMET

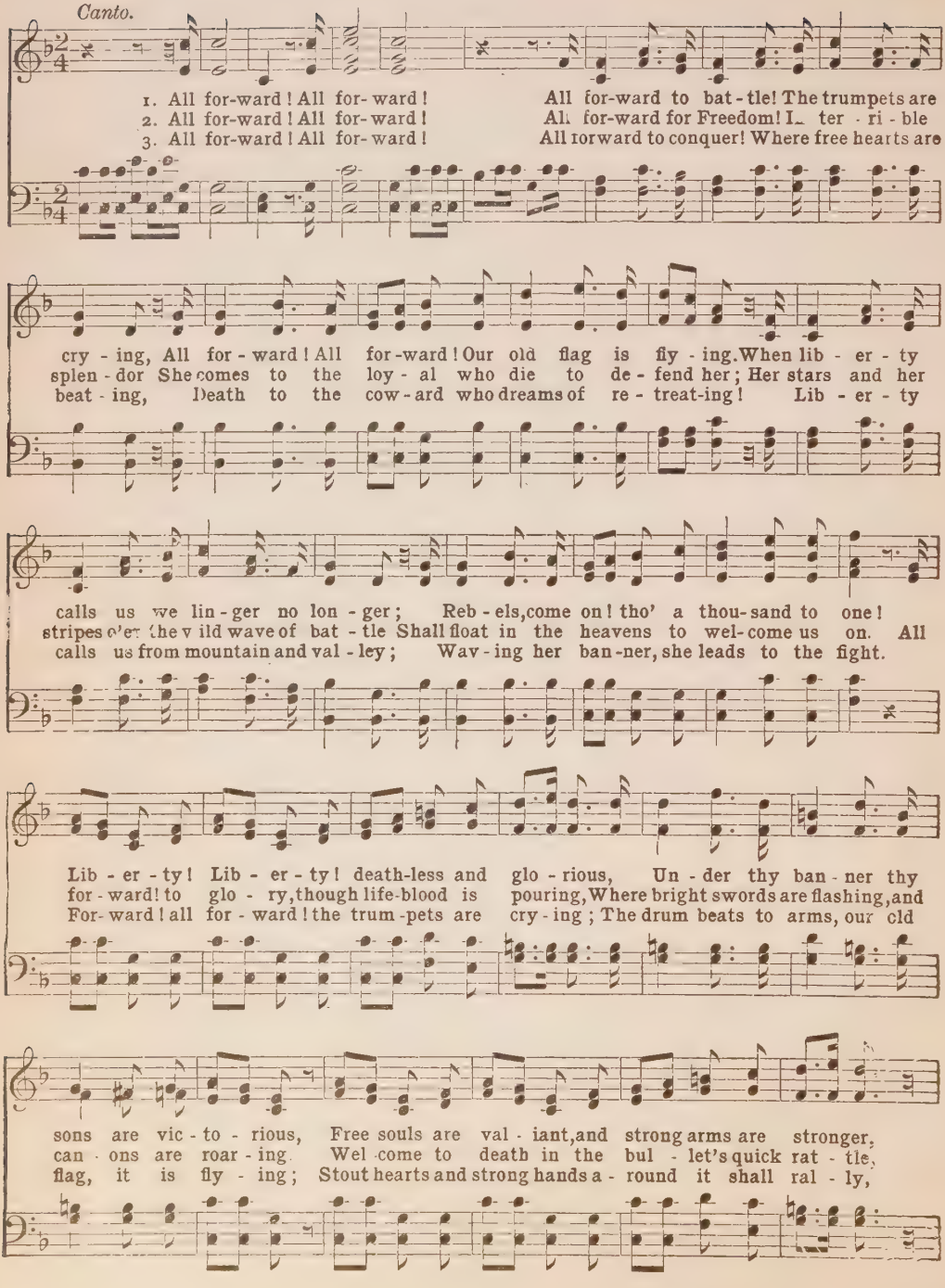




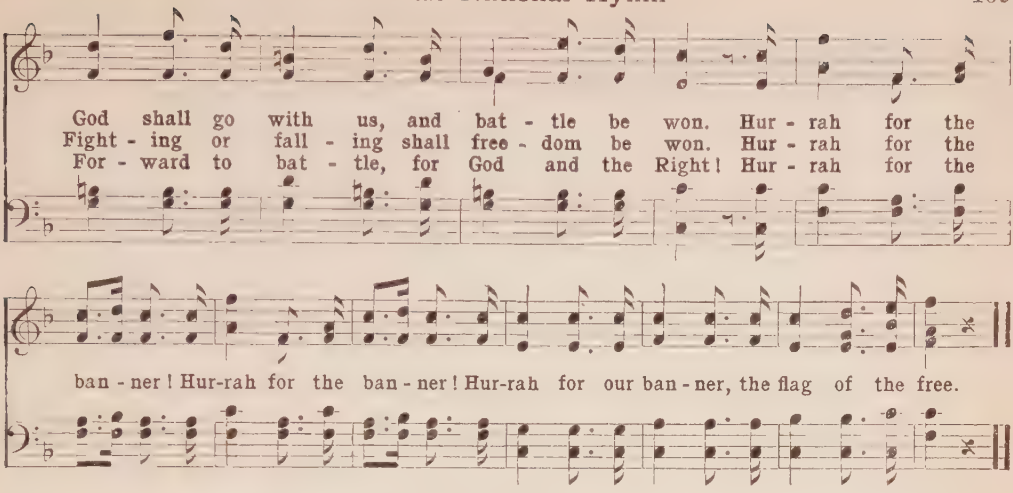
4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.
Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingun' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.
Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Italian National Hymn.

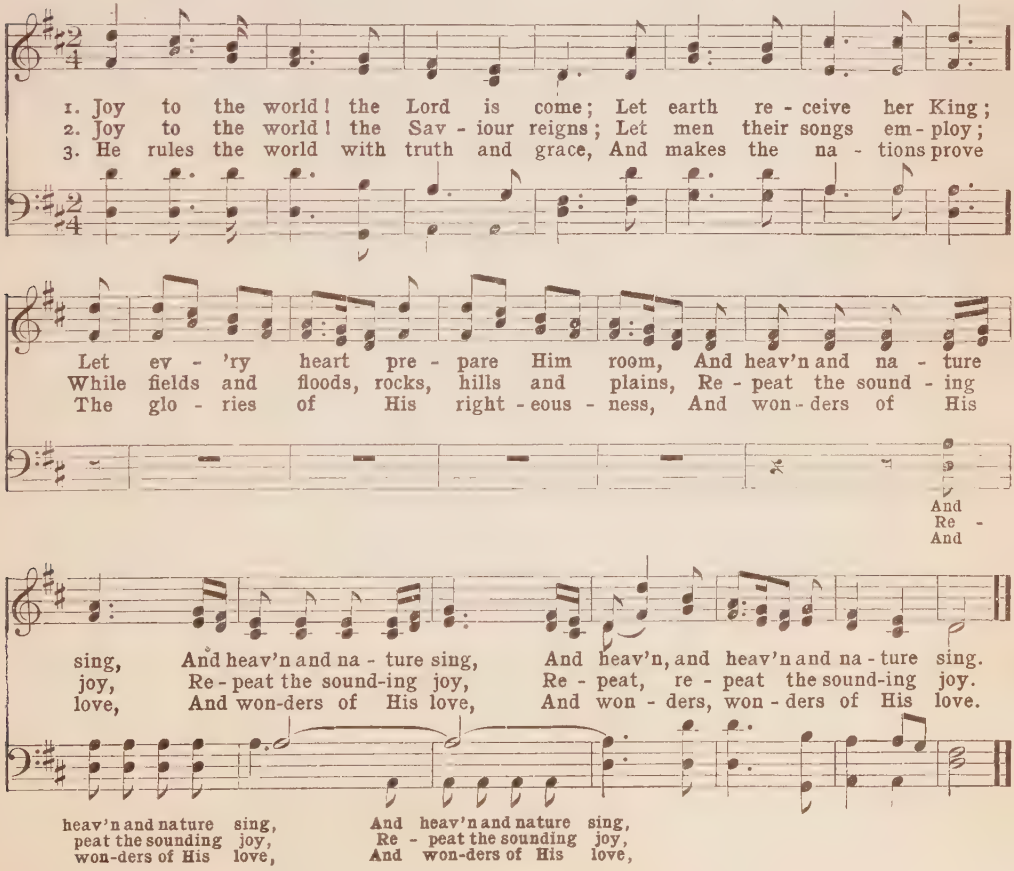


Italian National Hymn



Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS — Tune, "Antioch." L. MASON

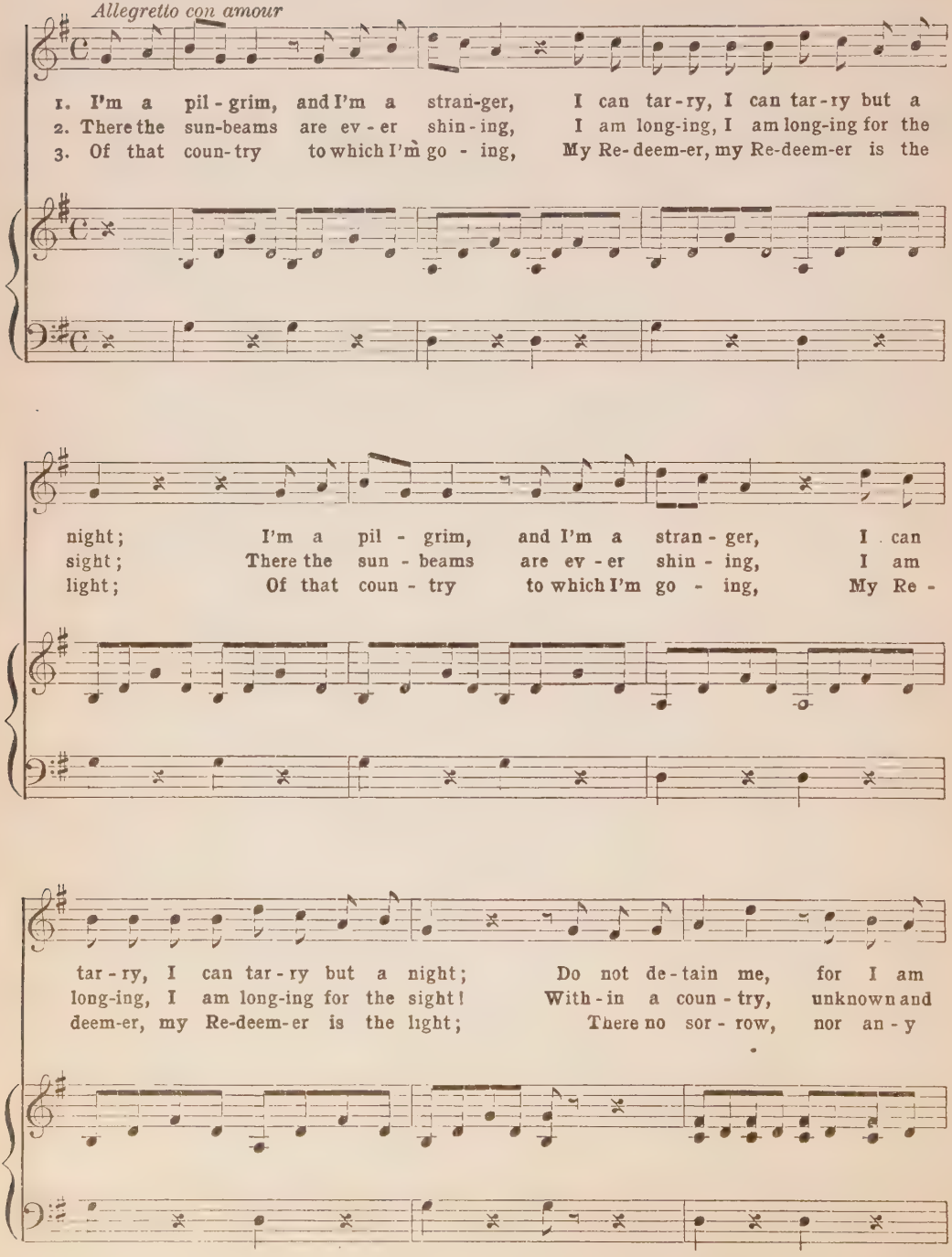


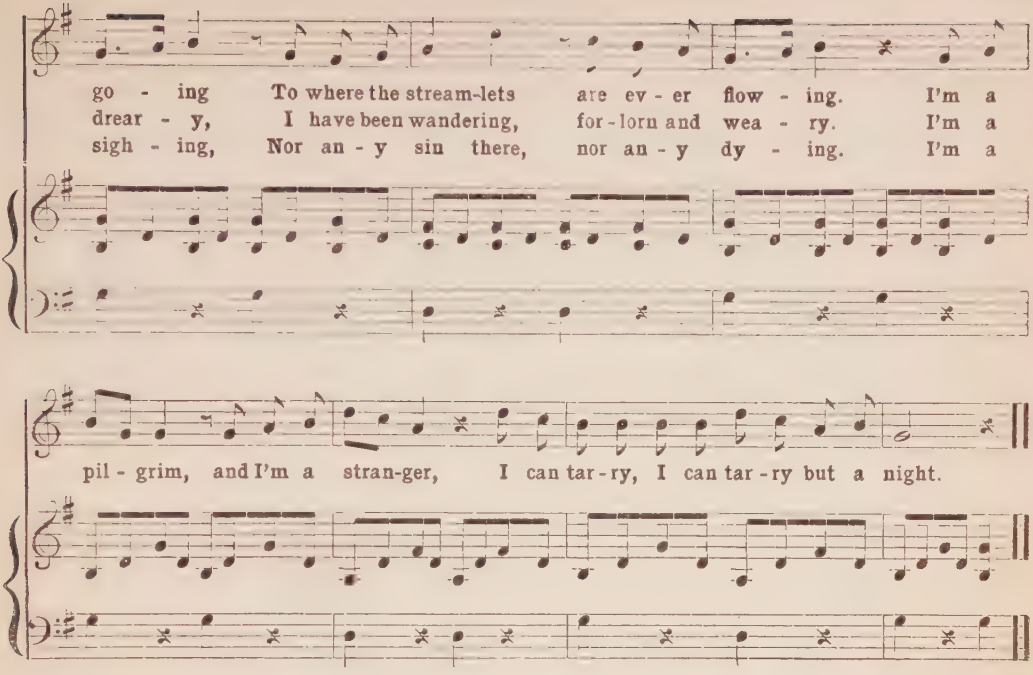
I'm a Pilgrim

M. S. B. Shindler.

Italian Melody

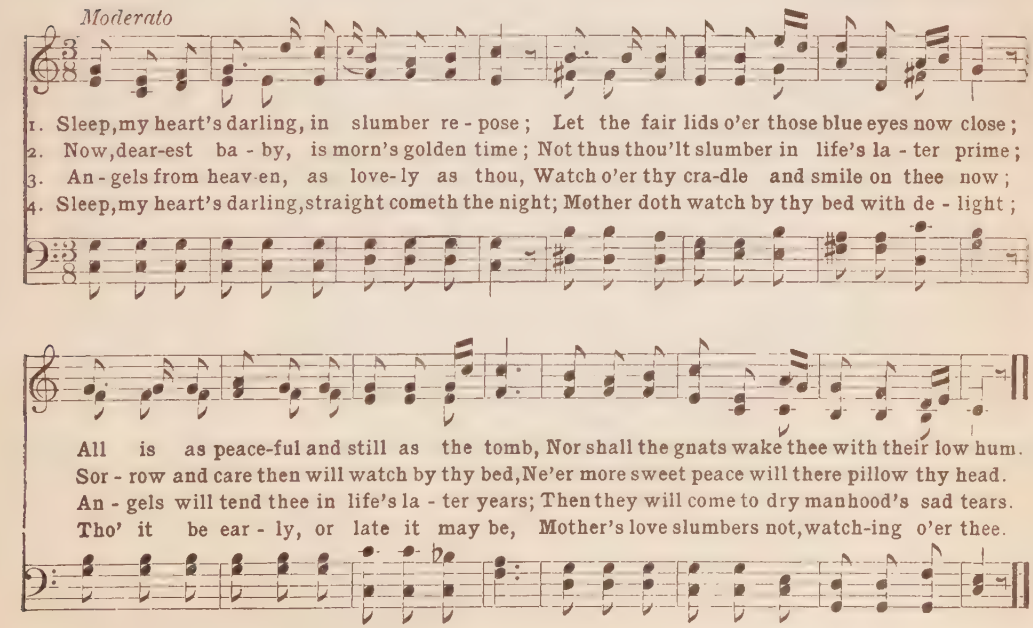
Allegretto con amour



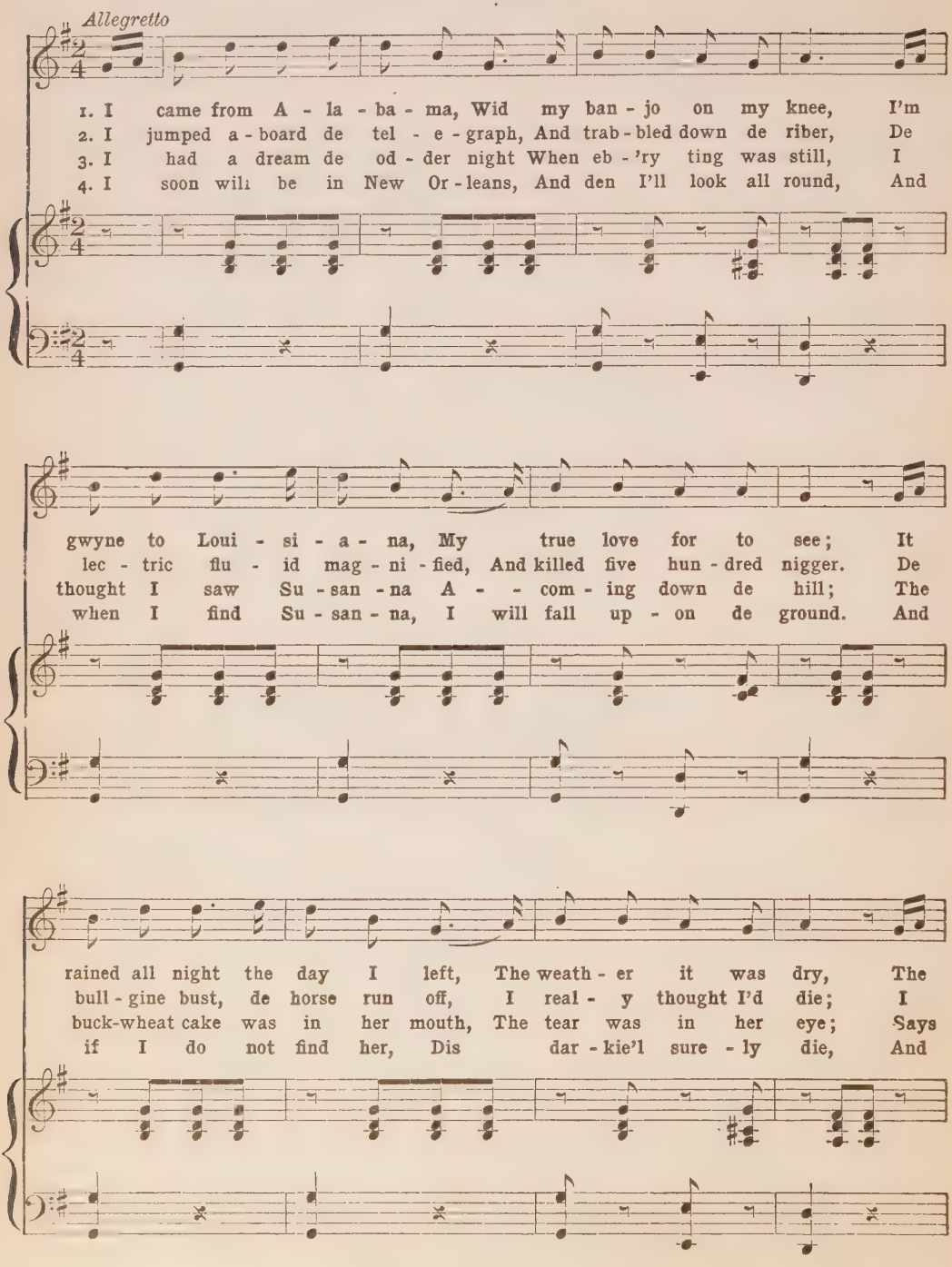


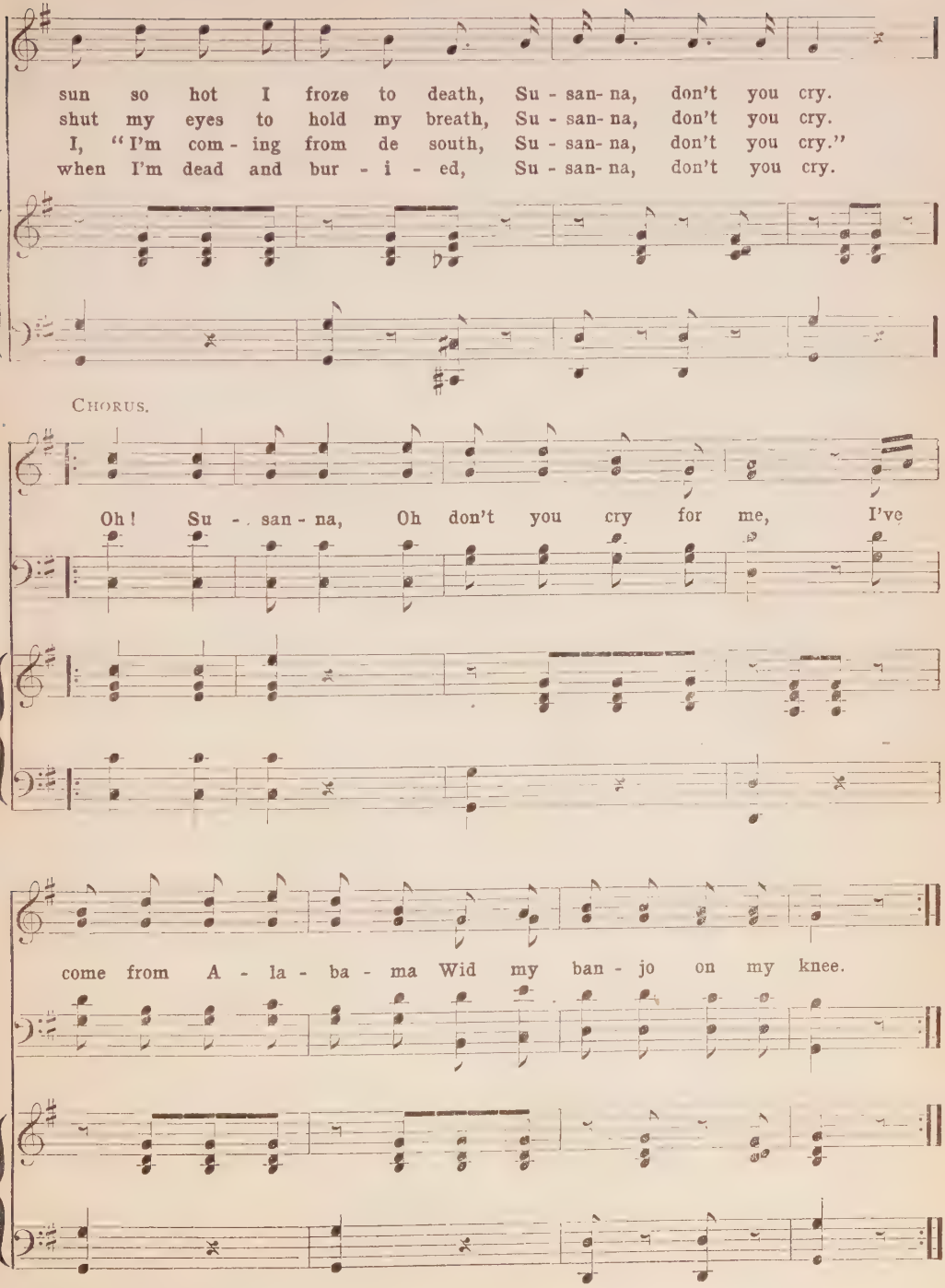
Cradle Song

C. M. von Weber



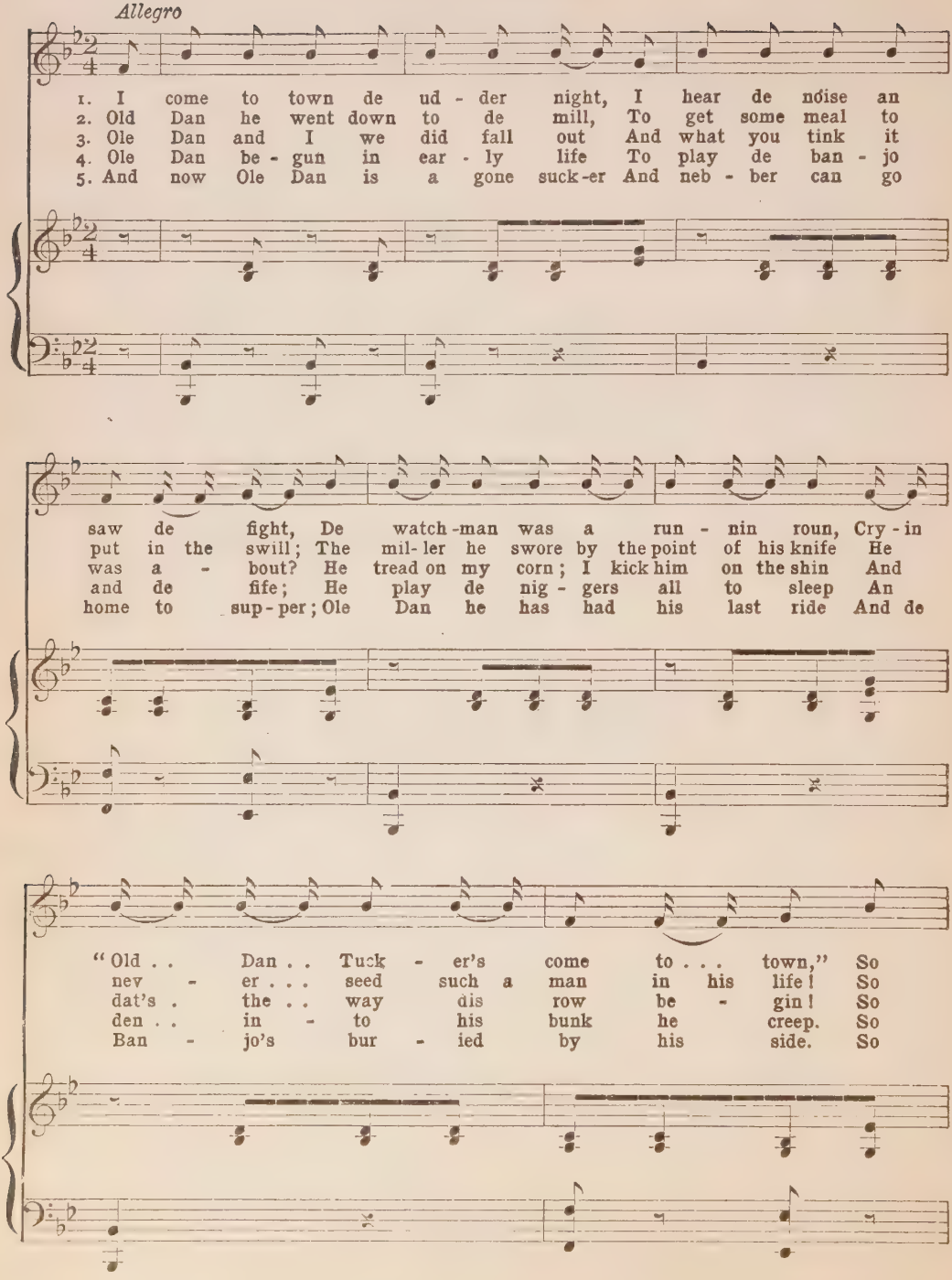
Oh! Susanna

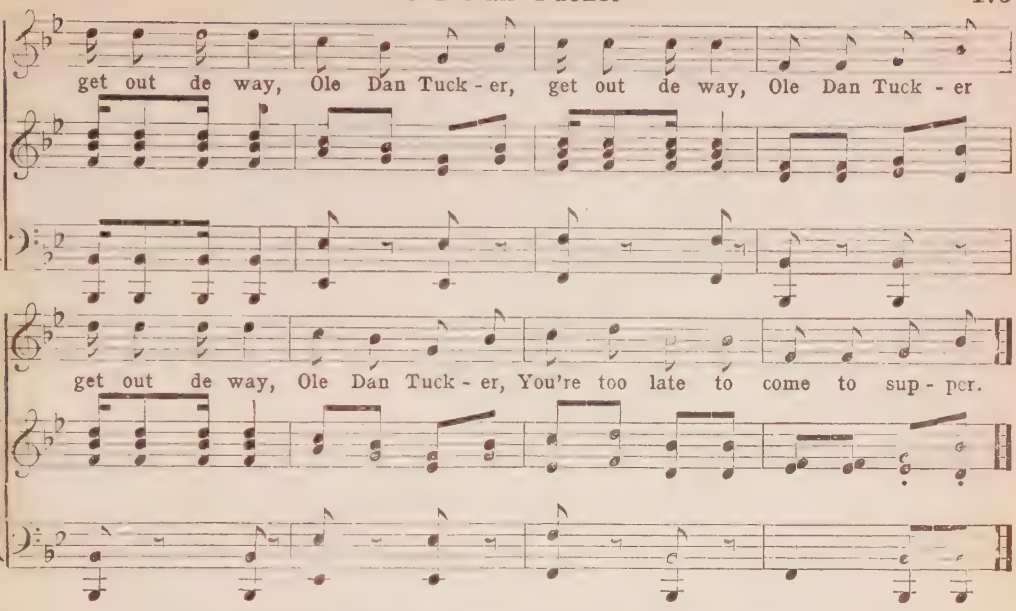

Allegretto
1. I came from A - la - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm
2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - bled down de riber, De
3. I had a dream de od - der night When eb - 'ry ting was still, I
4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all round, And
gwyne to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see; It
lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nigger. De
thought I saw Su - san - na A - - com - ing down de hill; The
when I find Su - san - na, I will fall up - on de ground. And
rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was dry, The
bull - gine bust, de horse run off, I real - y thought I'd die; I
buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye; Says
if I do not find her, Dis dar - kie'l sure - ly die, And


sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
I, "I'm com - ing from de south, Su - san- na, don't you cry."
when I'm dead and bur - i - ed, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
CHORUS.
Oh! Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for me, I've
come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

Old Dan Tucker

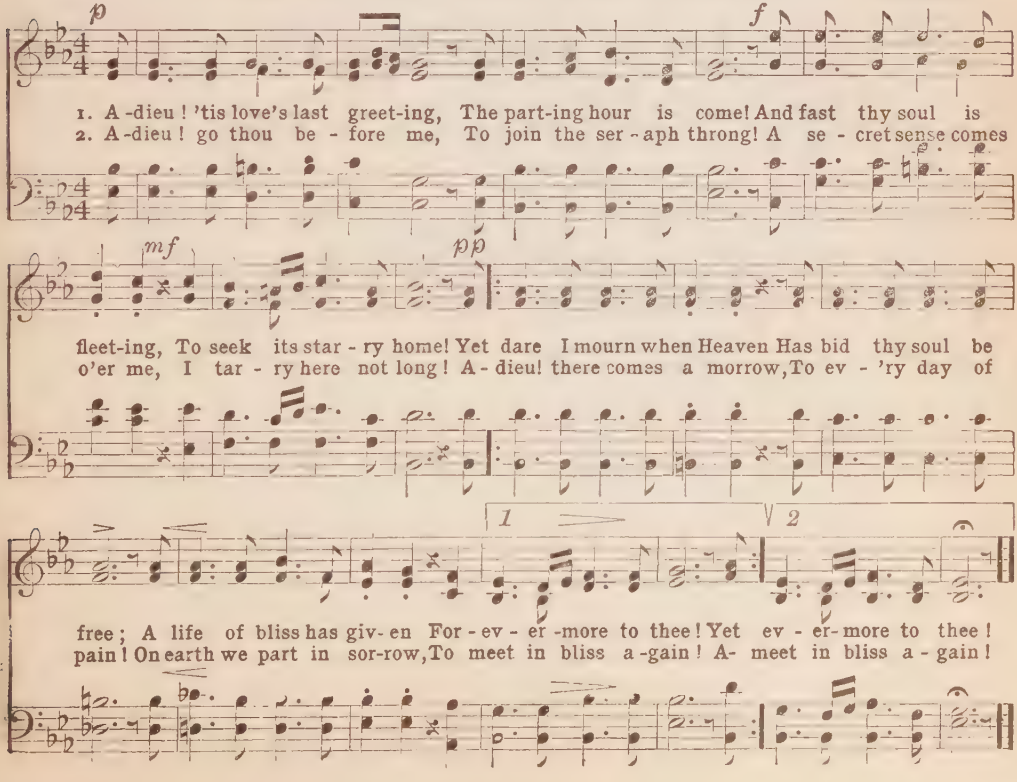
Allegro





Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

SCHUBERT



The Kerry Dance

J. L. Molloy

:8: *Vivace (Repeat first eight measures after stanzas 1, 2 and 4)*

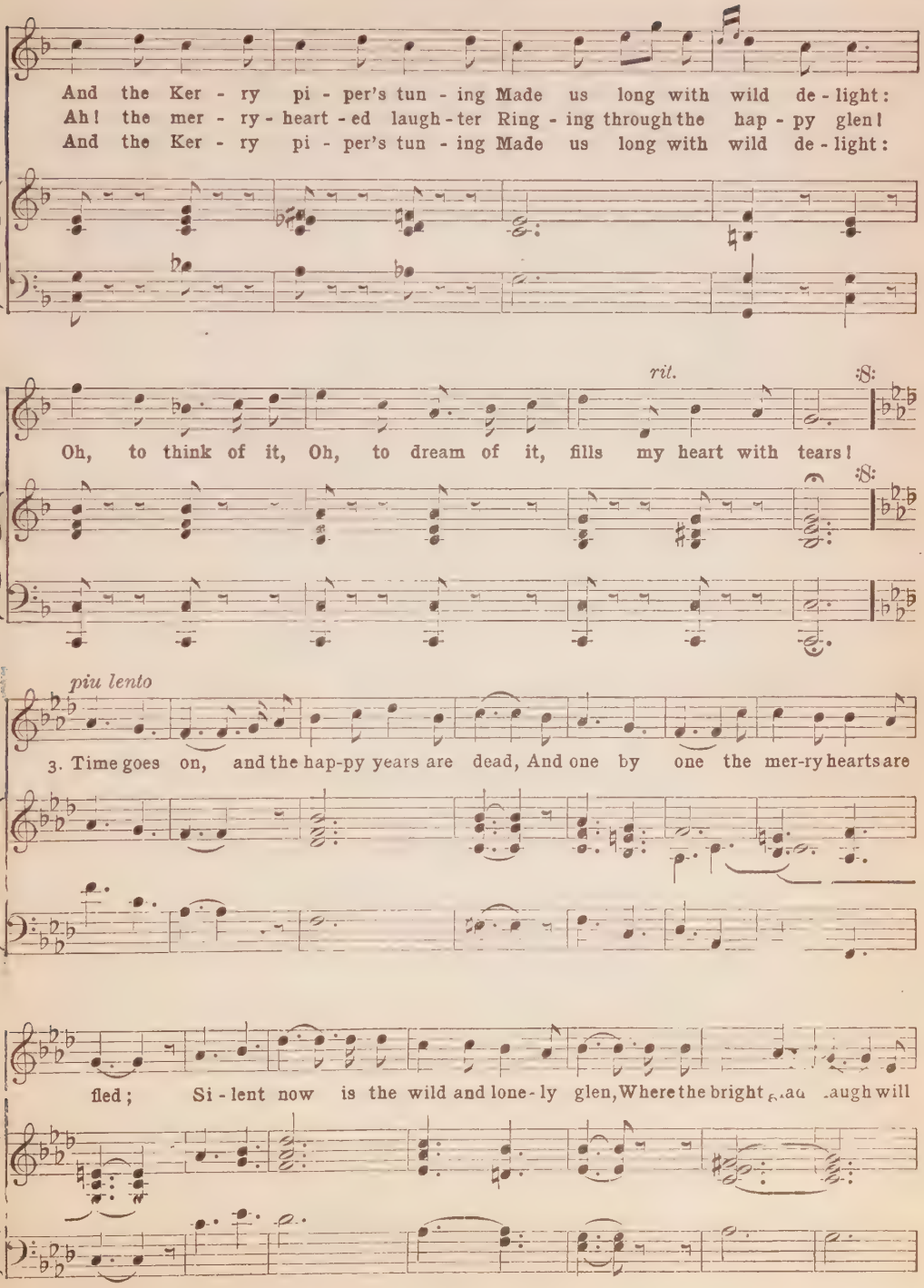
1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More!
4. Lov - ing voi - ces of old com-pan - ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more,

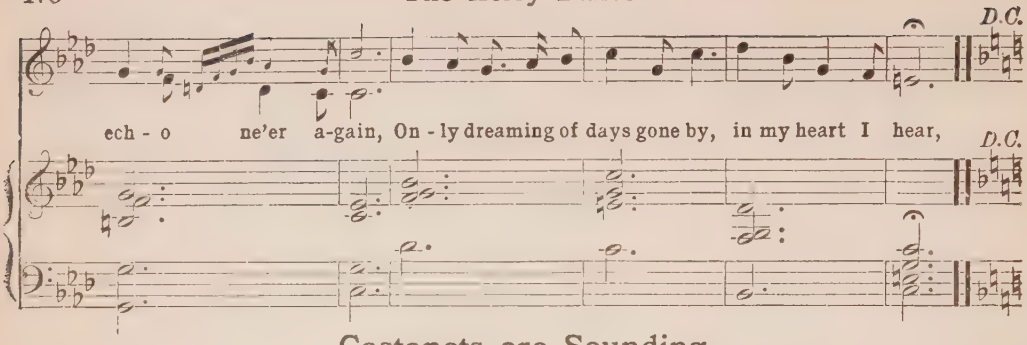
:8:

Fine

Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone — a - las! like our youth, too soon!
Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!
And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore,

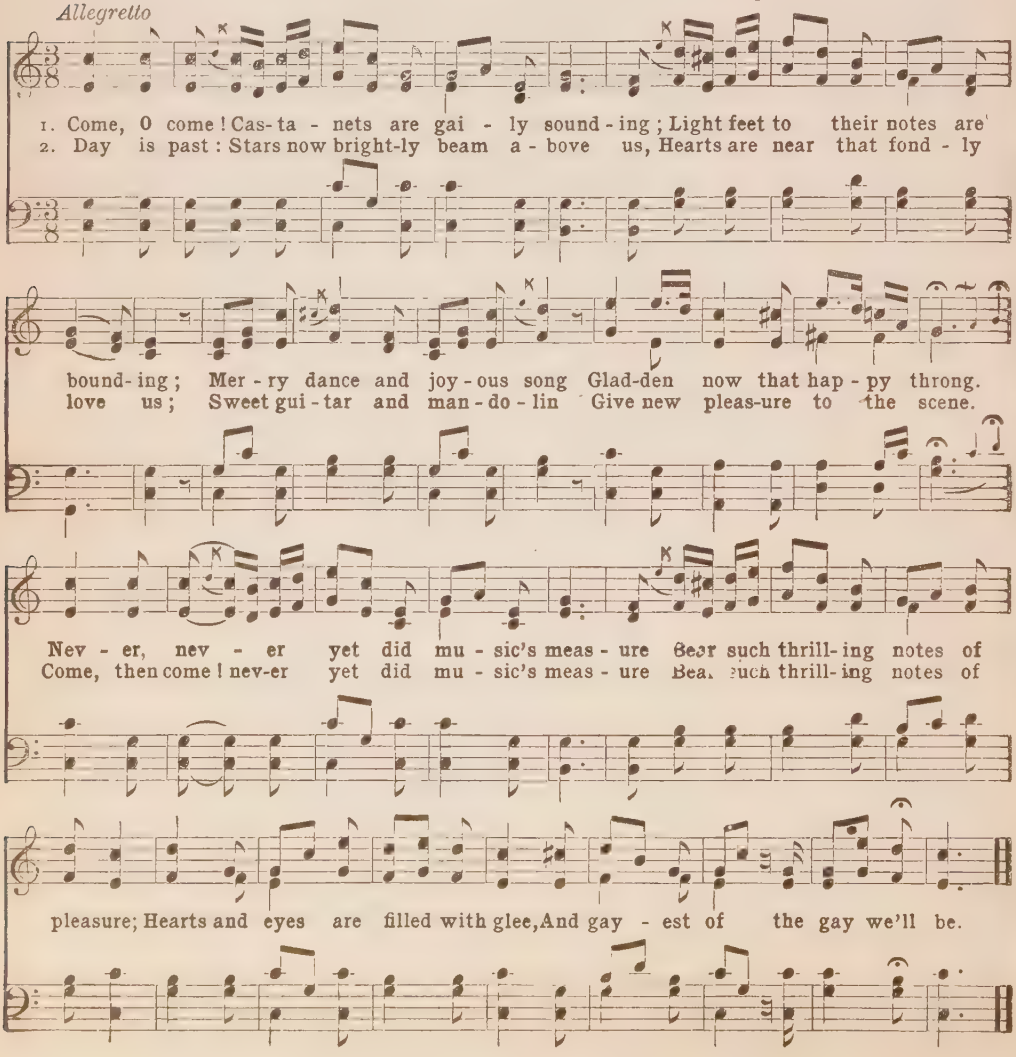
When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,
"Lads and lass - es, to your pla - ces, Up the mid - dle and down a - gain,"
When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,


And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
Ah! the mer - ry - heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!
And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
ril.
Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!
piu lento
3. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are
fled; Si - lent now is the wild and lone - ly glen, Where the bright

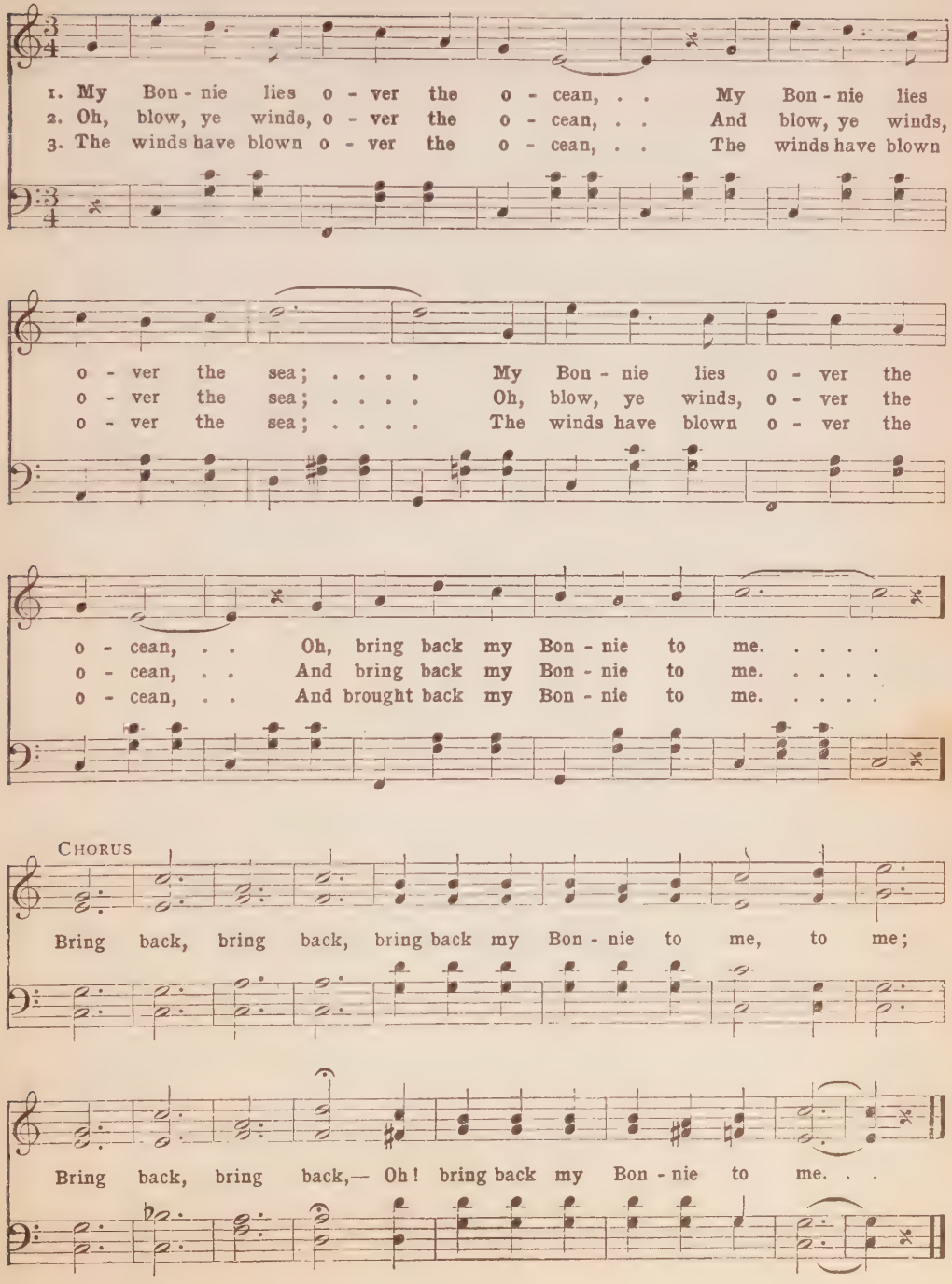


Castanets are Sounding

Spanish "La Cachuca"

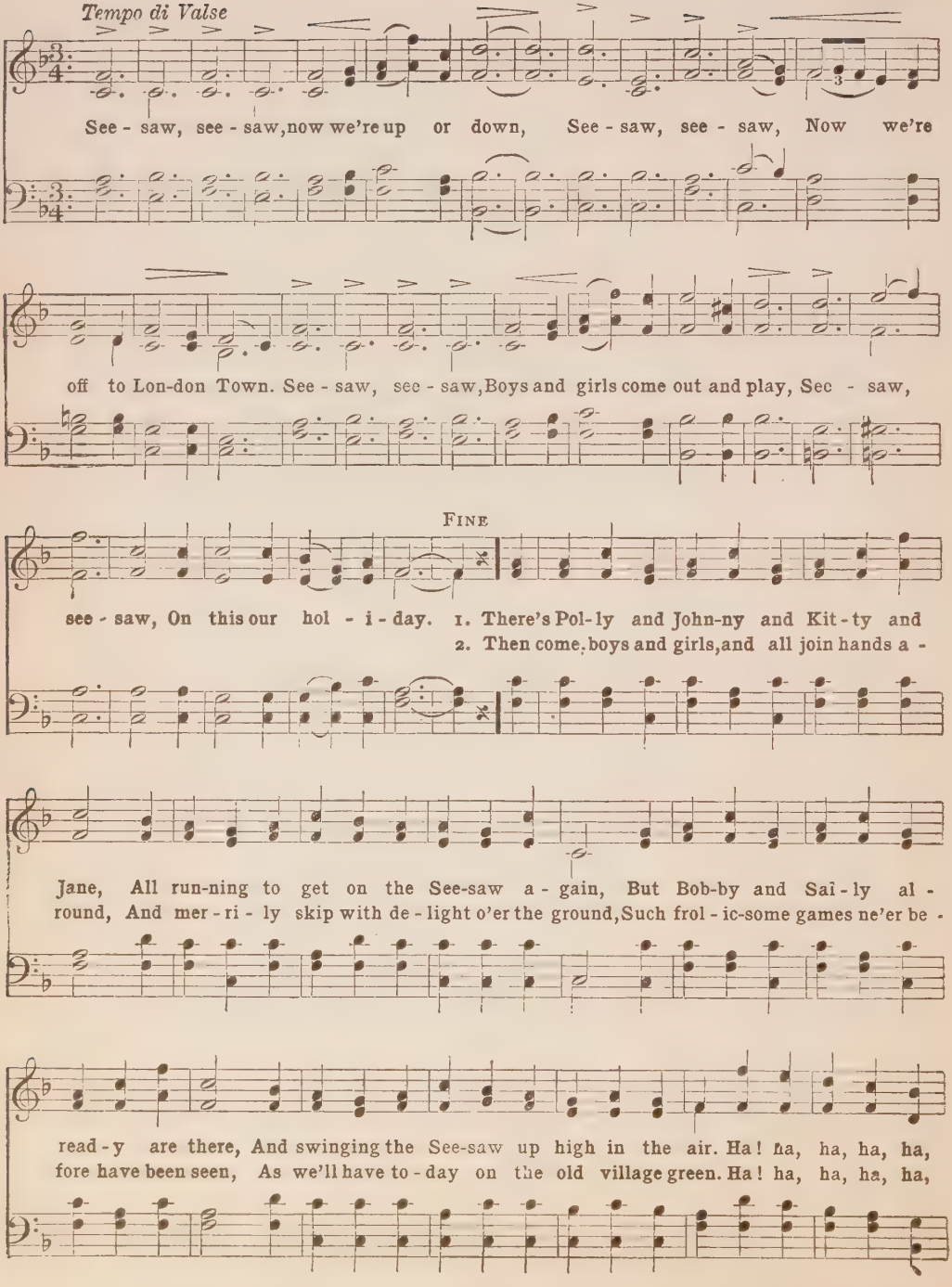


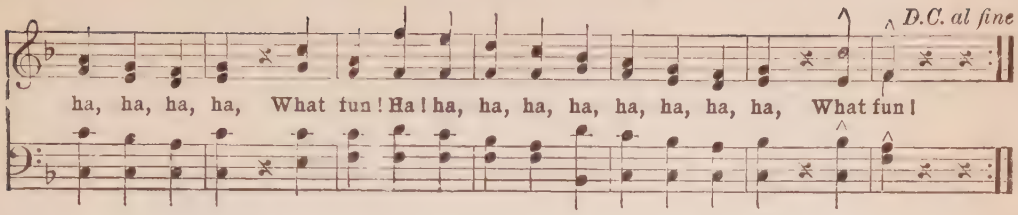
Bonnie


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . My Bon - nie lies
2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . And blow, ye winds,
3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . The winds have blown
o - ver the sea; . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
o - ver the sea; . . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
o - ver the sea; . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the
o - cean, . . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .
o - cean, . . And bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .
o - cean, . . And brought back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .
Chorus
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,— Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

See-Saw Waltz Song

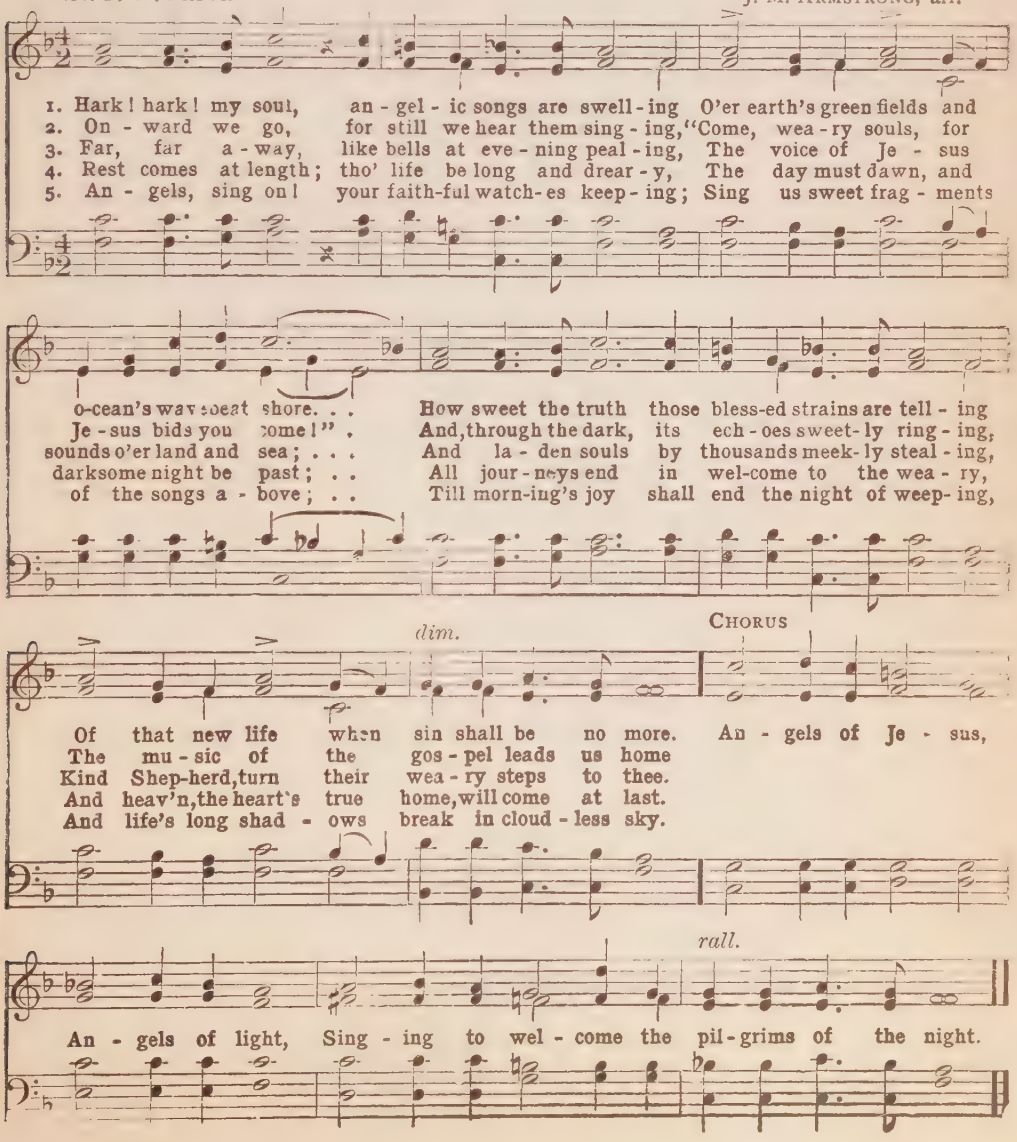
A. G. Crowe





Angelic Songs are Swelling

Rev. F. W. Faber — J. M. Armstrong, arr.



Good-Night, Farewell

F. KÜCKEN

Con anima

1. Good-night, fare - well, my own true heart, A thou - sand times good -
2. I see thy heart re - flect - ed by A star with - in the

sempre Ped.

night; . . . . Each thought of thee bids grief de - part, And
stream; . . . It shines forth from thy clear blue eye, And

rit. *mf* *rit.* *dim.*

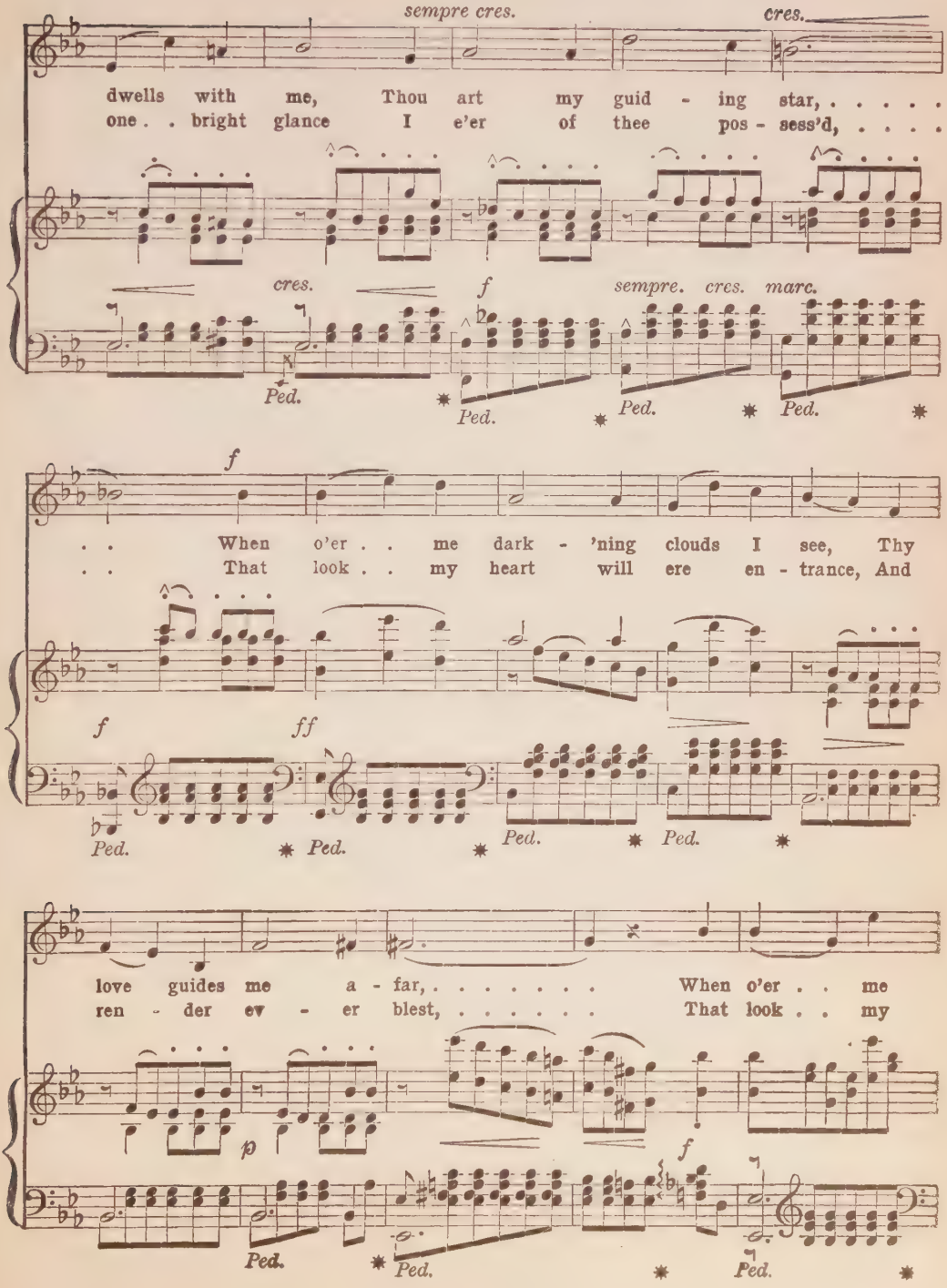
Ped. ✱ *Ped.*

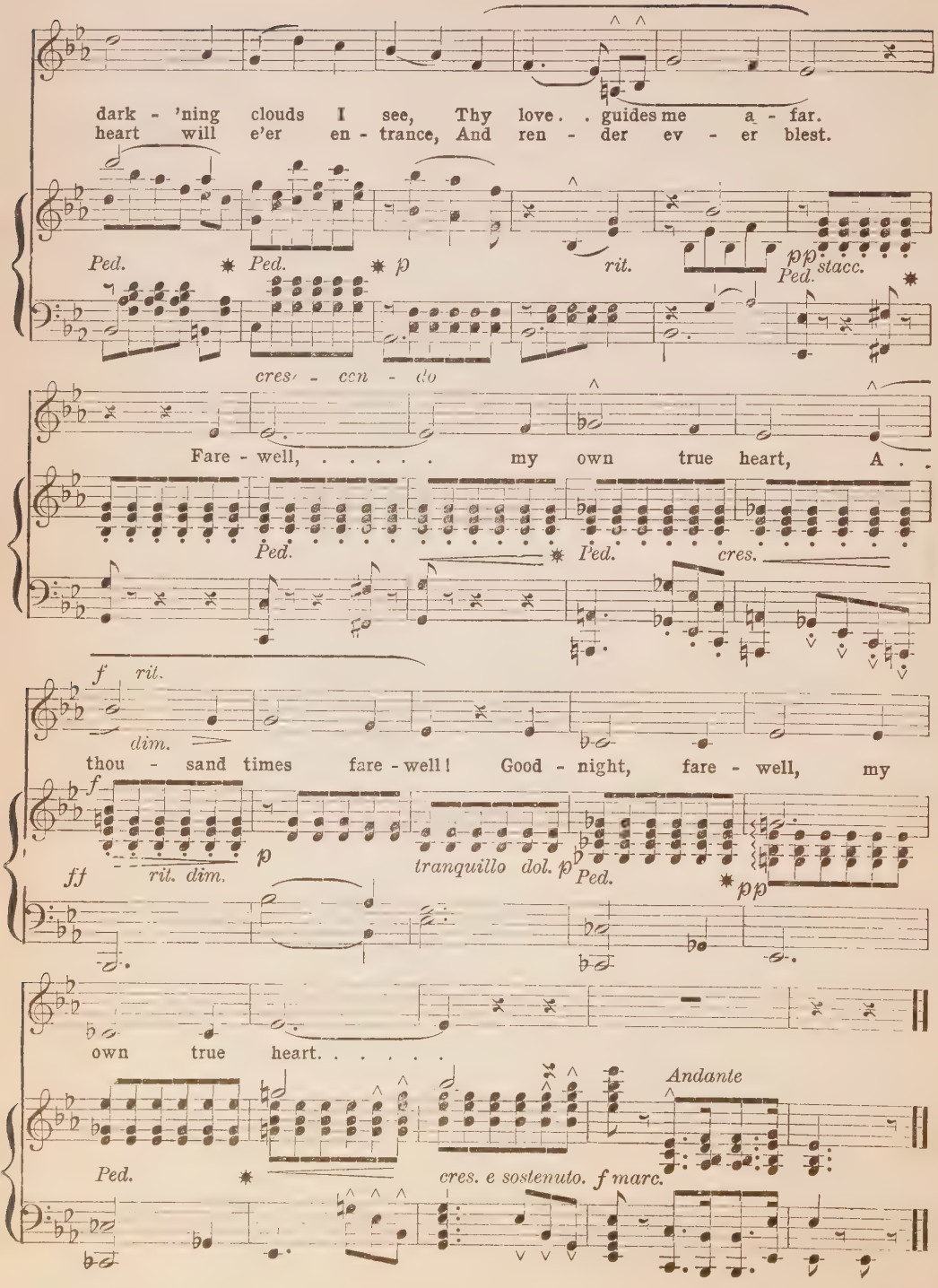
poco animato

ren - ders joy more bright: Tho' far, thy im - age
sheds o'er me its beams: And though no more than

stacc. *legato*

✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

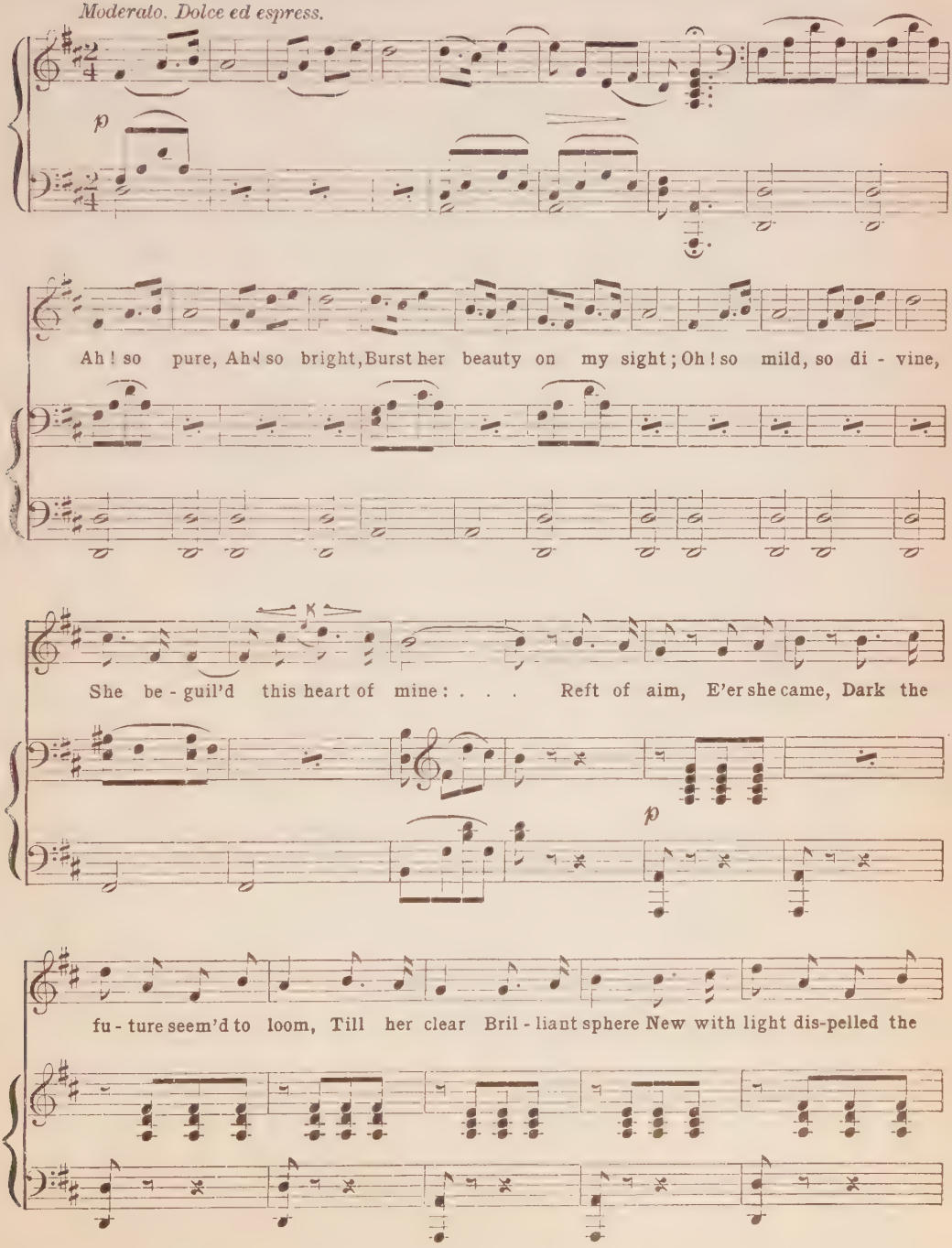

sempre cres.
cres.
dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star, ...
one . . bright glance I e'er of thee pos - sess'd, ...
cres.
f
sempre. cres. marc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
. . When o'er . . me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy
. . That look . . my heart will ere en - trance, And
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
love guides me a - far, ... When o'er . . me
ren - der ev - er blest, ... That look . . my
p
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

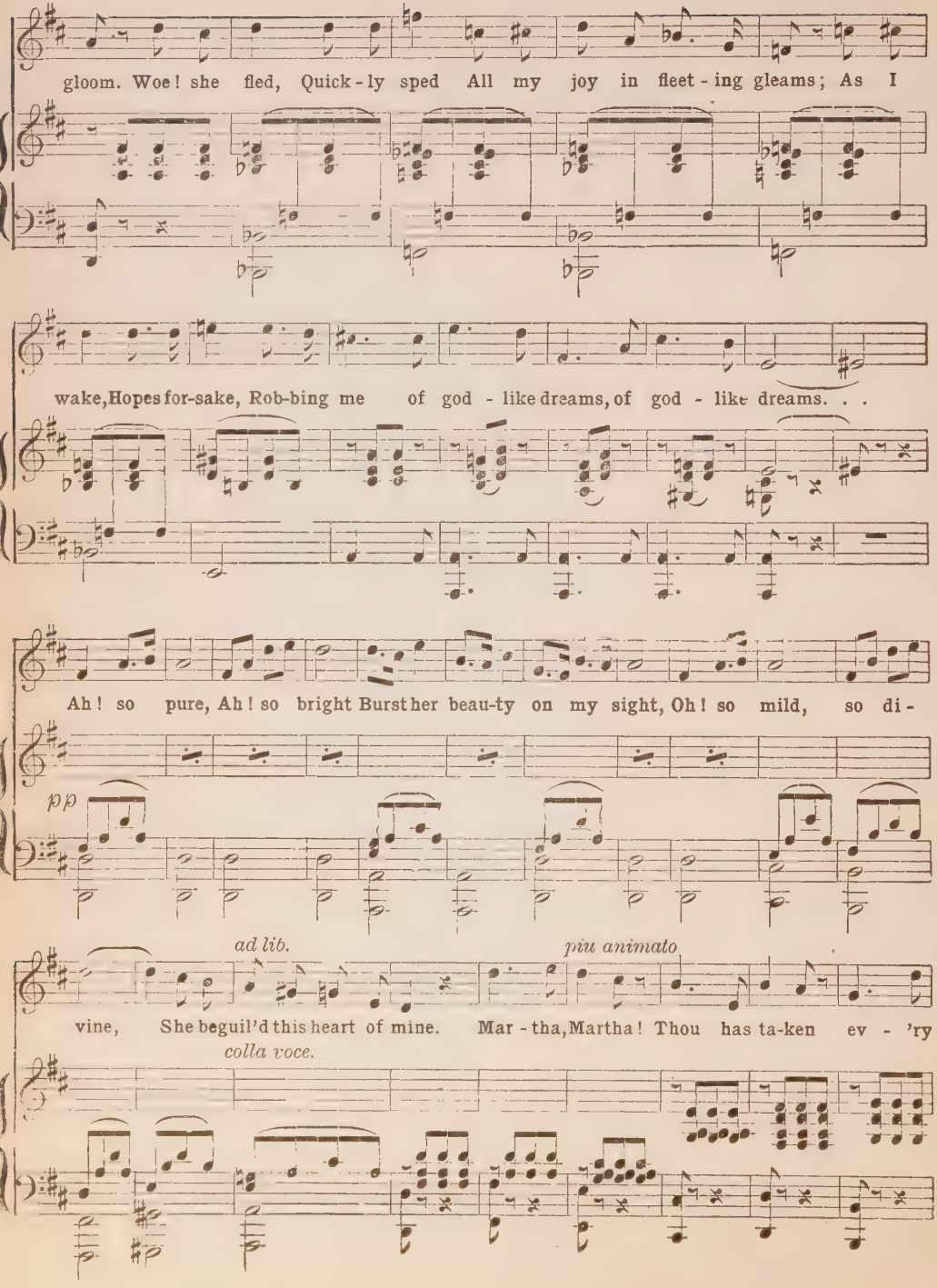

dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy love . . guides me a - far.
heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der ev - er blest.
Ped. Ped. p rit. pp stacc. Ped.
cres - cen - do
Fare - well, ... my own true heart, A . .
Ped. Ped. cres.
f rit.
dim.
thou - sand times fare - well! Good - night, fare - well, my
f
ff rit. dim. p tranquillo dol. p Ped. pp
own true heart. . . . . .
Andante
Ped. cres. e sostenuto. f marc.

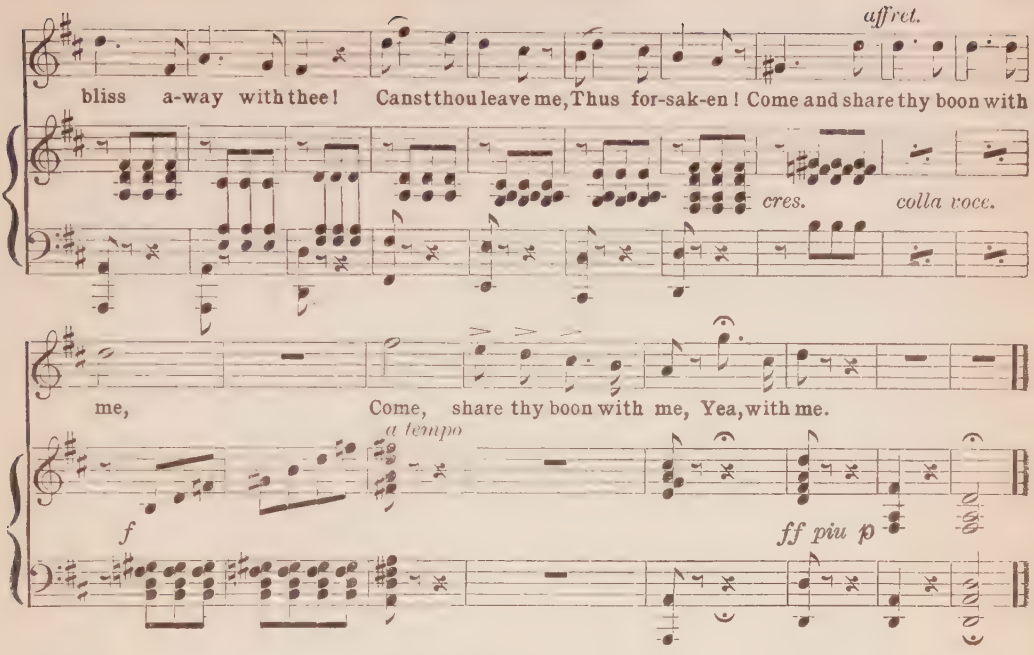
Ah! So Pure

From FLOTOW's "Martha"

Moderato. Dolce ed espress.




gloom. Woe! she fled, Quick-ly sped All my joy in fleet-ing gleams; As I
wake, Hopes for-sake, Rob-bing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. . .
Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright Burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di-
pp
ad lib.
piu animato
vine, She beguil'd this heart of mine. Mar-tha, Martha! Thou has ta-ken ev-'ry
colla voce.



Lauriger Horatius

Male Voices

Pitch in B♭ when possible

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum! Fu - git Eu - ro
2. Cre - scit u - va mol - li - ter Et pu - el - la cre - scit, Sed po - e - ta
3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis, a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

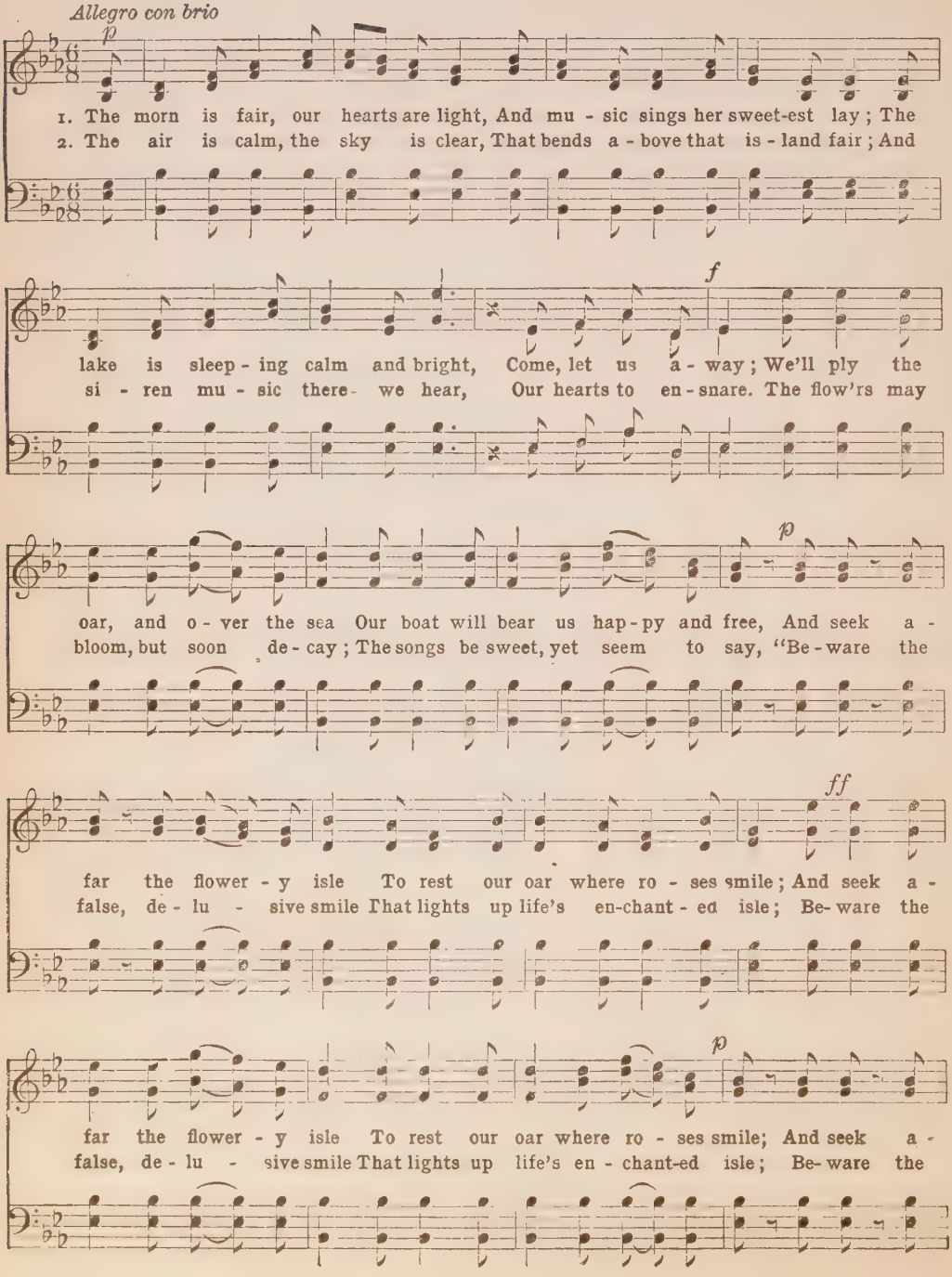
Chorus

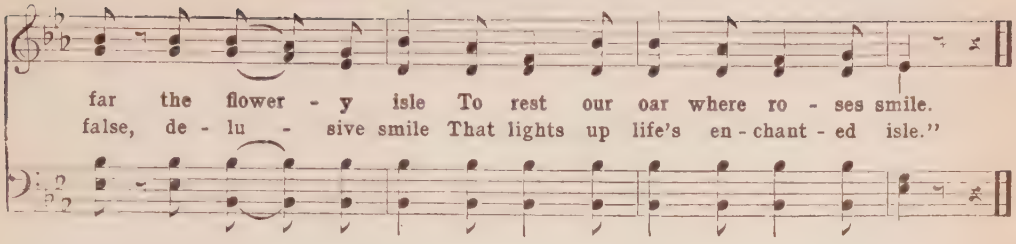
ci - ti - us, Tem-pus e - dax re - rum! U - bi sunt O poc - u - la,
tur - pi - ter Si - ti - ens ca - ne - scit.
fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru-ben - tis pu - el - læ.

The Enchanted Isle

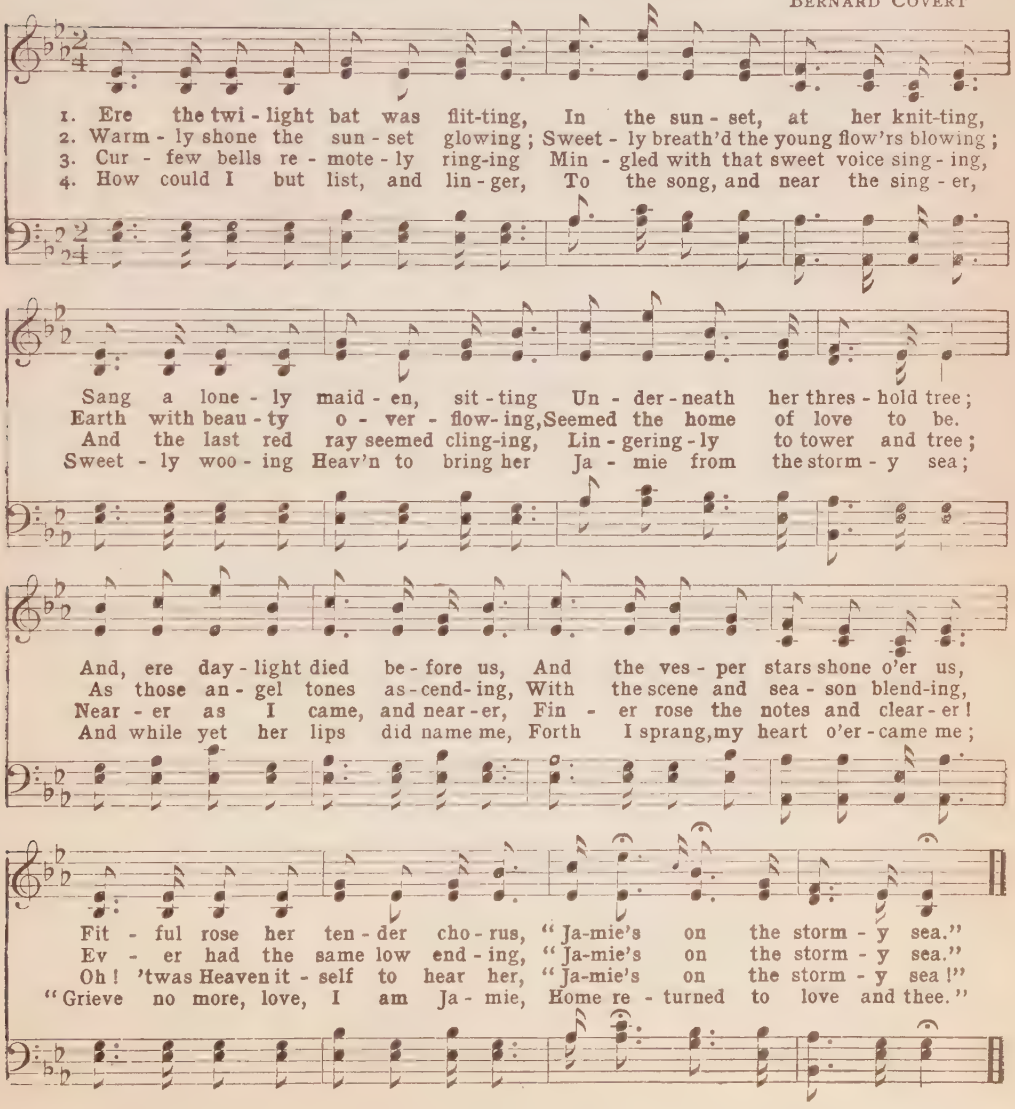
From VERDI'S "Hernani"





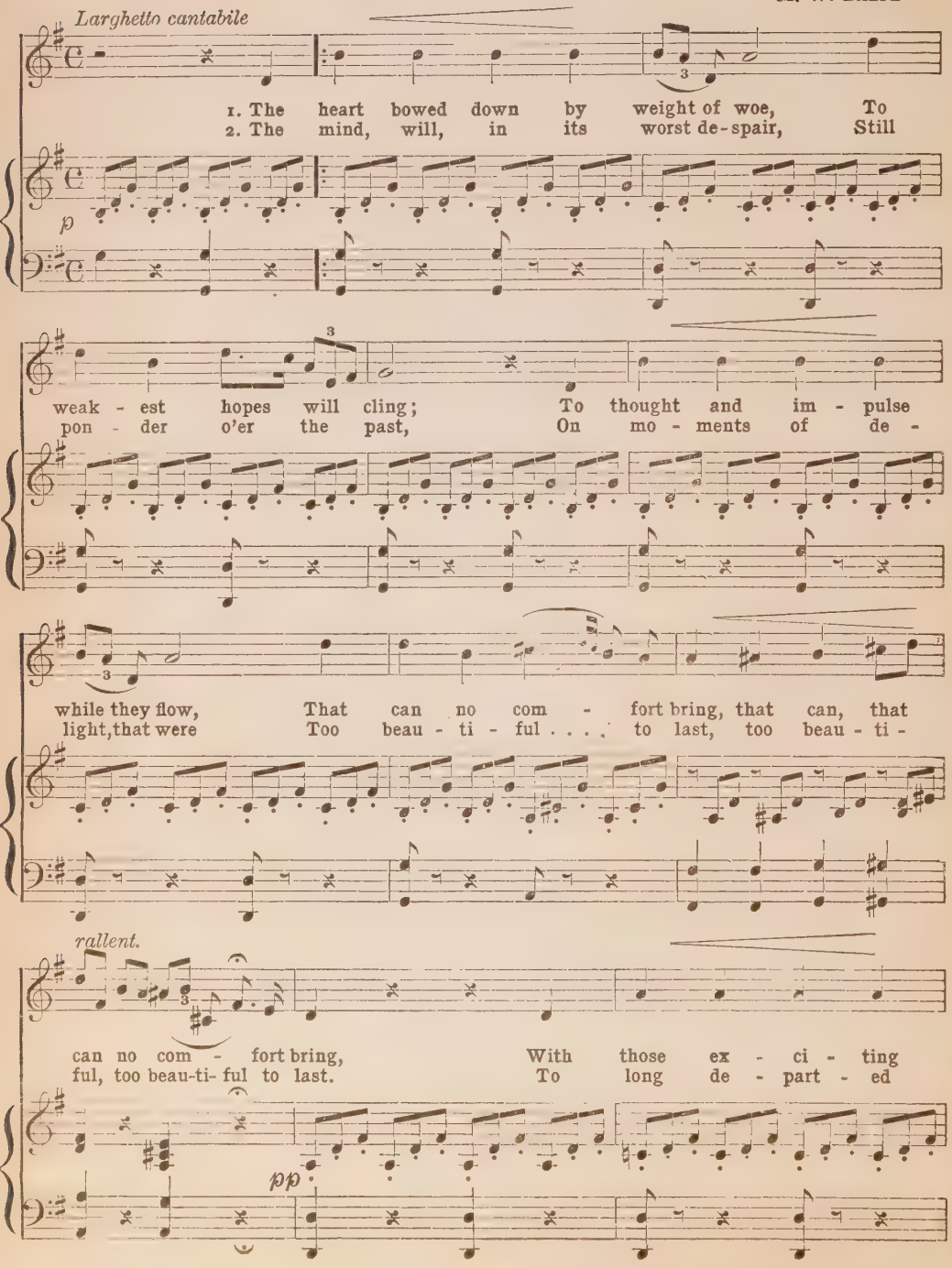
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

BERNARD COVERT



The Heart Bowed Down

M. W. Balfe

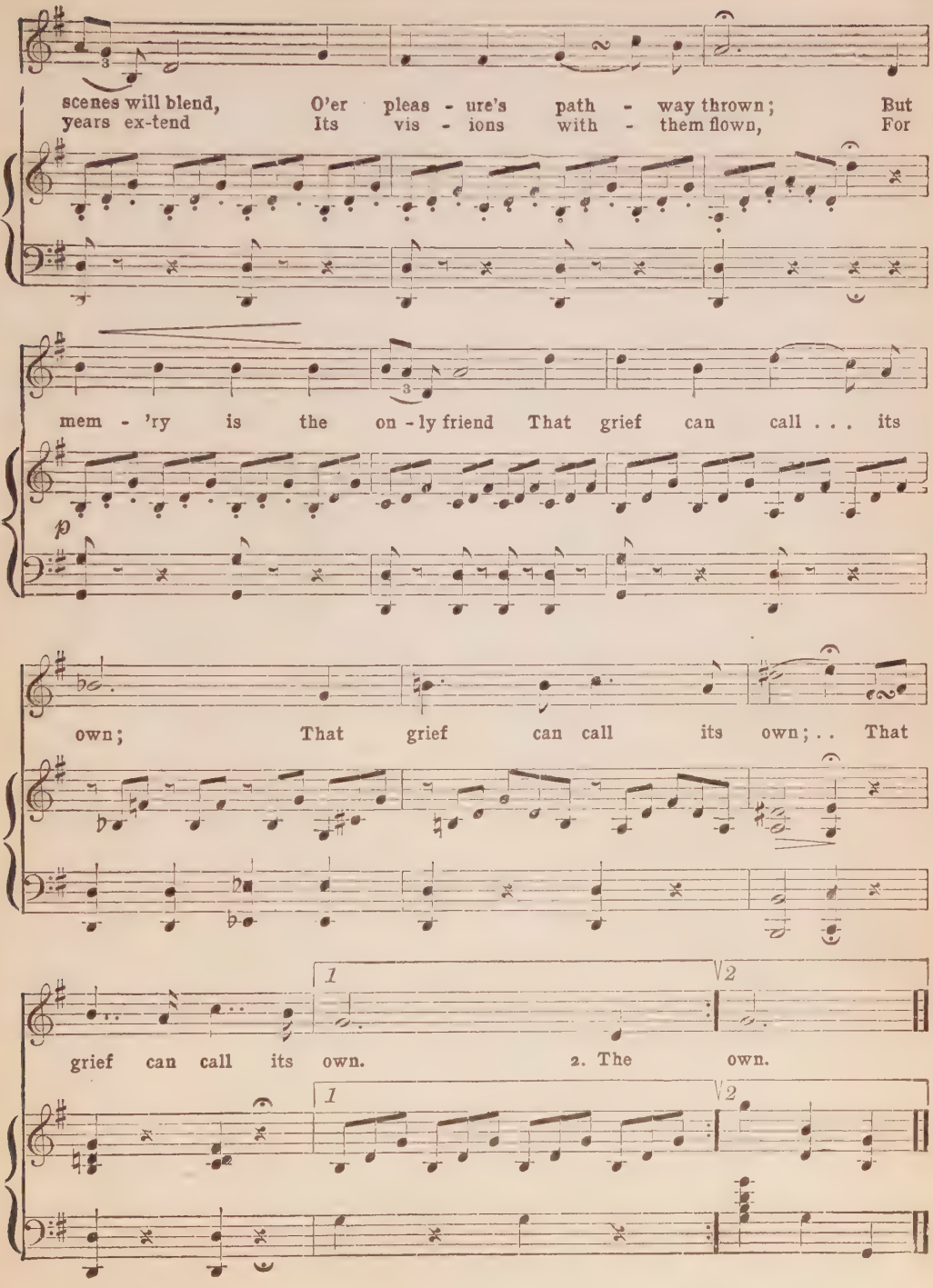


LUISA TETRAZZINI

The great Spanish coloratura soprano. She is an Italian by birth. Her first operatic success was in San Francisco, followed by triumphs in London and European countries. The flute-like qualities of her voice are the marvel of audiences. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Dundee"—Heart Songs, p. 80.

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

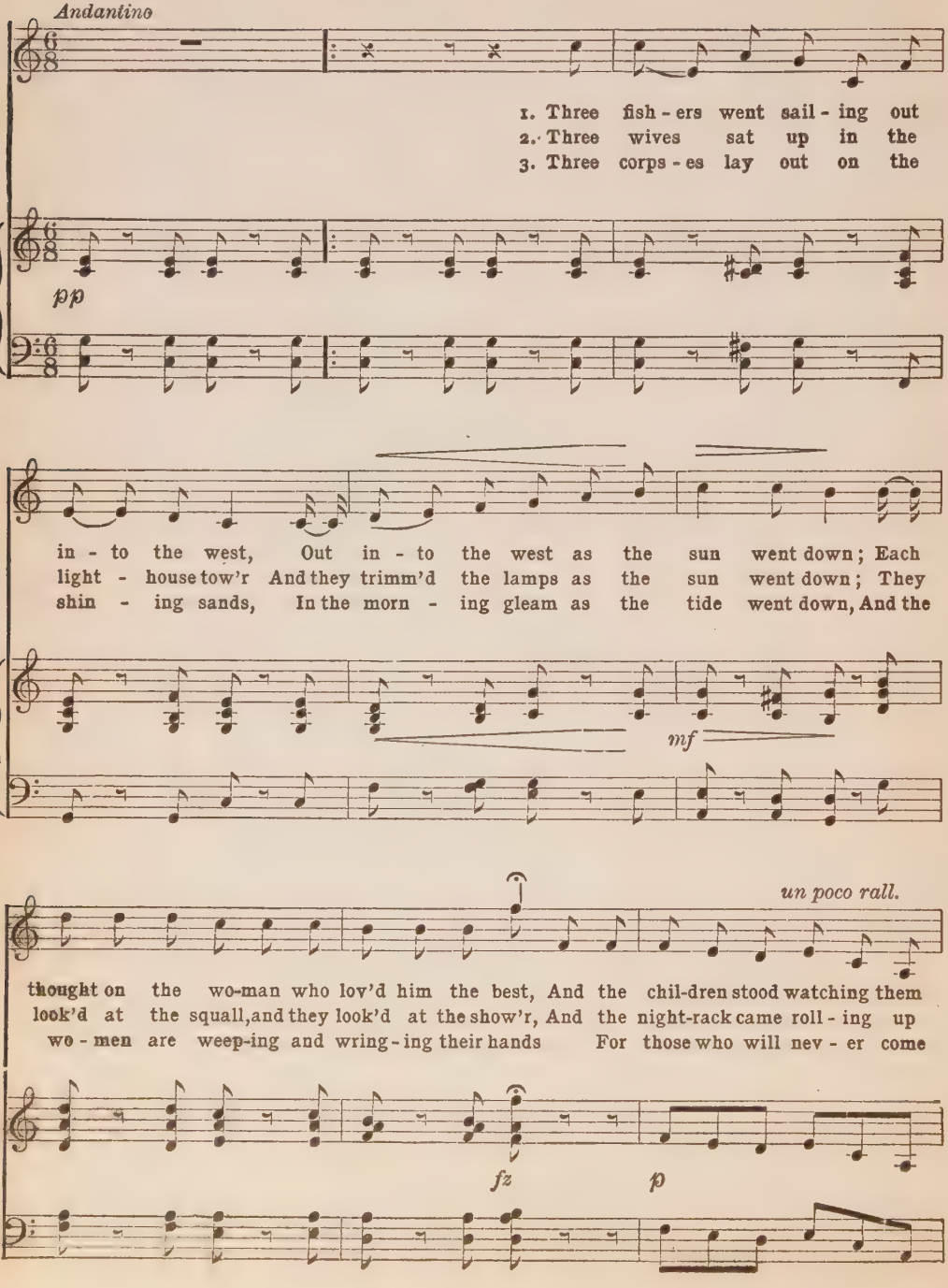
An American contralto who was most successful as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood." (This photograph shows her in the role.) She was born in Morris, Illinois, the daughter of well-known musicians. Her professional debut was in 1880, in "Pinafore." She died in 1905. Her popular encore was "Robin Adair"—Heart Songs, p. 288.

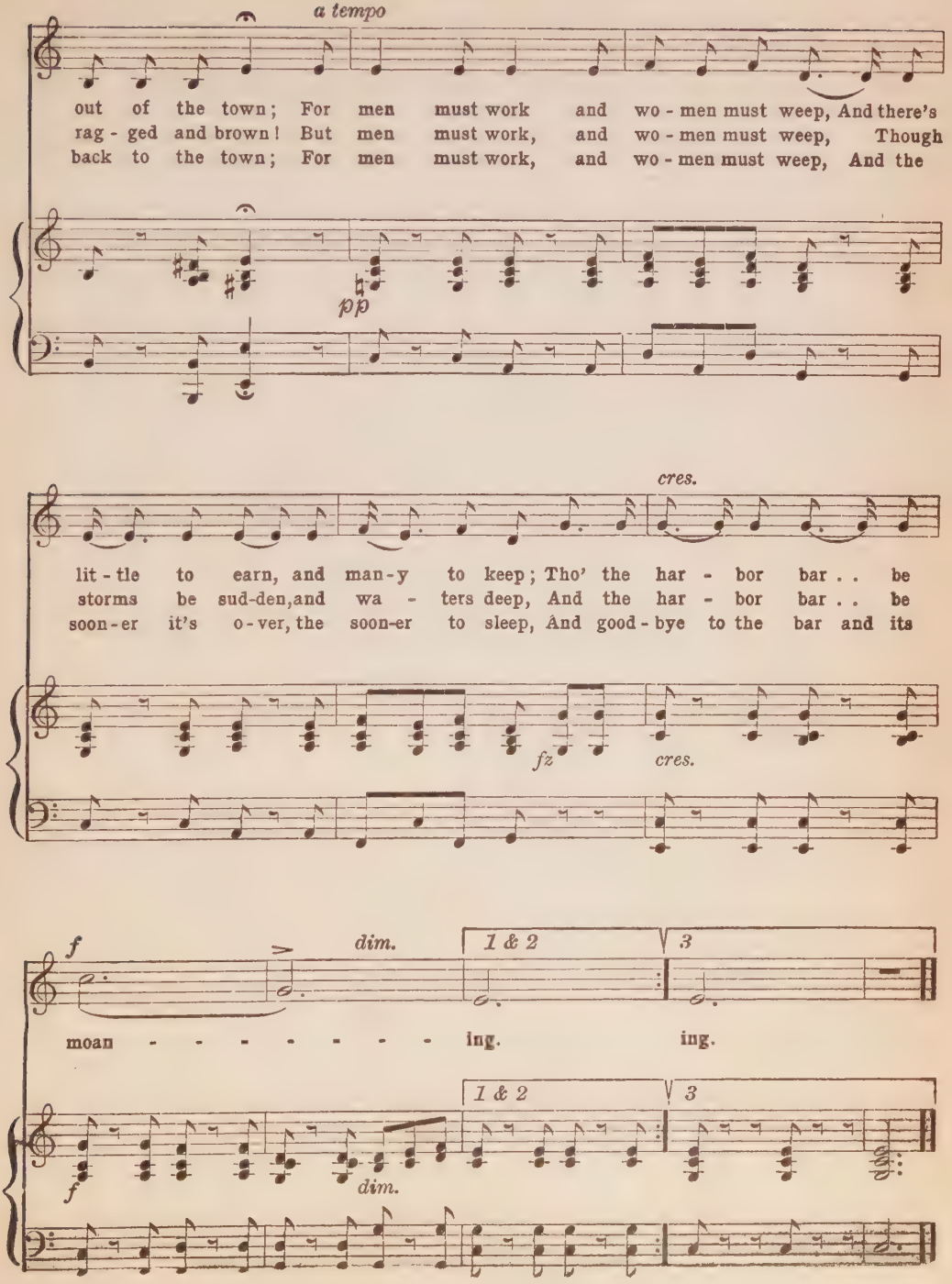

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But
years ex-tend Its vis - ions with - them flown, For
mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call . . . its
p
own; That grief can call its own; . . That
1
2
grief can call its own. 2. The own.
1
2

Three Fishers Went Sailing

C. KINGSLEY J. HULLAH

Andantino

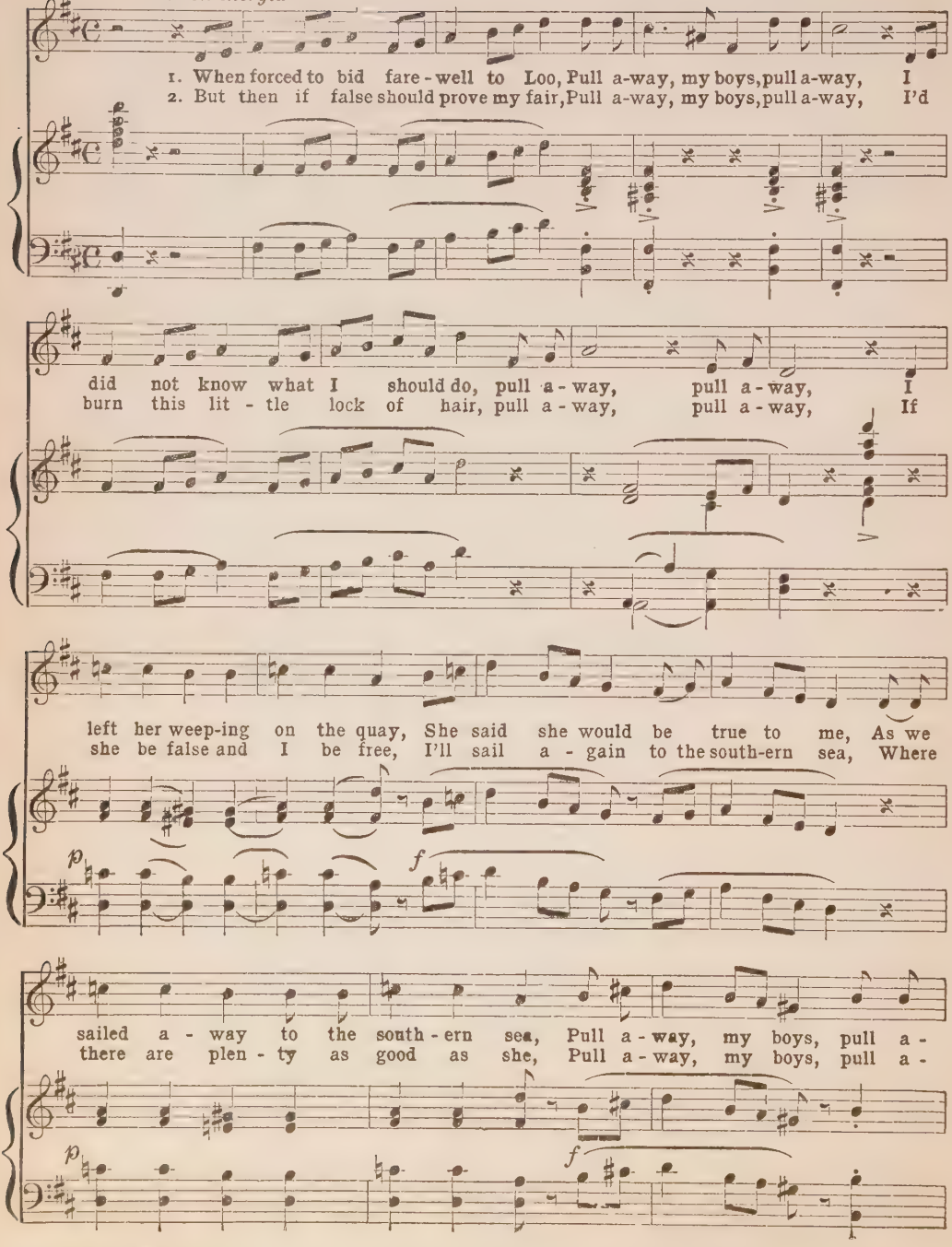


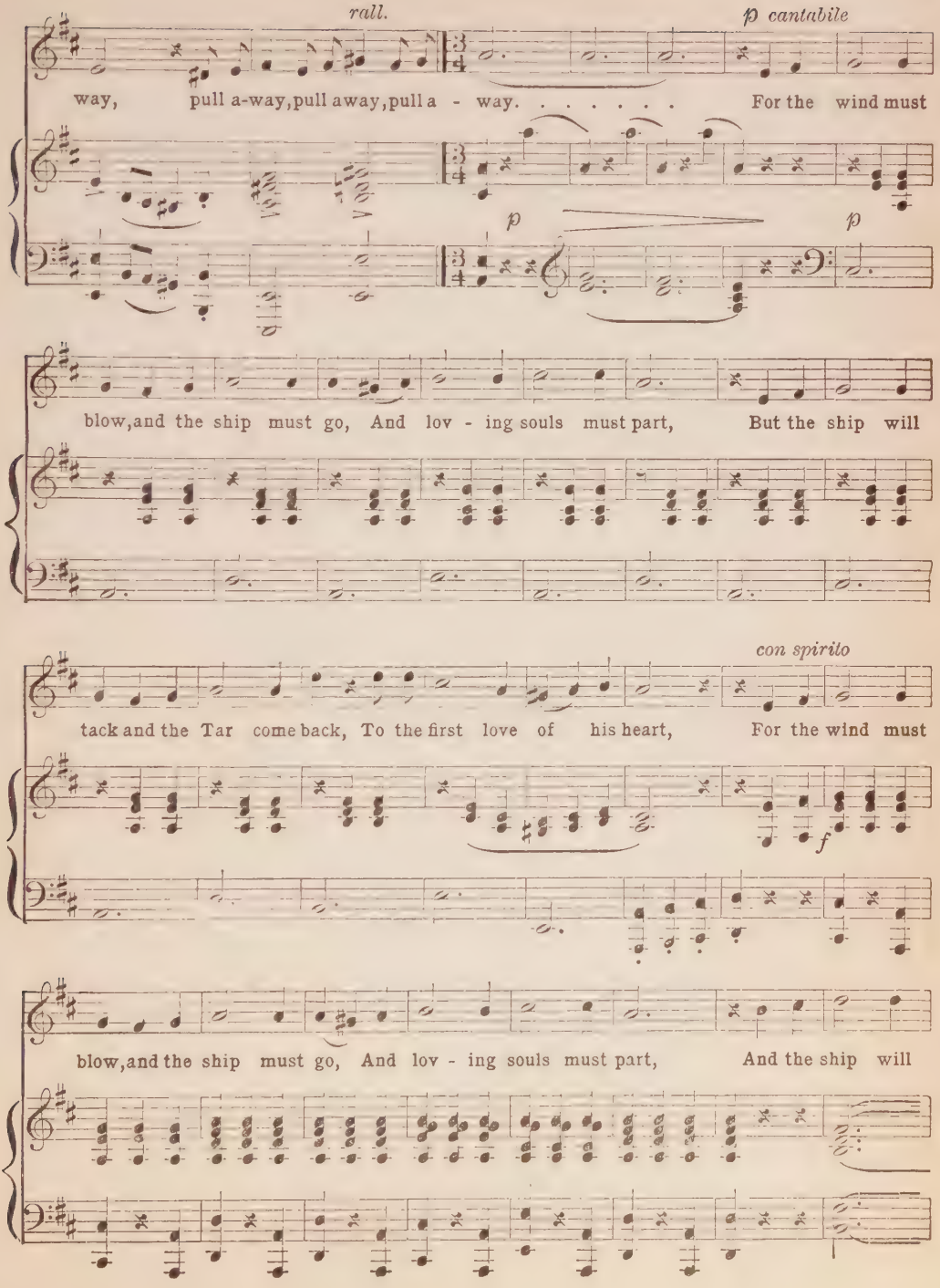

a tempo
out of the town; For men must work and wo - men must weep, And there's
rag - ged and brown! But men must work, and wo - men must weep, Though
back to the town; For men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the
pp
cres.
lit - tle to earn, and man - y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar . . be
storms be sud-den, and wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar . . be
soon - er it's o - ver, the soon - er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and its
fz
cres.
f
dim.
1 & 2
3
moan - - - - - - - ing.
ing.
1 & 2
3
f
dim.

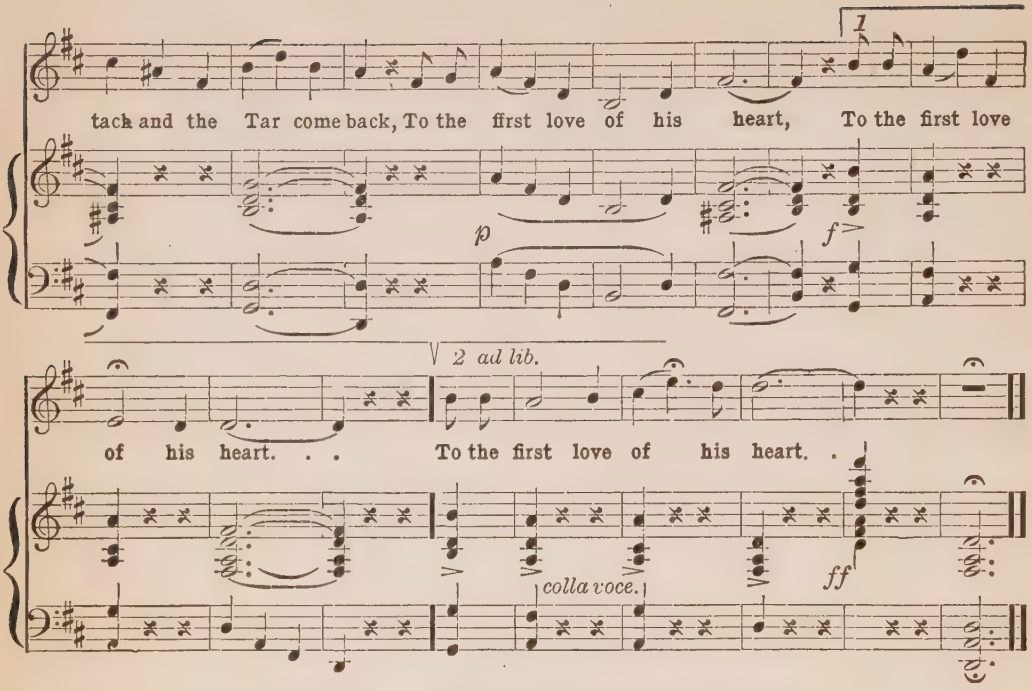
The Tar's Farewell

STEPHEN ADAMS

Moderato con energia

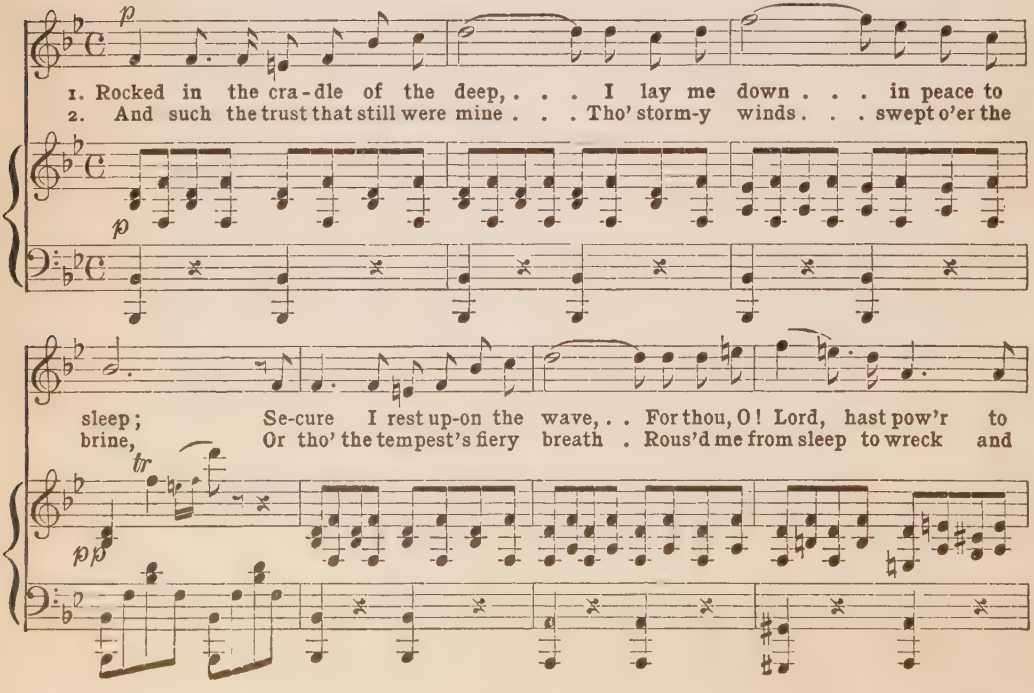


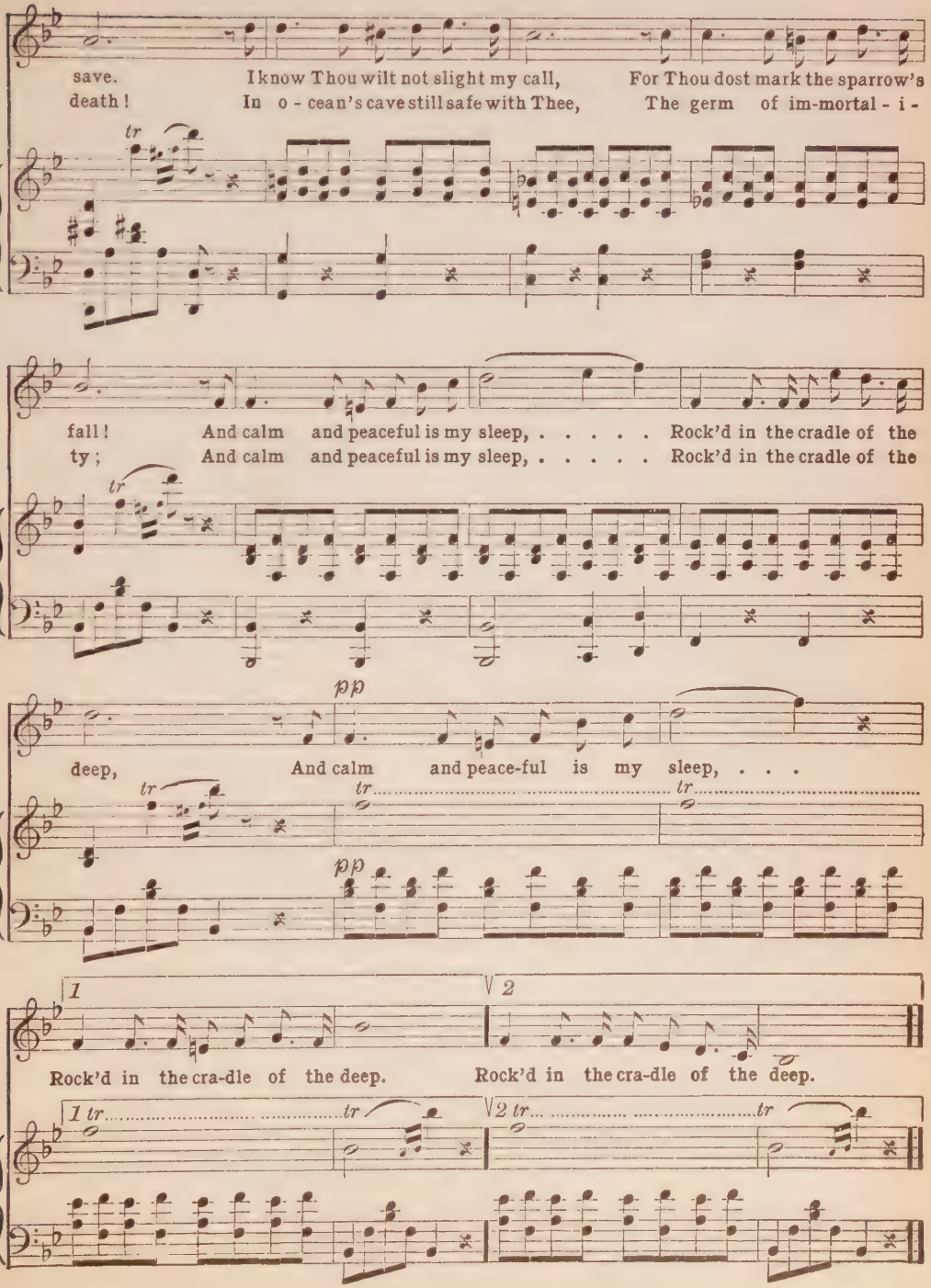

rall.
p cantabile
way, pull a-way, pull away, pull a - way. For the wind must
p
p
blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will
con spirito
tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, For the wind must
f
blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, And the ship will



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Mrs. Emma Willard — Joseph Philip Knight




save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
death! In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mortal - i -
tr
fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
tr
pp
deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .
tr
tr
tr
pp
1
2
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
1 tr
tr
2 tr
tr

I Would That My Love

From the German of H. Heine — Felix Mendelssohn

Allegretto con moto

p

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fair-est, that soul-felt word they would bear, Should'st

p

cres. *cres.*

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, Should'st

cres. *cres.*

f *dim.*

give it the mer-ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, and ev- 'ry

f *dim.*

pp

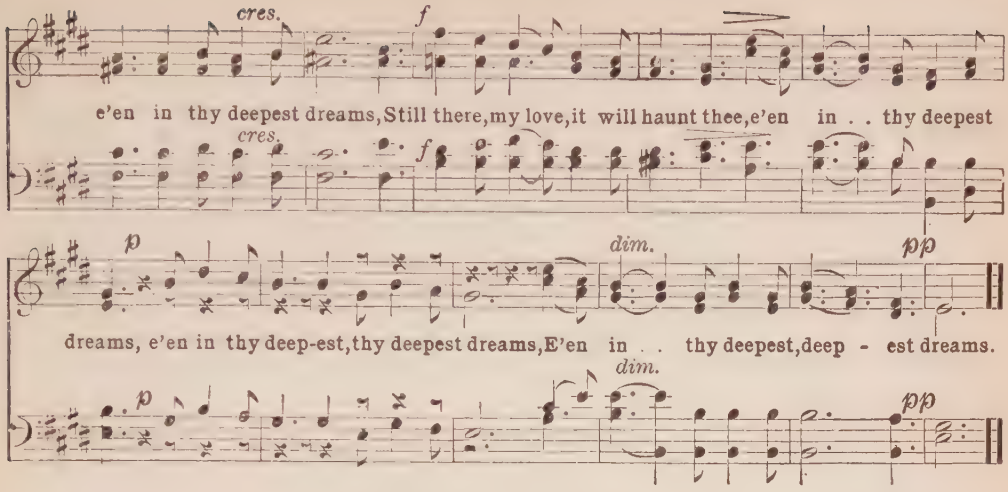
sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a-way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye-lids in
where, and ev-'ry-where, and hear it ev-'ry-where.

pp

pp sempre *cres.*

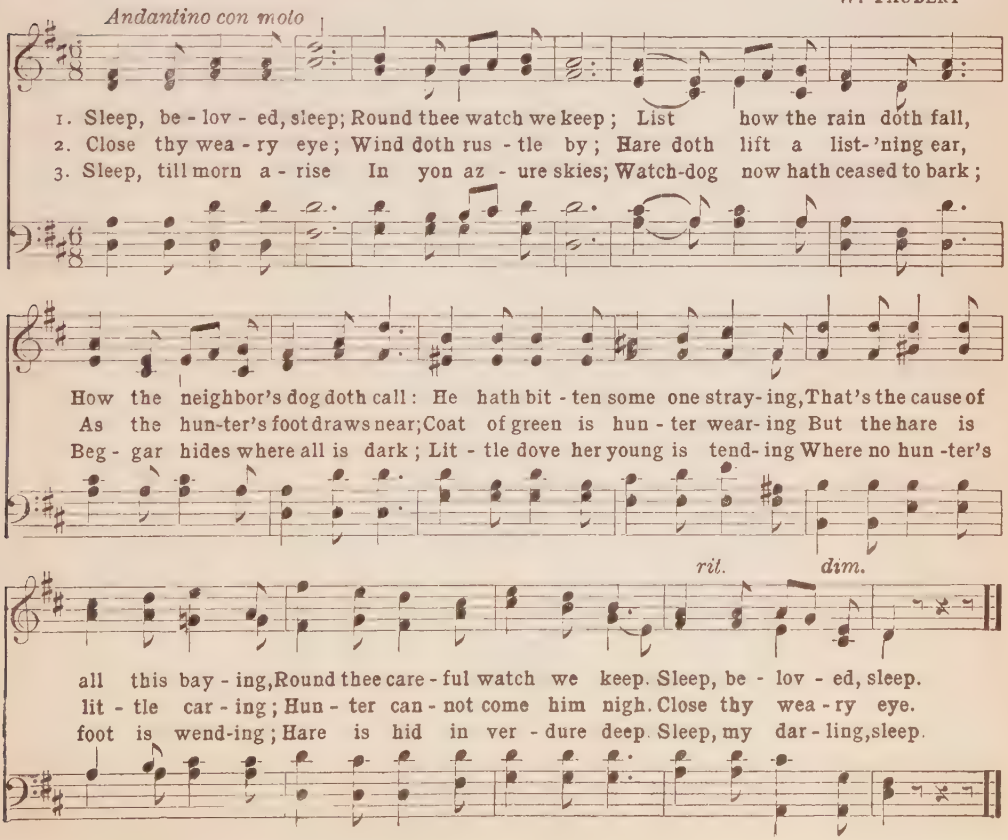
slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'nly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

pp sempre *cres.*



Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

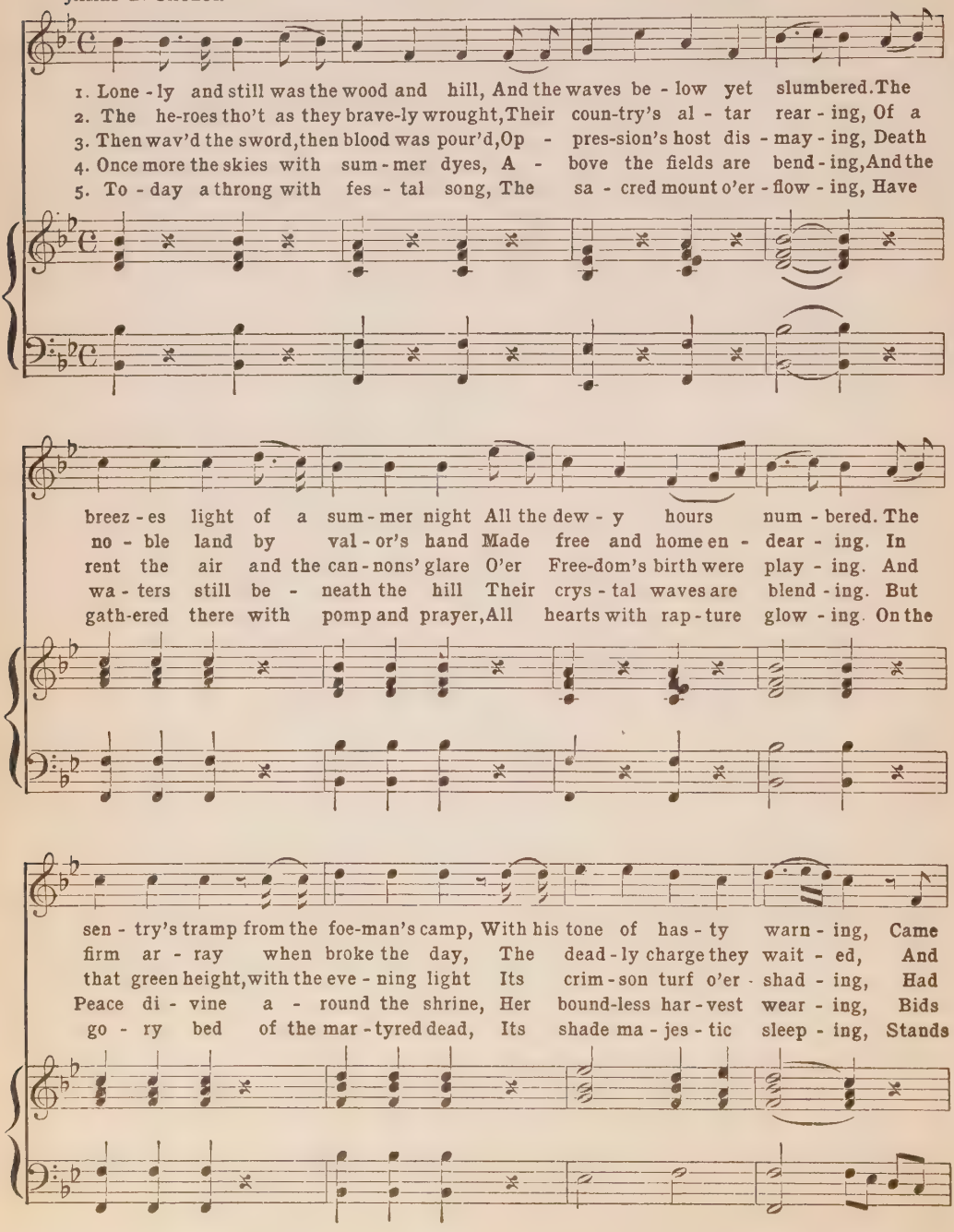
W. TAUBERT

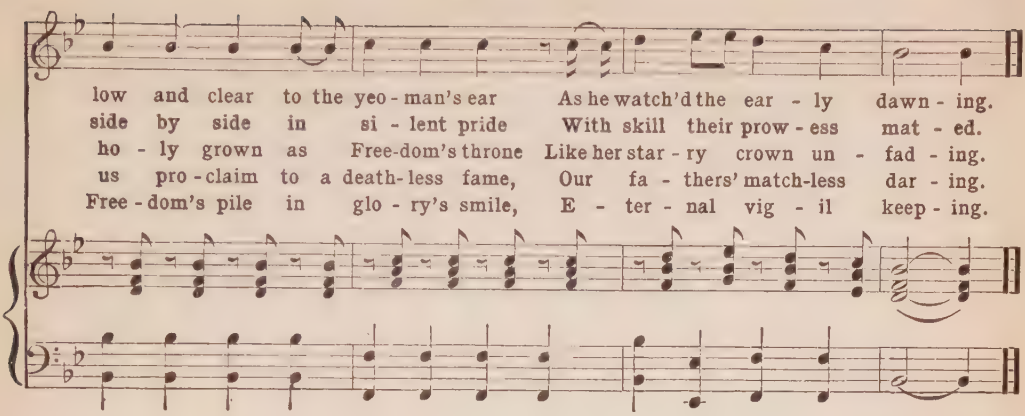


Bunker Hill

Sung at the Dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843

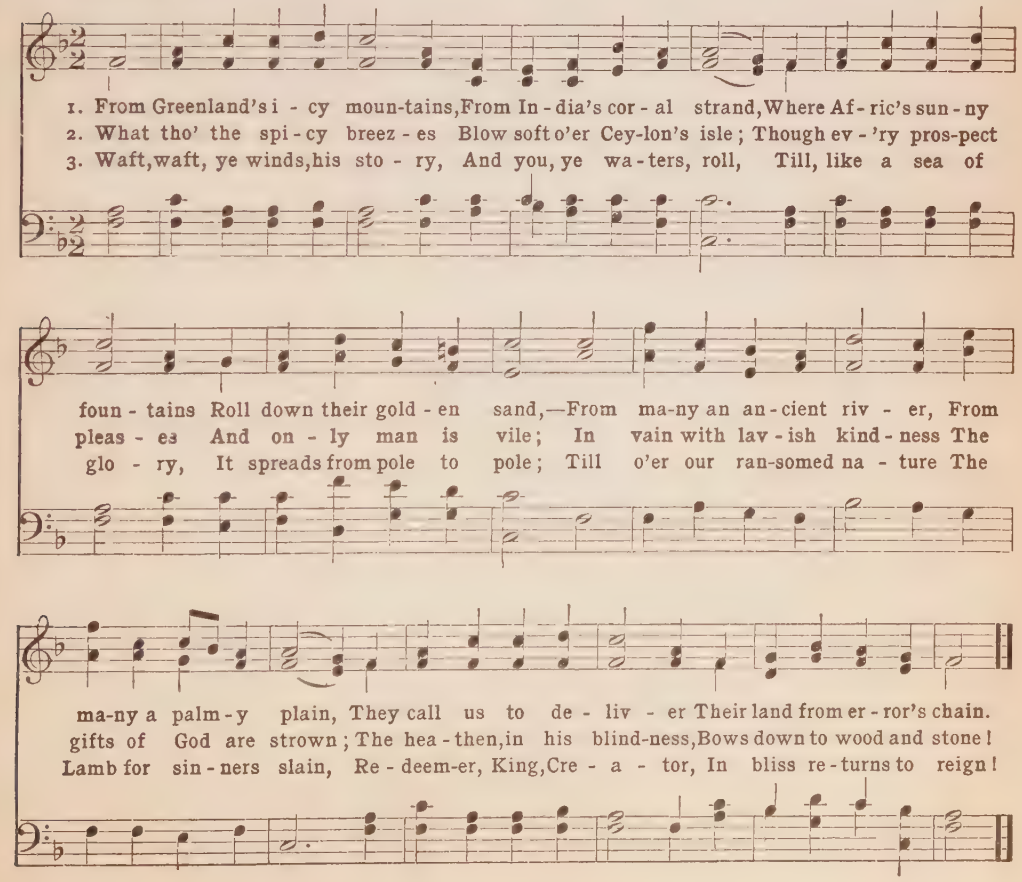
JAMES B. TAYLOR — HENRY L. TUCKERMAN





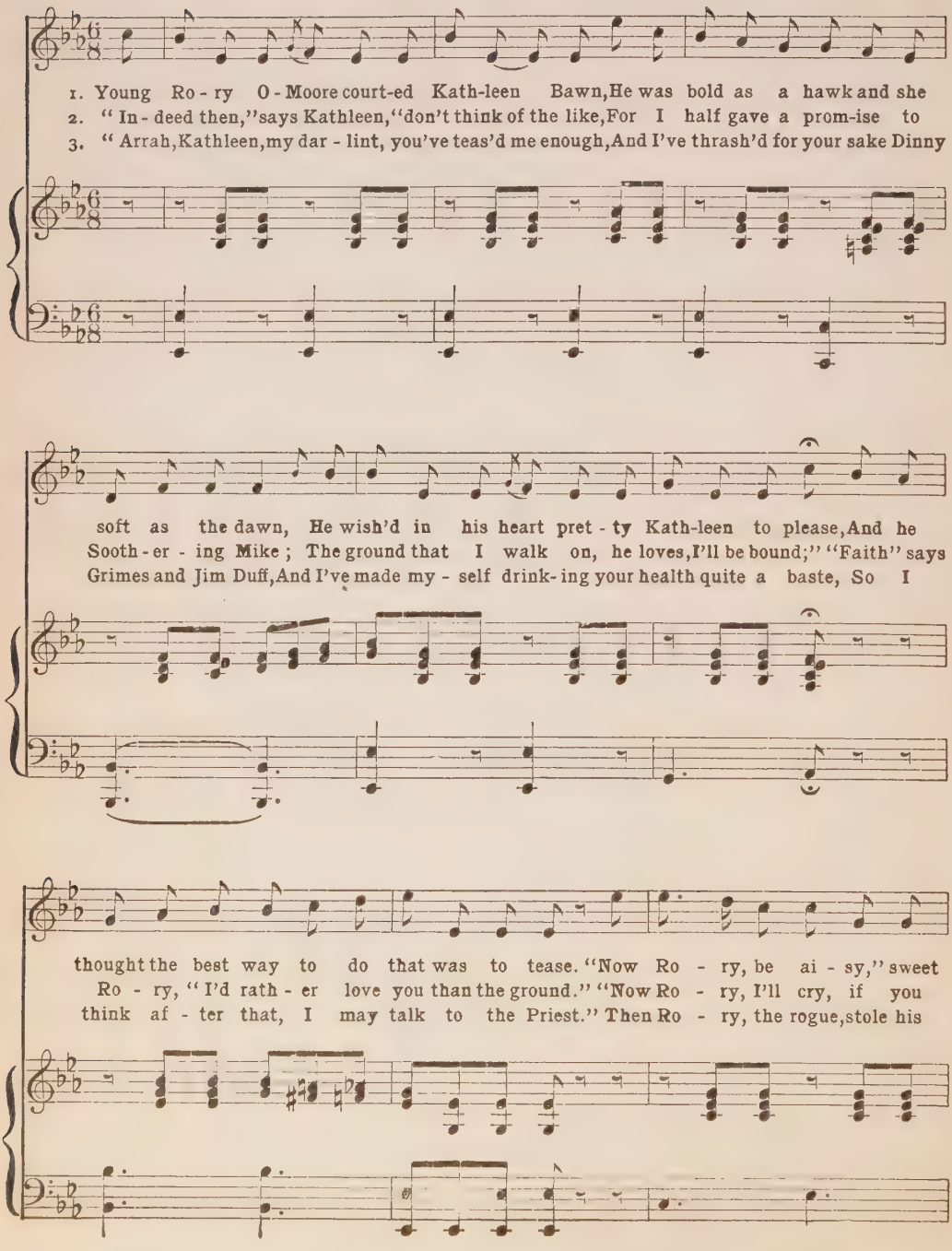
Missionary Hymn

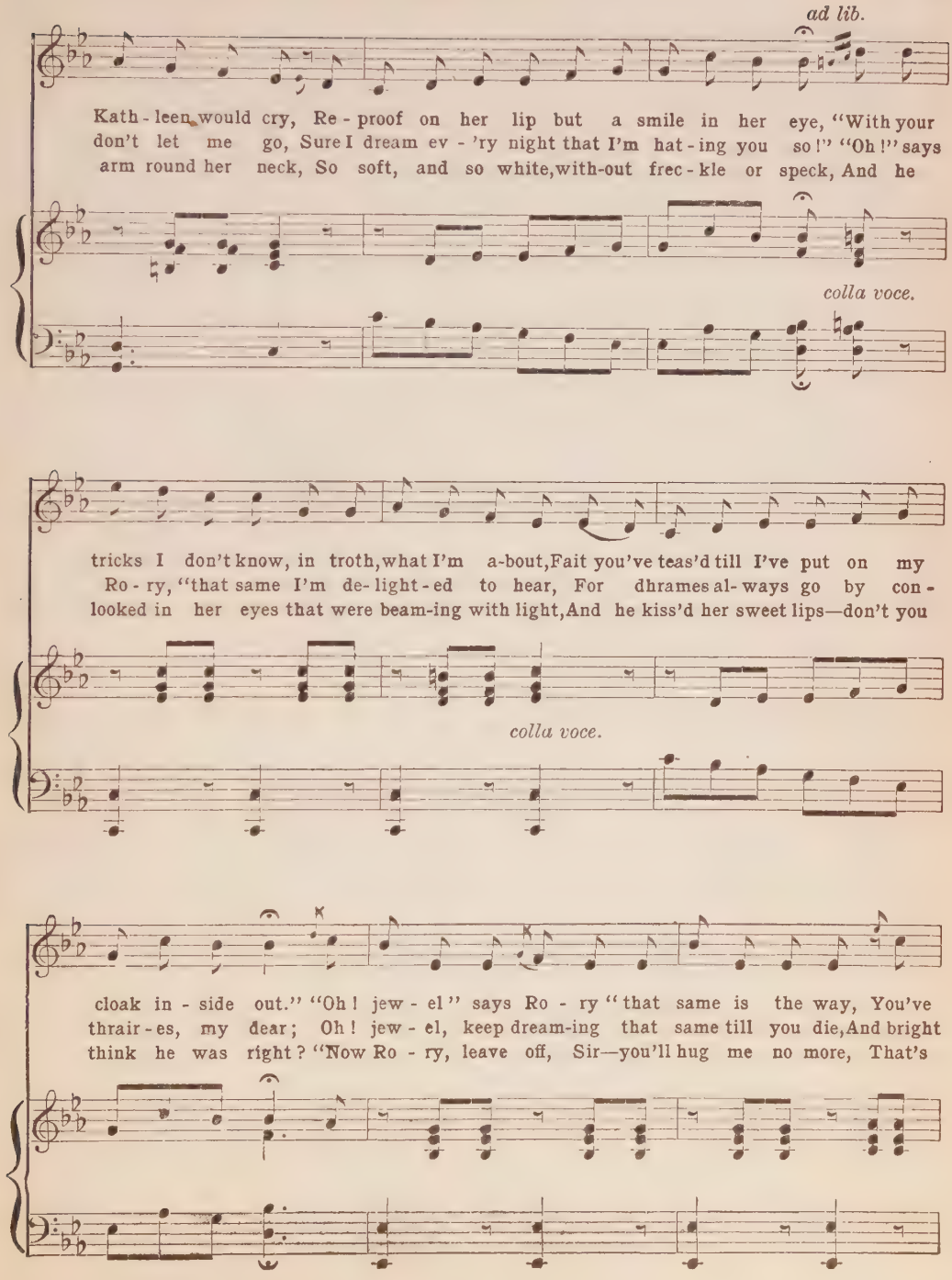
Bishop HEBER L. MASON



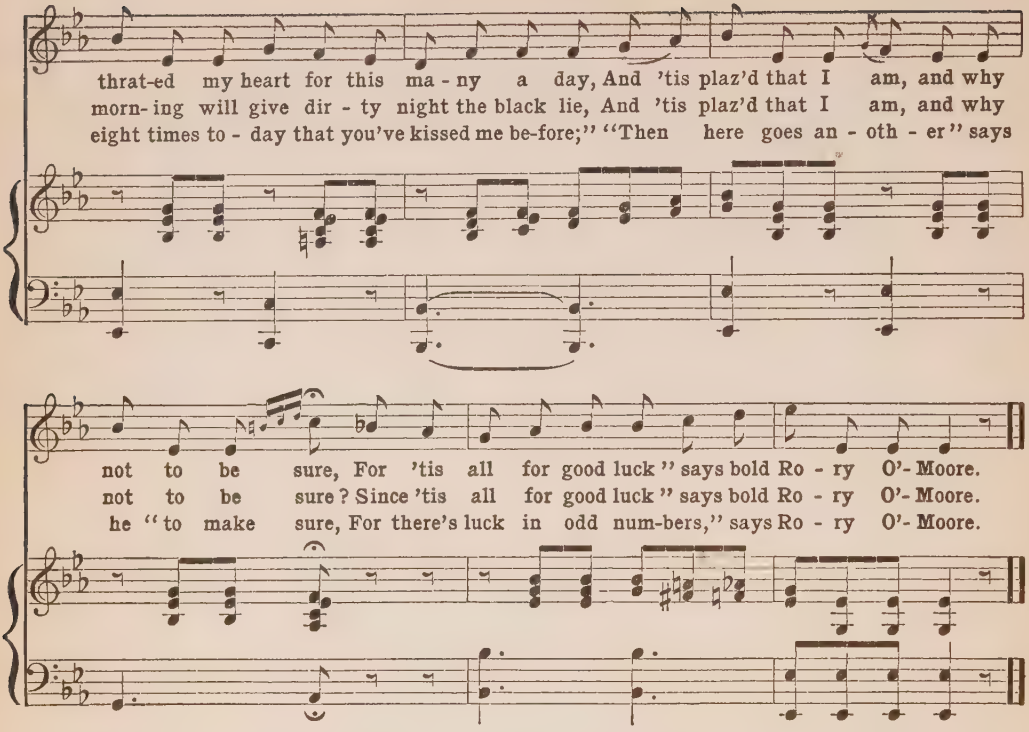
Rory O'Moore

S. Lover



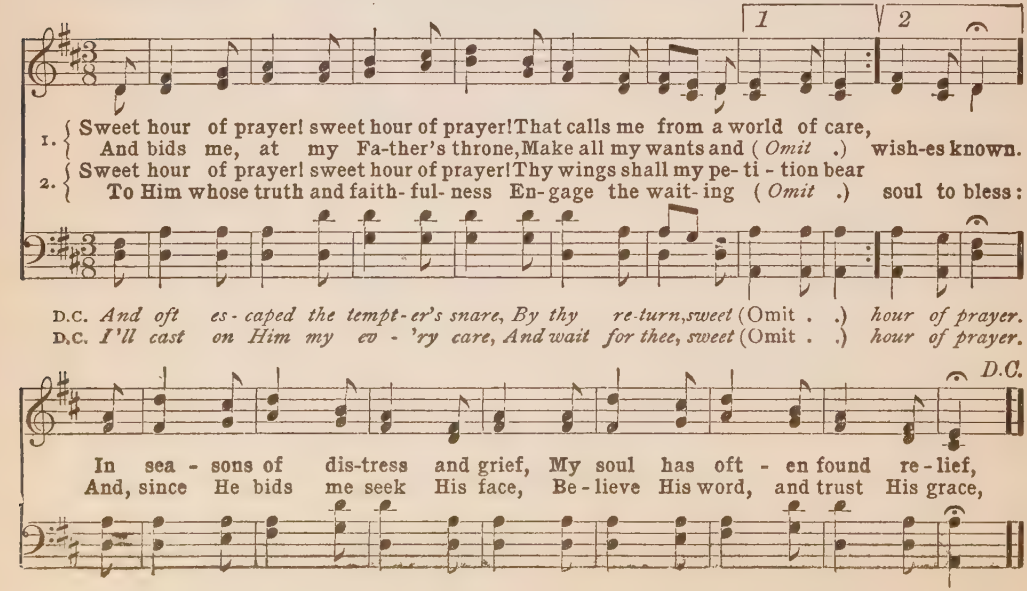

ad lib.
Kath - leen would cry, Re - proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your
don't let me go, Sure I dream ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says
arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out frec - kle or speck, And he
colla voce.
tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Fait you've teas'd till I've put on my
Ro - ry, "that same I'm de-light - ed to hear, For dhrames al- ways go by con -
looked in her eyes that were beam-ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you
colla voce.
cloak in - side out." "Oh! jew - el" says Ro - ry "that same is the way, You've
thrair - es, my dear; Oh! jew - el, keep dream-ing that same till you die, And bright
think he was right? "Now Ro - ry, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more, That's

Rory O'Moore



Sweet Hour of Prayer

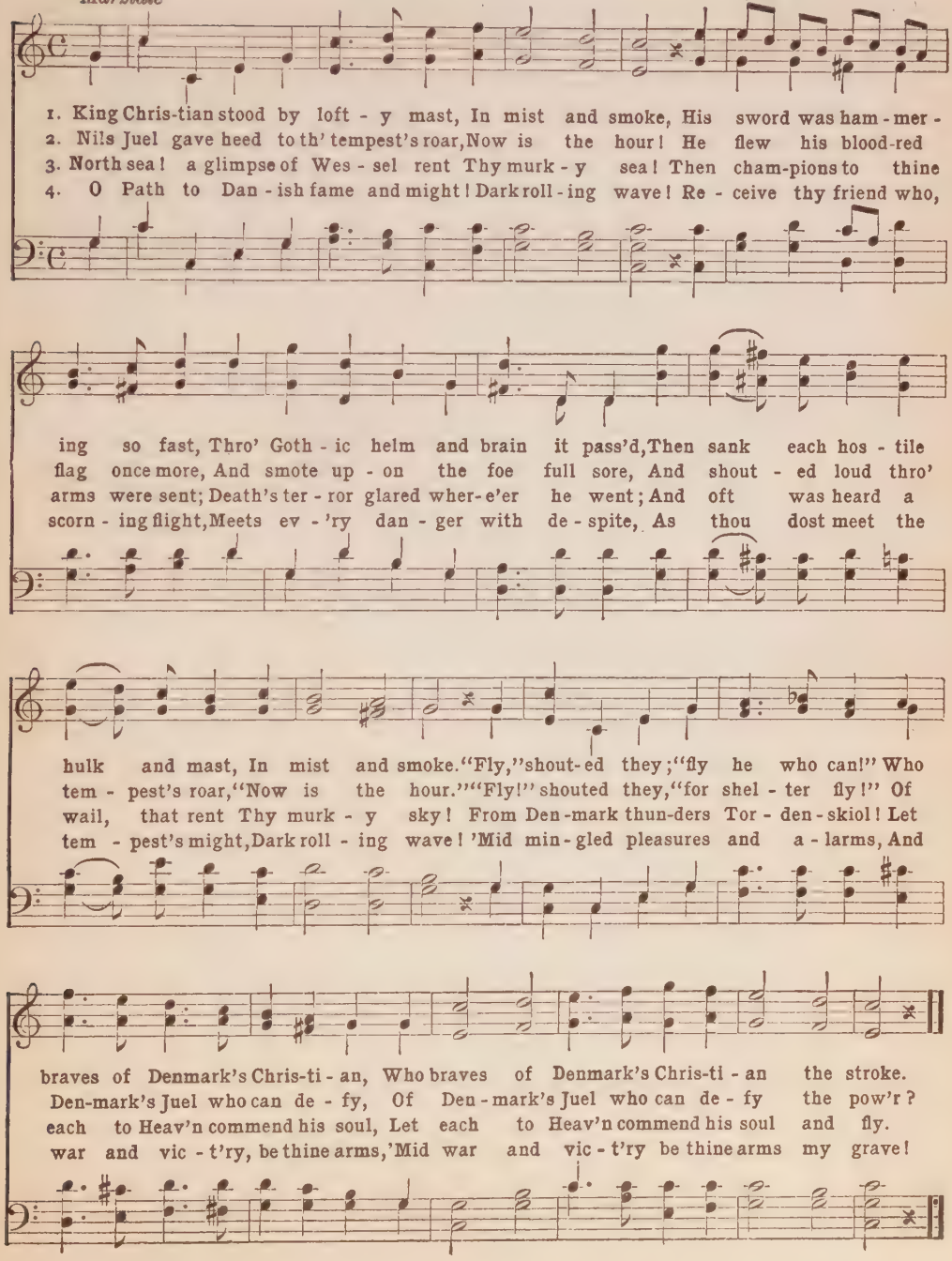
W. W. Walford — W. B. Bradbury



Danish National Hymn

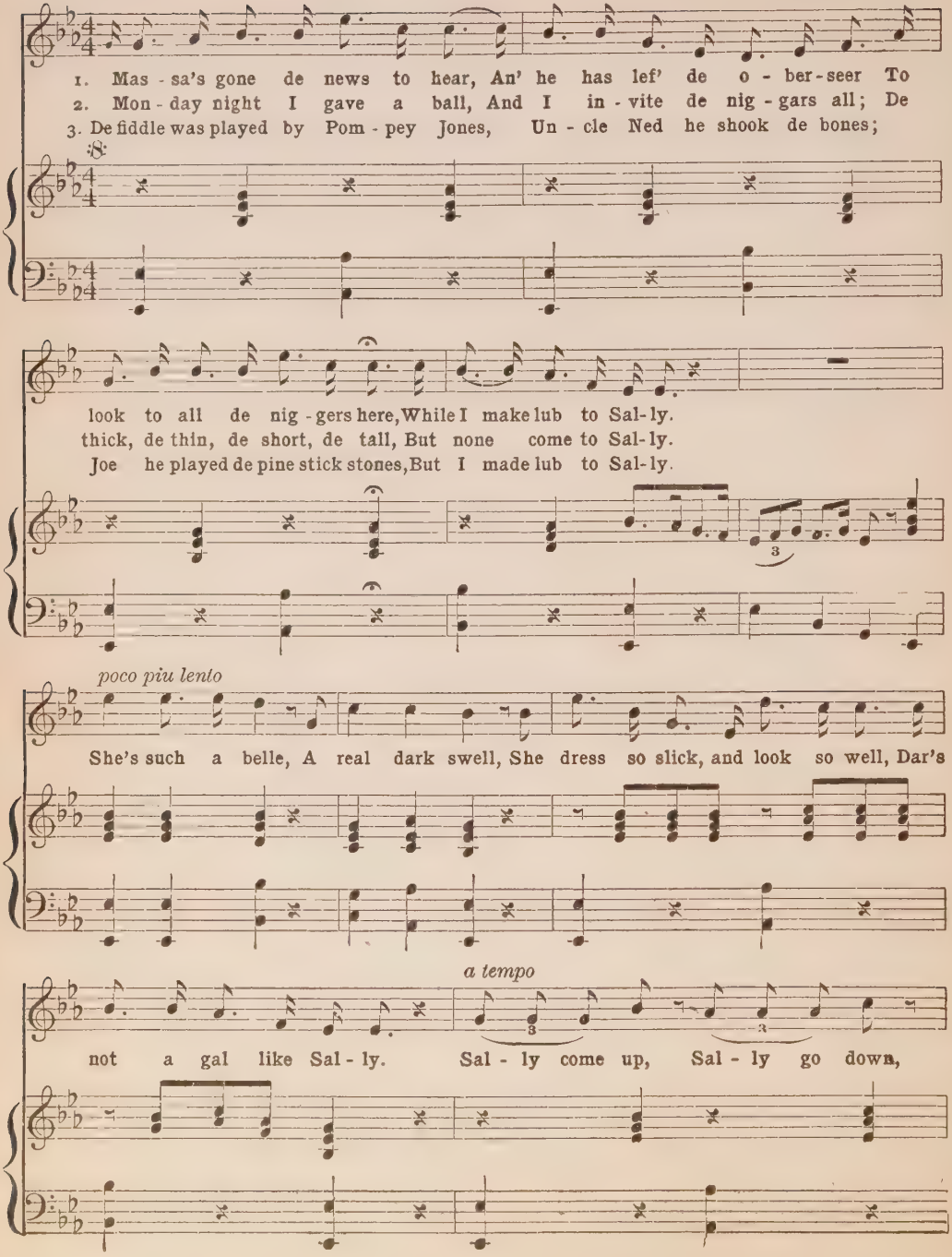
Marziale

JOHANNES ERALD



Sally Come Up

T. M. Sewell, arr.



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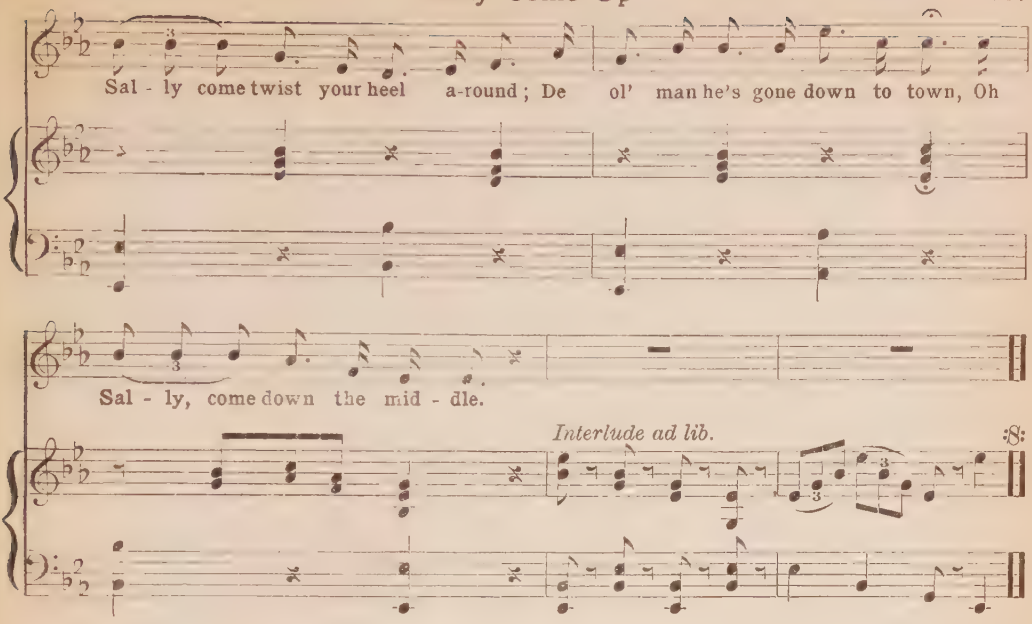
EMMA EAMES

The eminent American prima donna. She was born in Shanghai, China, in 1867, studied music in Boston and in Paris, and made her debut in the latter city, 1889. Two years later she made tremendous successes at Covent Garden and in New York, and has since been a leading member of American and European opera companies. Her popular encore is "Dixie"—Heart Songs, p. 166.

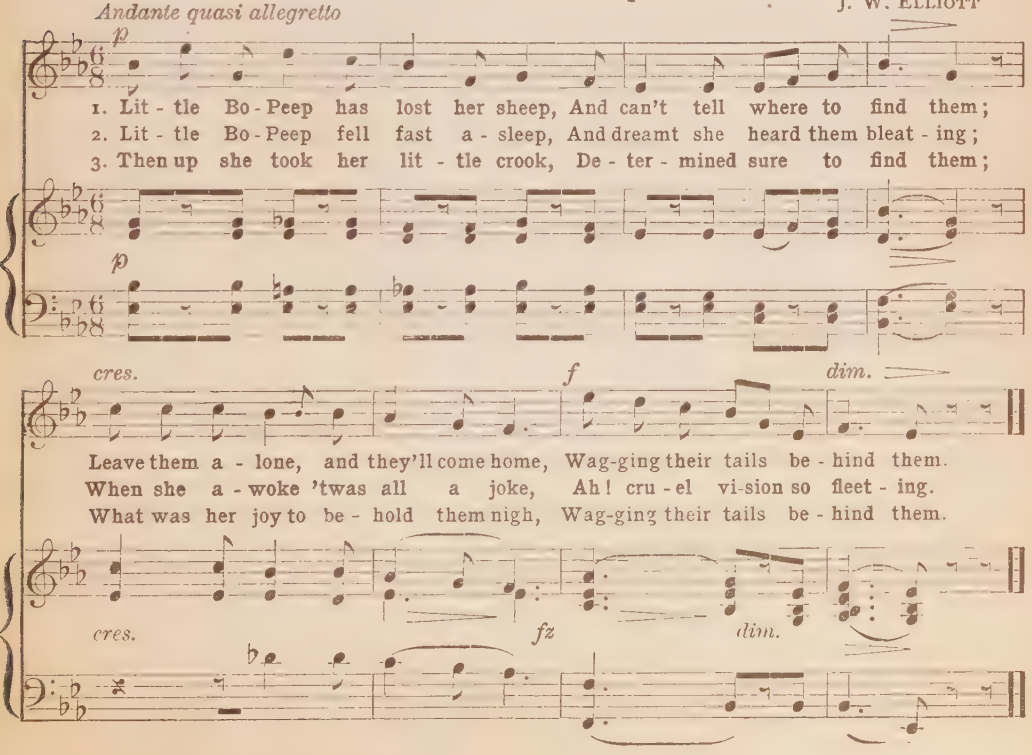
LILLIAN NORDICA

The beloved American opera singer. She is a New England girl, born in Farmington, Maine, 1859. She studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, later at Milan, and first appeared in Grand Opera at Brescia. Her popular encore is "John Anderson, My Jo"—Heart Songs, p. 378.



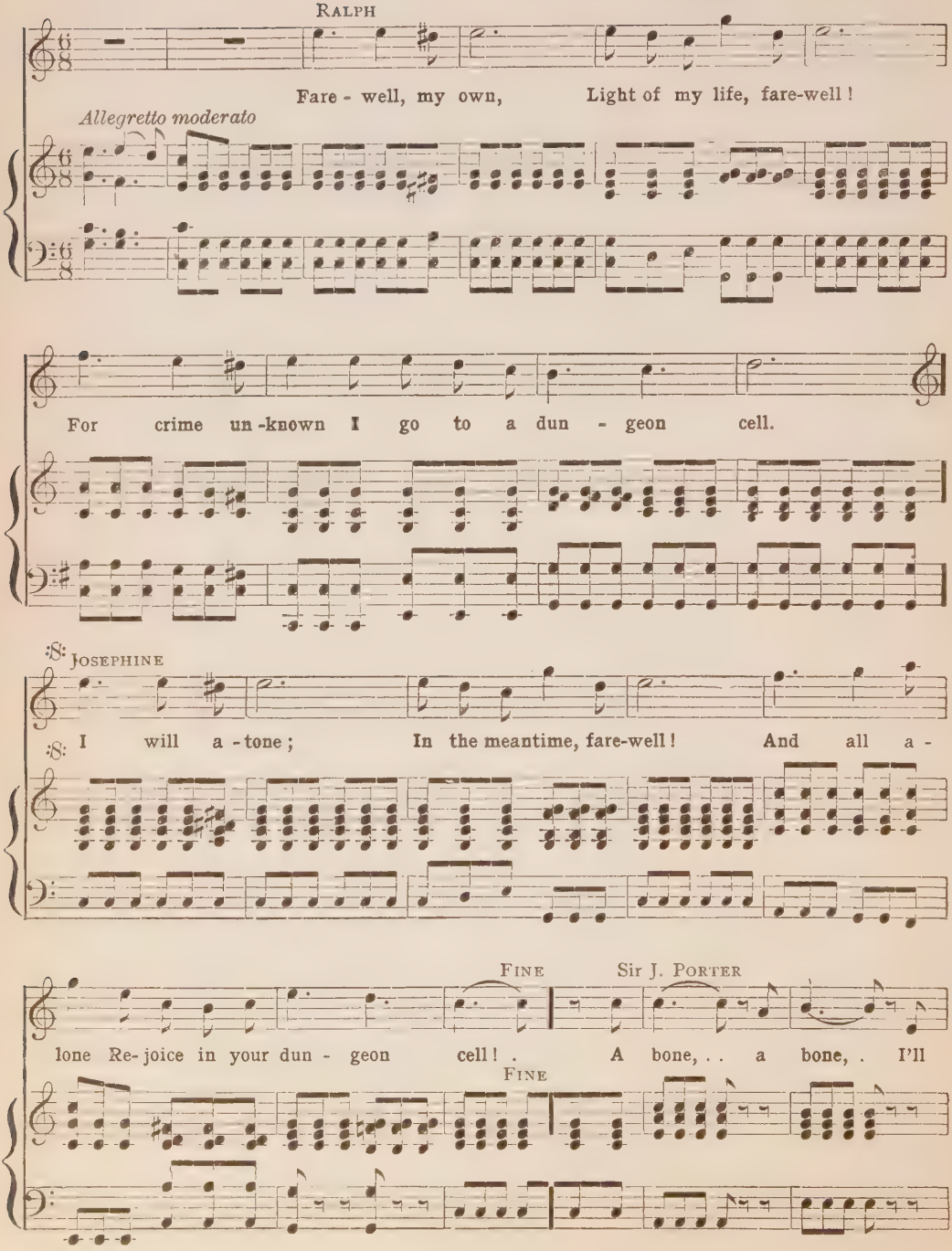
Little Bo-Peep

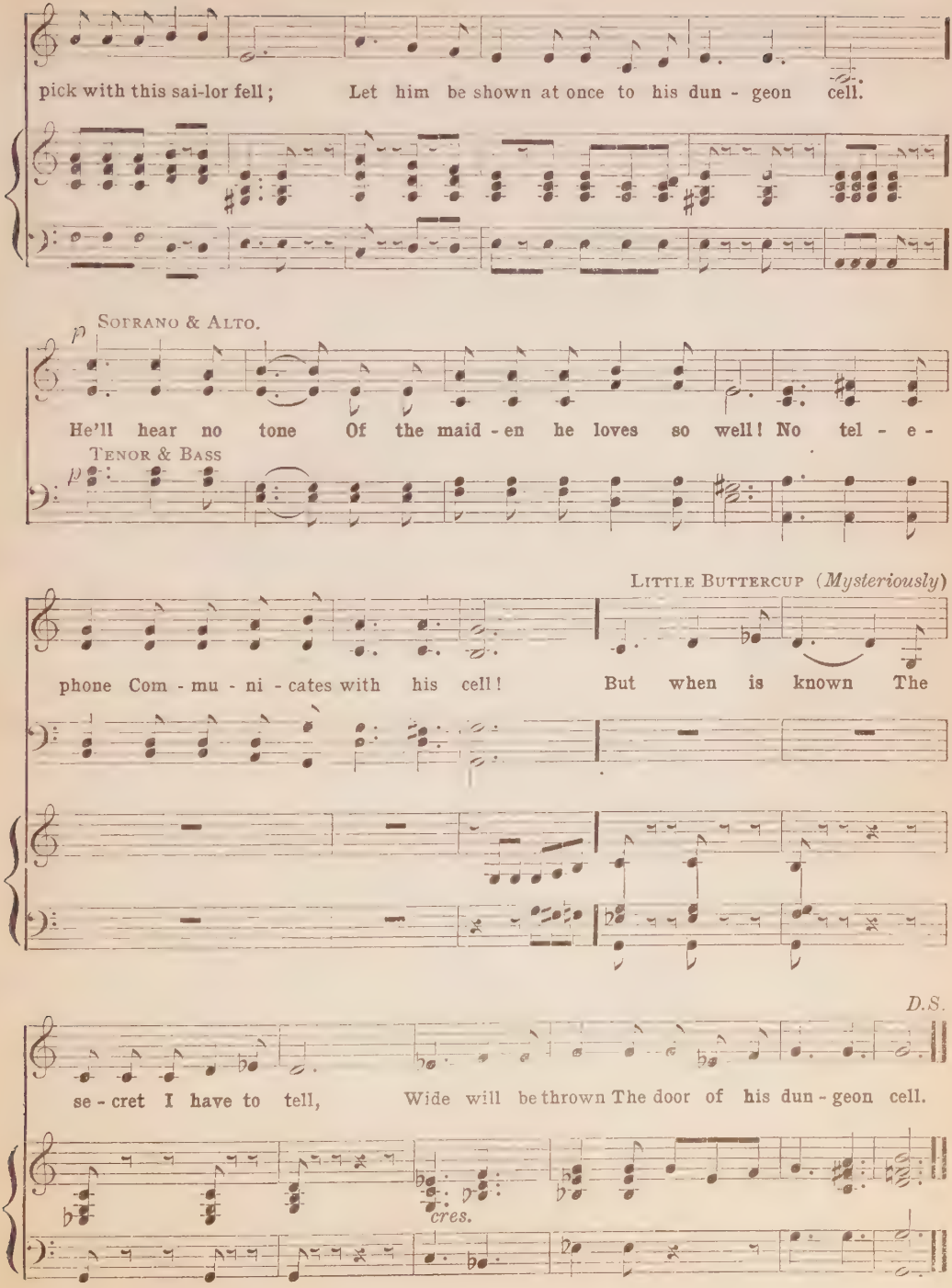
J. W. Elliott



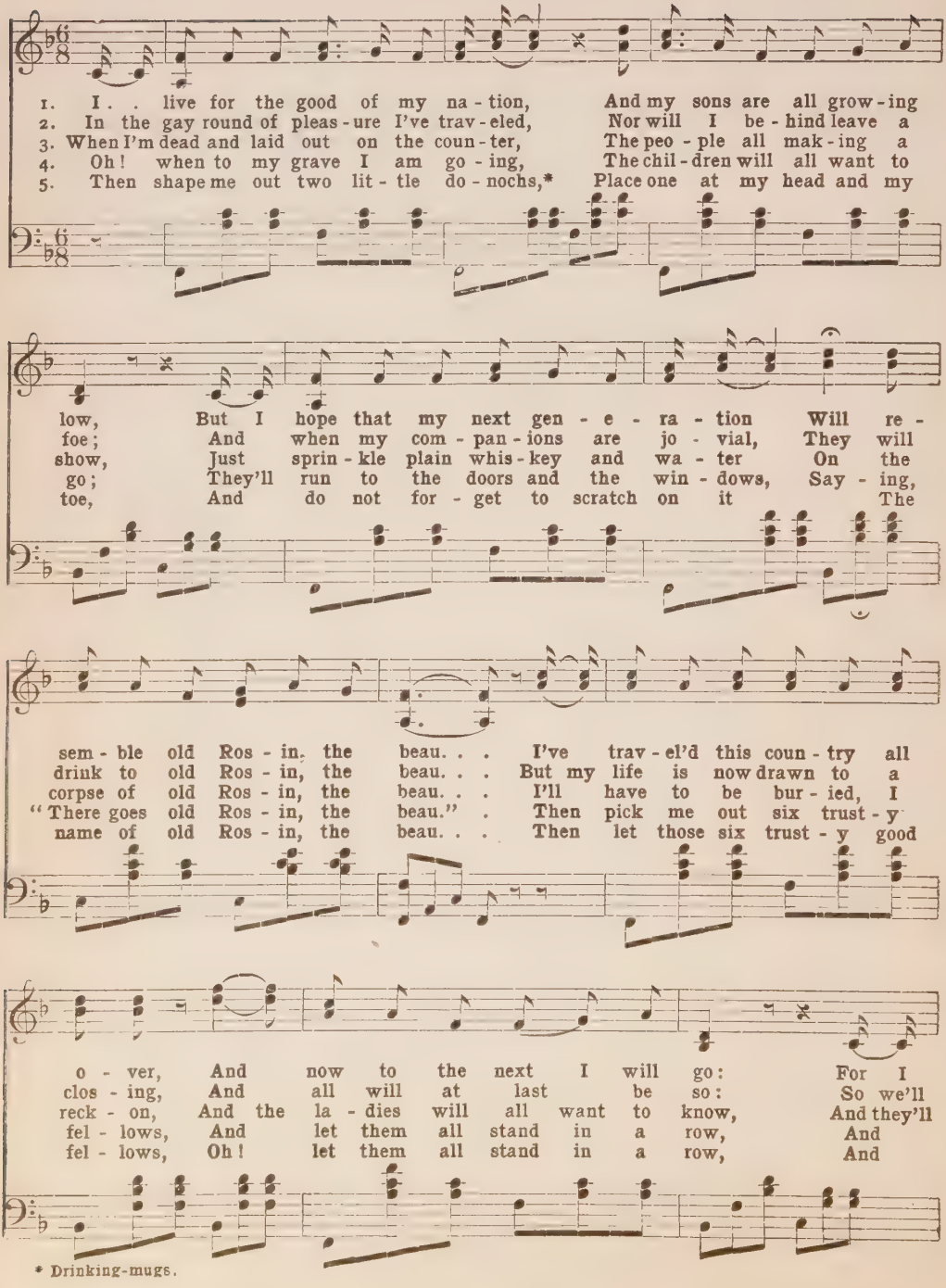
Farewell, My Own

From SULLIVAN'S "Pinafore"

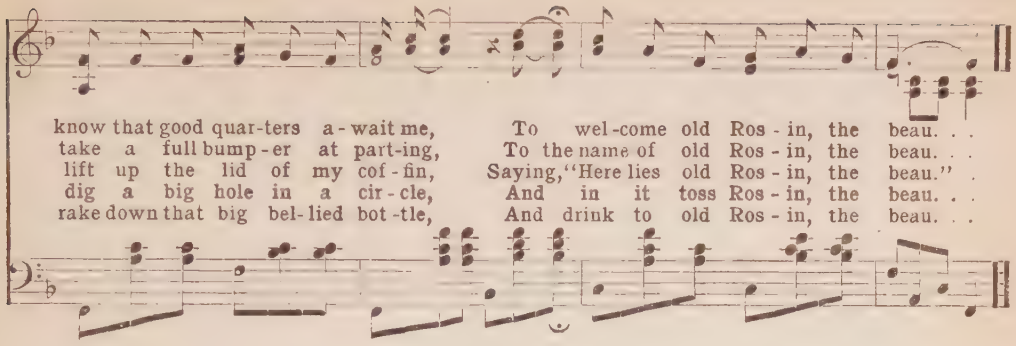



pick with this sai-lor fell; Let him be shown at once to his dun - geon cell.
Soprano & Alto.
p
He'll hear no tone Of the maid - en he loves so well! No tel - e -
Tenor & Bass
p
Little Buttercup (Mysteriously)
phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell! But when is known The
D.S.
se - cret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown The door of his dun - geon cell.
cres.

Old Rosin, the Beau

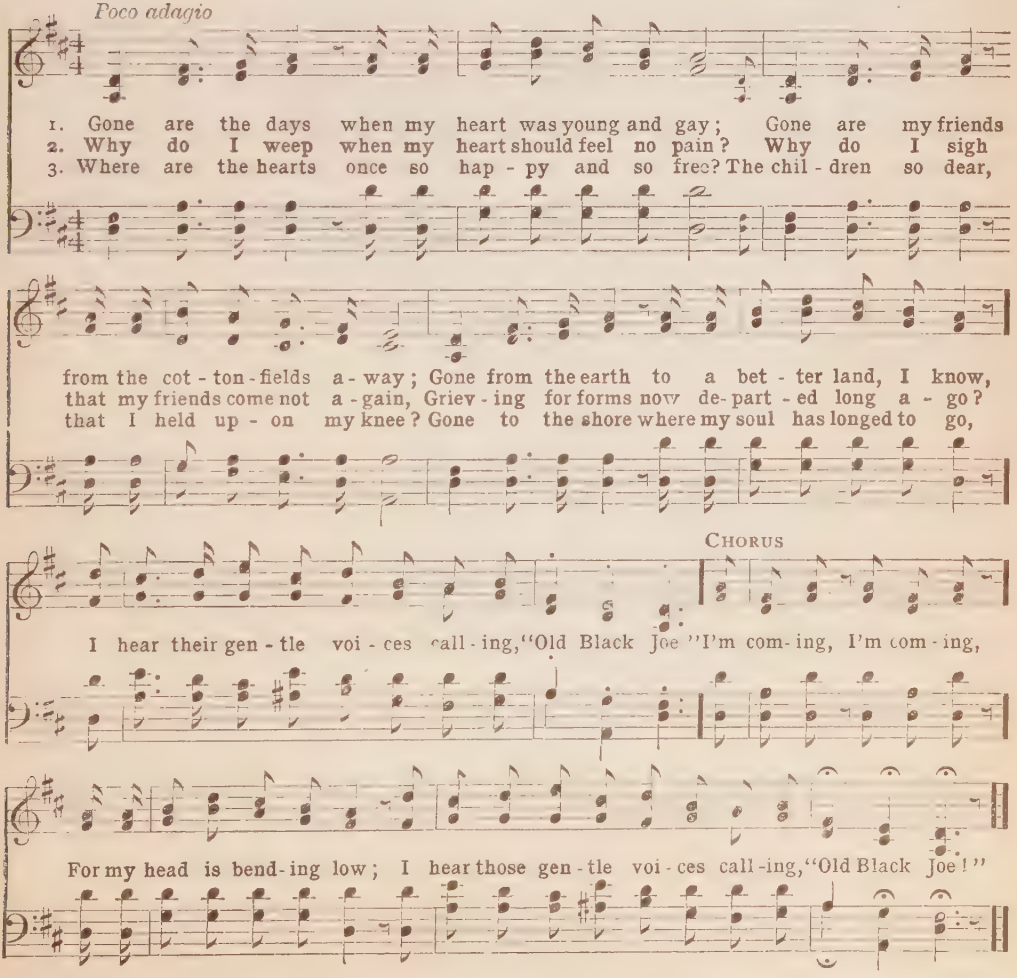


* Drinking-mugs.



Old Black Joe

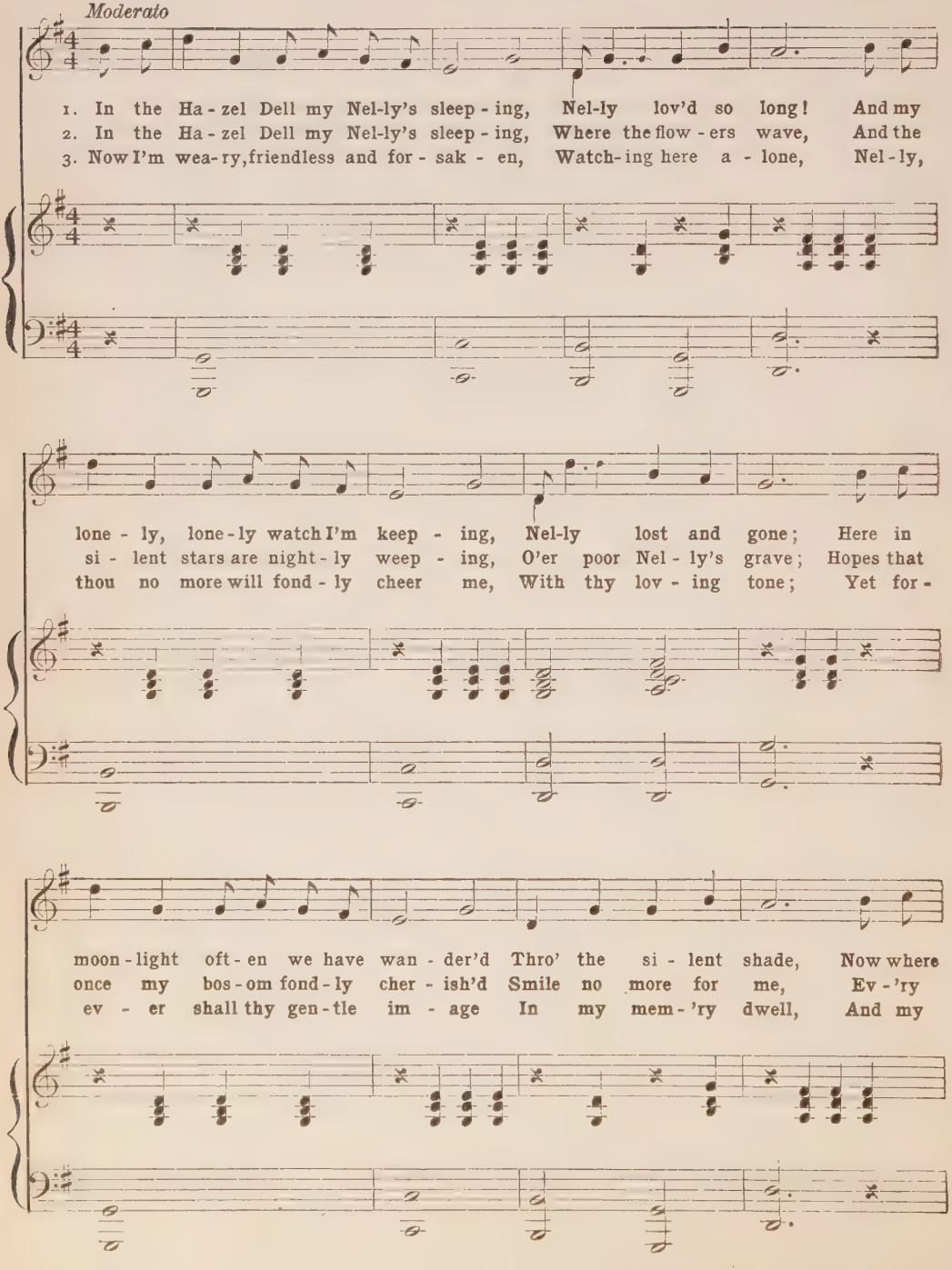
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

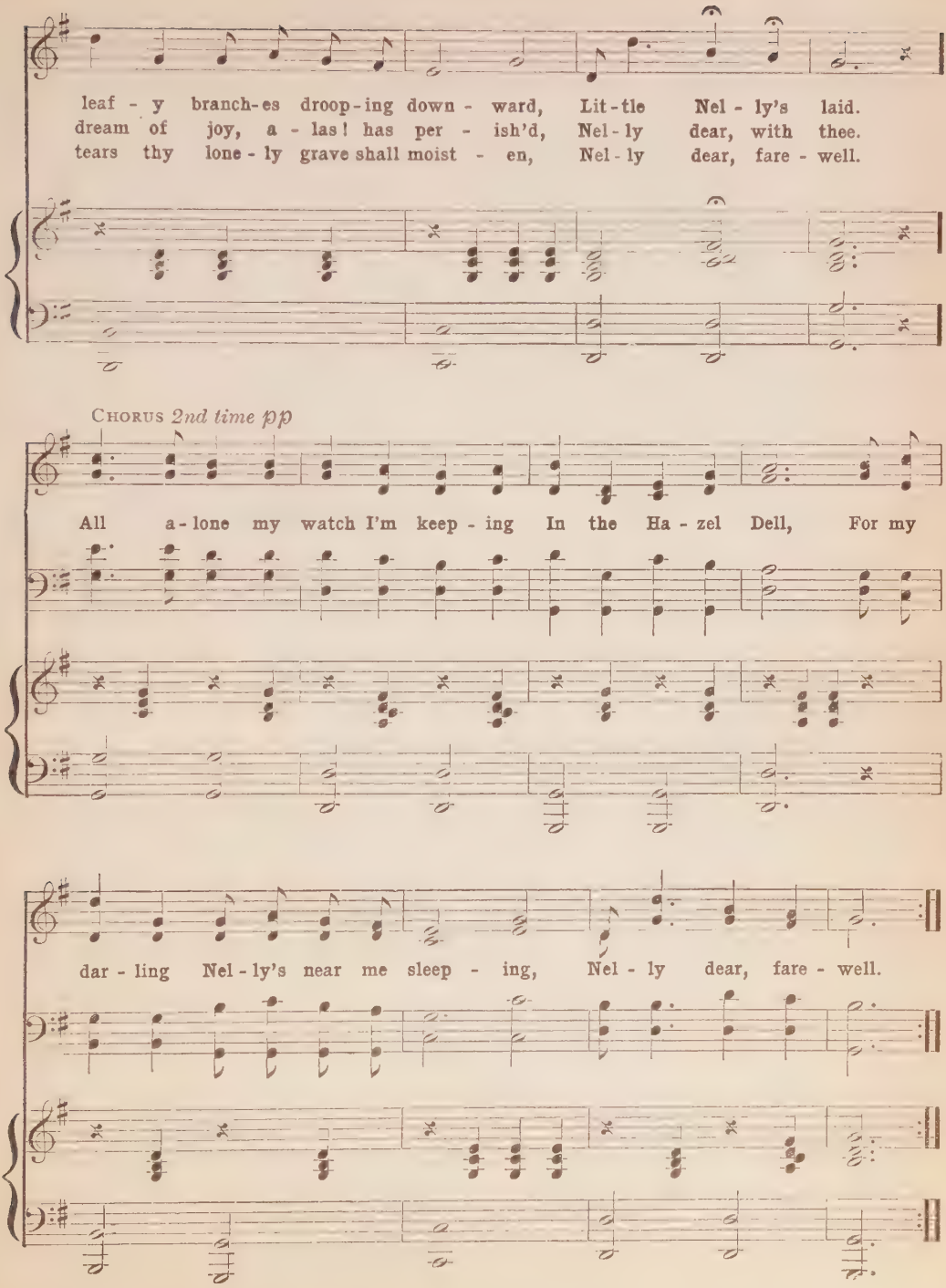


The Hazel Dell

G. F. Root

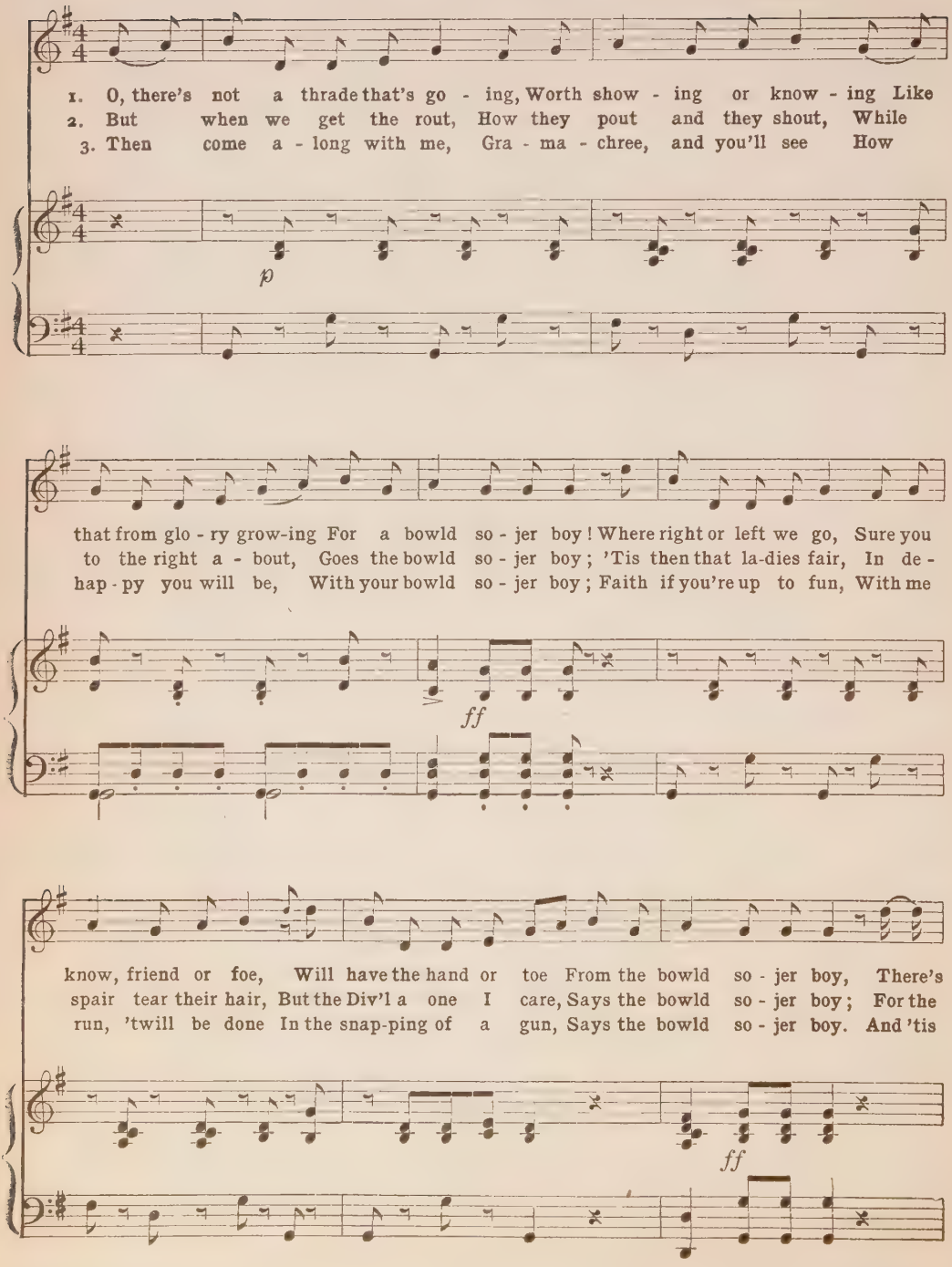
Moderato

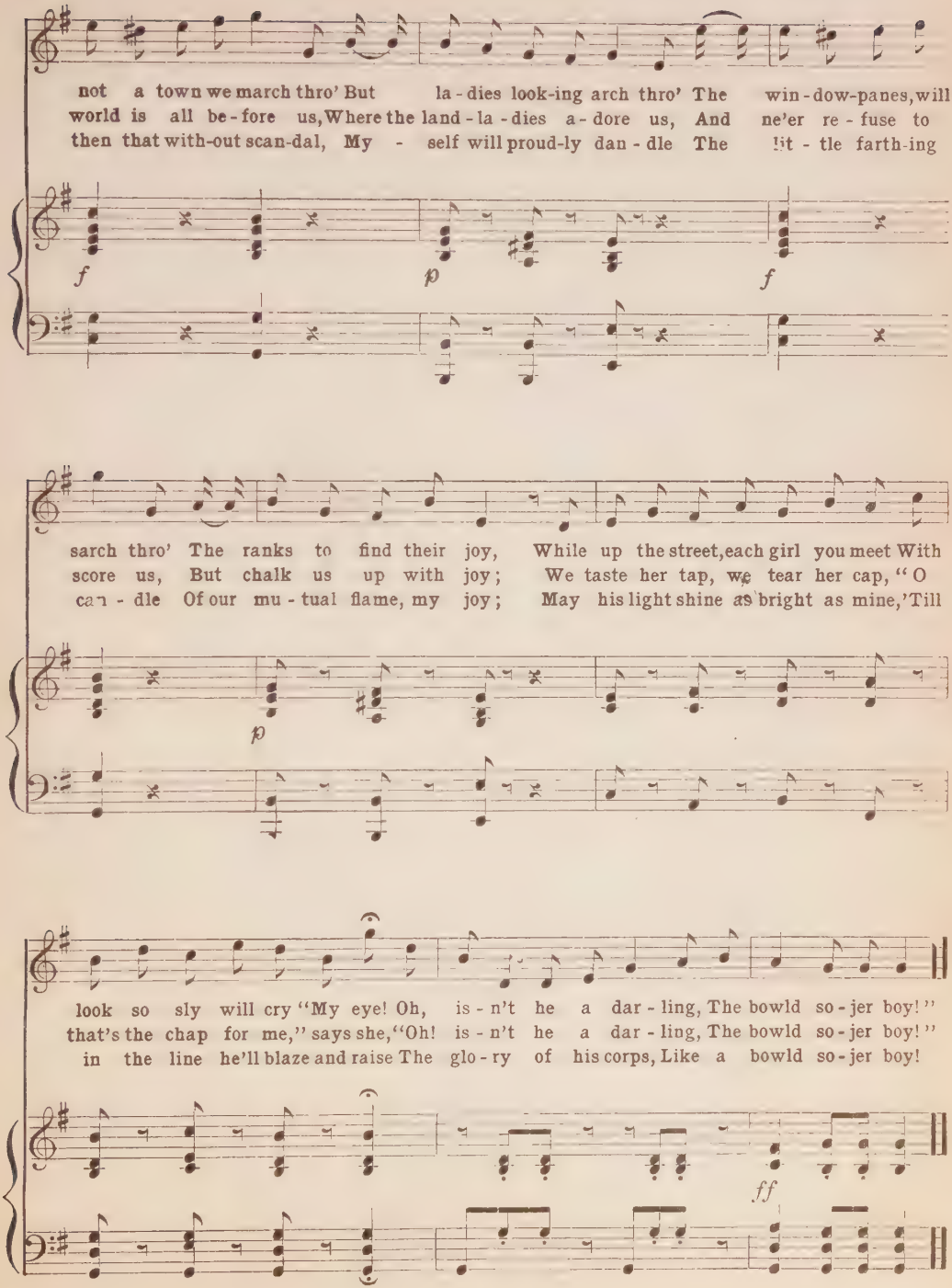



leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down - ward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.
dream of joy, a - las! has per - ish'd, Nel-ly dear, with thee.
tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.
CHORUS 2nd time pp
All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my
dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

The Bowld Sojer Boy

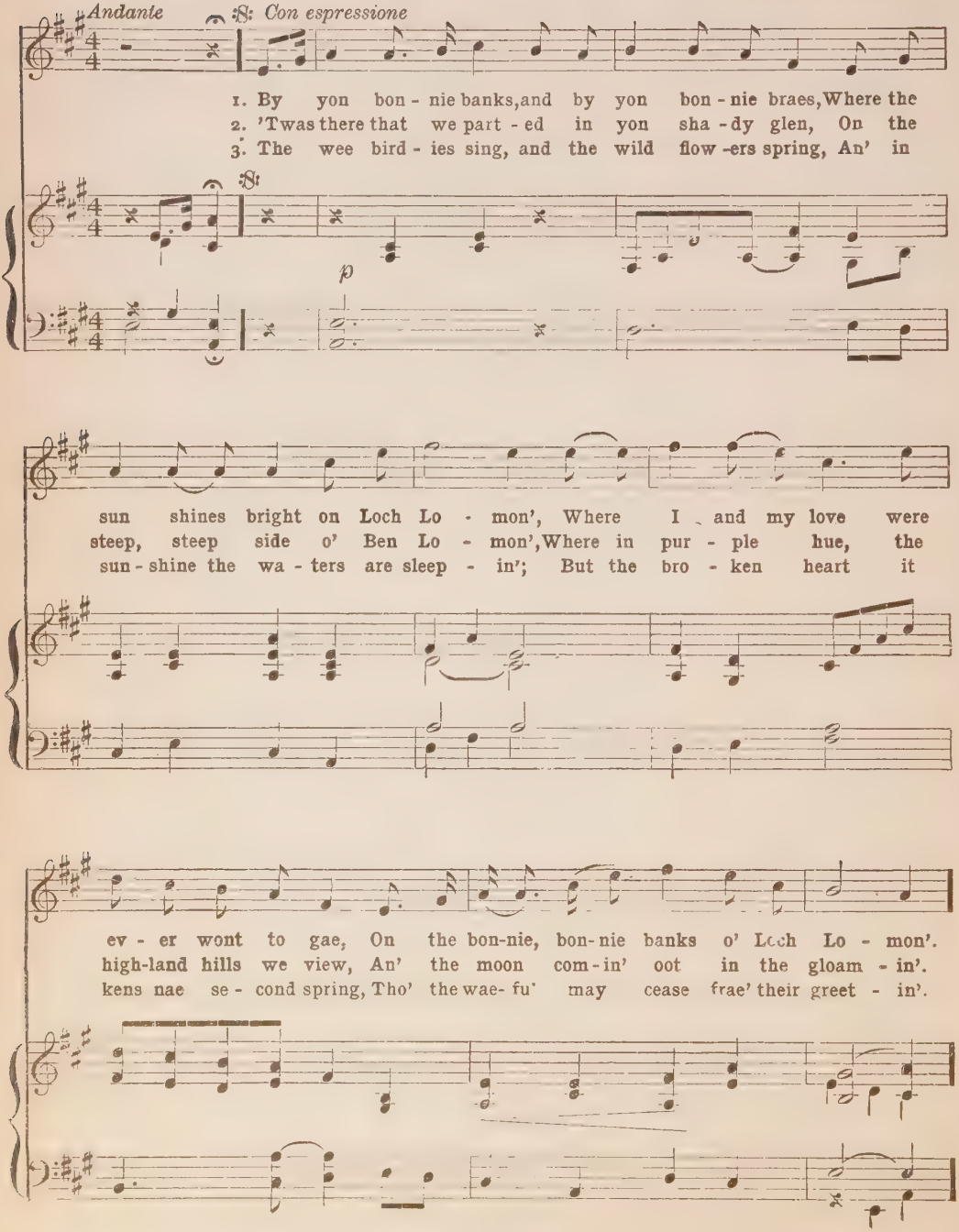
SAMUEL LOVER

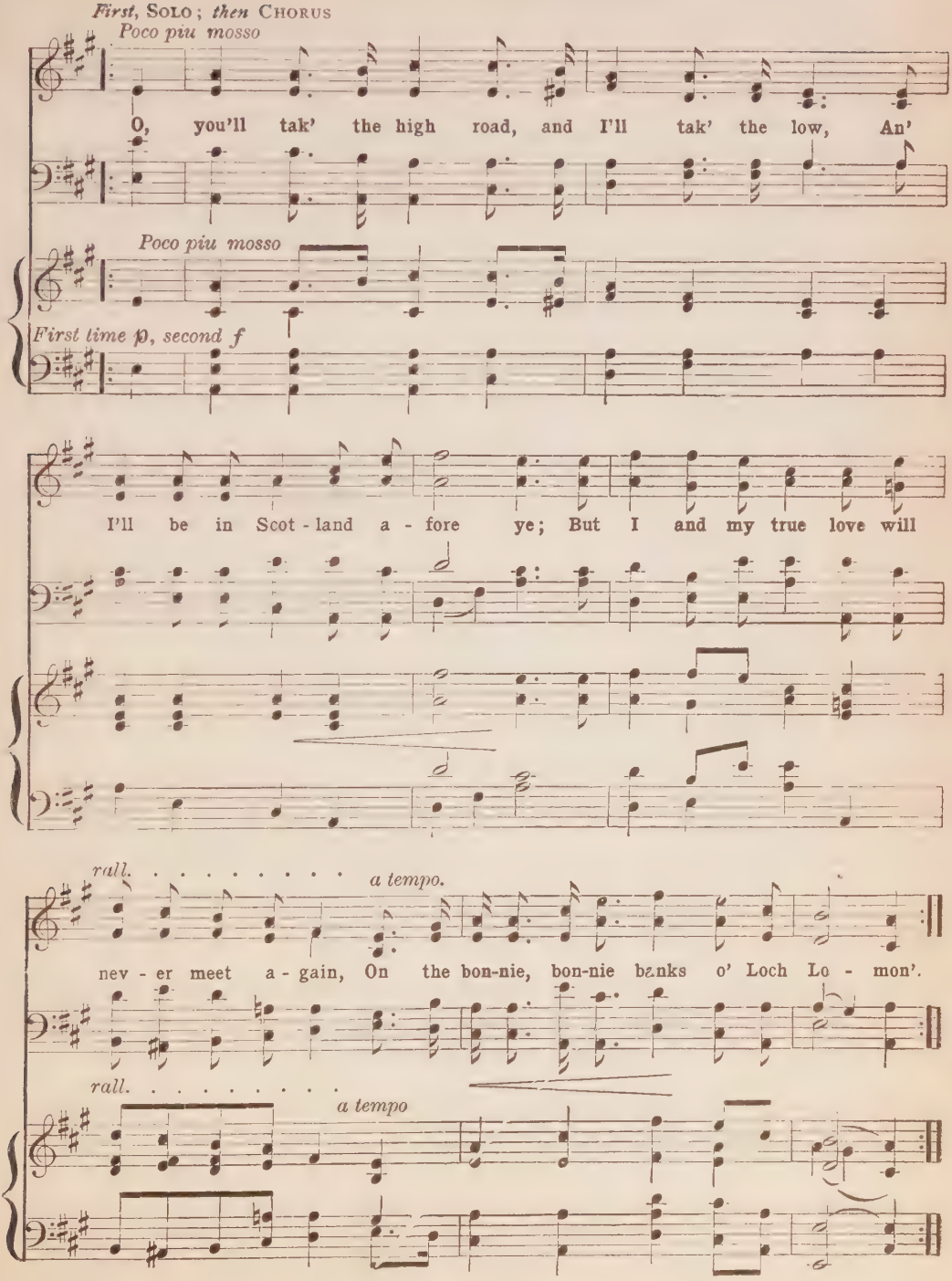



not a town we march thro' But la - dies look-ing arch thro' The win - dow-panes, will
world is all be - fore us, Where the land - la - dies a - dore us, And ne'er re - fuse to
then that with-out scan-dal, My - self will proud-ly dan - dle The lit - tle farth-ing
f
p
f
sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet With
score us, But chalk us up with joy; We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "O
can - dle Of our mu - tual flame, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine,' Till
p
look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"
in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo - ry of his corps, Like a bowld so - jer boy!
ff

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

Scotch Folksong

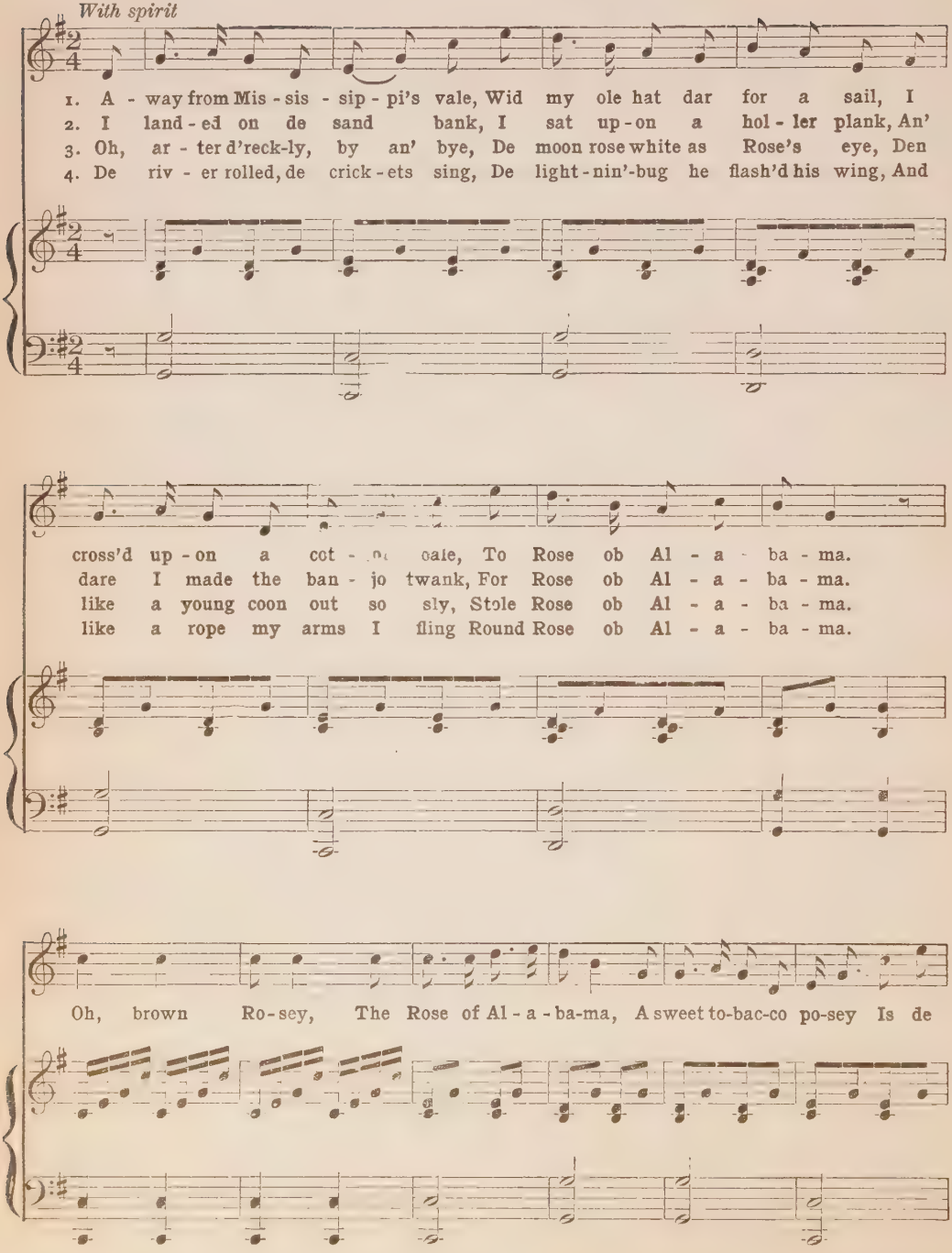


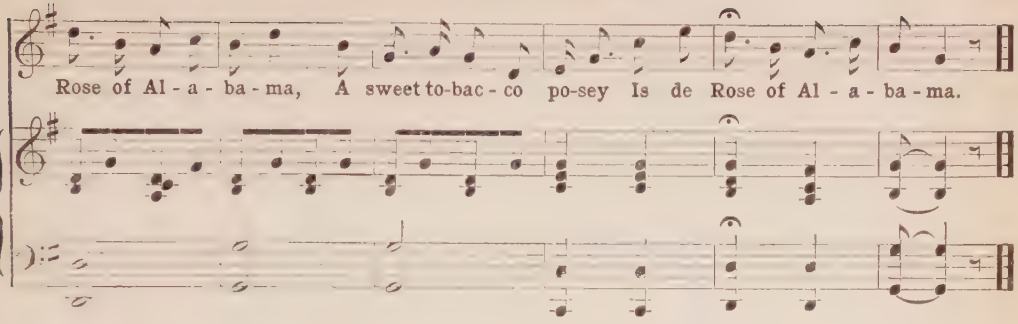

First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Poco piu mosso
O, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low, An'
Poco piu mosso
First time p, second f
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But I and my true love will
rall.
a tempo.
nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
rall.
a tempo

The Rose of Alabama

S. S. Steele

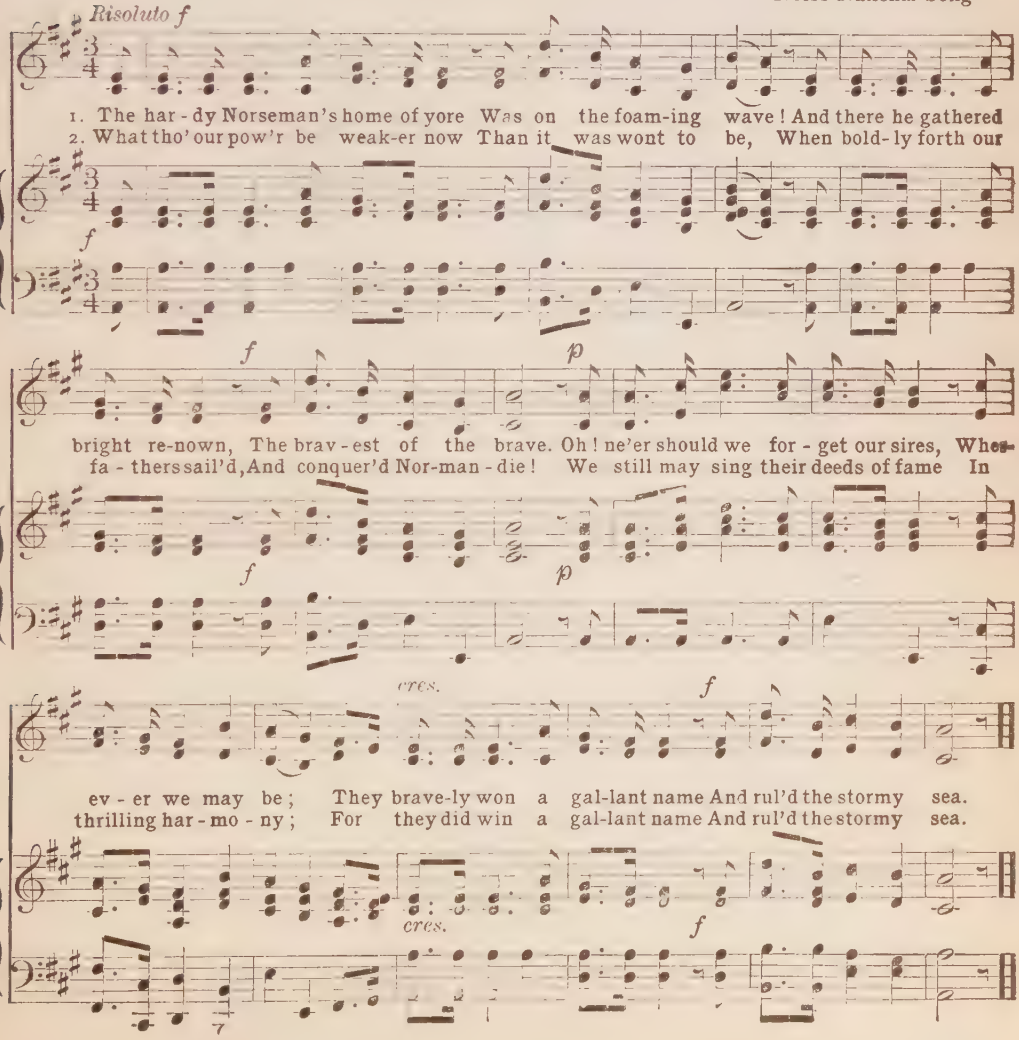
With spirit





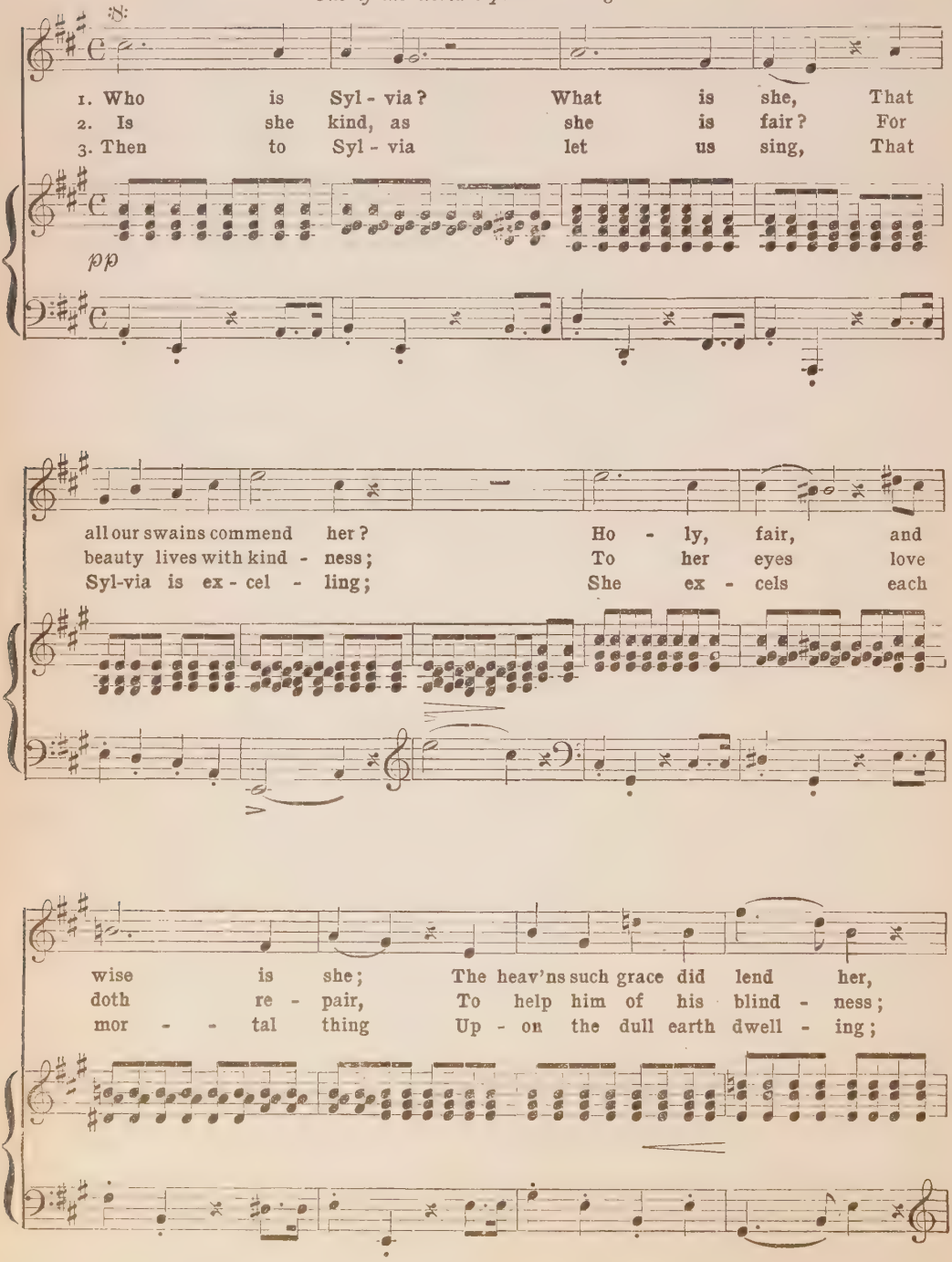
The Hardy Norseman

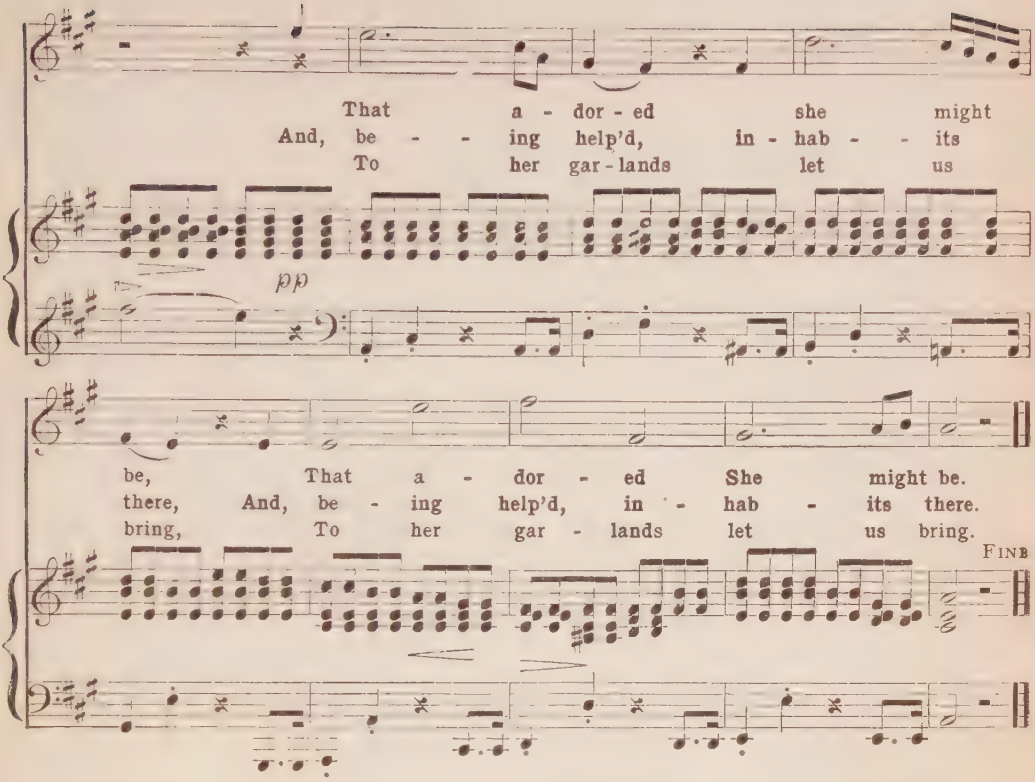
Norse National Song



Who is Sylvia

SHAKESPEARE — *"One of the world's purest vocal gems"* — SCHUBERT

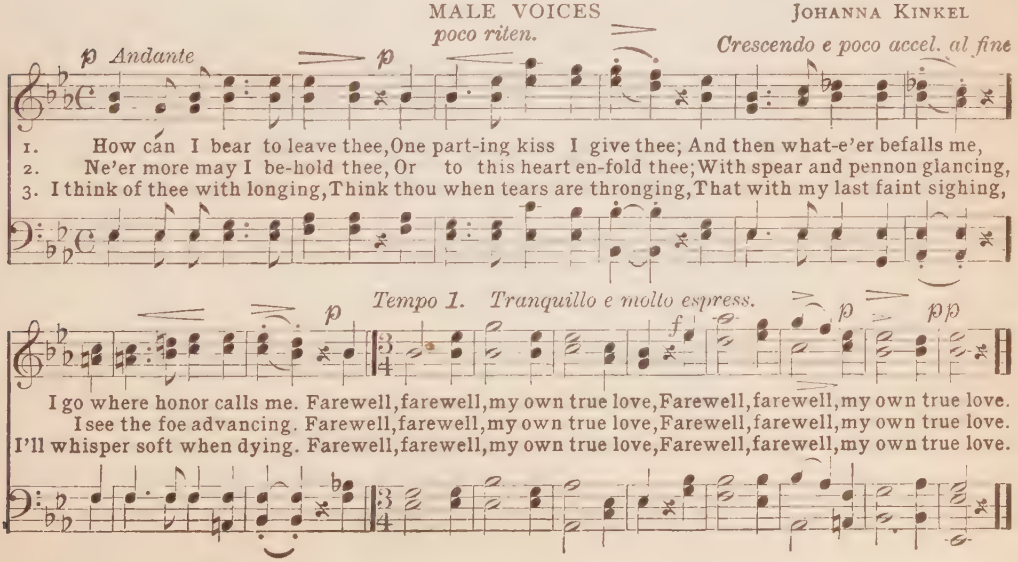




Soldier's Farewell

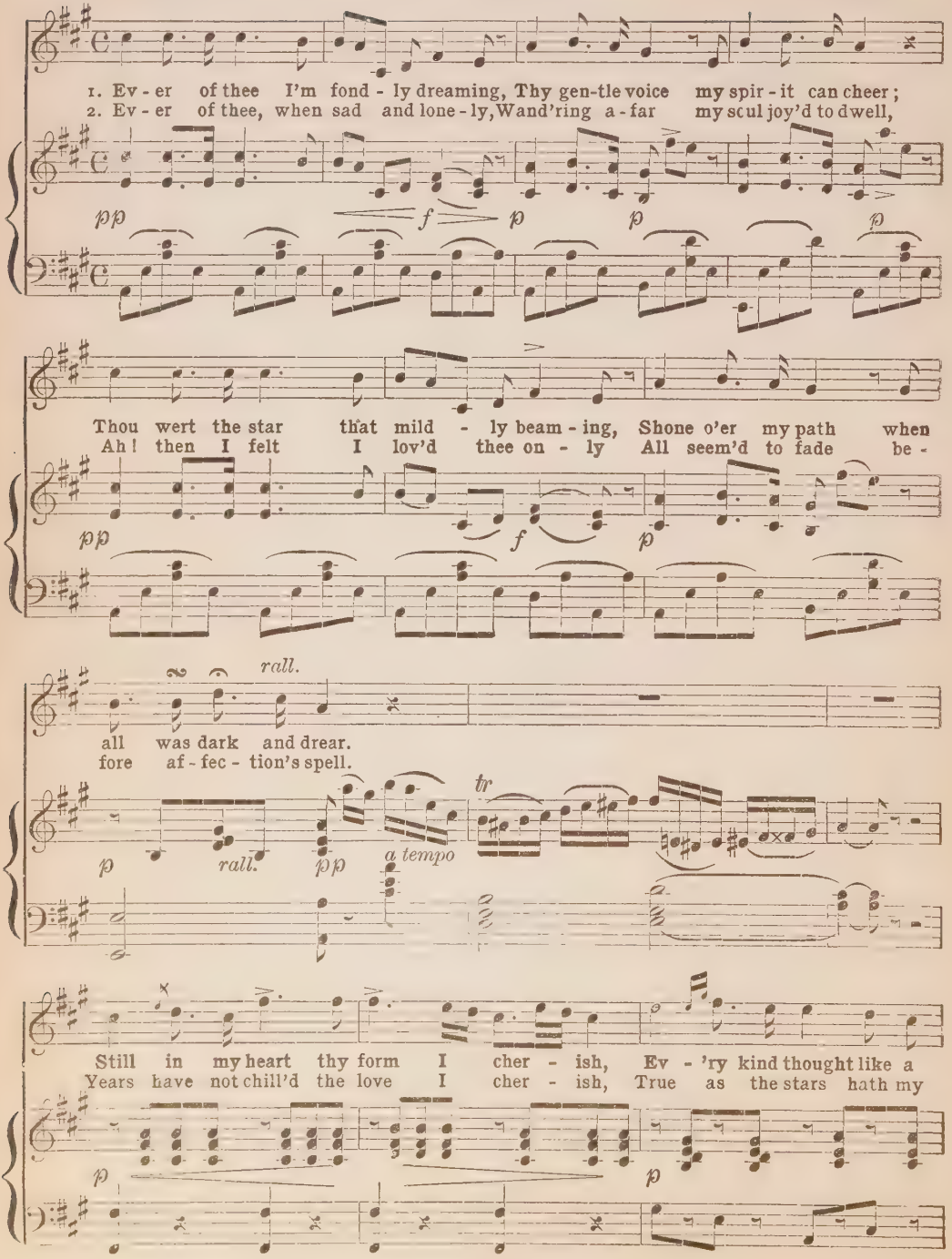
MALE VOICES

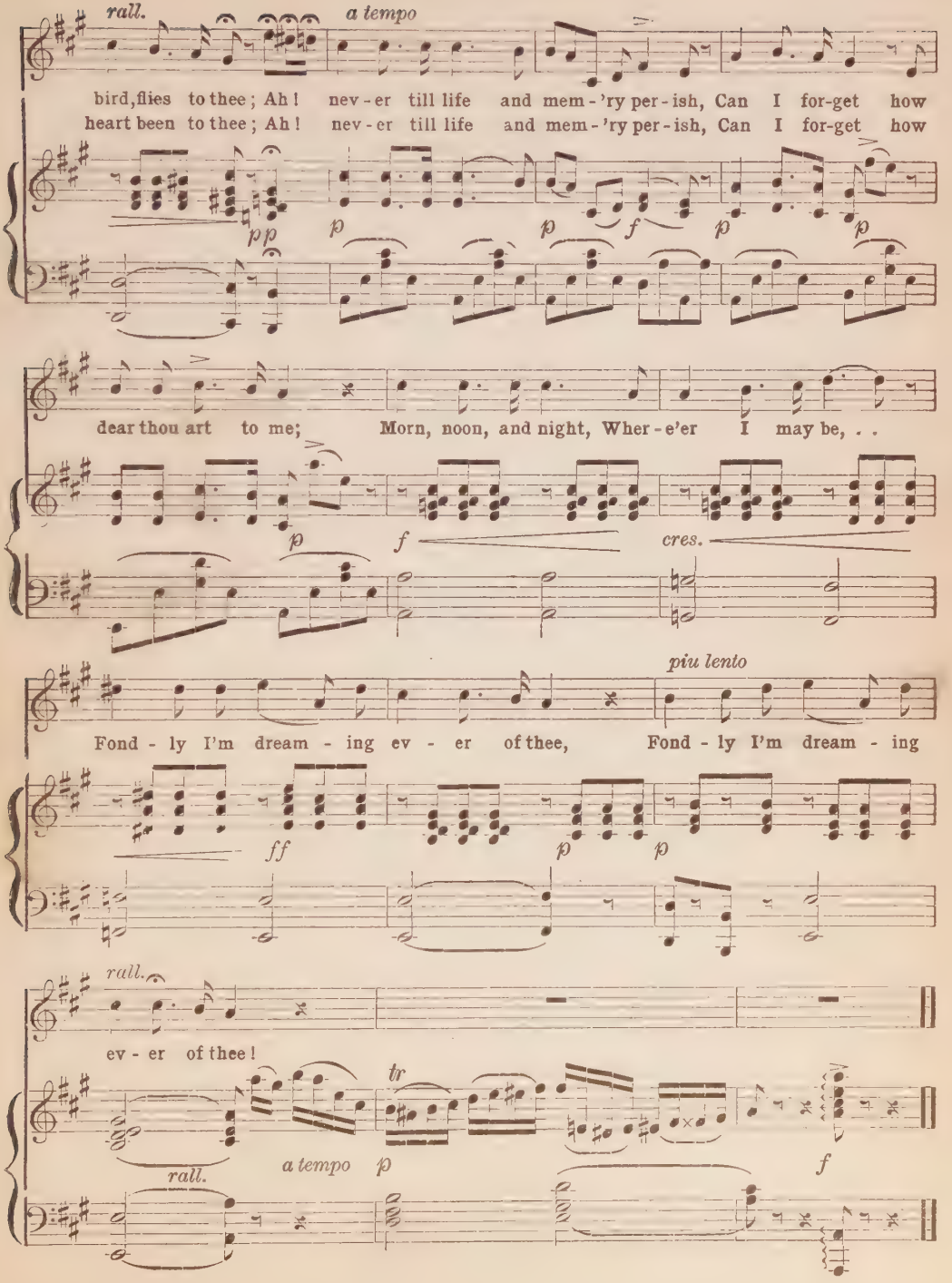
JOHANNA KINKEL



Ever of Thee

GEORGE LINLEY FOLEY HALL




rall.
a tempo
bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
heart been to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
pp
p
p
f
p
p
dear thou art to me; Morn, noon, and night, Wher-e'er I may be, . .
p
f
cres.
piu lento
Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing
ff
p
p
rall.
ev-er of thee!
tr
rall.
a tempo
p
f

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

GEORGE COOPER J. R. THOMAS

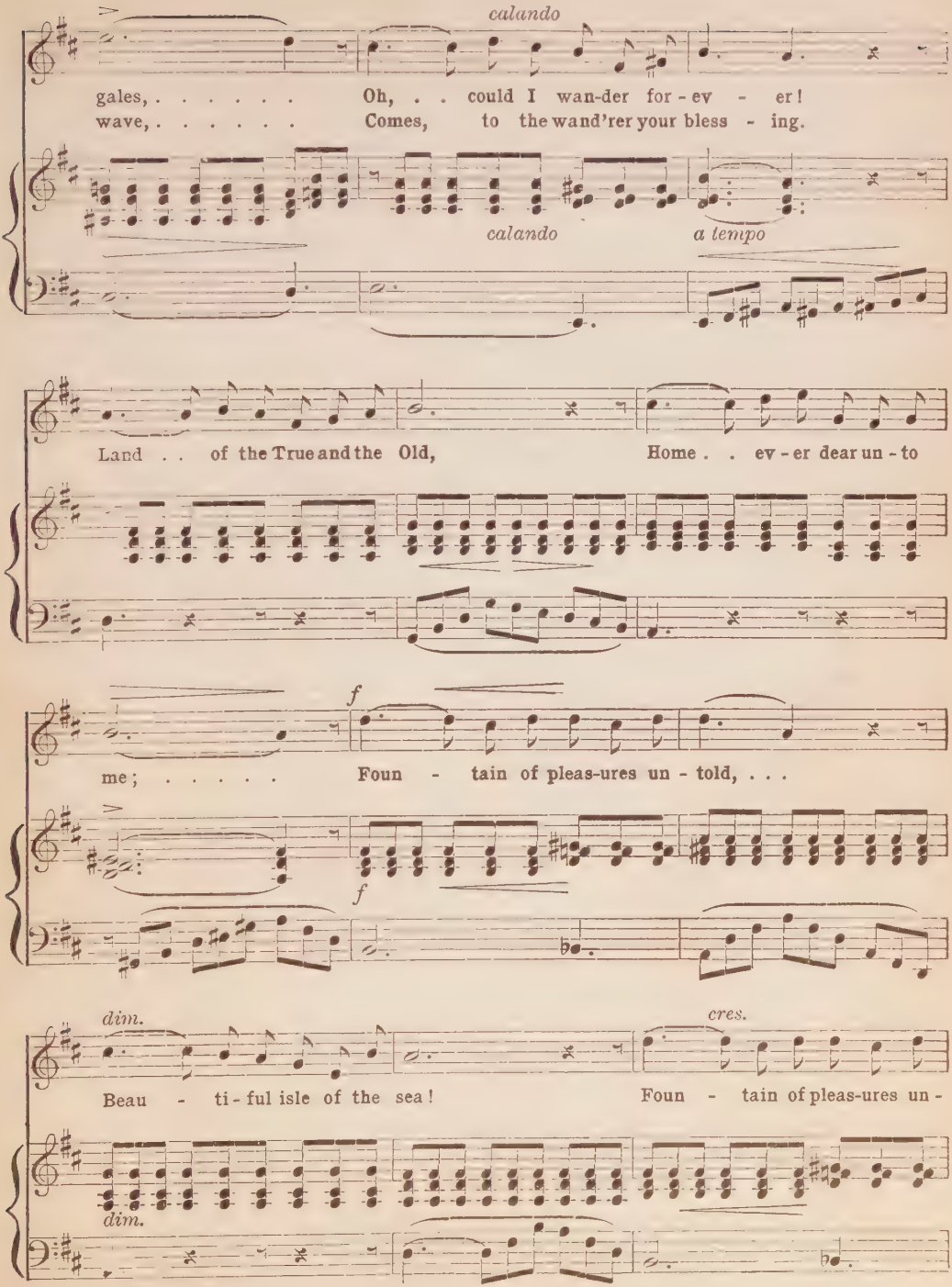
Allegro moderato

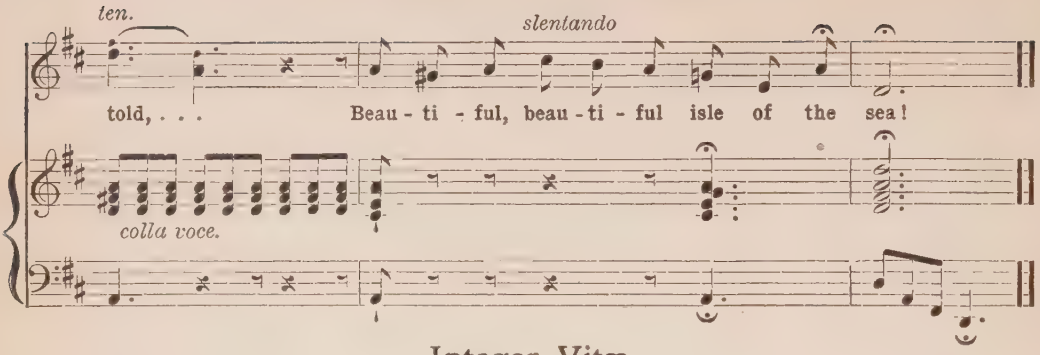
1. Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile . . on the brow of the
2. Oft . . . on your shell-gird-led shore, Eve - ning has found me re -

wa - ters, Dear . . are your mem'ries to me,
clin - ing, Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er,

Sweet as the songs of your daughters; O - ver your mountains and vales,
Down where the lighthouse was shin-ing; Far from the glad-ness you gave,

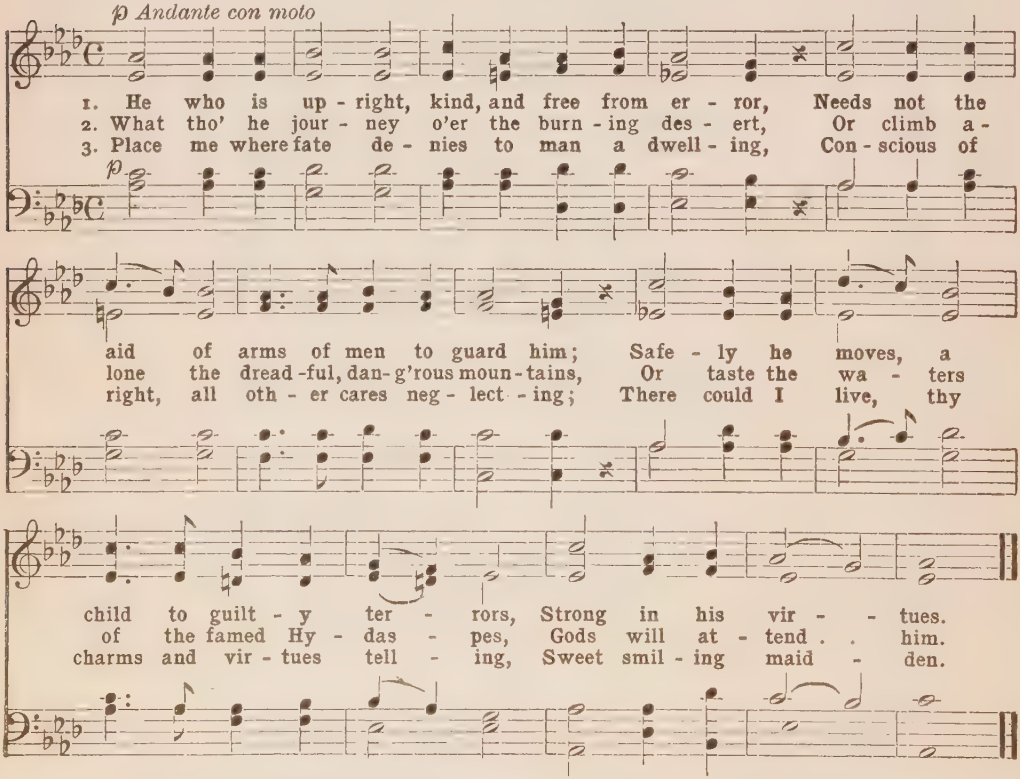
Down by each murmur-ing riv - er, Cheer'd by the flow'r-lov-ing
Far . . . from all joys worth pos-sess - ing, Still . . o'er the lone wea-ry


calando
gales, ... Oh, . . could I wan-der for-ev - er!
wave, ... Comes, to the wand'rer your bless - ing.
calando
a tempo
Land . . of the True and the Old, Home . . ev-er dear un-to
me; . . . . . f Foun - tain of pleas-ures un - told, . . .
f
dim.
cres.
Beau - ti-ful isle of the sea! Foun - tain of pleas-ures un-
dim.



Integer Vitæ

HORACE, Ode XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS — F. FLEMMING



1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

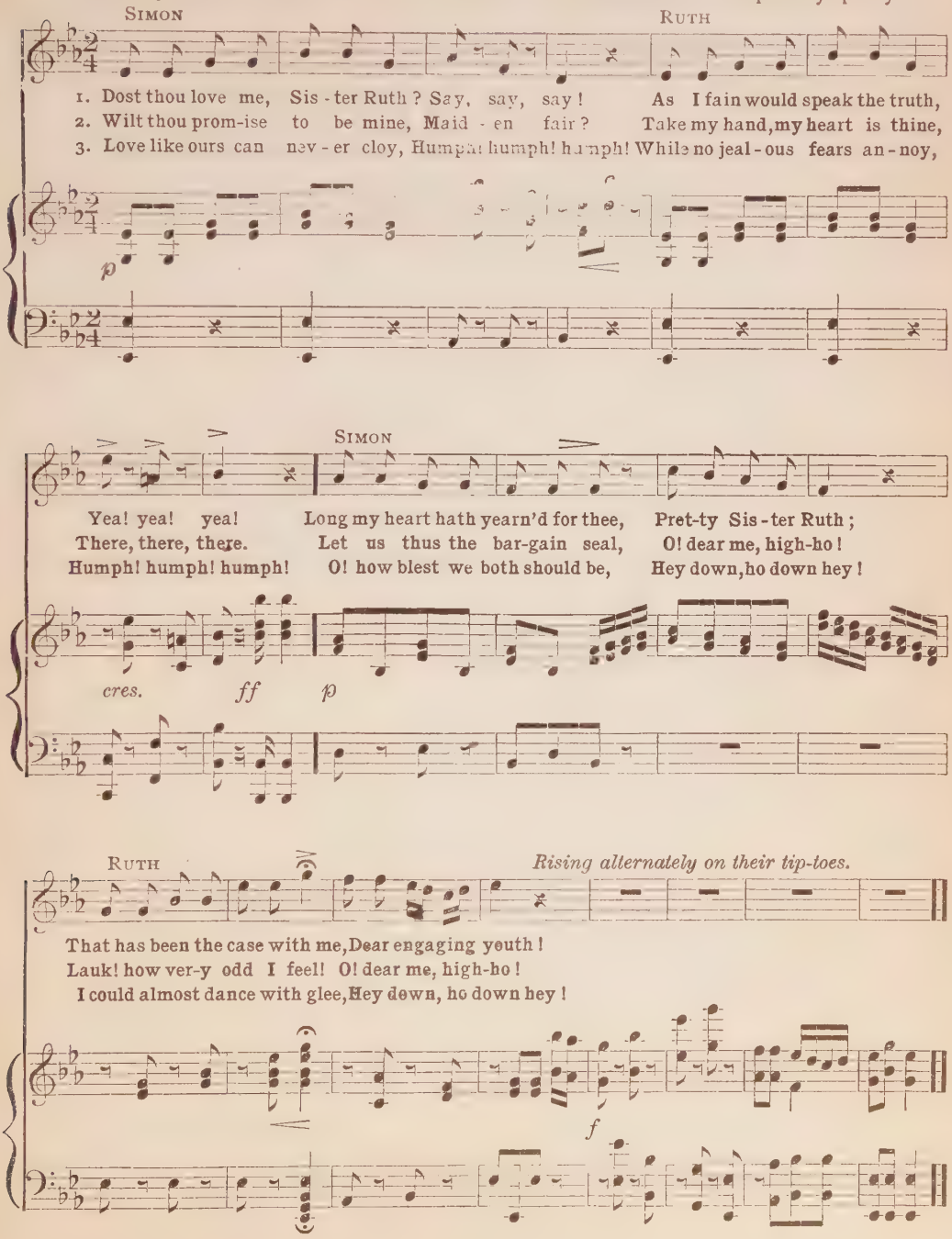
2 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth

Adapted by JOHN PARRY

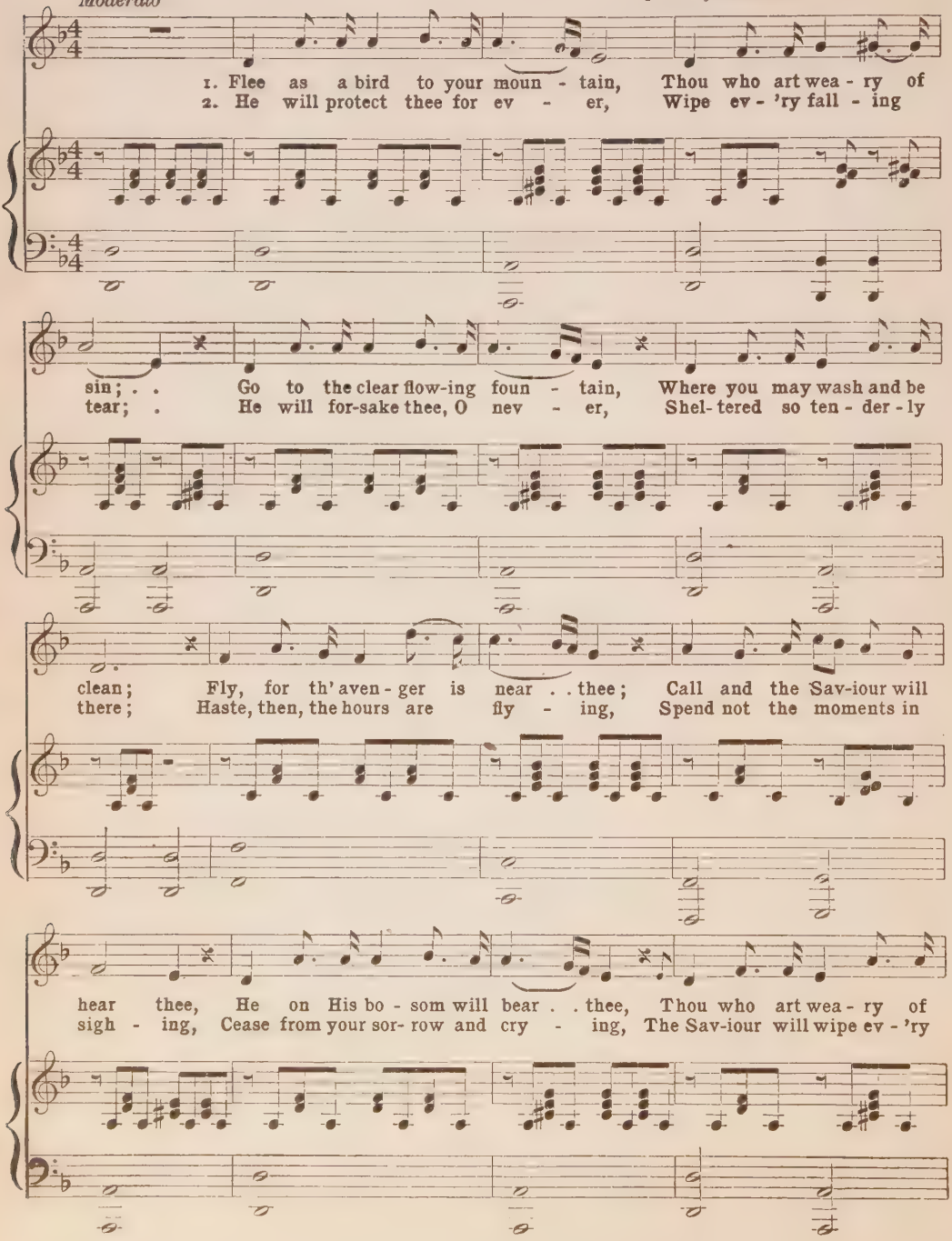
From HAYDN'S "Surprise Symphony"

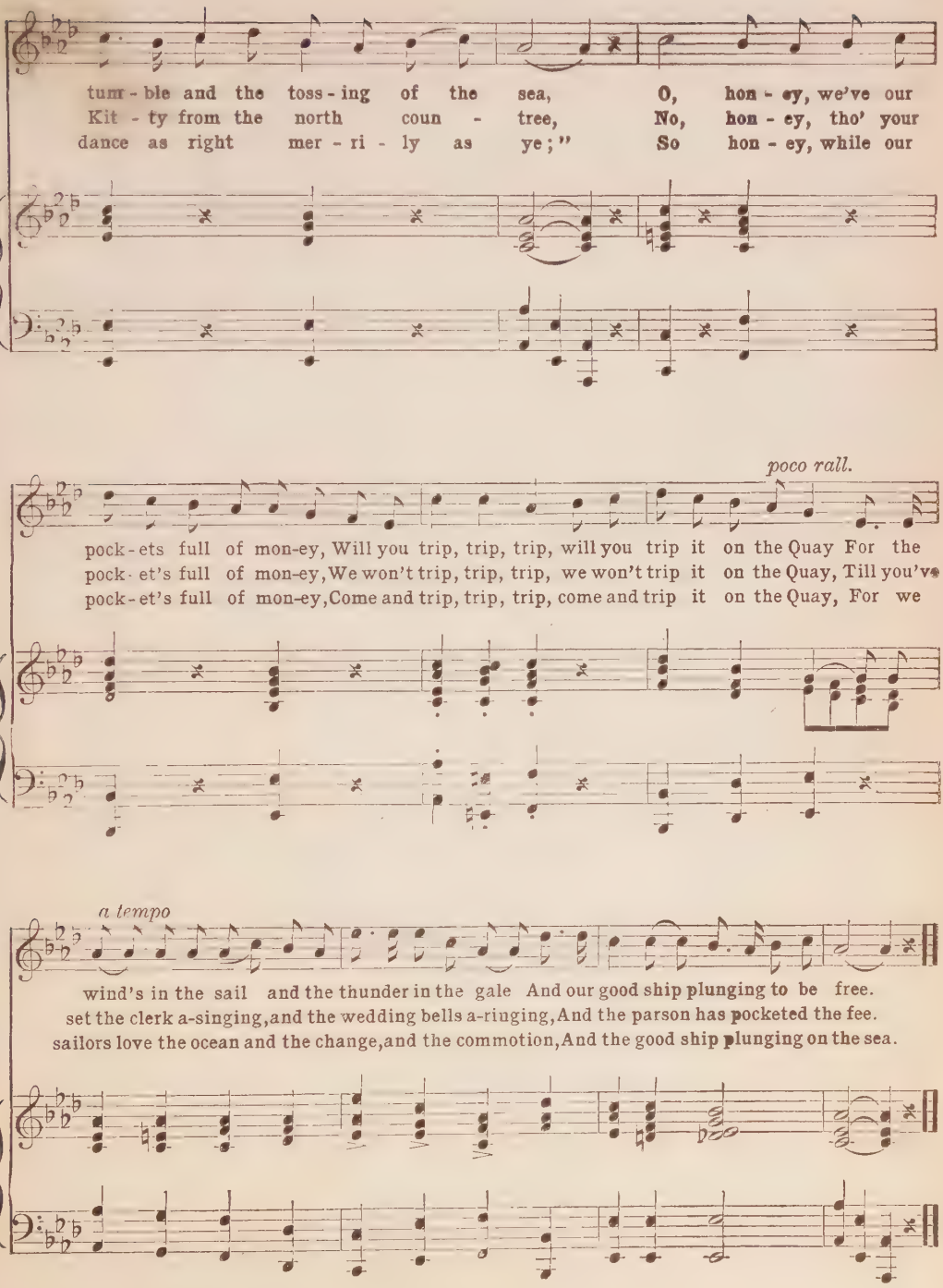


Flee as a Bird

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. DANA

Moderato




tum - ble and the toss - ing of the sea, O, hon - ey, we've our
Kit - ty from the north coun - tree, No, hon - ey, tho' your
dance as right mer - ri - ly as ye;" So hon - ey, while our
poco rall.
pock - ets full of mon-ey, Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay For the
pock - et's full of mon-ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've
pock - et's full of mon-ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we
a tempo
wind's in the sail and the thunder in the gale And our good ship plunging to be free.
set the clerk a-singing, and the wedding bells a-ringing, And the parson has pocketed the fee.
sailors love the ocean and the change, and the commotion, And the good ship plunging on the sea.

My Trundle-Bed

J. C. Baker

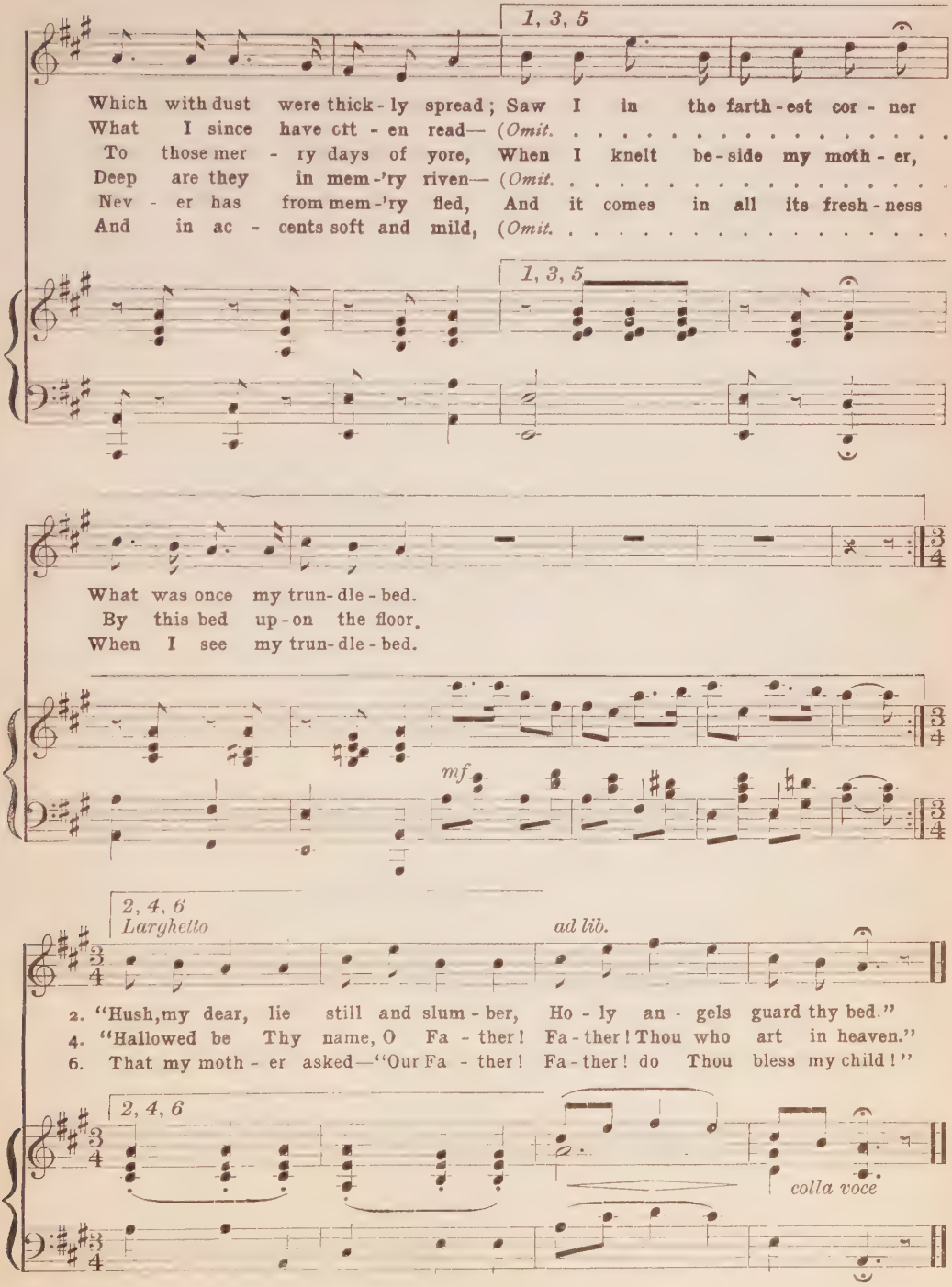
Moderato

1. As I rum - mag'd thro' the at - tic, List - 'ning to the fall - ing
2. So I drew it from the re - cess, Where it had re-main'd so
3. As I lis - ten'd, rec - ol - lec - tions, That I thought had been for -
4. Then it was with hands so gent - ly Placed up - on my in - fant
5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth - er Long has mould - er'd 'neath the
6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port, great and

p

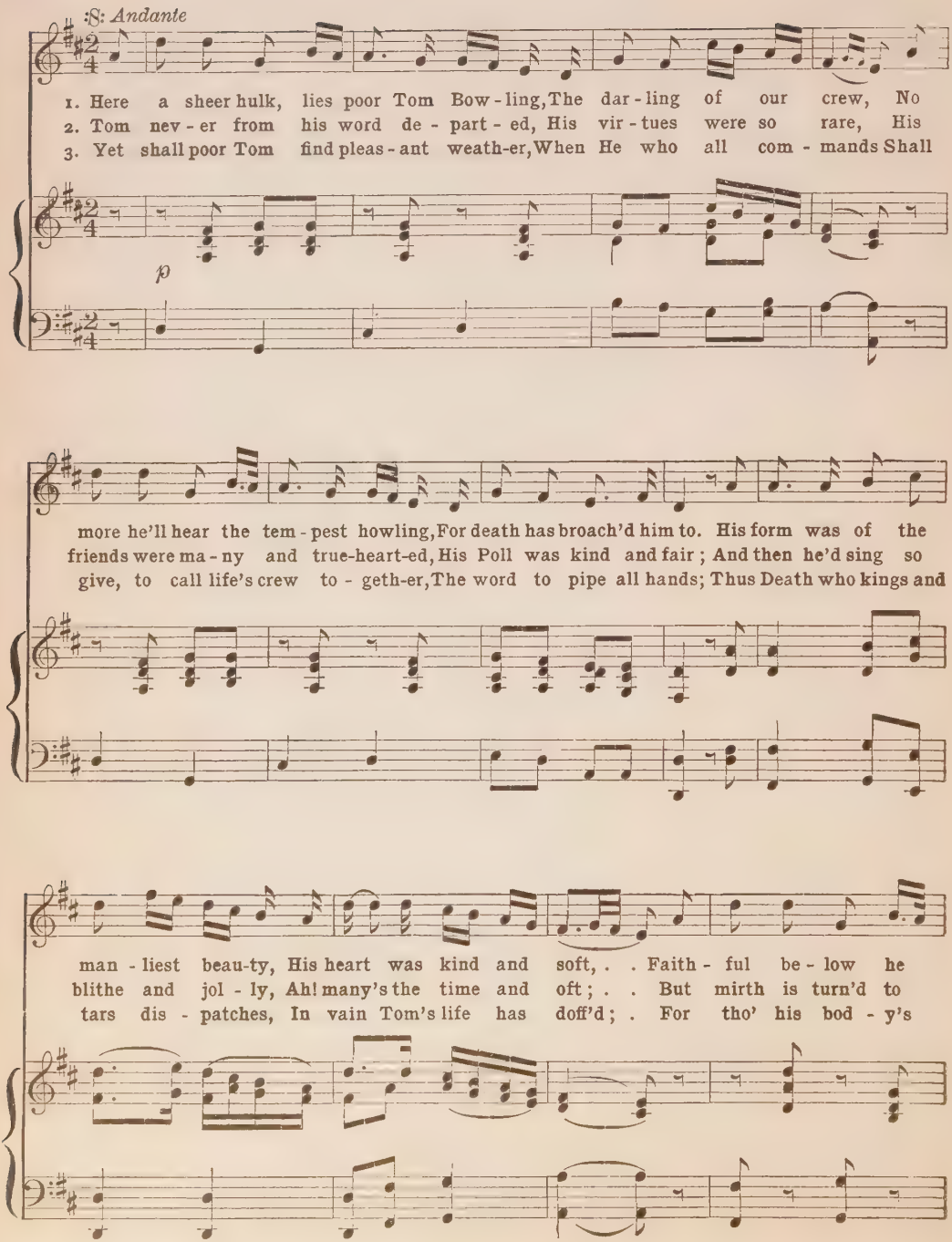
rain, As it pat - ter'd on the shin - gles And a -
long, Hear - ing all the while the mu - sic Of my
got, Came with all the gush of mem - 'ry, Rush - ing,
head, That she taught my lips to ut - ter Care - ful -
sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els
deep— Af - ter which I learned to ut - ter "Now I

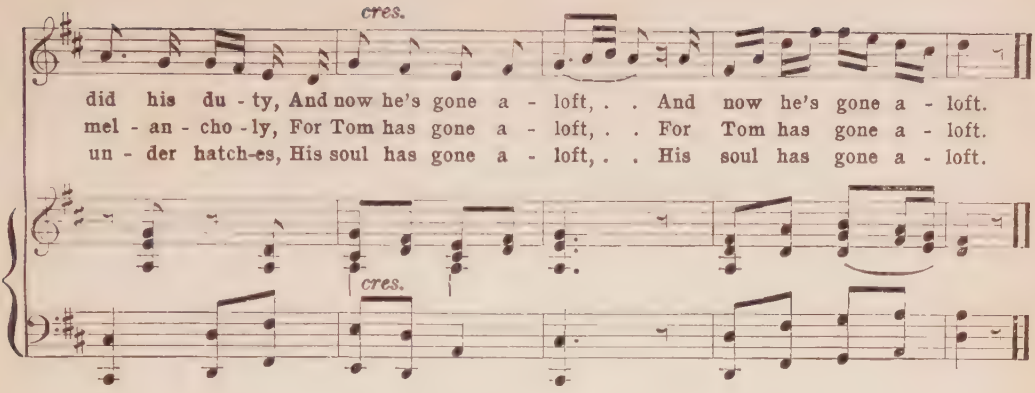
gainst the win - dow pane; Peep - ing o - ver chests and box - es,
moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents,
throng - ing to the spot; And I wan - der'd back to child - hood,
ly the words she said; Nev - er can they be for - got - ten,
in the home of God: But that scene at sum - mer twi - light,
lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up - lift - ed,


1, 3, 5
Which with dust were thick - ly spread; Saw I in the farth - est cor - ner
What I since have oft - en read— (Omit.
To those mer - ry days of yore, When I knelt be - side my moth - er,
Deep are they in mem - 'ry riven— (Omit.
Nev - er has from mem - 'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh - ness
And in ac - cents soft and mild, (Omit.
1, 3, 5
What was once my trun - dle - bed.
By this bed up - on the floor.
When I see my trun - dle - bed.
mf
2, 4, 6
Larghetto
ad lib.
2. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed."
4. "Hallowed be Thy name, O Fa - ther! Fa - ther! Thou who art in heaven."
6. That my moth - er asked—"Our Fa - ther! Fa - ther! do Thou bless my child!"
2, 4, 6
colla voce

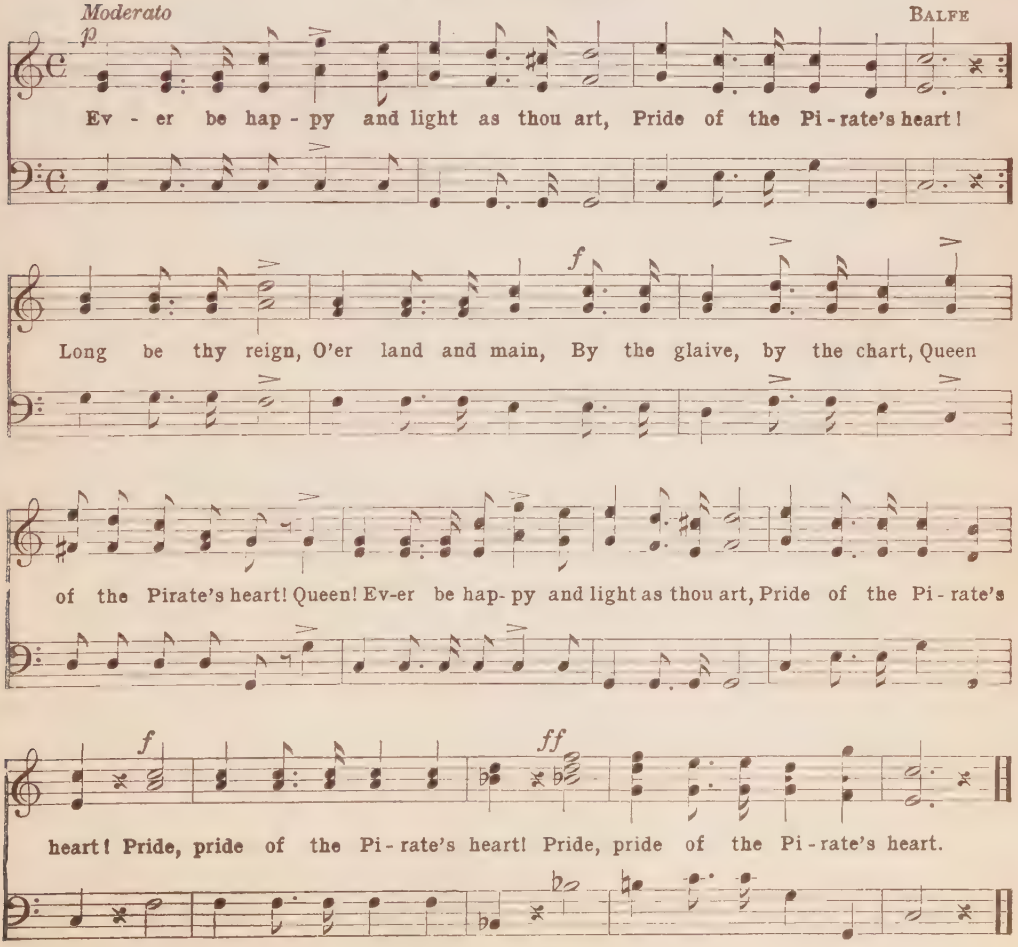
Tom Bowling

T. Dibdin





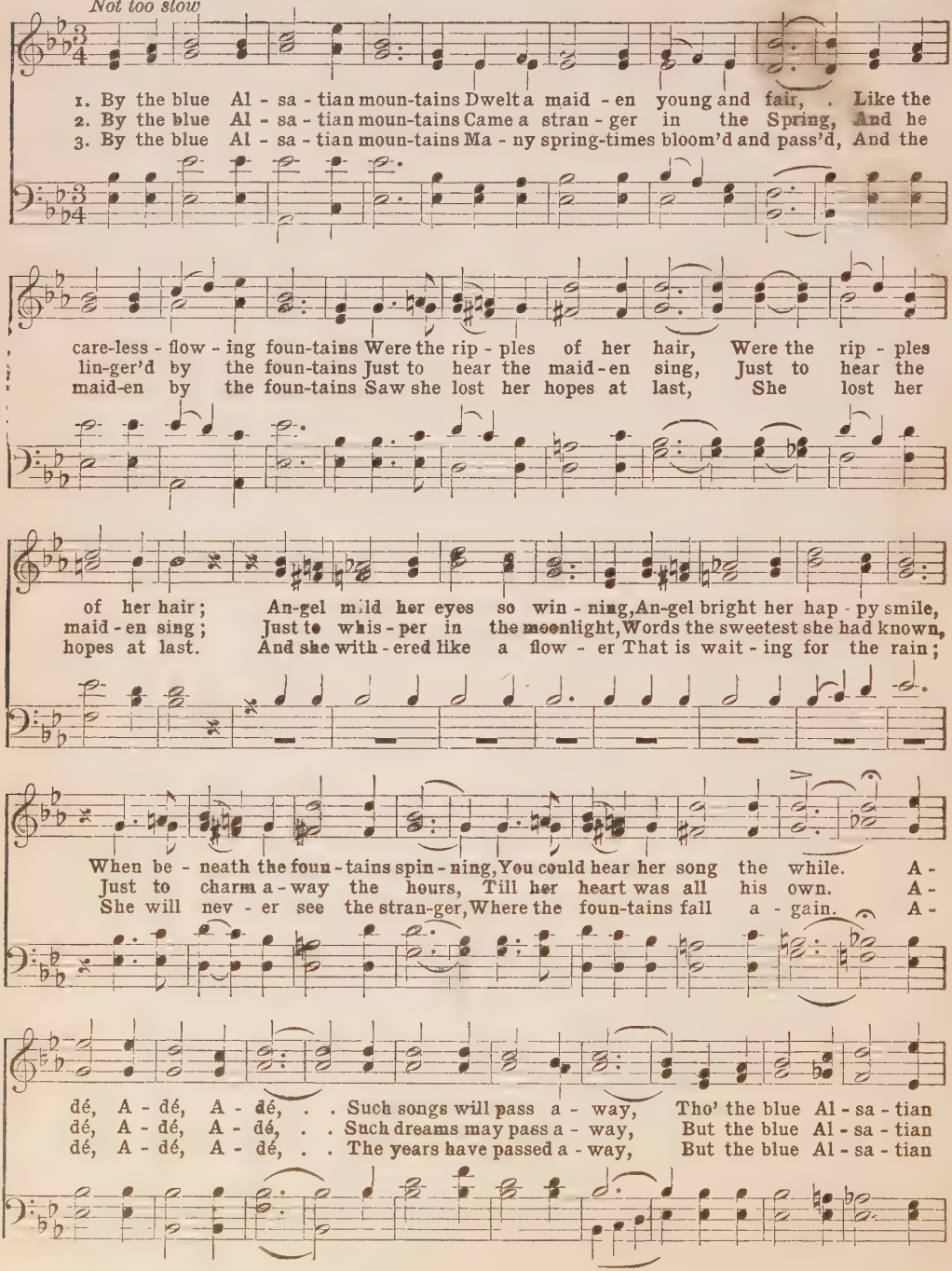
Pirates' Chorus

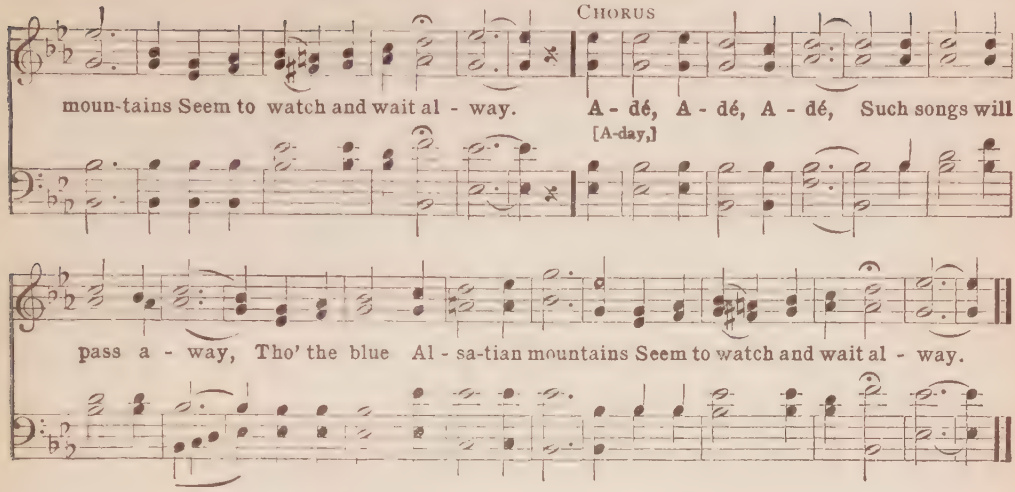


The Blue Alsatian Mountains

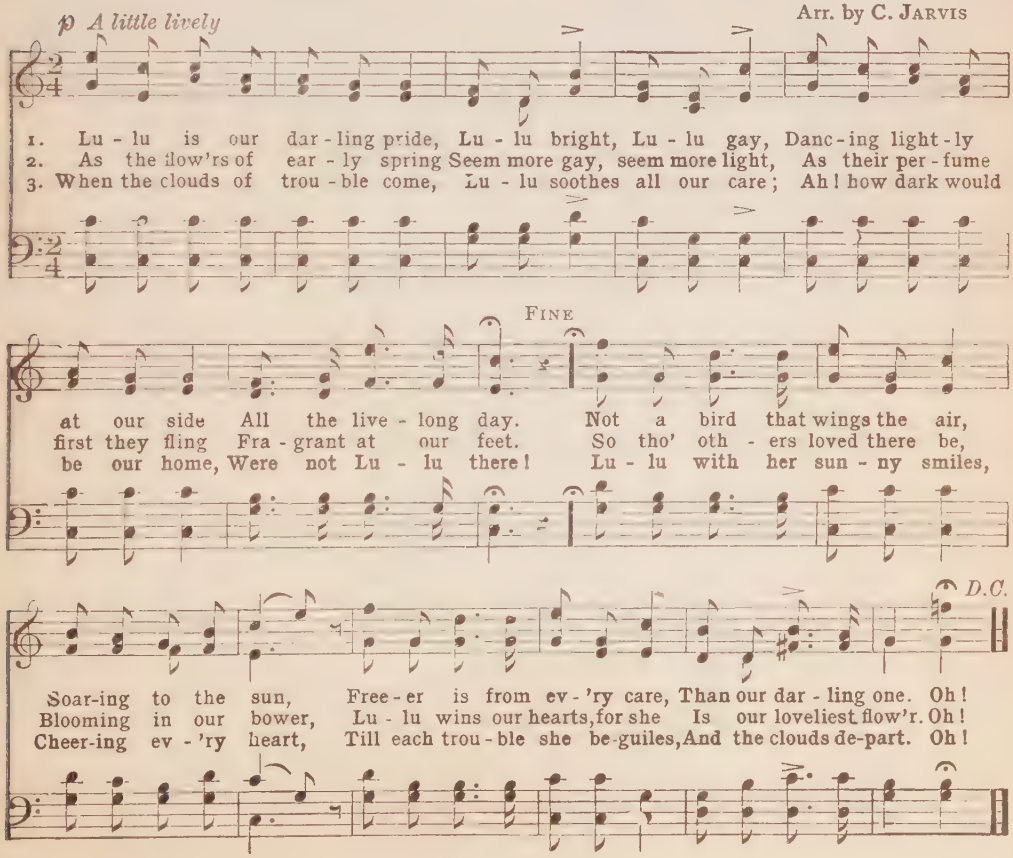
CLARIBEL — STEPHEN ADAMS

Not too slow



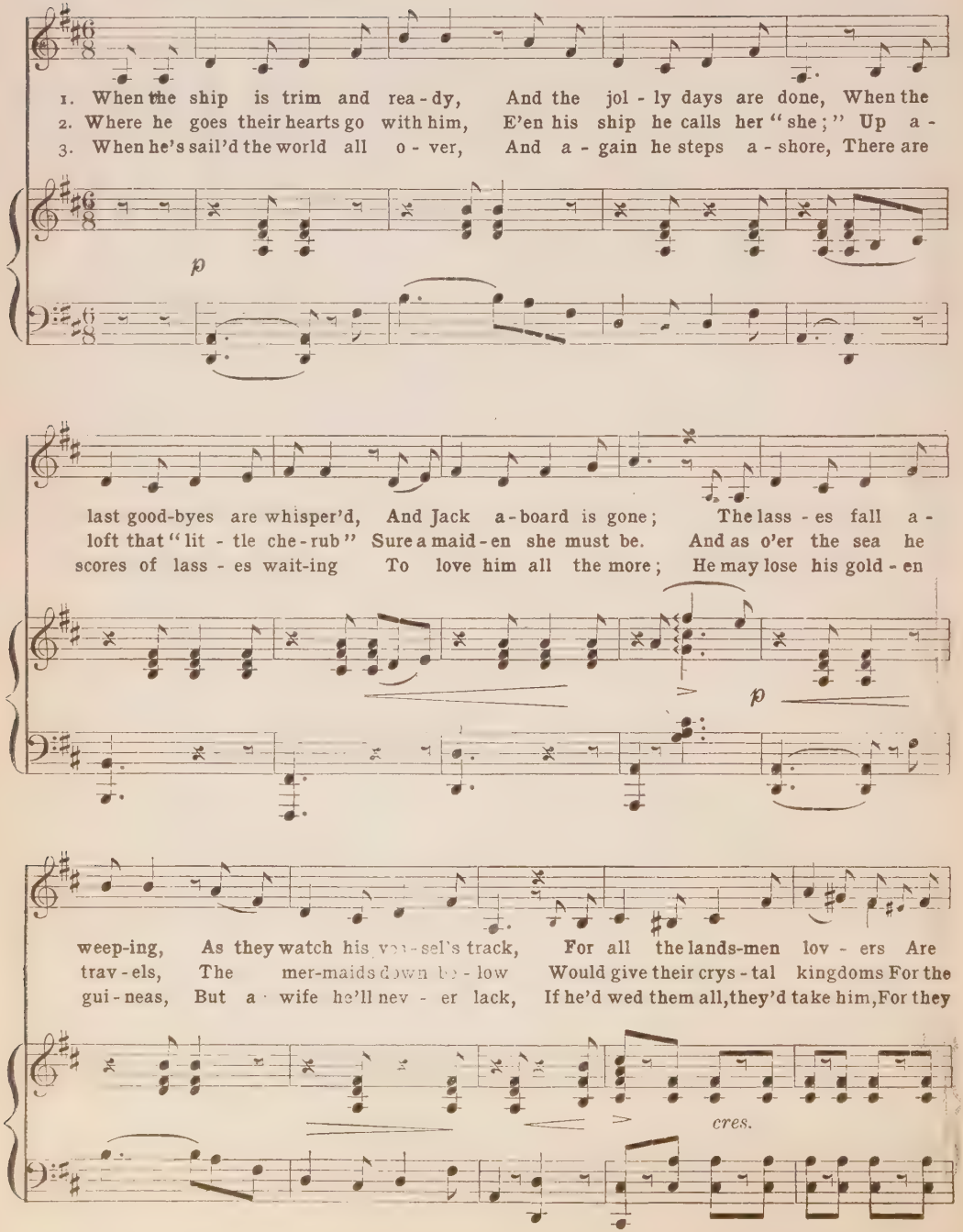


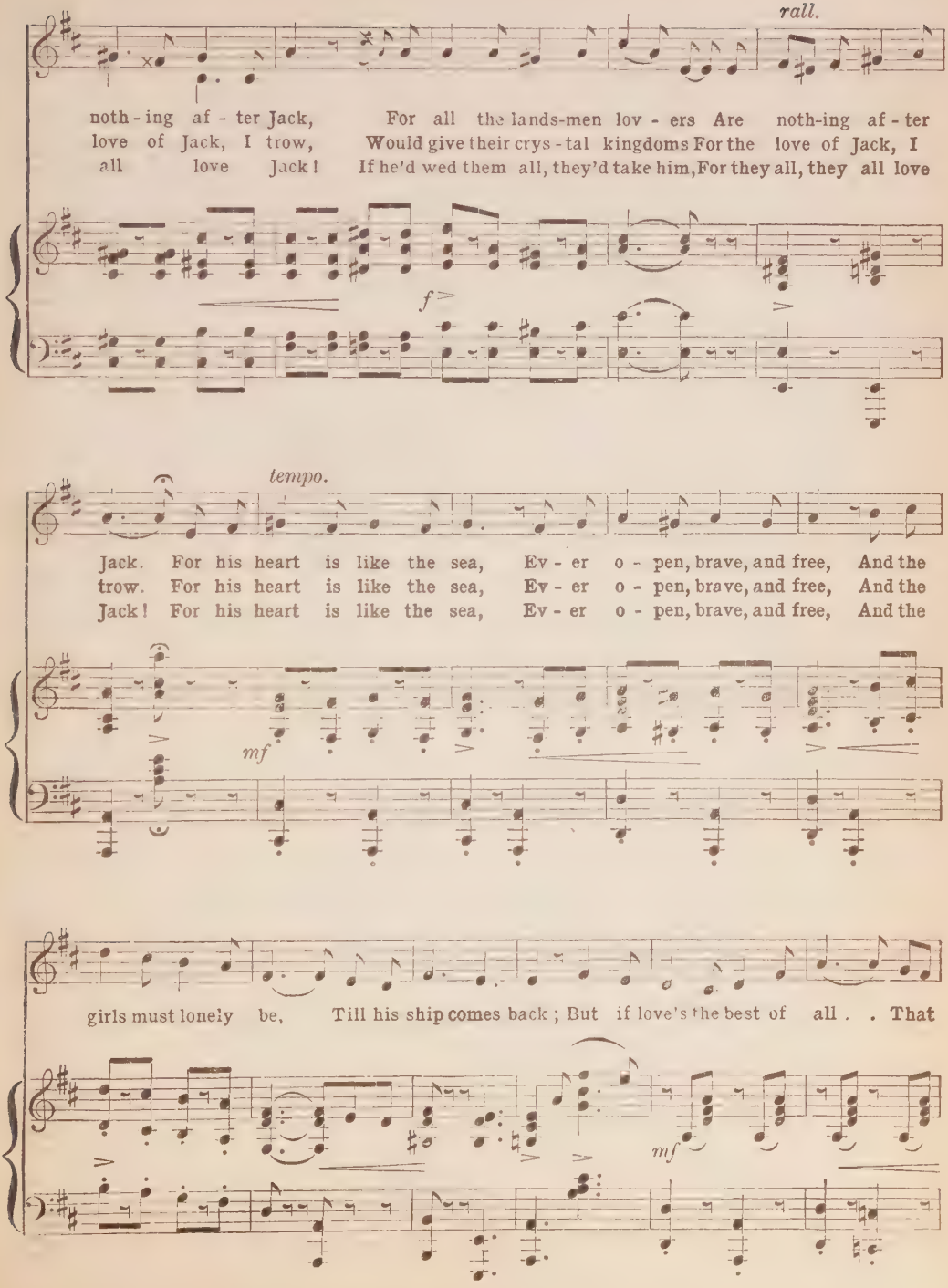
Lulu is Our Darling Pride

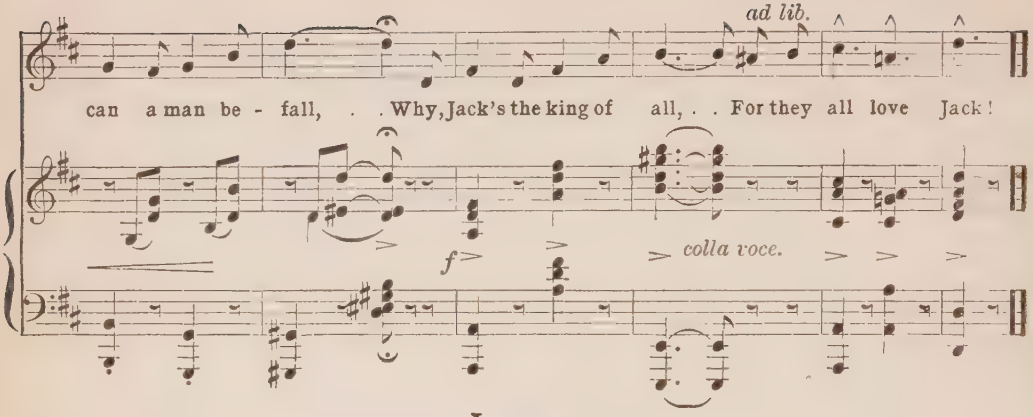


They All Love Jack

F. E. Weatherly — Stephen Adams

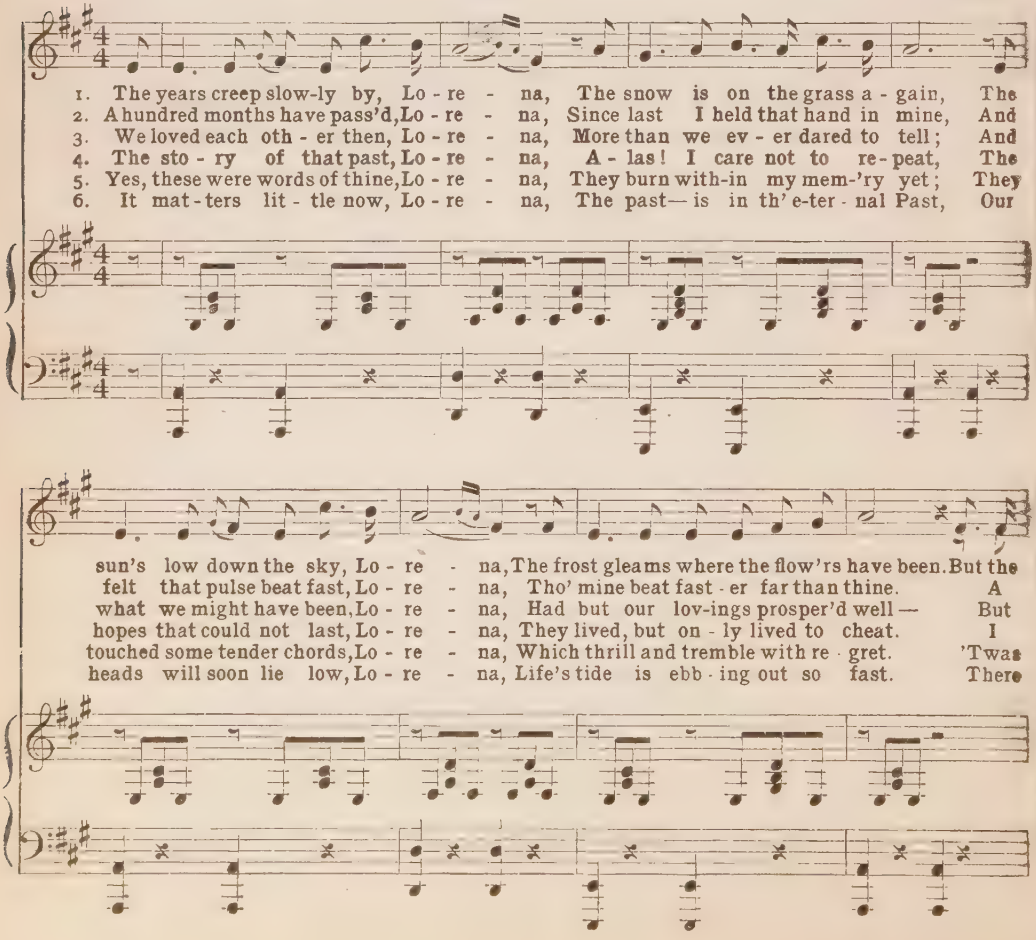


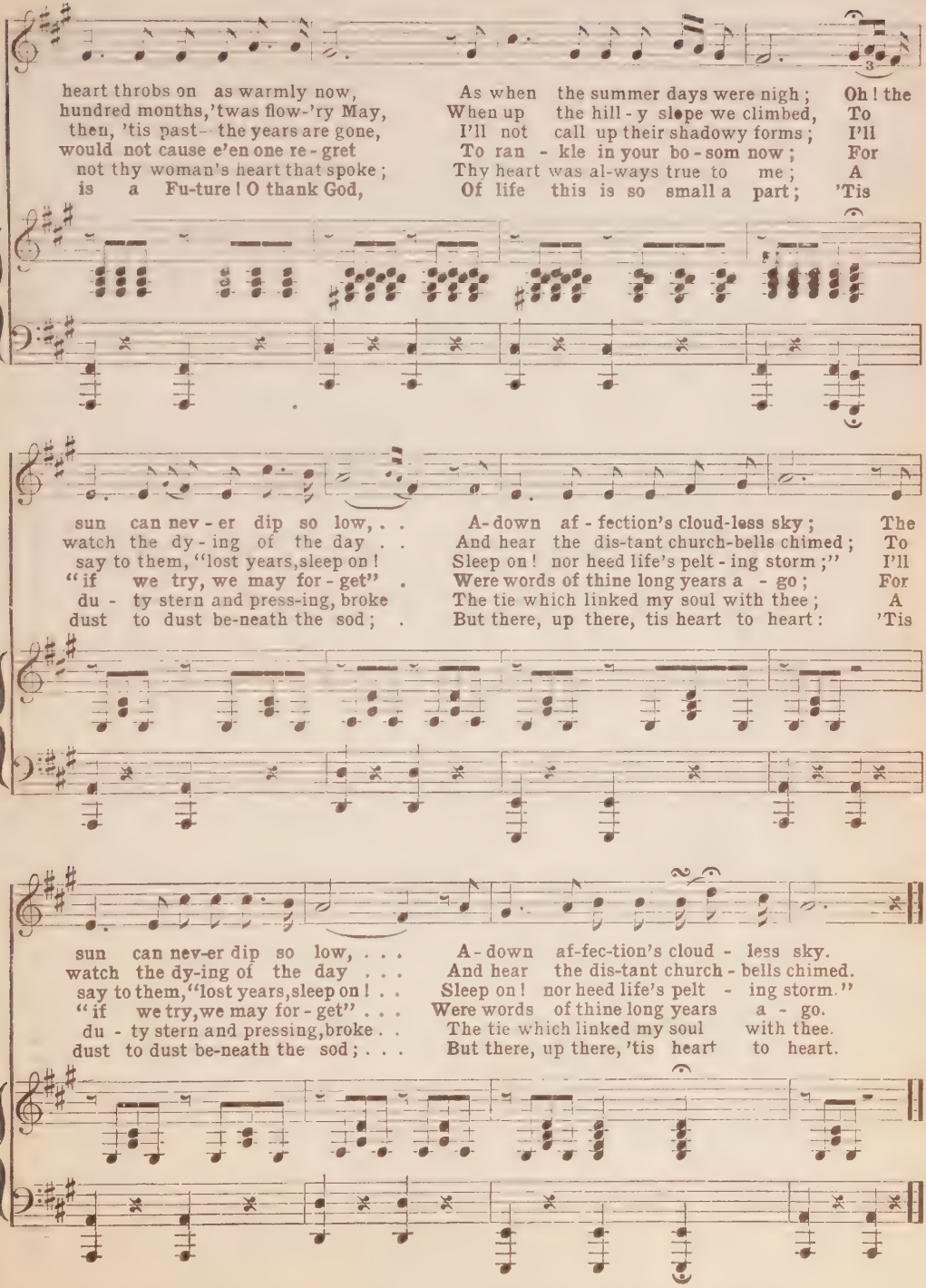

rall.
noth - ing af - ter Jack, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth-ing af - ter
love of Jack, I trow, Would give their crys - tal kingdoms For the love of Jack, I
all love Jack! If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all, they all love
f
tempo.
Jack. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
trow. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
Jack! For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
mf
girls must lonely be, Till his ship comes back; But if love's the best of all . . That
mf



Lorena

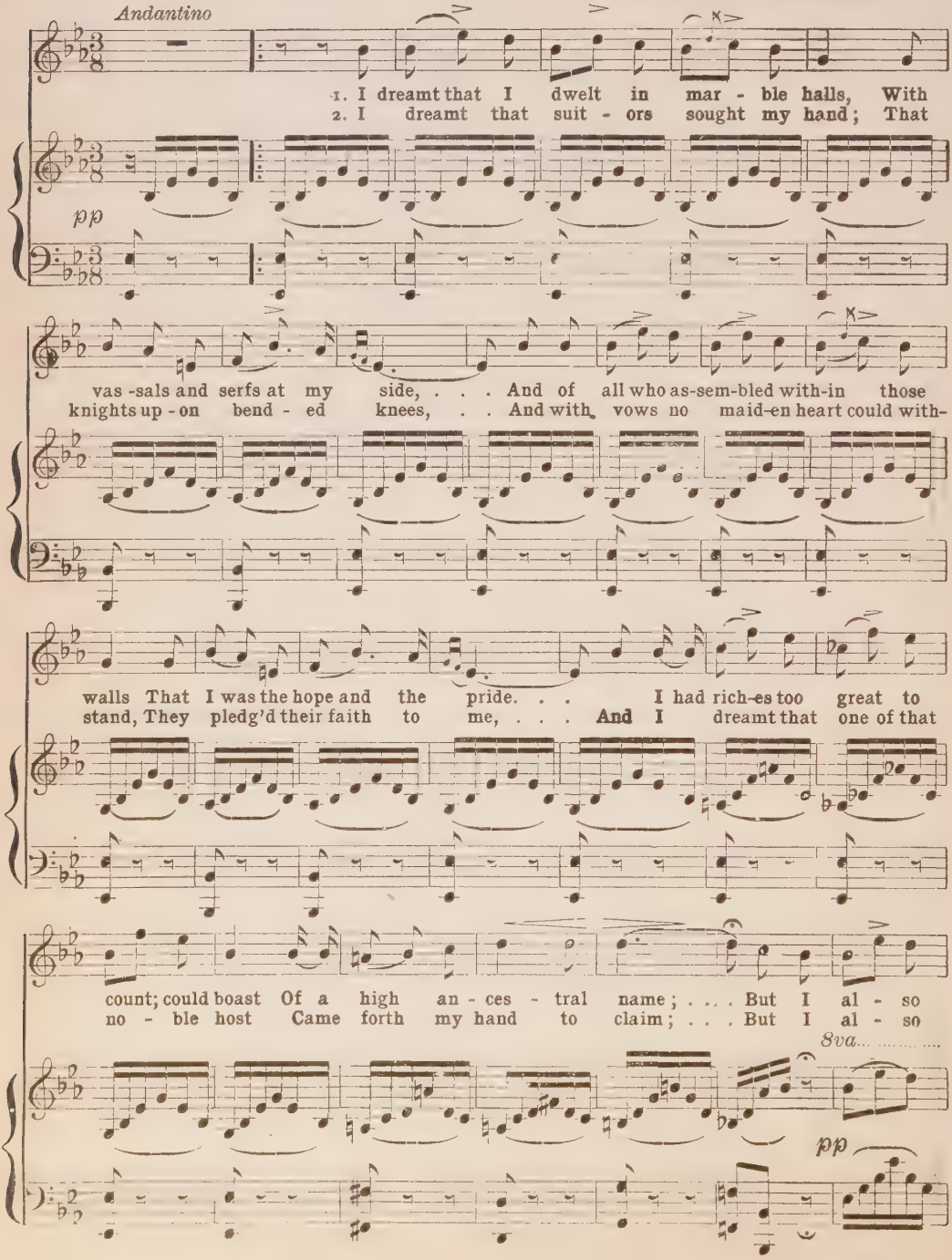
Rev. H. D. L. Webster J. P. Webster

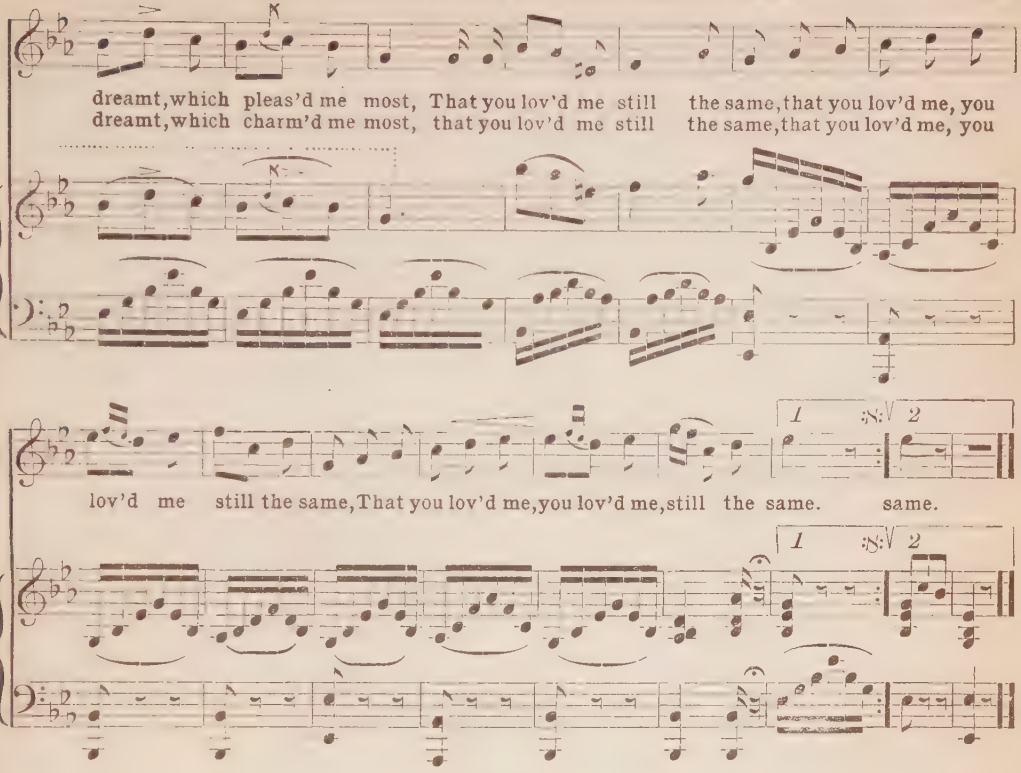



heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the
hundred months, 'twas flow-'ry May, When up the hill-y slope we climbed, To
then, 'tis past— the years are gone, I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll
would not cause e'en one re-gret To ran-kle in your bo-som now; For
not thy woman's heart that spoke; Thy heart was al-ways true to me; A
is a Fu-ture! O thank God, Of life this is so small a part; 'Tis
sun can nev-er dip so low, . . A-down af-fection's cloud-less sky; The
watch the dy-ing of the day . . And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed; To
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm;" I'll
"if we try, we may for-get" . Were words of thine long years a-go; For
du-ty stern and press-ing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thee; A
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . But there, up there, tis heart to heart: 'Tis
sun can nev-er dip so low, . . . A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky.
watch the dy-ing of the day . . . And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed.
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm."
"if we try, we may for-get" . . . Were words of thine long years a-go.
du-ty stern and pressing, broke . . The tie which linked my soul with thee.
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . . . But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

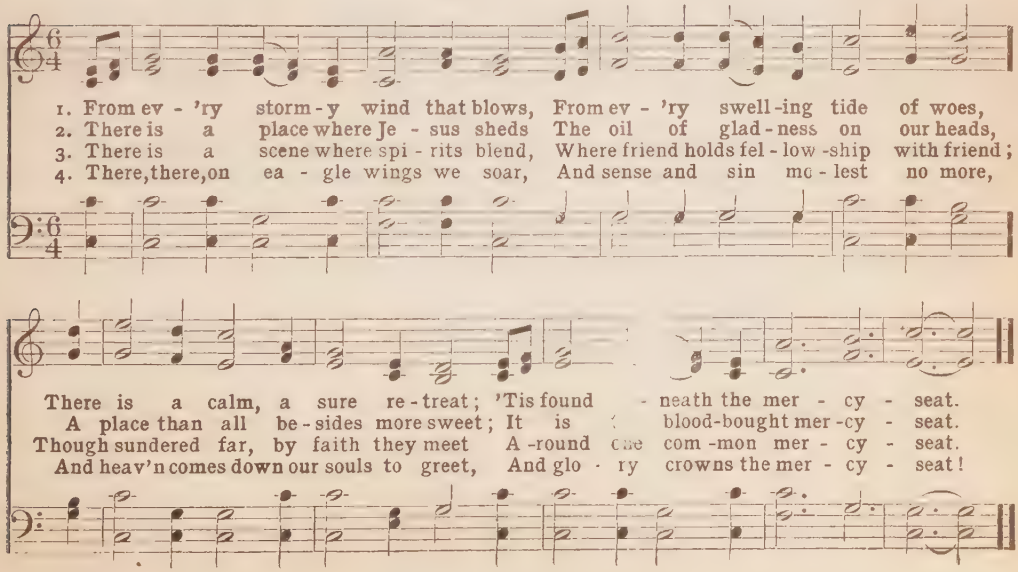
From BALFE'S "Bohemian Girl"





Retreat

H. Stowell T. Hastings



My Mary Anne

M. Tyte

Moderato

1. Fare - you - well, my own Ma - ry Anne, Fare - you - well a - while, For the
2. Don't you see that tur - tle dove, Sit - ting on yon pine, La -
3. A lob - ster in a lob - ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May
4. The pride of all the pro - duce rare, That in the kit - chen gar-den grow'd, Was

p

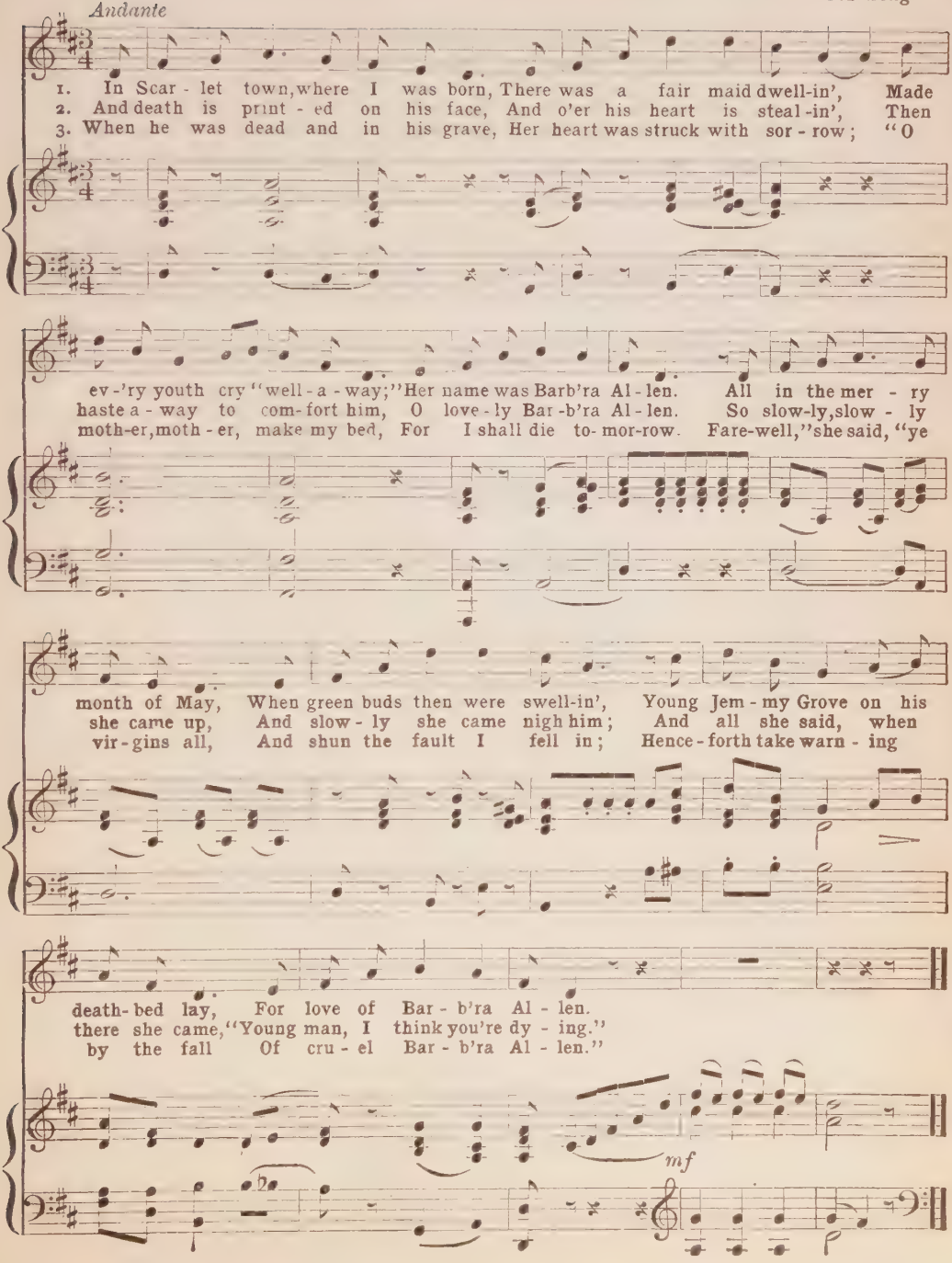
ship it is read - y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the
ment - ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for
suf - fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for
pump - kins, but none could com - pare, In an - gel form to

sea, Ma - ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
mine, Ma - ry Anne, So am I for mine. .
my Ma - ry Anne! What I feel for Ma - ry Anne. .
my Ma - ry Anne! Could compare with Ma - ry Anne. .

mf

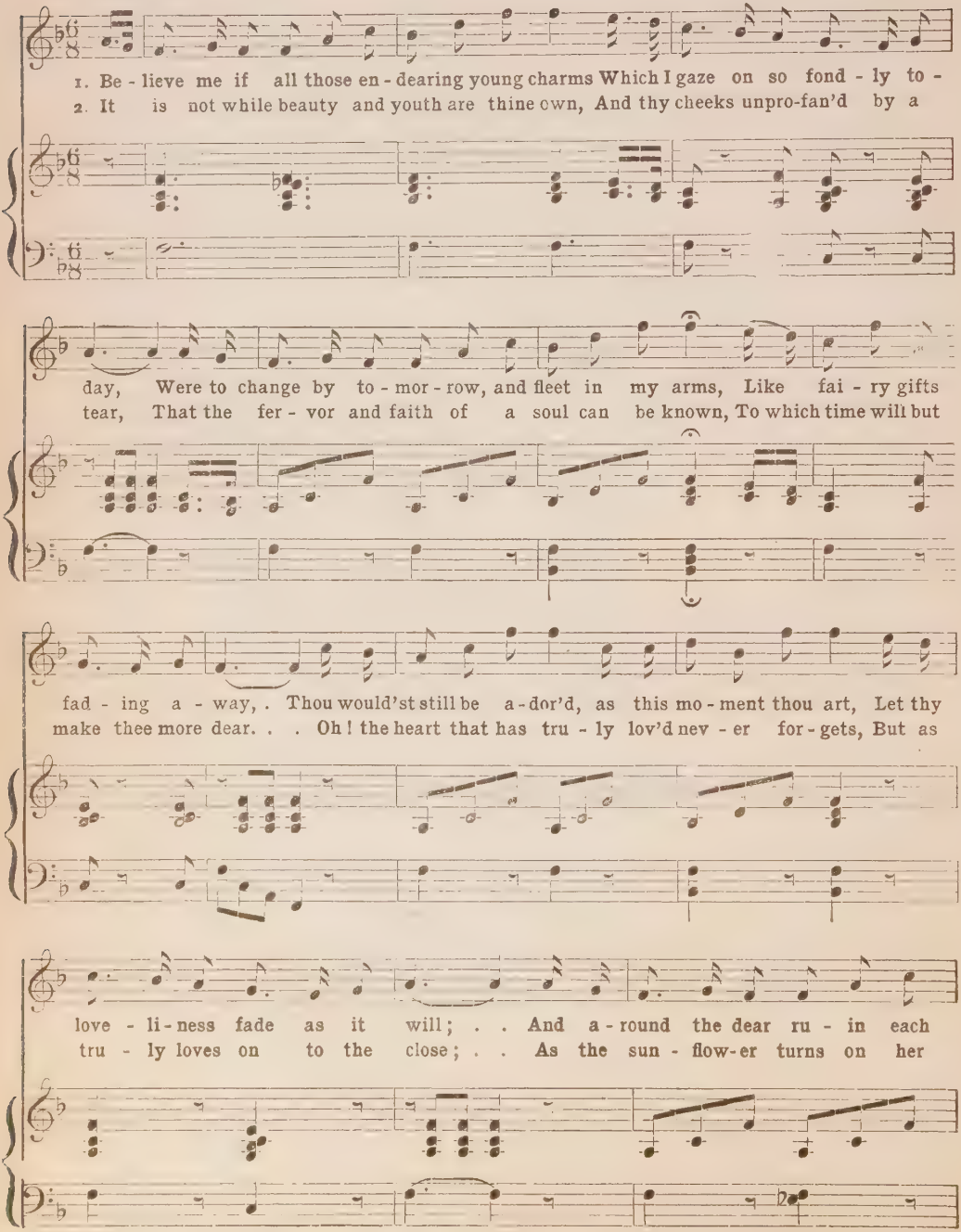
Barbara Allen

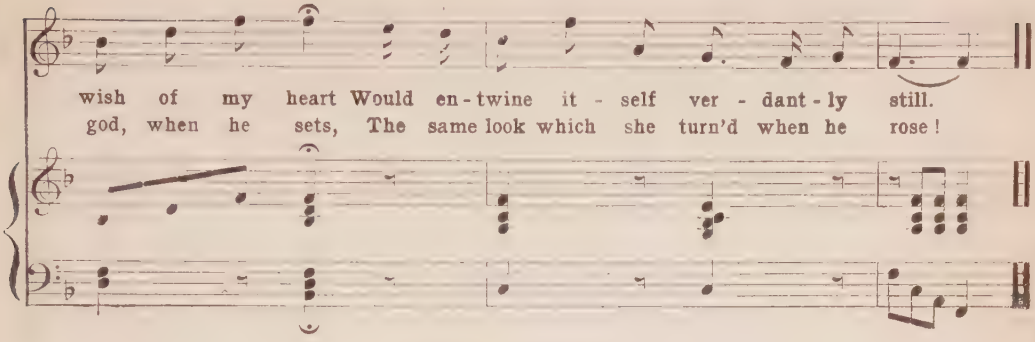
Old Song



Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

TOM MOORE





Fair Harvard

1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flower of their wilderness! star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm!

2 To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears;
Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till freighted with treasure-thoughts friendships, and hopes,
Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.

3 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

The Graduates' Farewell

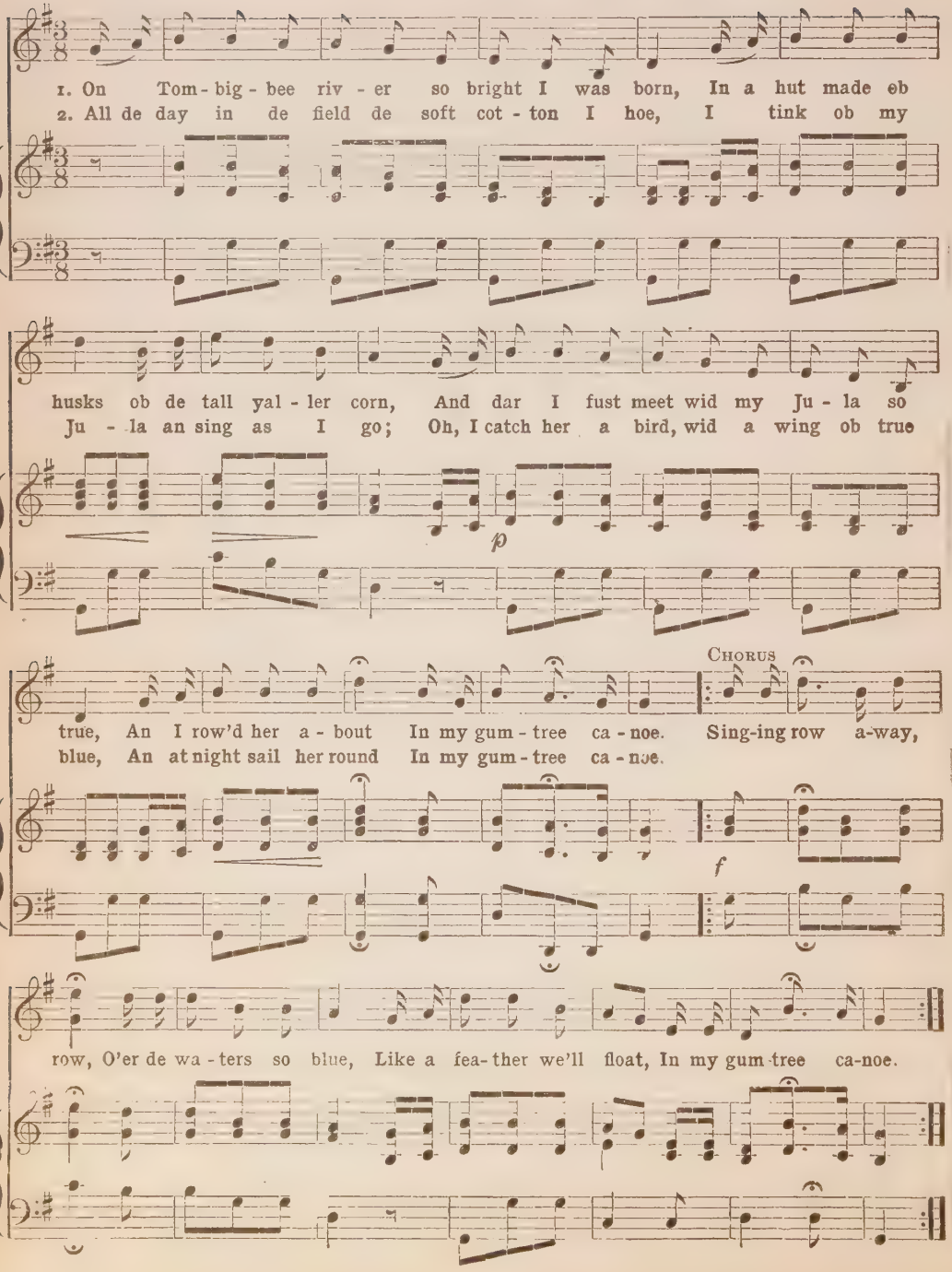
W. T. Adams

1 How sad mid the sunshine that gladdens this scene,
Comes the thought that to-day we must part;
That the bond which affection has ever kept green
Must be severed to-day in the heart;
That we meet in this home of our childhood no more,
As we lovingly meet to the last;
That we never again on this time-bounded shore
May unite in the songs of the past!

2 But fondly our thoughts will return to the spot
On the wings of remembrance borne up;
And our hearts shall rejoice, while we cherish the lot
That permits us to drink of this cup.
Then farewell to our school, and farewell to the friends
Who have lighted our pathway with love;
Though to-day we must part, yet our prayers will ascend
That our school be united above!

Tom-Big-Bee River

S. S. Steele

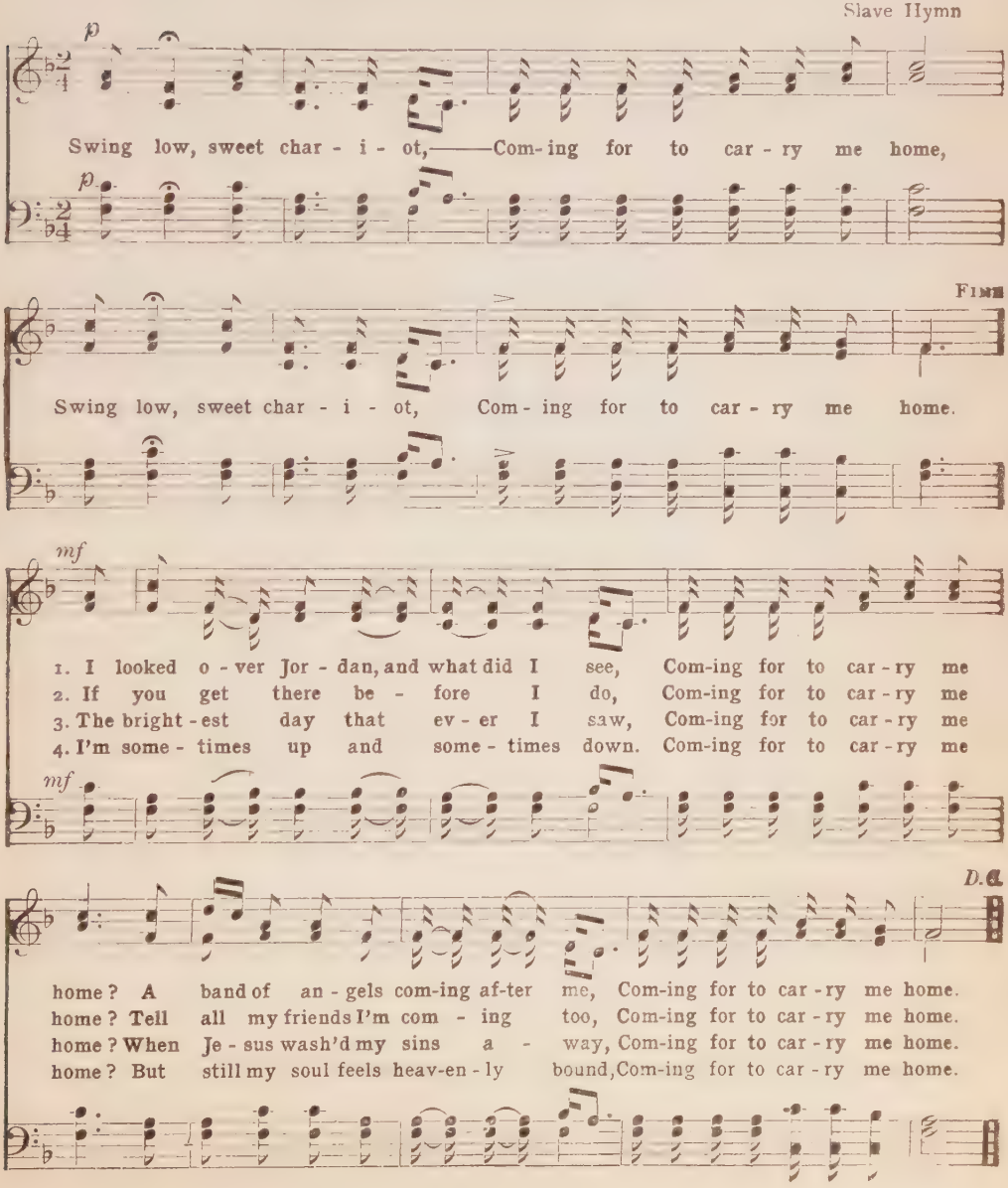


3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

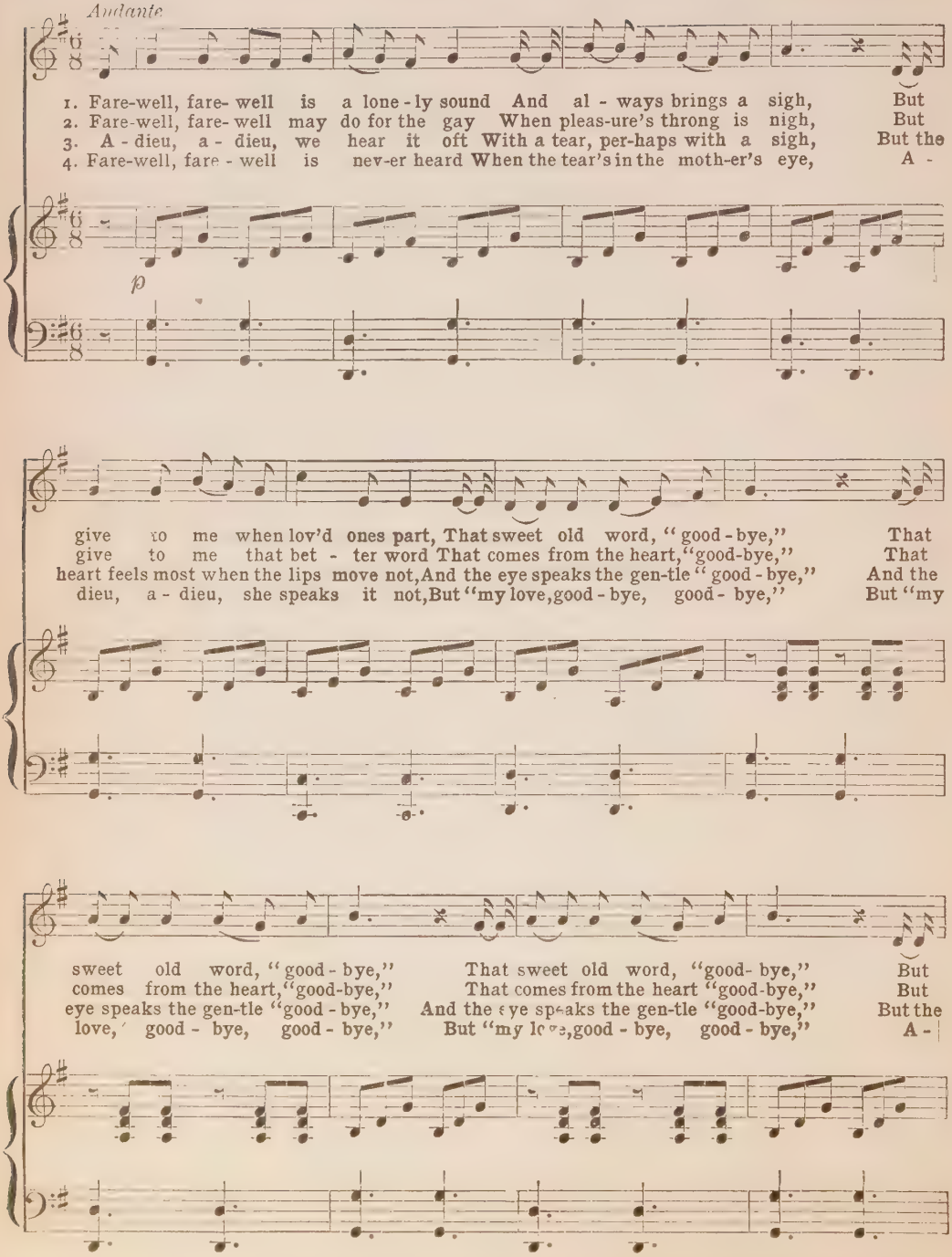
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

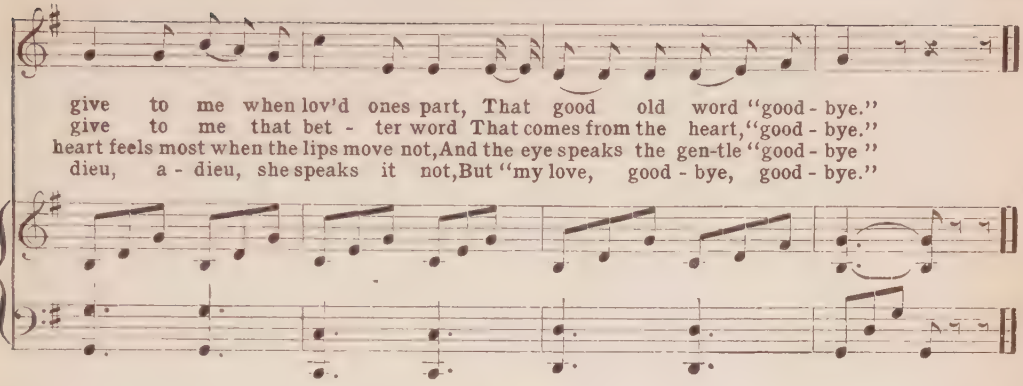
Slave Hymn



Good-Bye

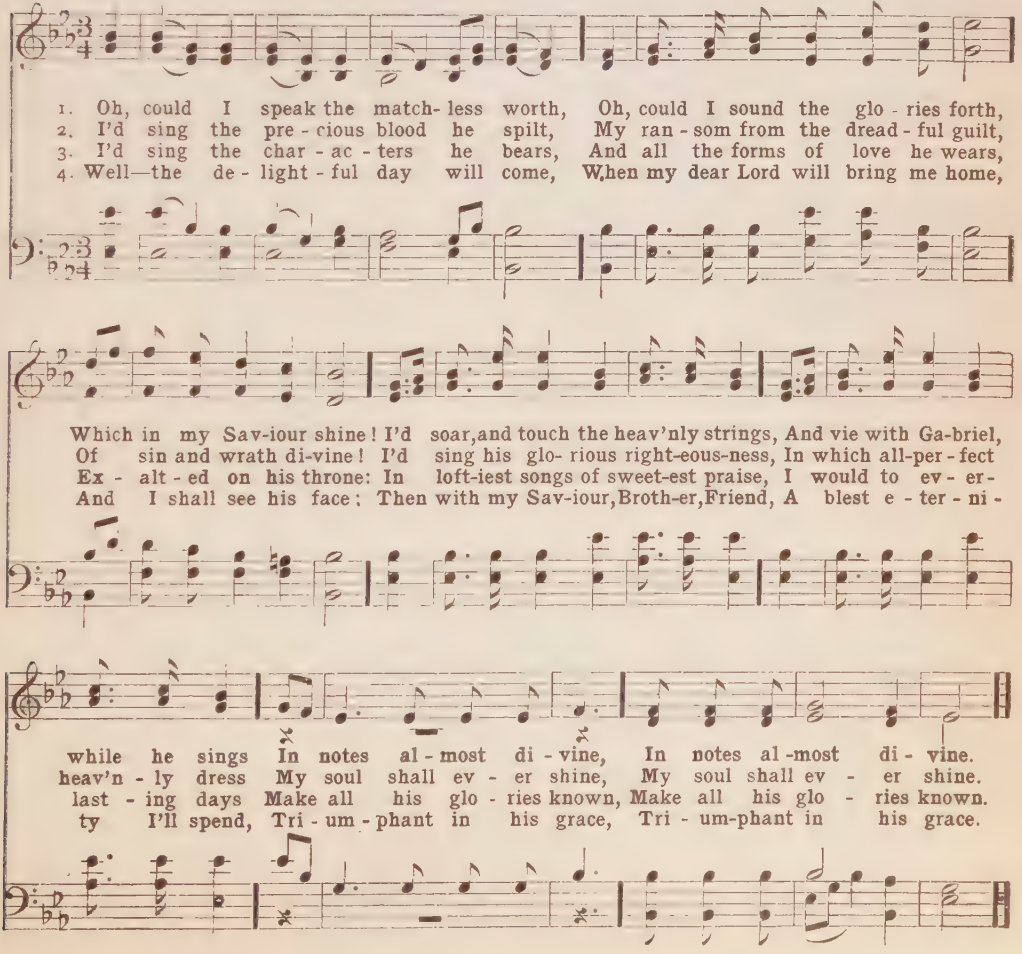
J. C. Engelbrecht





Ariel

S. MEDLEY Arr. by L. MASON



I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore

J. W. CHERRY

Moderato con espressione

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat
2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand To cull the toys that round me

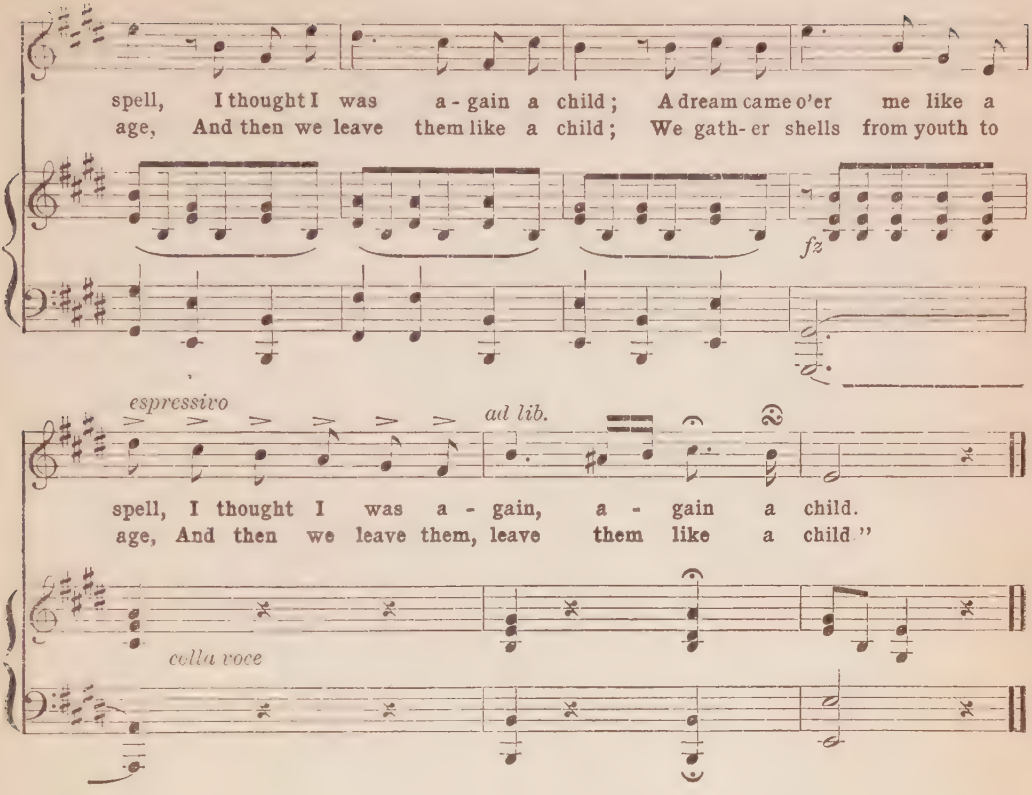
shore, Where oft in heed-less in-fant sport I gath-er'd shells in days be-
lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-

fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore. The plash-ing waves like mu-sic
way, I threw them one by one a-way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-'ry

8va.

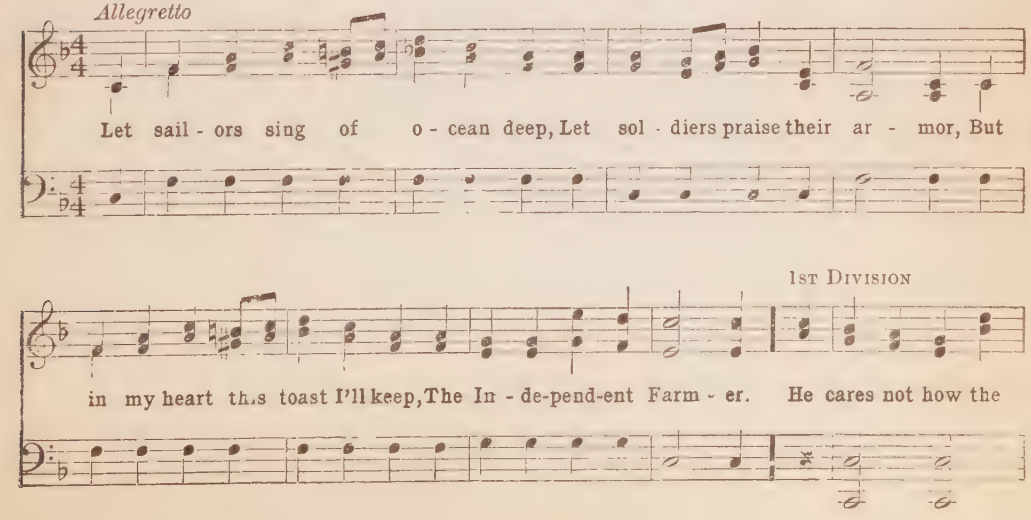
fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan-cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
stage By toys our fan-cy is be-guil'd, We gath-er shells from youth to

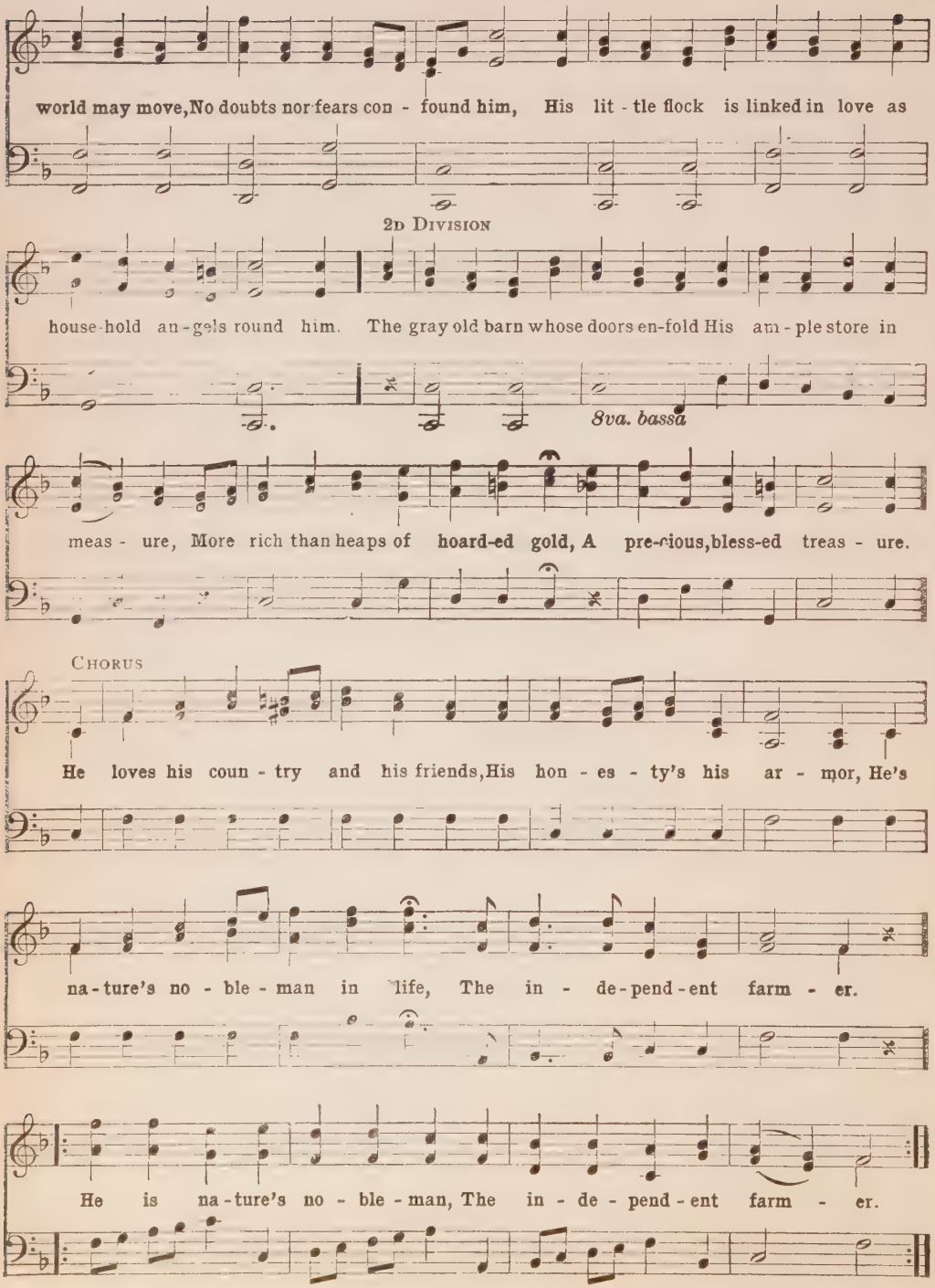
8va.



The Independent Farmer

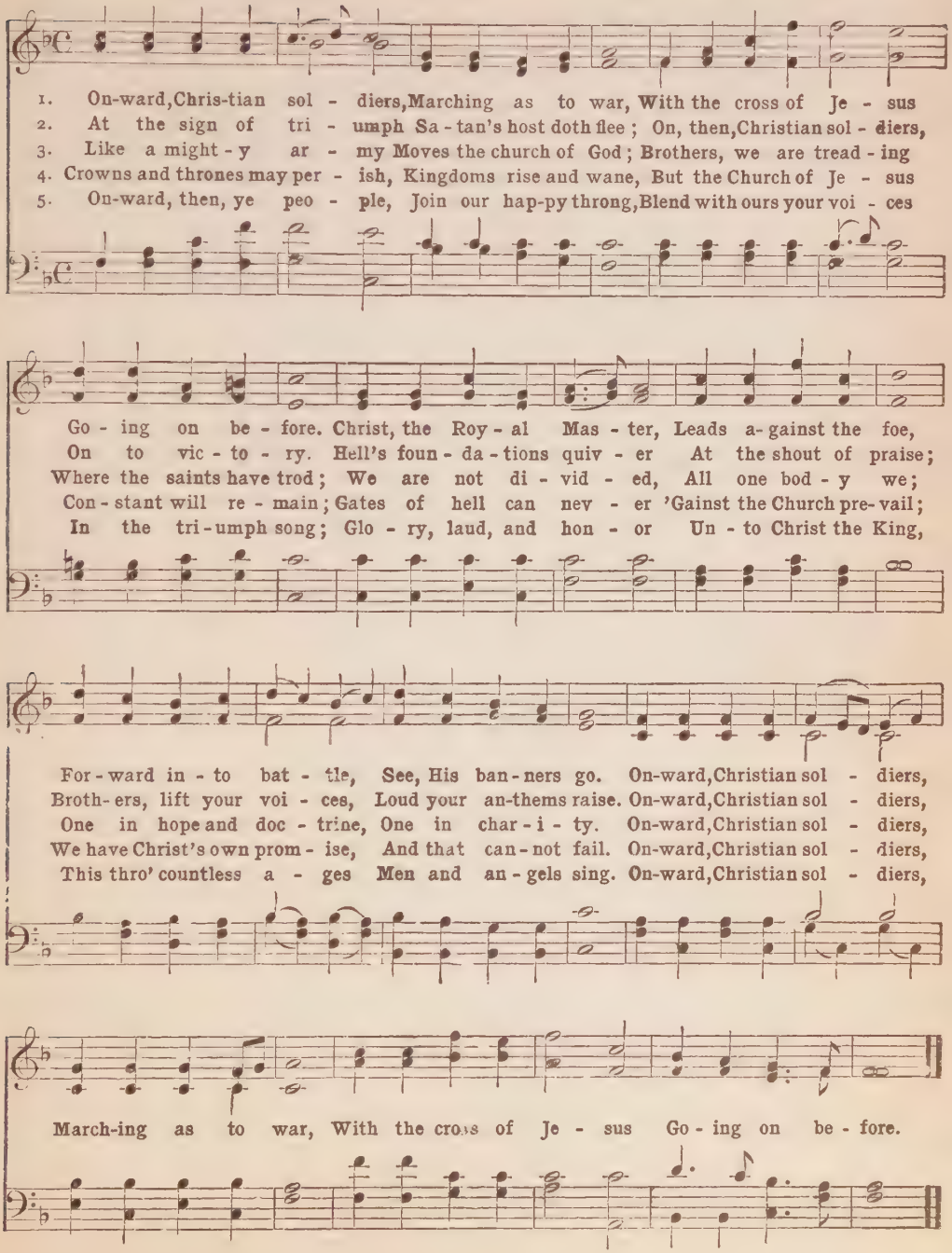
W. W. Fosdick G. F. Root




world may move, No doubts nor fears con - found him, His lit - tle flock is linked in love as
2D DIVISION
house-hold an - gels round him. The gray old barn whose doors en-fold His am - ple store in
8va. bassa
meas - ure, More rich than heaps of hoard-ed gold, A pre-cious, bless-ed treas - ure.
CHORUS
He loves his coun - try and his friends, His hon - es - ty's his ar - mor, He's
na - ture's no - ble - man in life, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.
He is na - ture's no - ble - man, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.

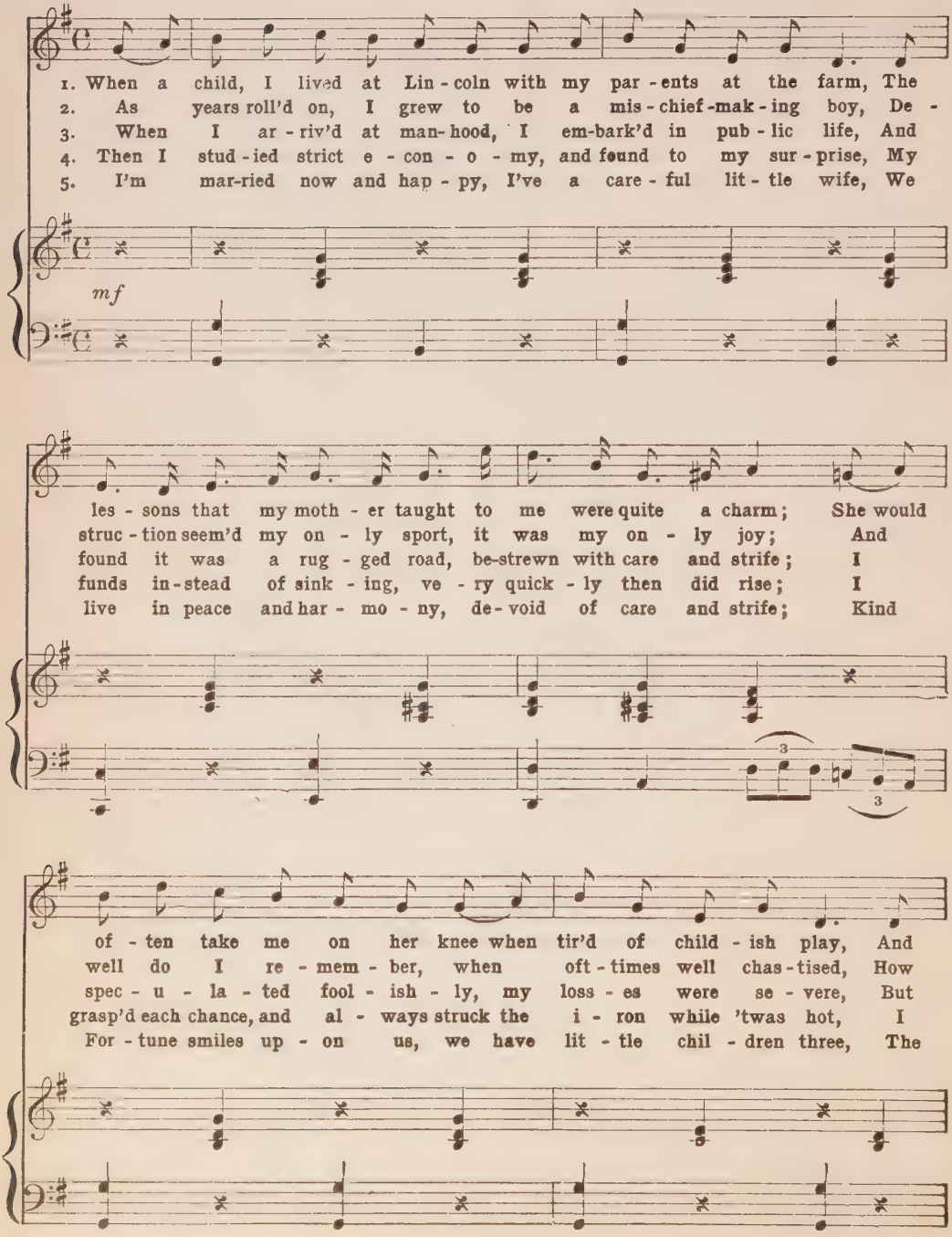
Onward, Christian Soldiers

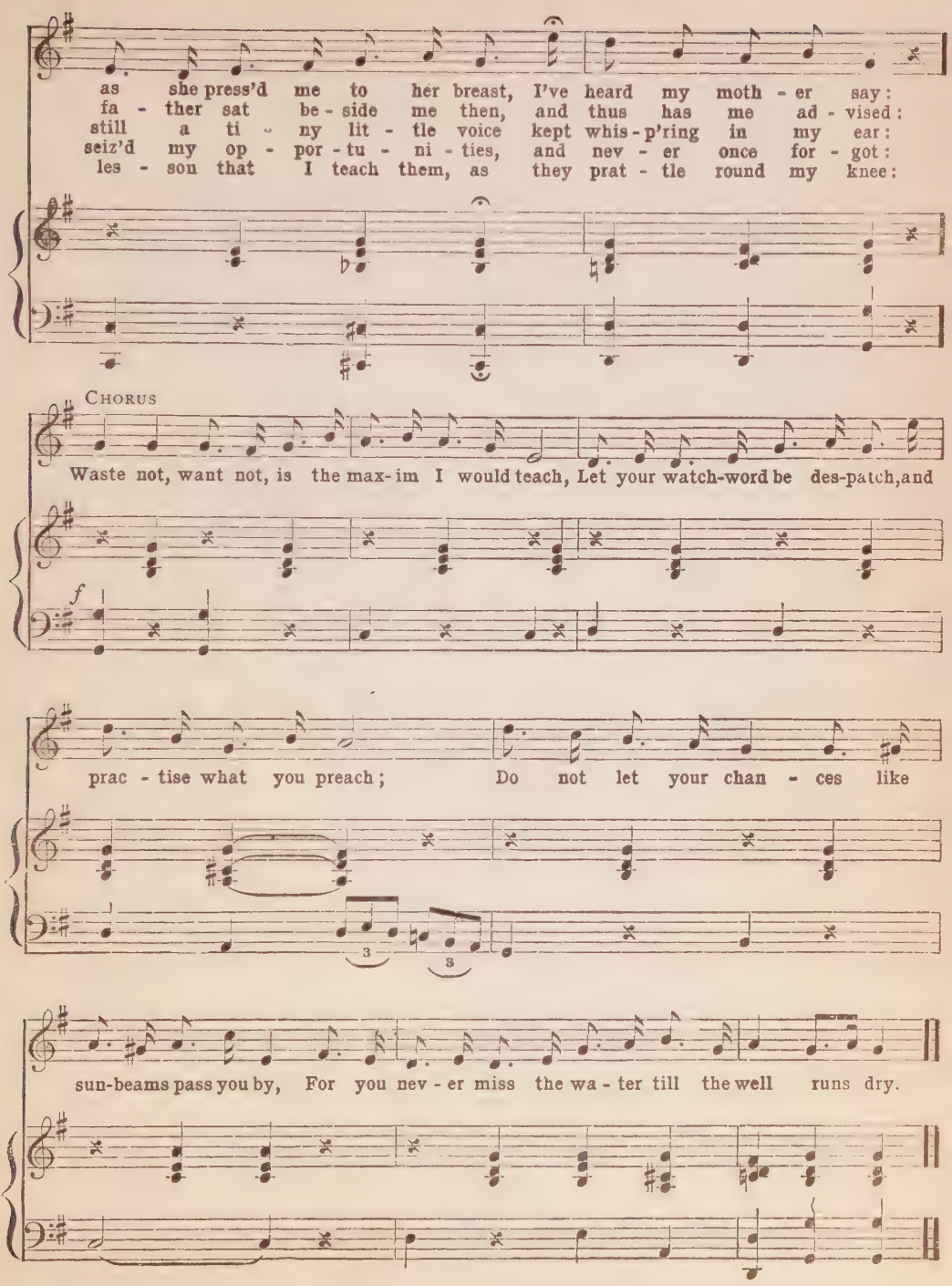
S. Baring-Gould — Sir Arthur Sullivan



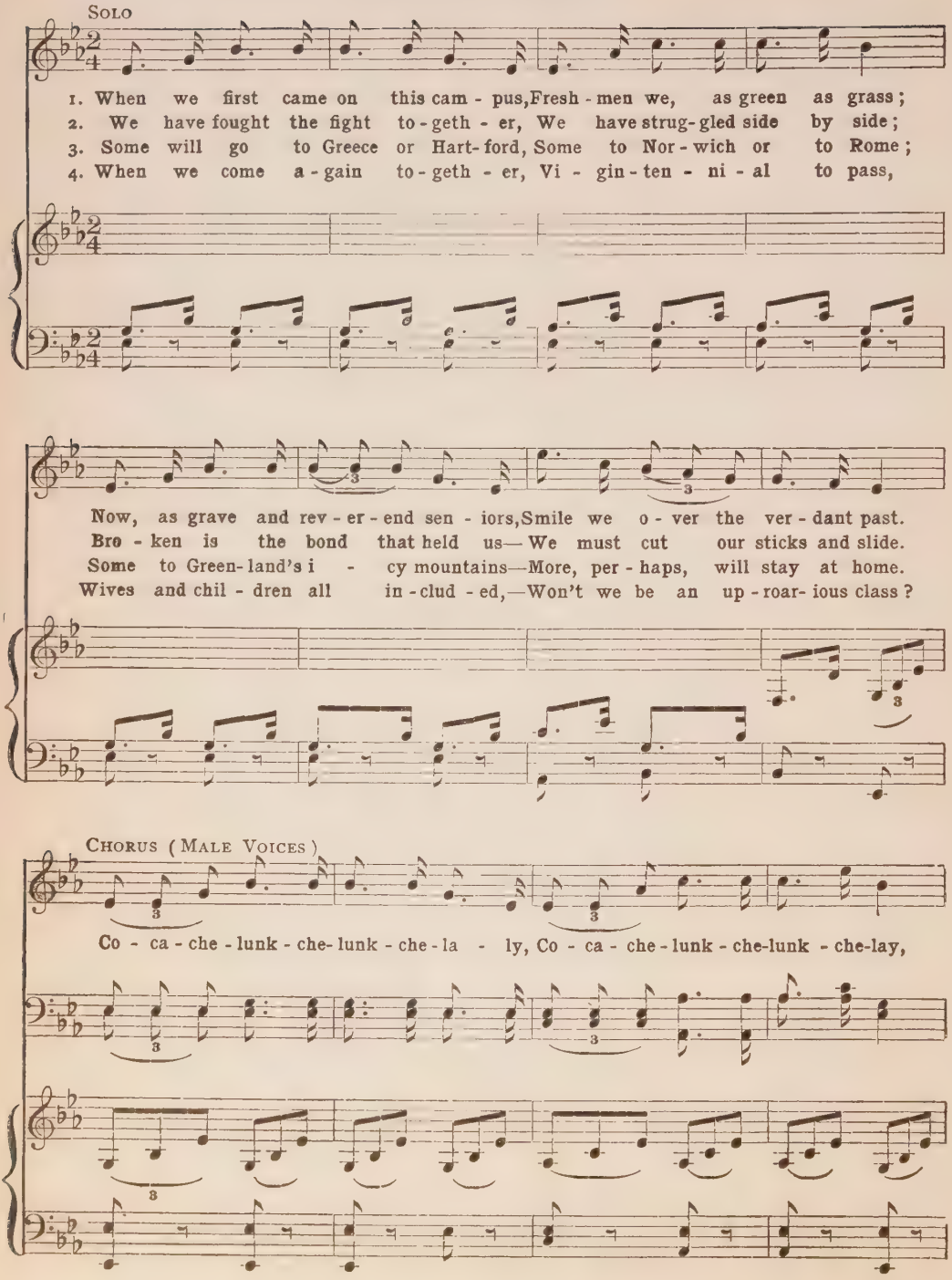
You Never Miss the Water

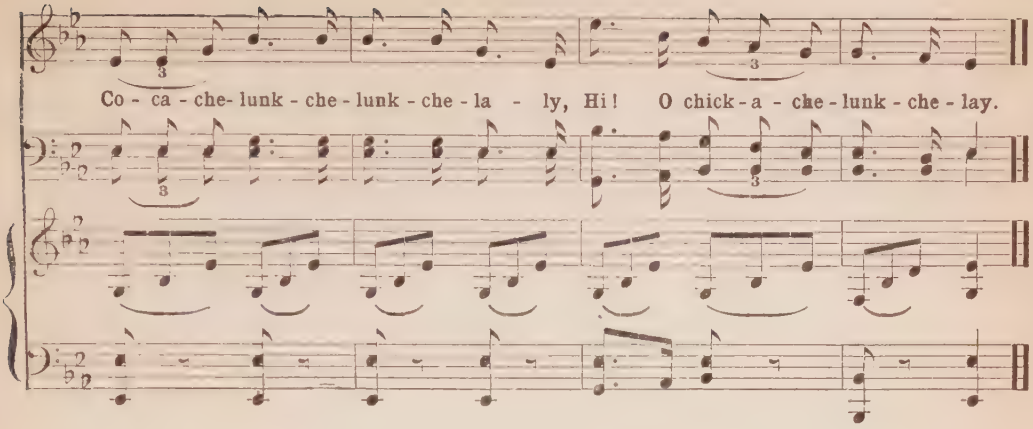
HARRY LINN R. HOWARD




as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say:
fa - ther sat be - side me then, and thus has me ad - vised:
still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whis - p'ring in my ear:
seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle round my knee:
Chorus
Waste not, want not, is the max-im I would teach, Let your watch-word be des-patch, and
f
prac - tise what you preach; Do not let your chan - ces like
3
3
sun-beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.

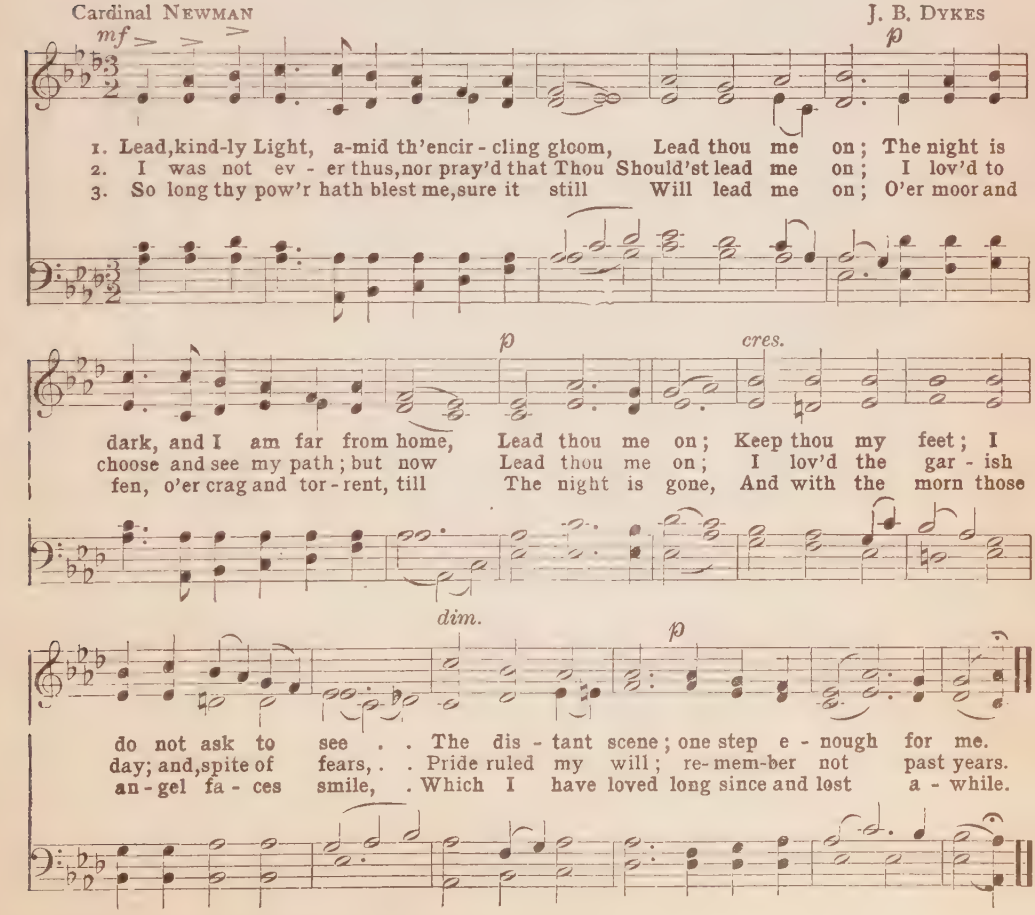
Co-ca-che-lunk



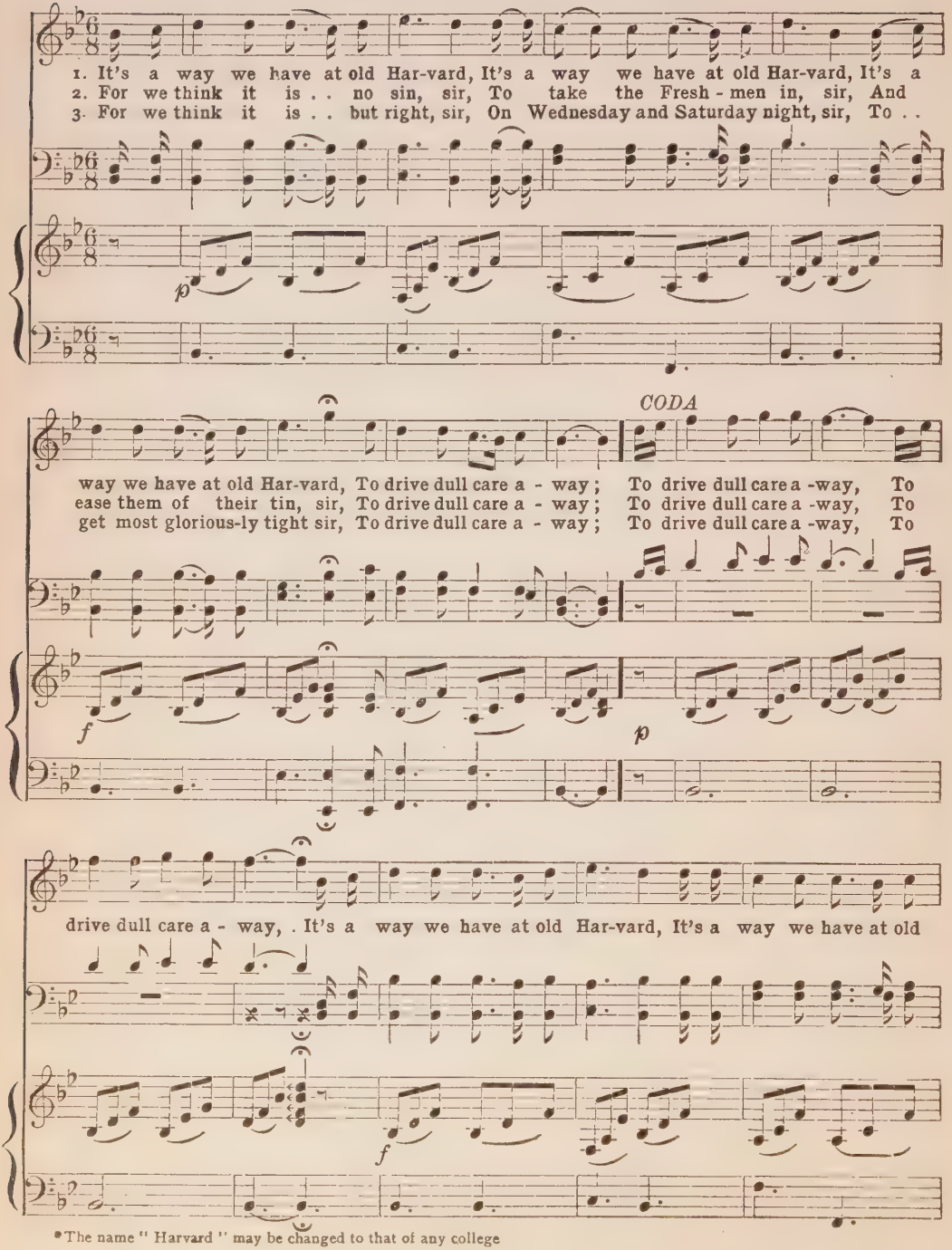


Lead, Kindly Light

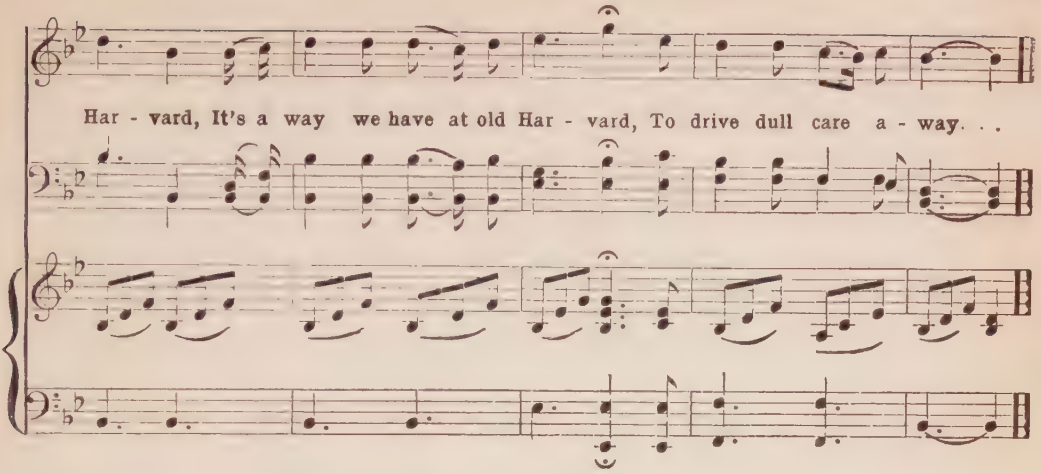
Cardinal NEWMAN J. B. DYKES



It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard*



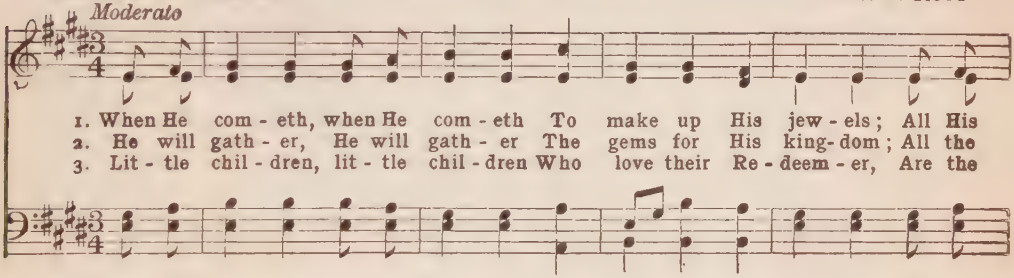
*The name " Harvard " may be changed to that of any college

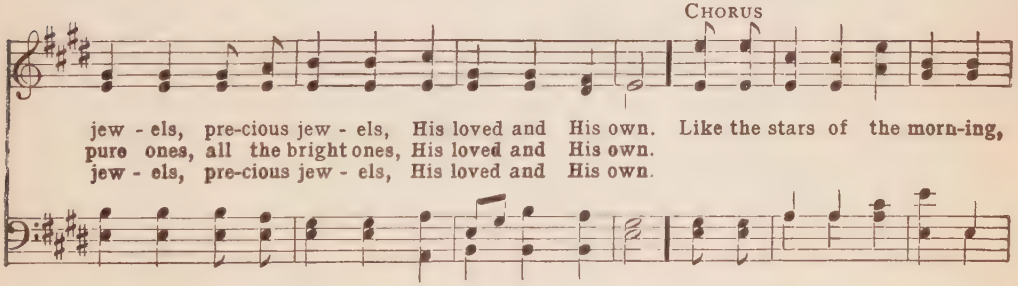


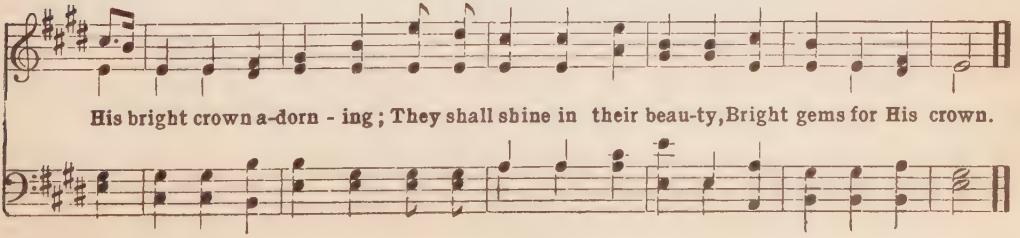
When He Cometh

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing — Geo. F. Root

Moderato







Tapping at the Garden Gate

J. Loker S. W. New

1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
2. Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go,

p

Ev-'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod-y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
Drop'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies! Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

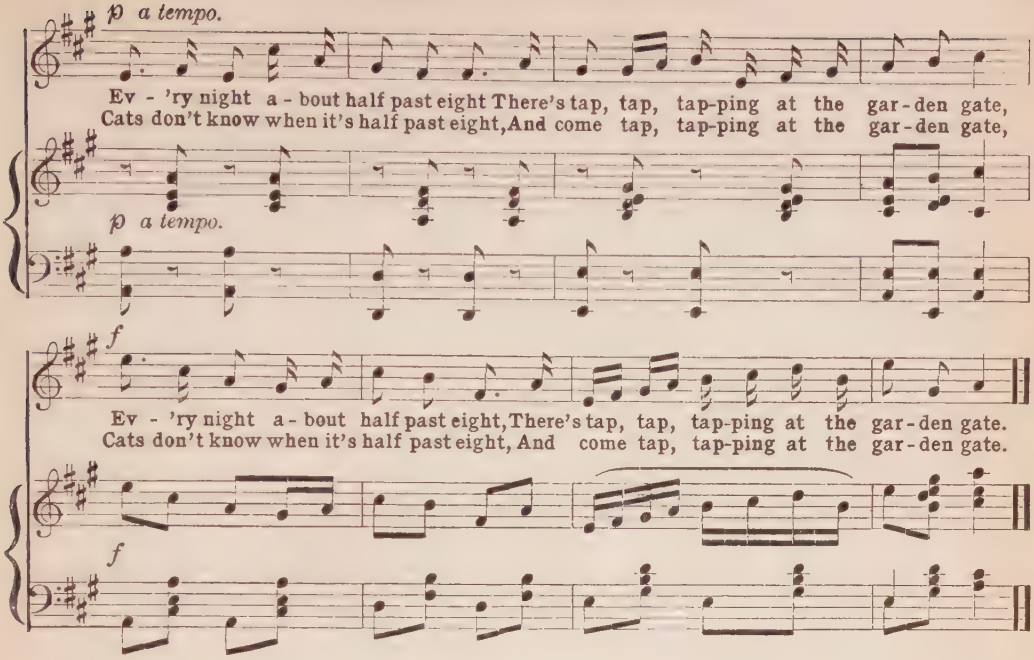
What? you, sly lit-tle puss, don't know Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there;

f

rall.

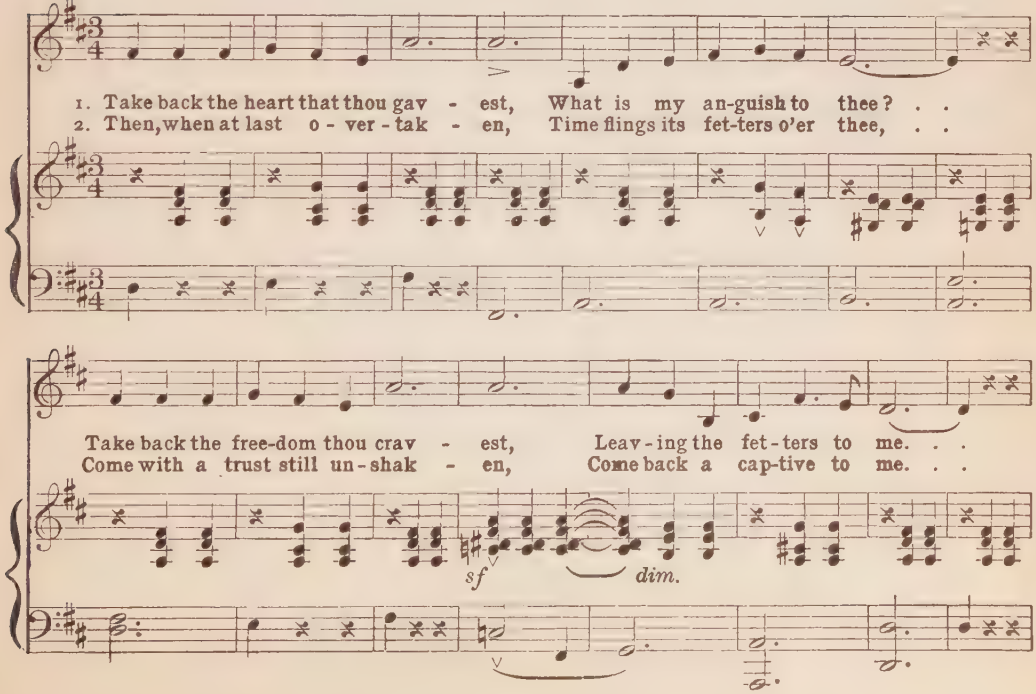
What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there.
Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that.

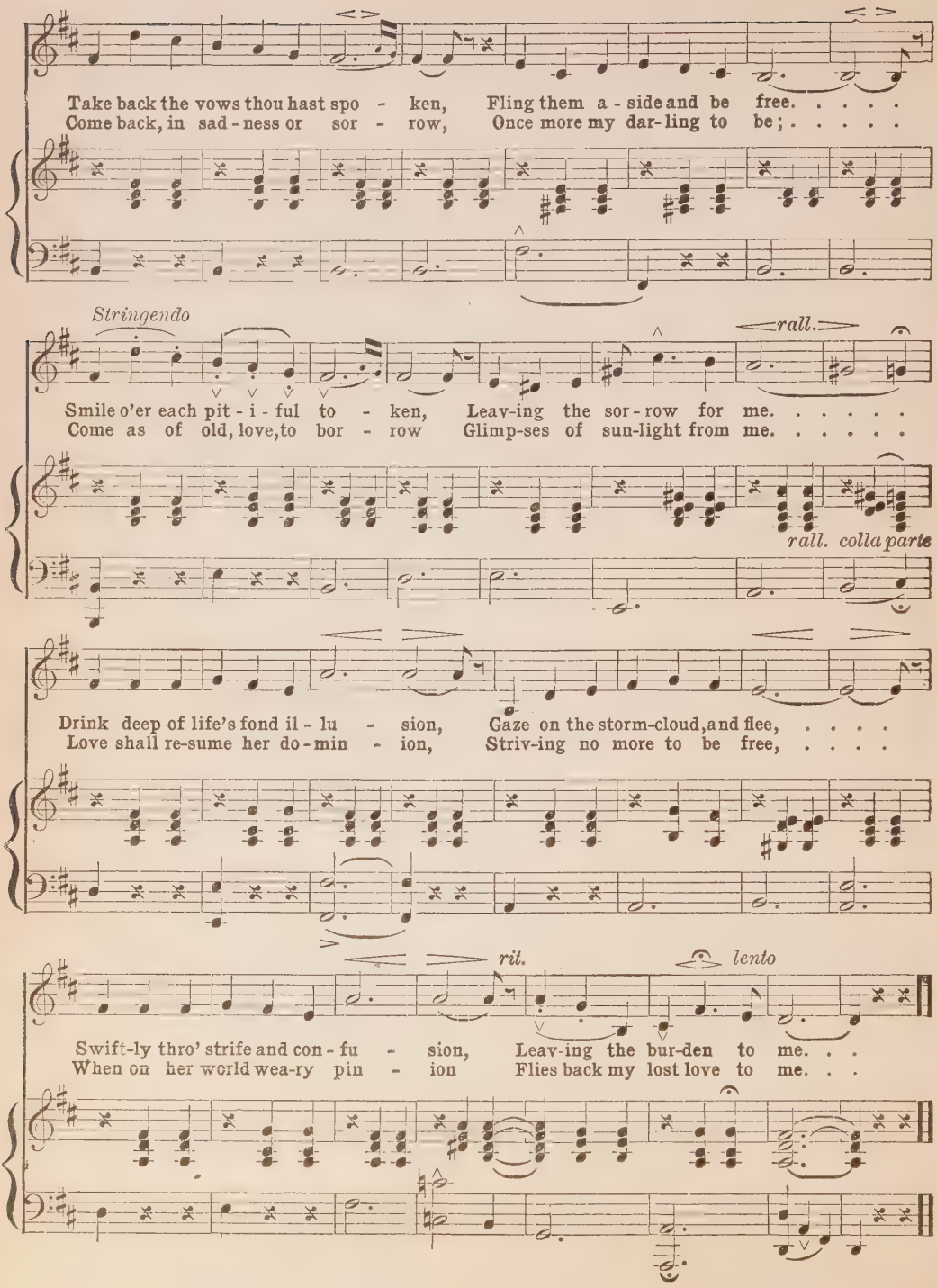
rall.



Take Back the Heart

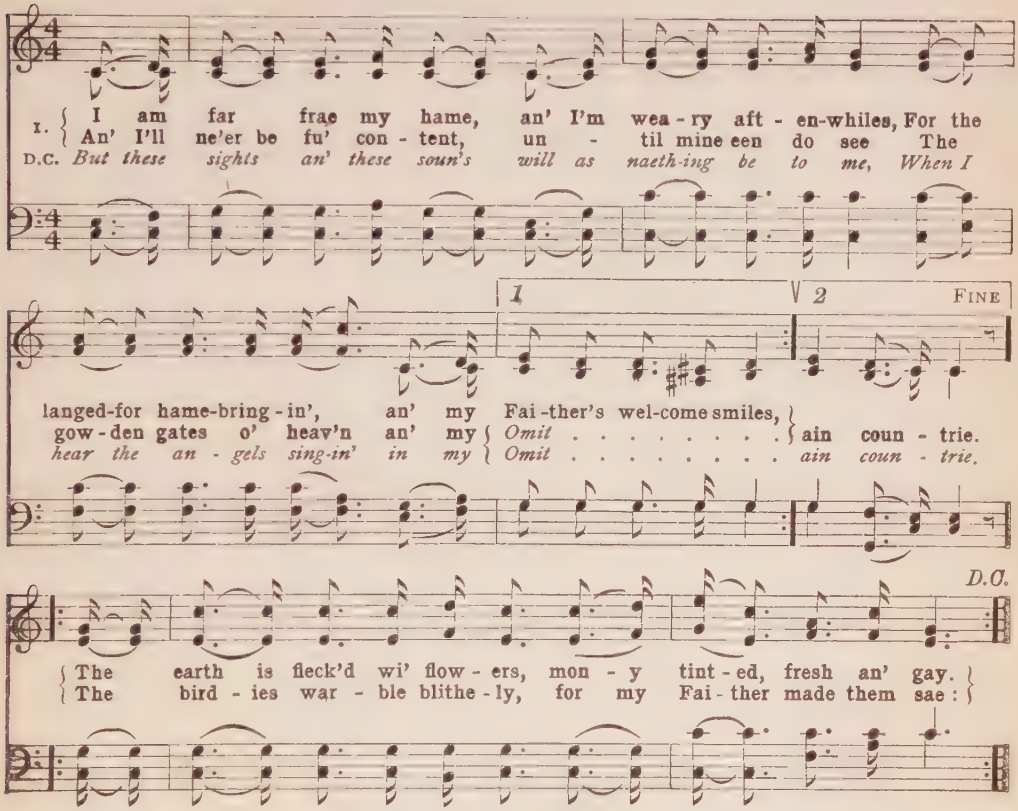
CLARIBEL




Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free. . . . .
Come back, in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be; . . . . .
Stringendo
rall.
Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, Leav-ing the sor - row for me. . . . . .
Come as of old, love, to bor - row Glimp-ses of sun-light from me. . . . . .
rall. colla parte
Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee, ...
Love shall re-sume her do-min - ion, Striv-ing no more to be free, ...
rit.
lento
Swift-ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav-ing the bur-den to me. . .
When on her world wea-ry pin - ion Flies back my lost love to me. . .

My Ain Countrie

MARY LEE DEMAREST

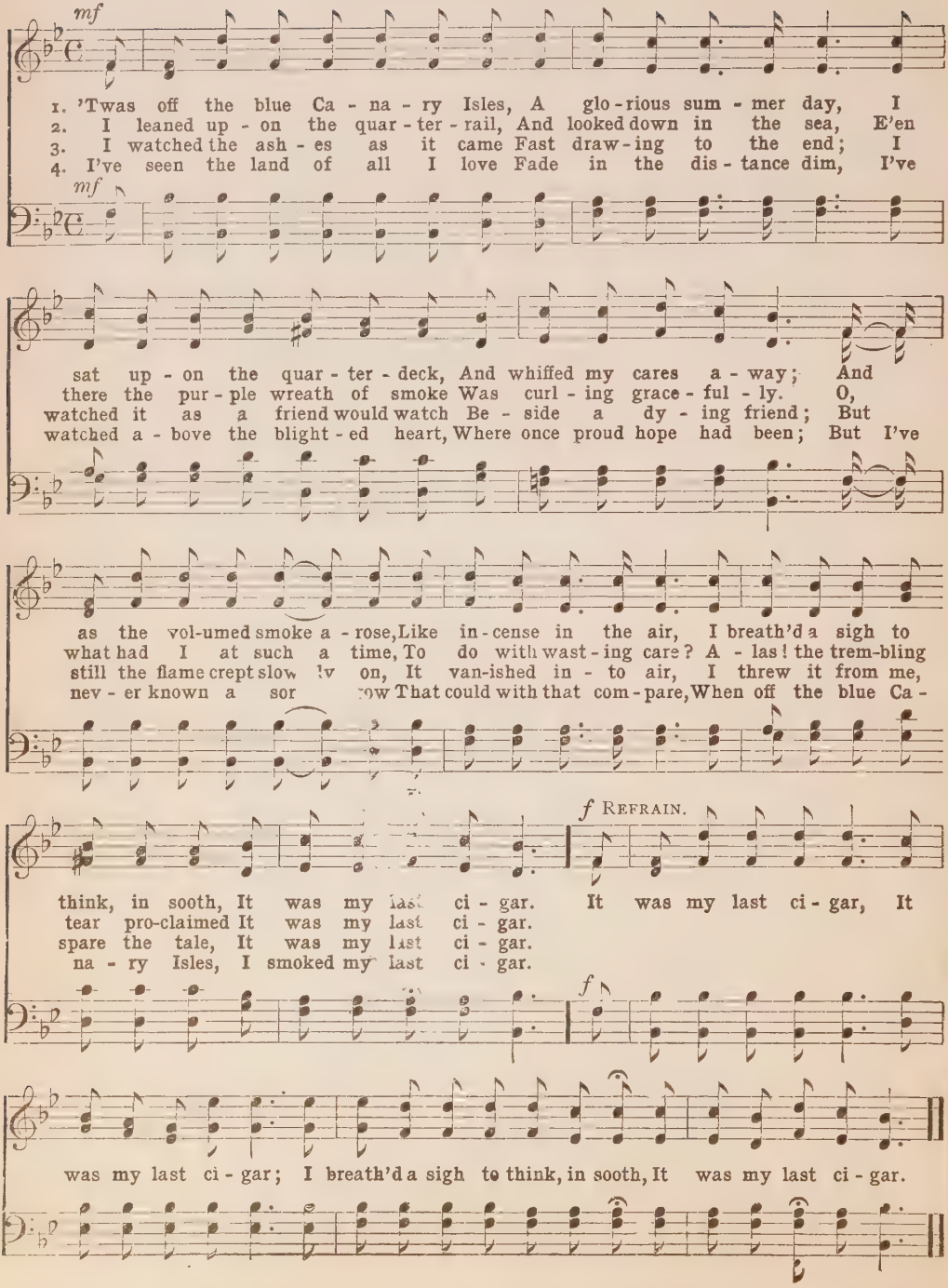


2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

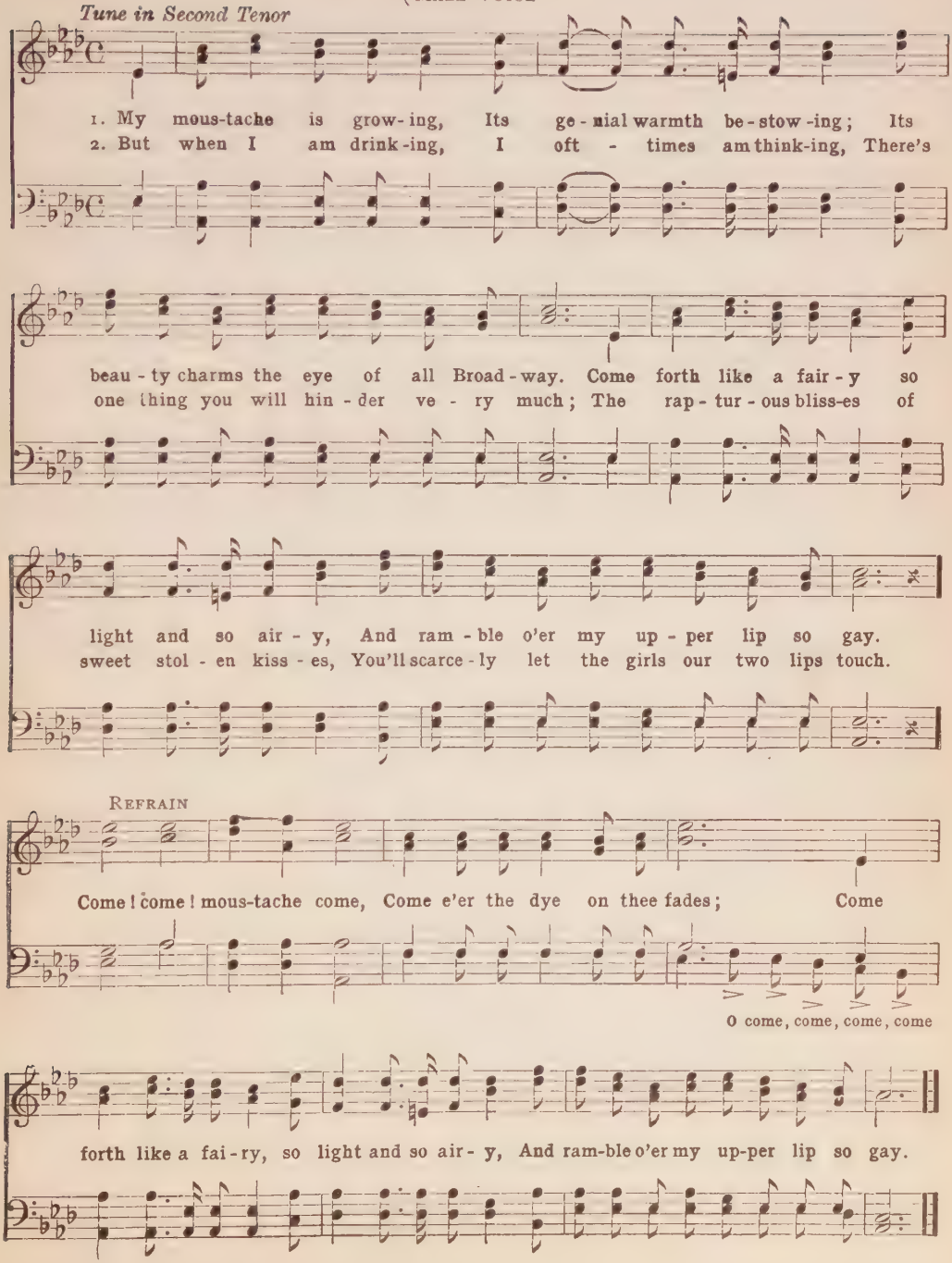
My Last Cigar



My Moustache

(MALE VOICE

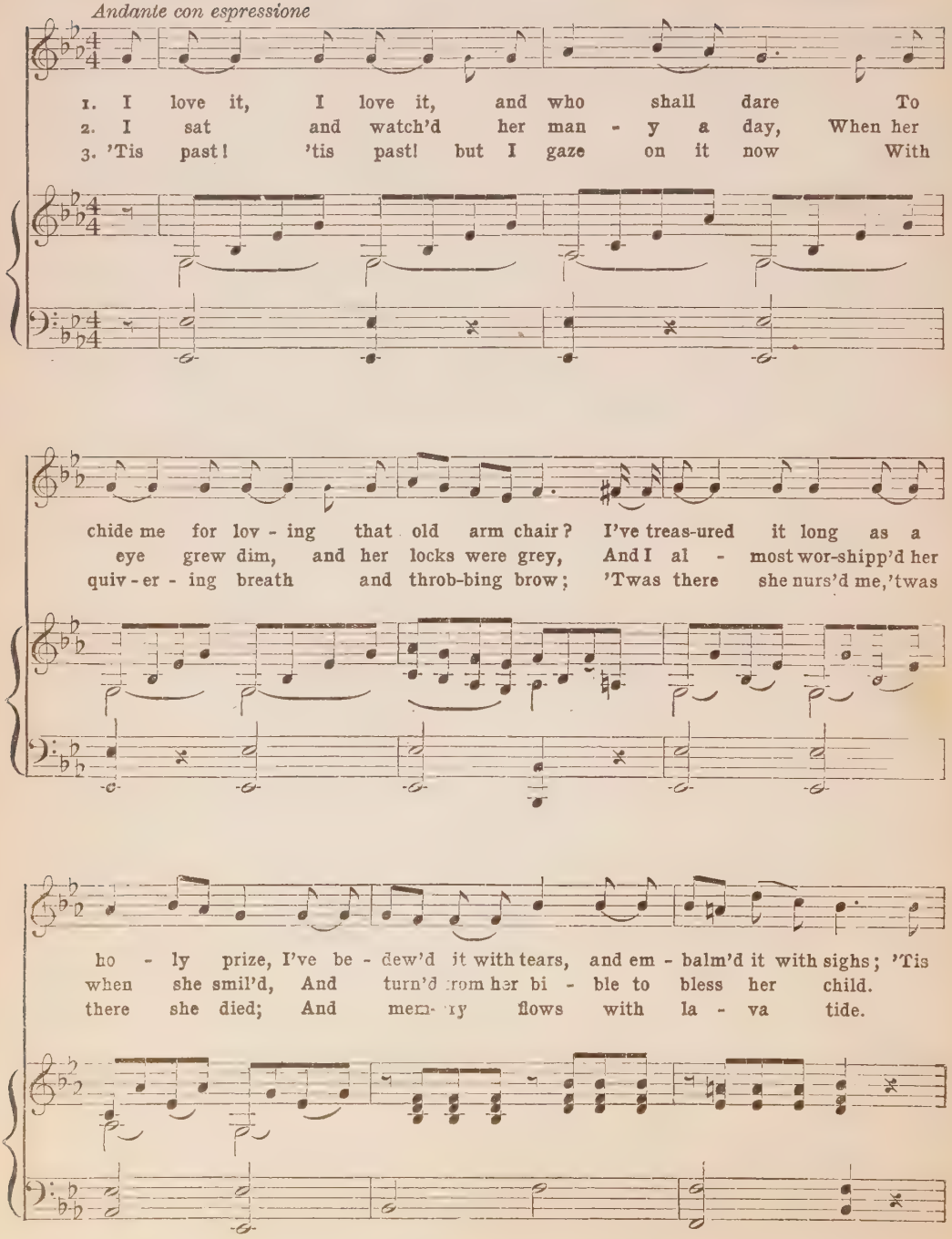
Tune in Second Tenor

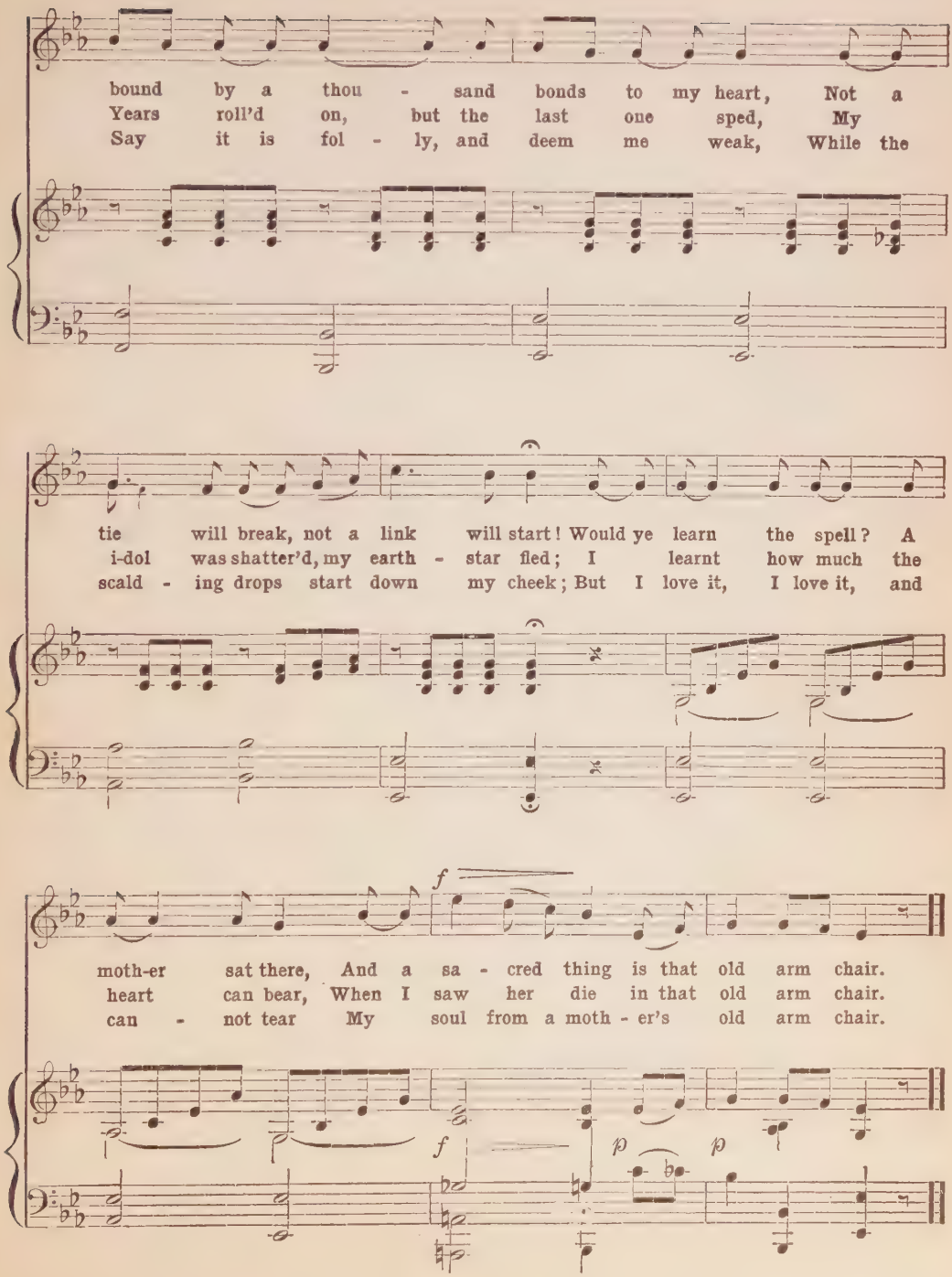


The Old Arm Chair

ELIZA COOKE — HENRY RUSSELL

Andante con espressione




bound by a thou - sand bonds to my heart, Not a
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My
Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the
tie will break, not a link will start! Would ye learn the spell? A
i-dol was shatter'd, my earth - star fled; I learnt how much the
scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and
f
moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
can - not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.
f
p
p

Love Not

CAROLINE NORTON — JOHN BLOCKLEY

Andantino

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish
3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy
4. Love not! love not! O warn-ing vain-ly said! In pres-ent

p

wreaths are made of earth-ly flow'rs; Things that are made to
from the gay and glad-some earth; The si-lent stars, the
lip may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing
hours, as in the years gone by, Love flings a ha-lo

fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossomed, for a few . . short hours,
blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave as once up-on . . its birth,
eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not . . be true,
round the dear one's head, Fault-less, im-mor-tal, till they change or die,

ad lib.

Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours. Love not! love not!
Beams on its grave as once up-on its birth. Love not! love not!
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! love not!
Fault - less, im - mor-tal, till they change or die. Love not! love not!

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Though seen thro' ma - ny a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sor - row'd oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

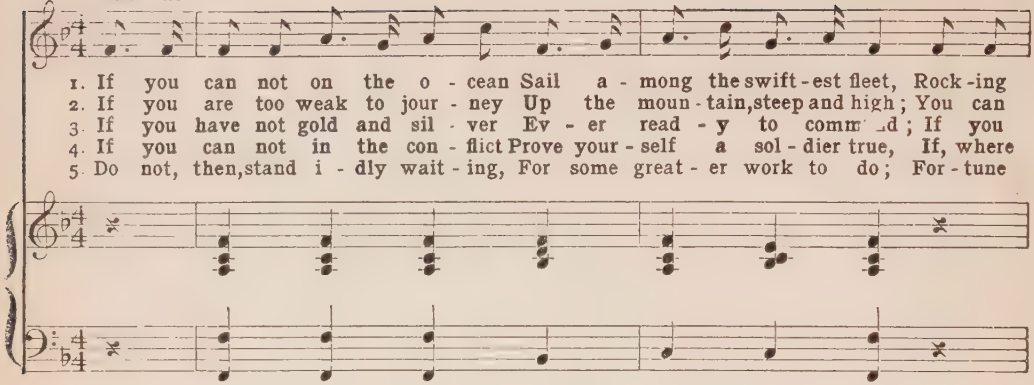
Your Mission

JESSIE R. GATES

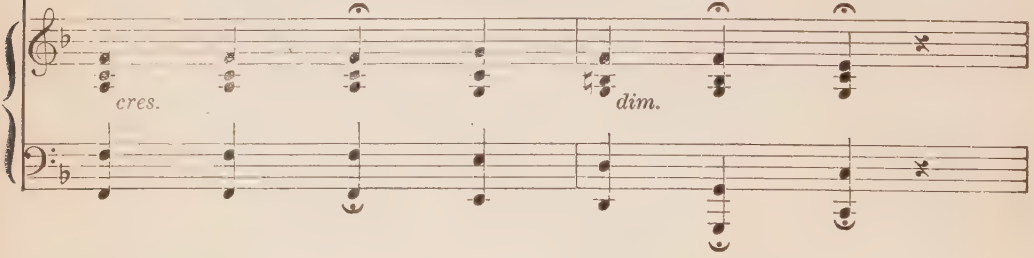
S. M. GRANNIS

Moderato

1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high; You can
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to comm - d; If you
4. If you can not in the con - flict Prove your - self a sol - dier true, If, where
5. Do not, then, stand i - dly wait - ing, For some great - er work to do; For - tune

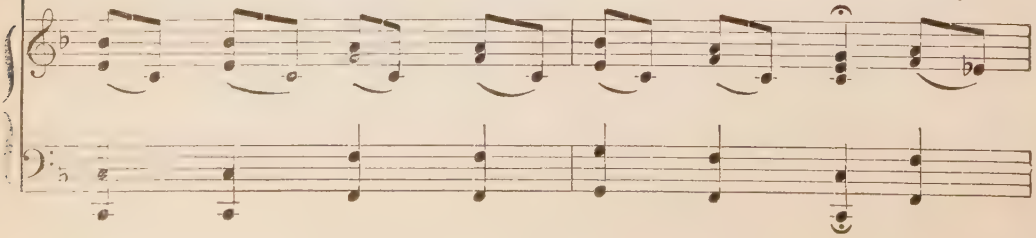


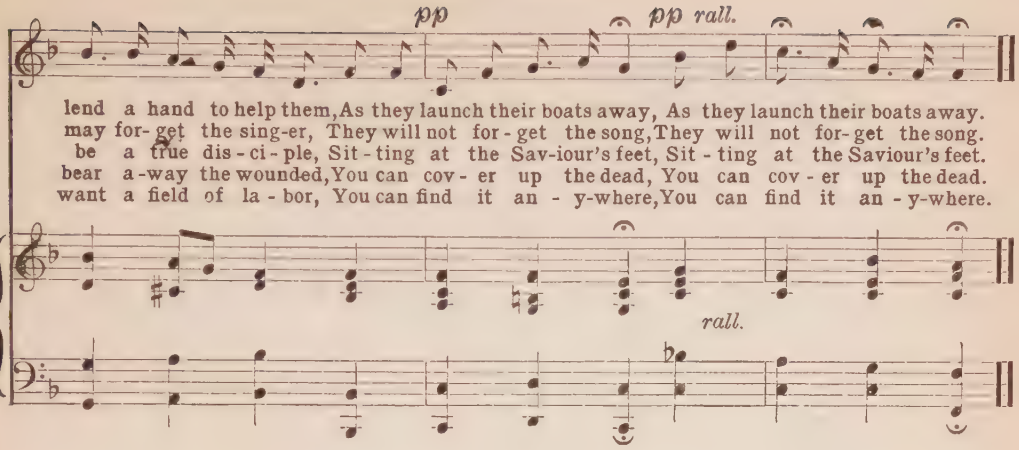
on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet; You can
stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can
can not t'wards the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand; You can
fire and smoke are thick - est, There's no work for you to do; When the
is a la - zy god - dess, She will nev - er come to you. Go and



ritard.

stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you



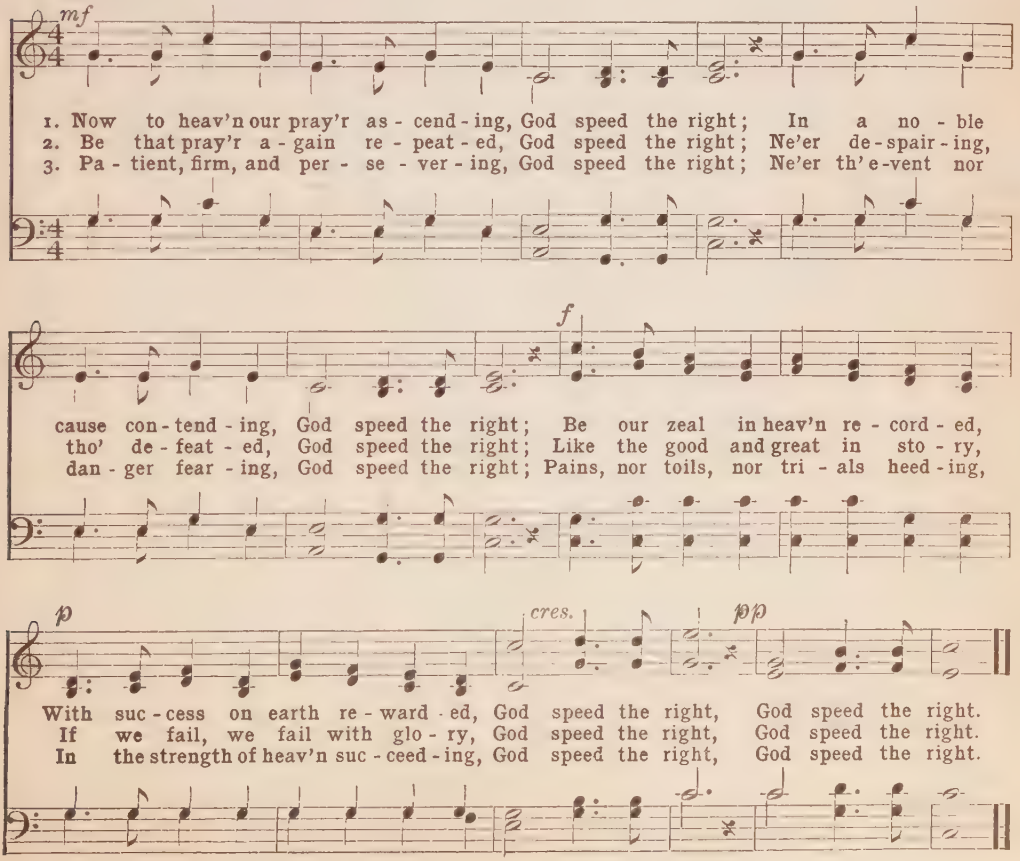


God Speed the Right

W. E. Hickson

German Air

Maestoso



Love's Old, Sweet Song

G. Clifton Bingham — J. L. Molloy

1. Once in the drear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mist be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev -er more;

Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove itself in - to our dream.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.

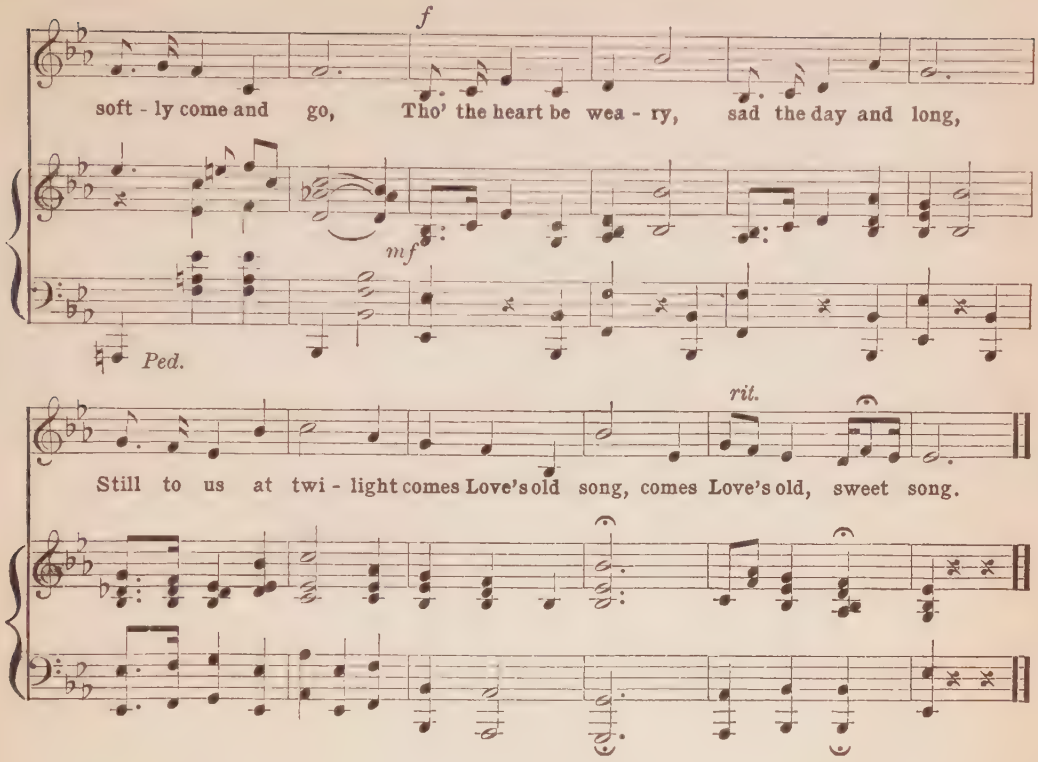
ril.

a tempo

Just a song at twi- light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring sha -dows

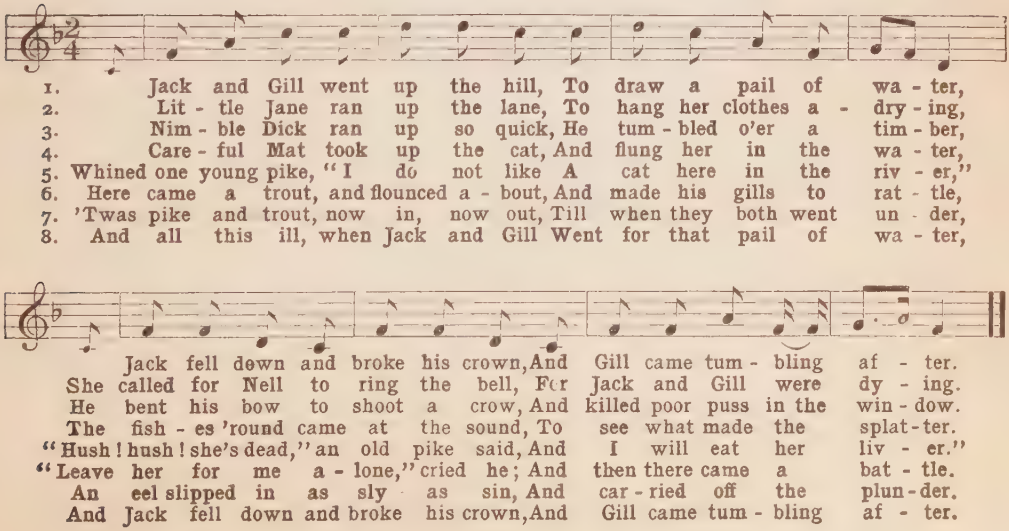
p cantando

sempre Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*



Jack and Gill

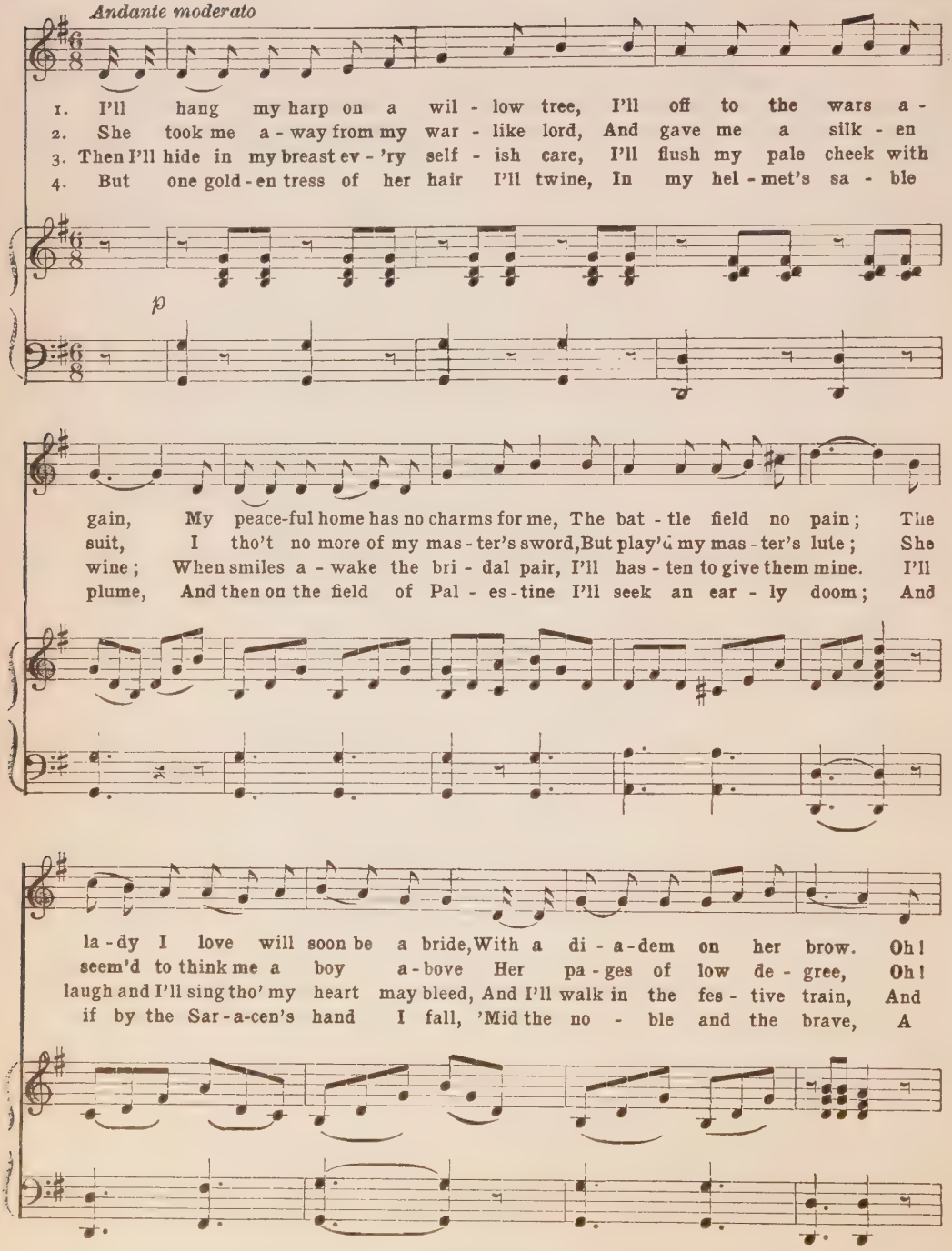
H. L. Handy

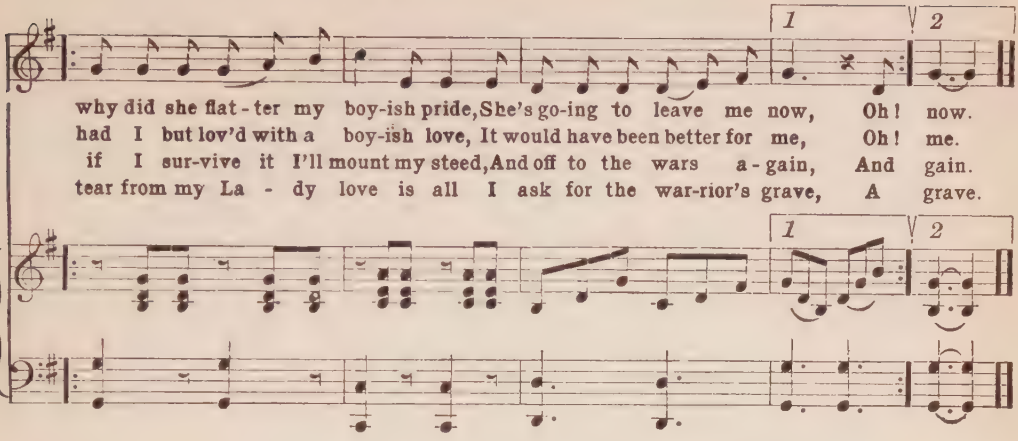


I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. GUERNSEY.

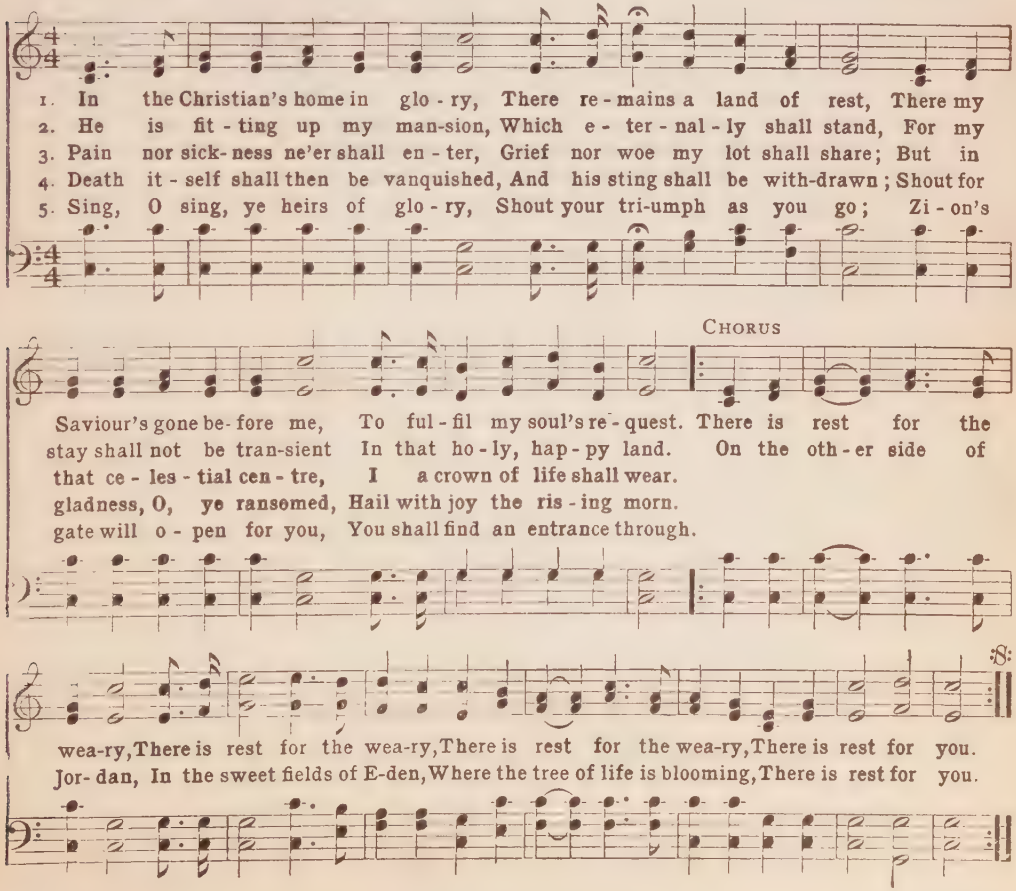
Andante moderato





Rest for the Weary

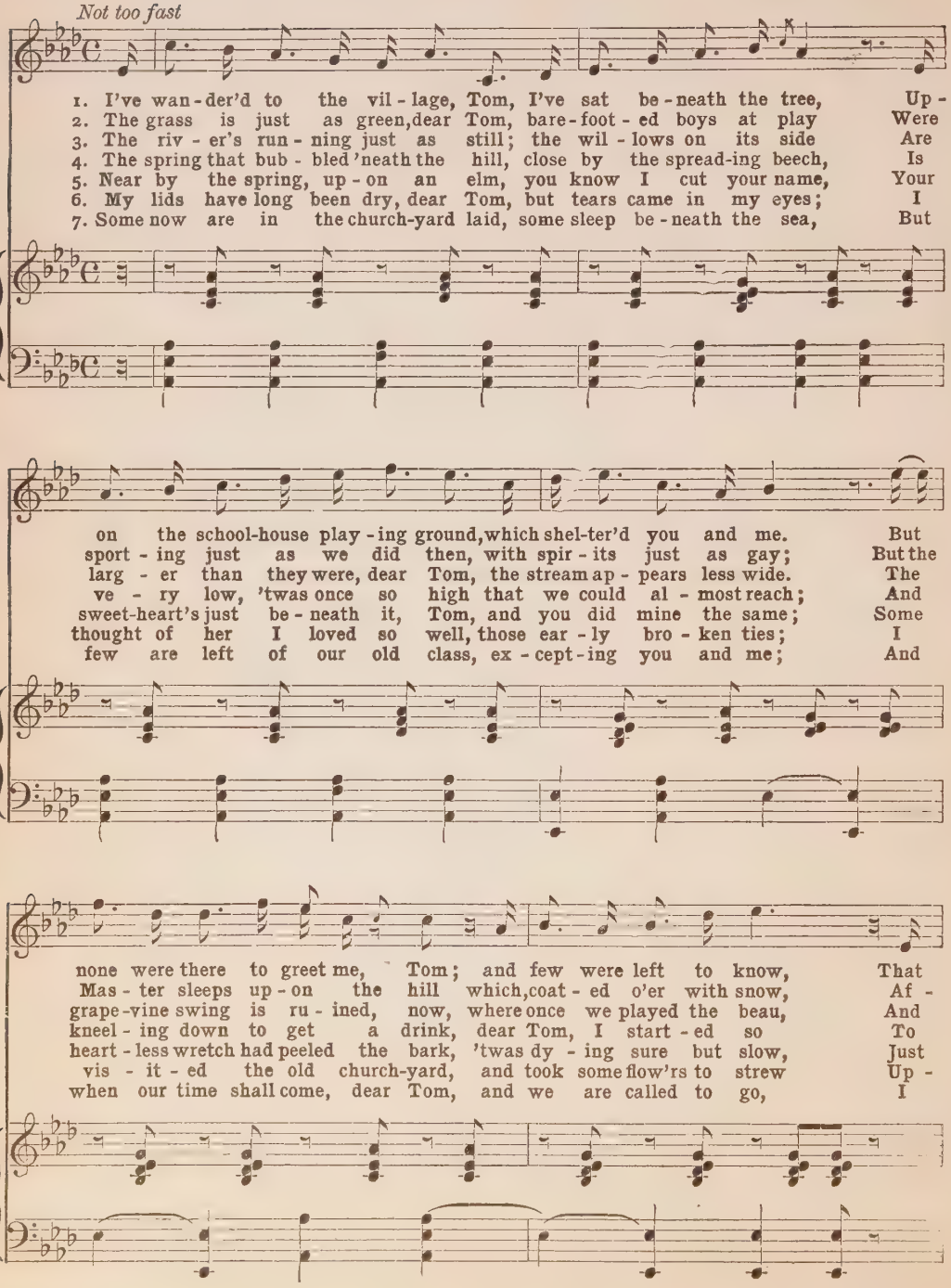
S. Y. Harmer. Rev. J. W. Dadmun

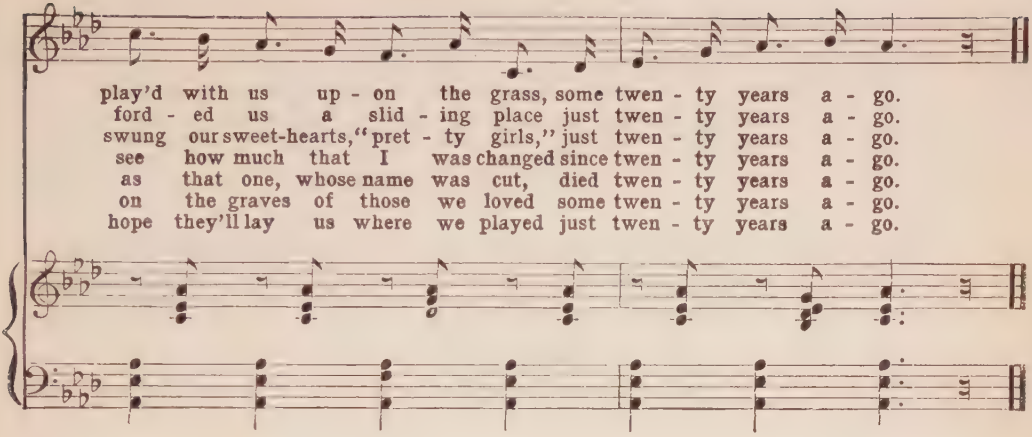


Twenty Years Ago

WILLIAM WILLING

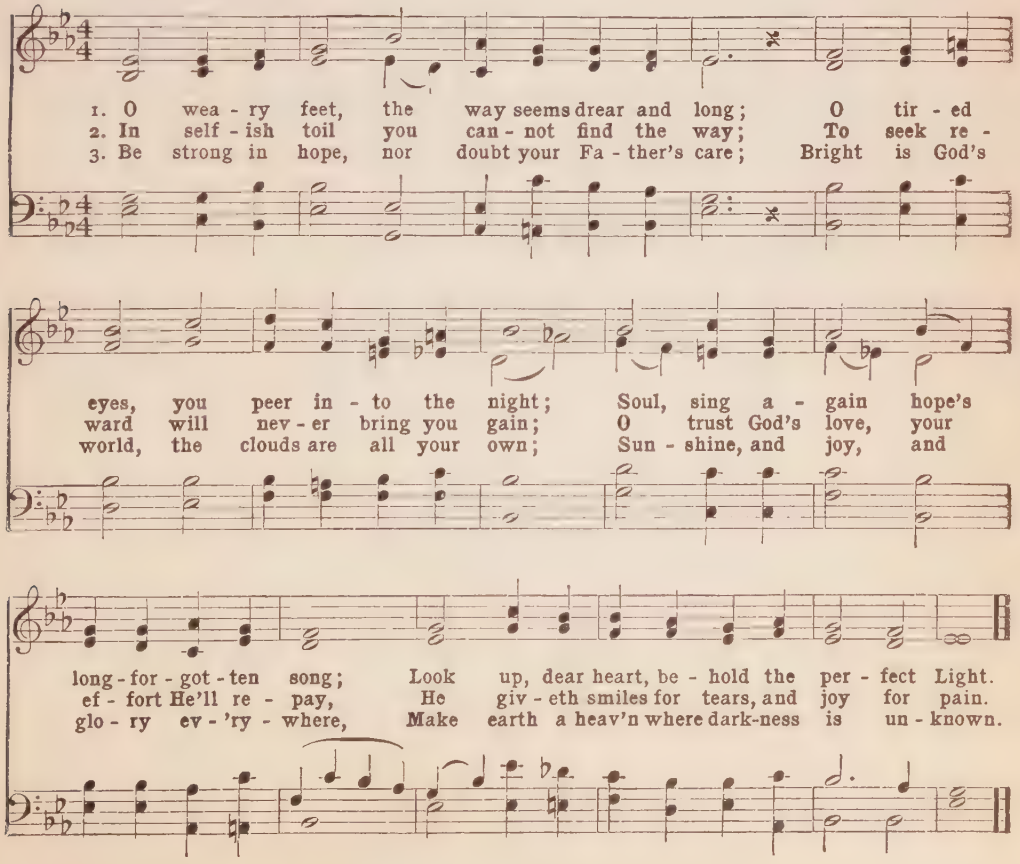
Not too fast





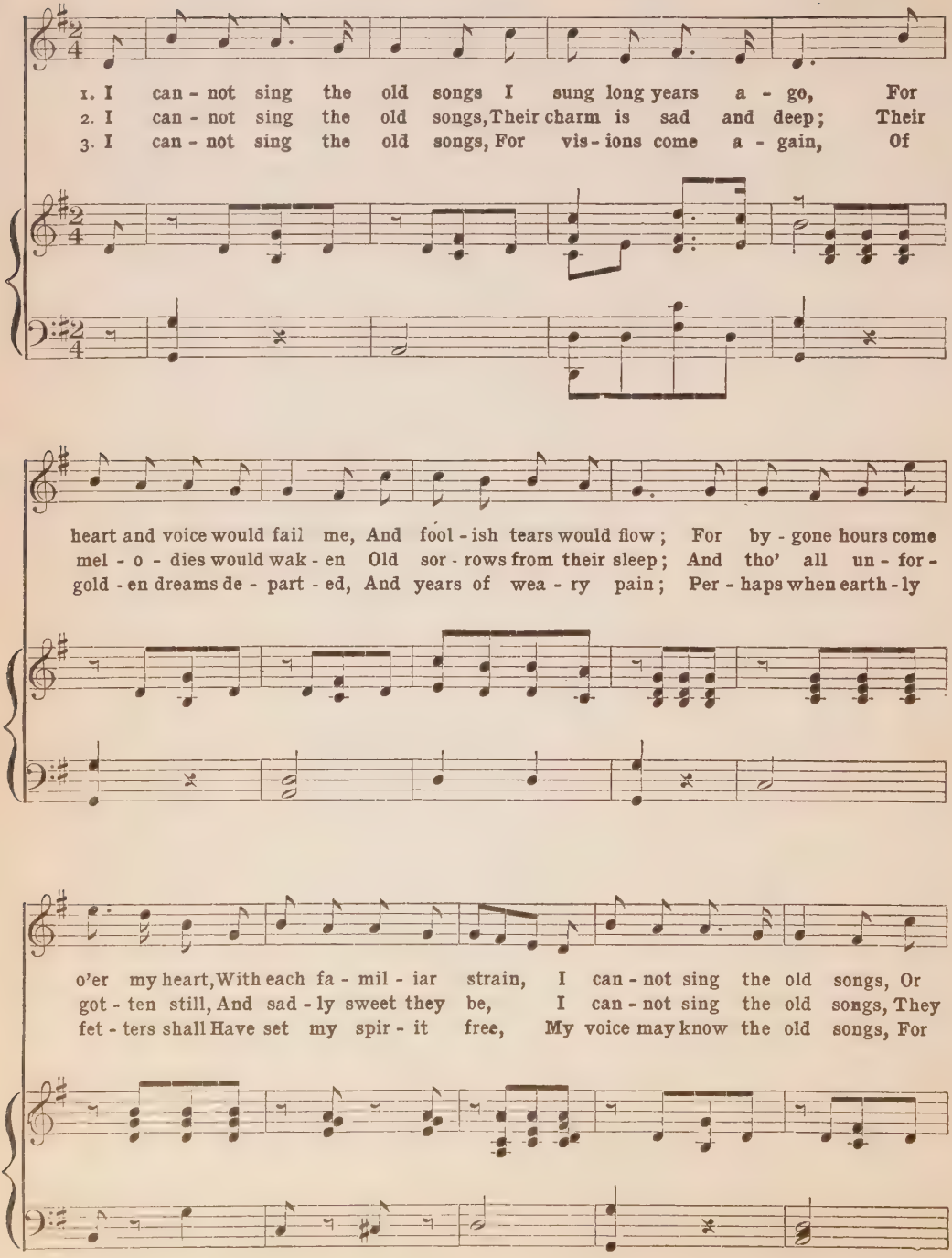
O Weary Feet

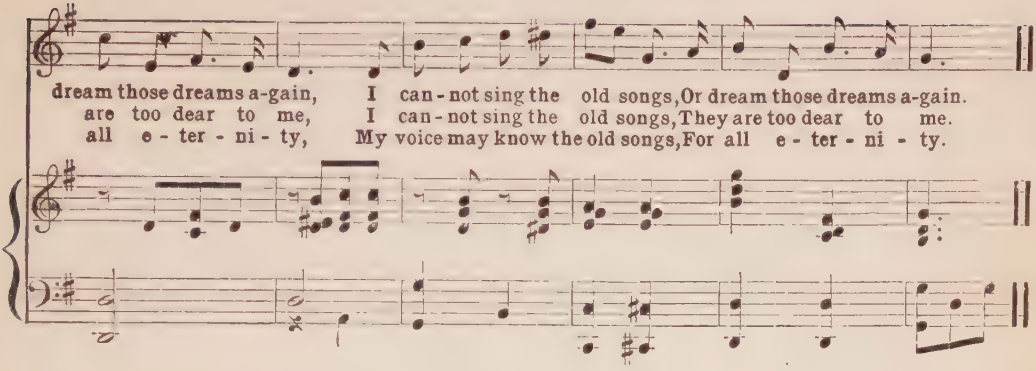
CLARA L. HAYES ALFRED BEIRLY



I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

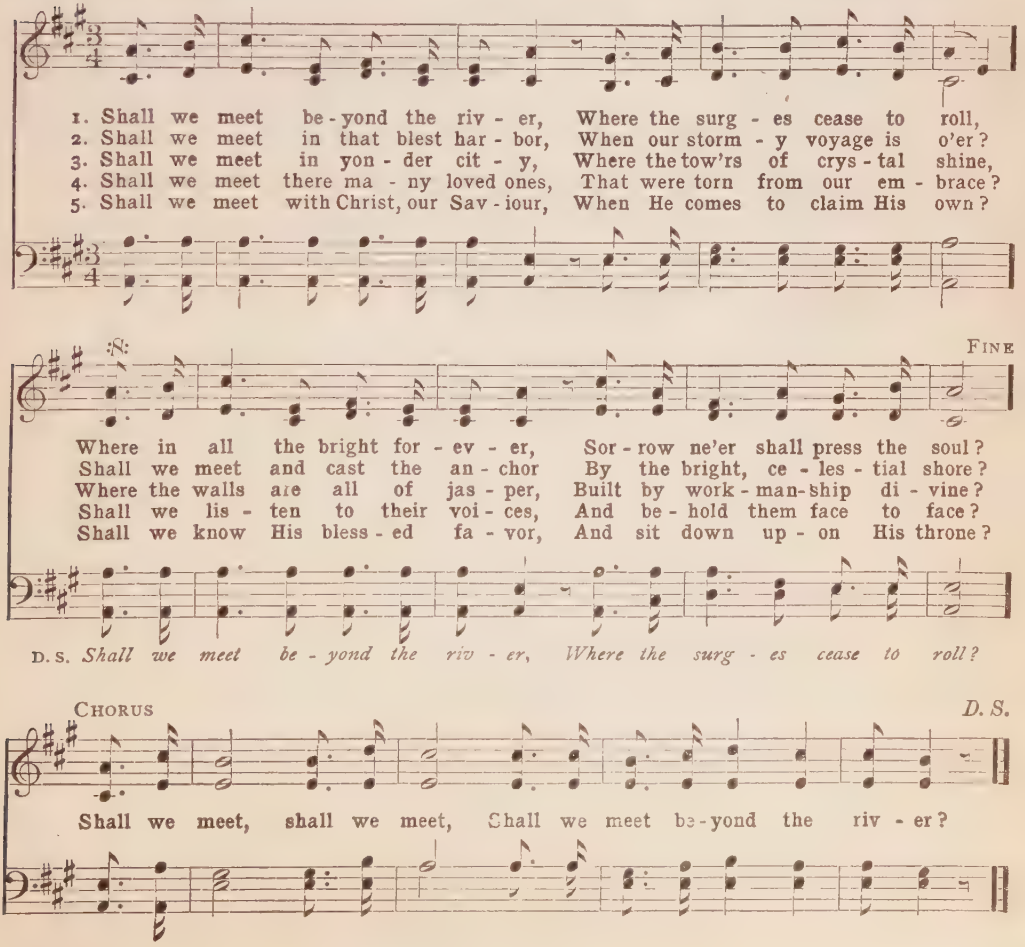
CLARIBEL





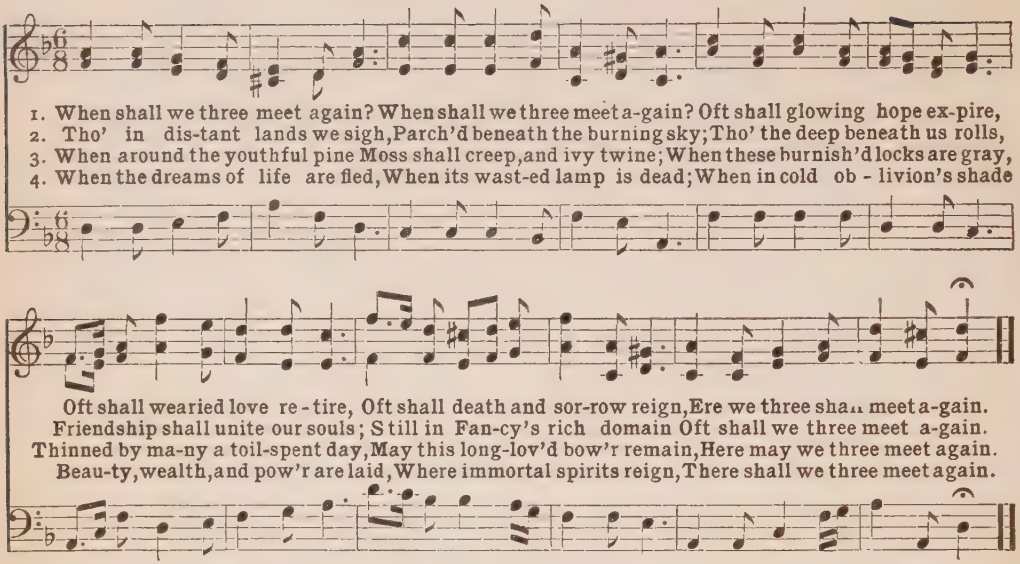
Shall We Meet

H. L. HASTINGS ELISHA S. RICE



CHORUS D. S.

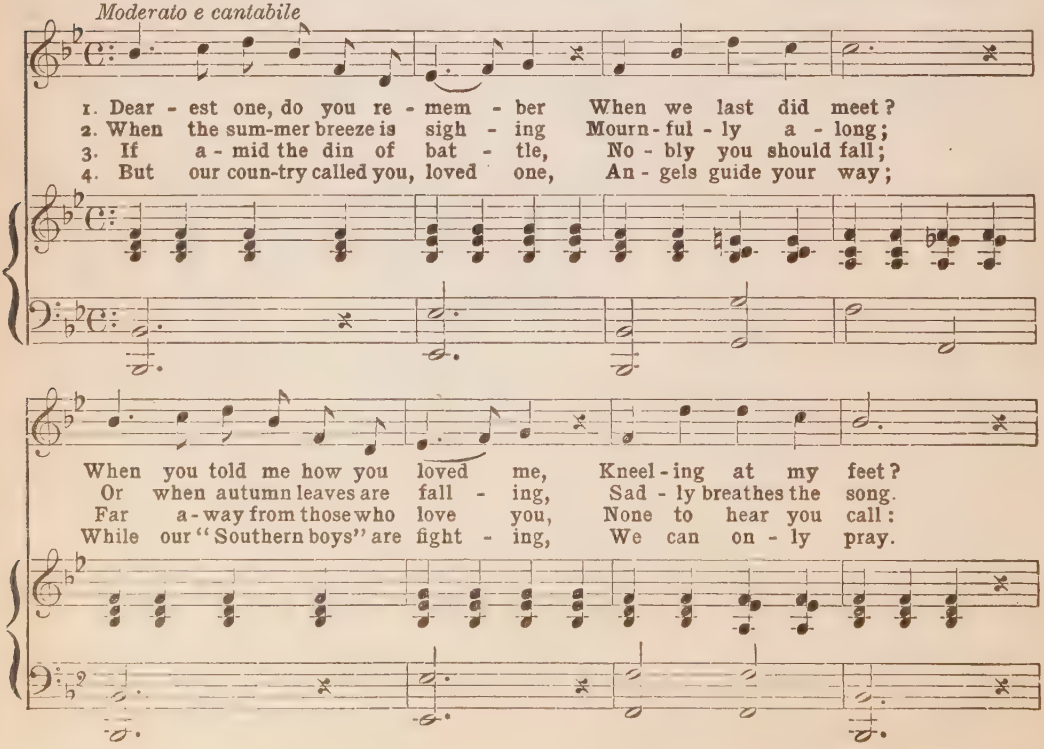
When Shall We Three Meet Again

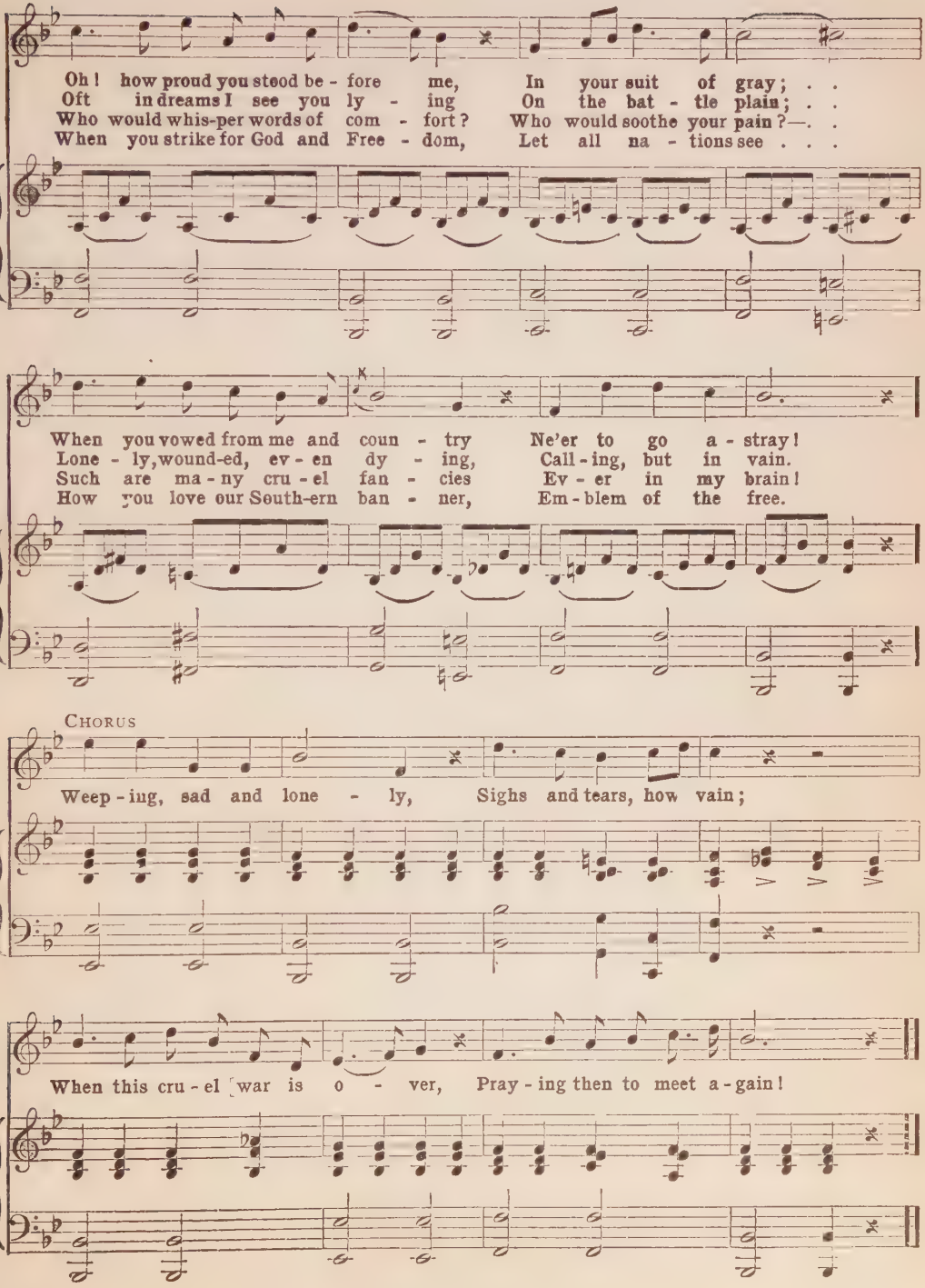


When This Cruel War is Over

CHAS. C. SAWYER — HENRY TUCKER

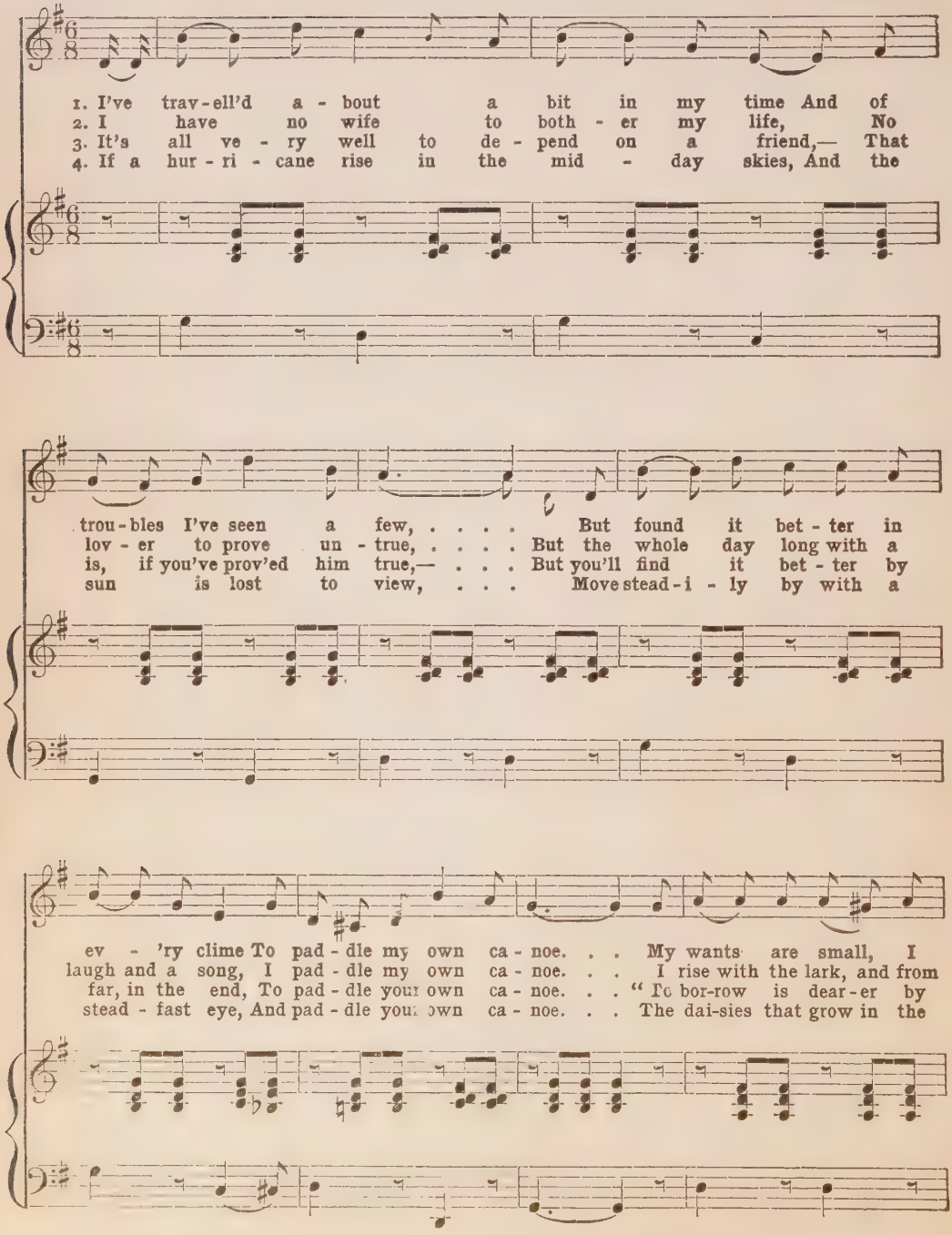
Moderato e cantabile

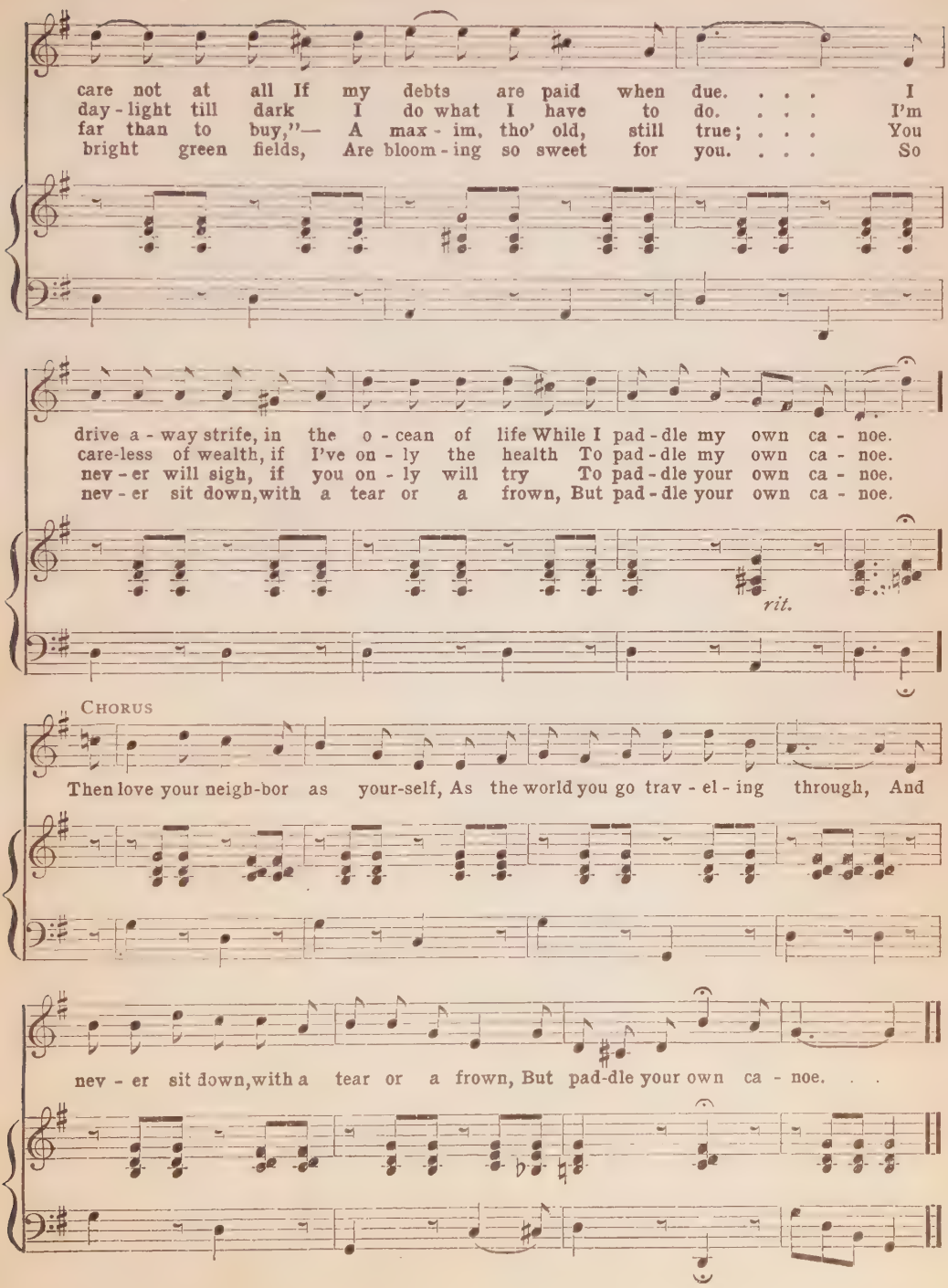



Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me, In your suit of gray; . .
Oft in dreams I see you ly - ing On the bat - tle plain; . .
Who would whis-per words of com - fort? Who would soothe your pain?—. .
When you strike for God and Free - dom, Let all na - tions see . . .
When you vowed from me and coun - try Ne'er to go a - stray!
Lone - ly, wound-ed, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.
Such are ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in my brain!
How you love our South-ern ban - ner, Em - blem of the free.
CHORUS
Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Sighs and tears, how vain;
When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing then to meet a - gain!

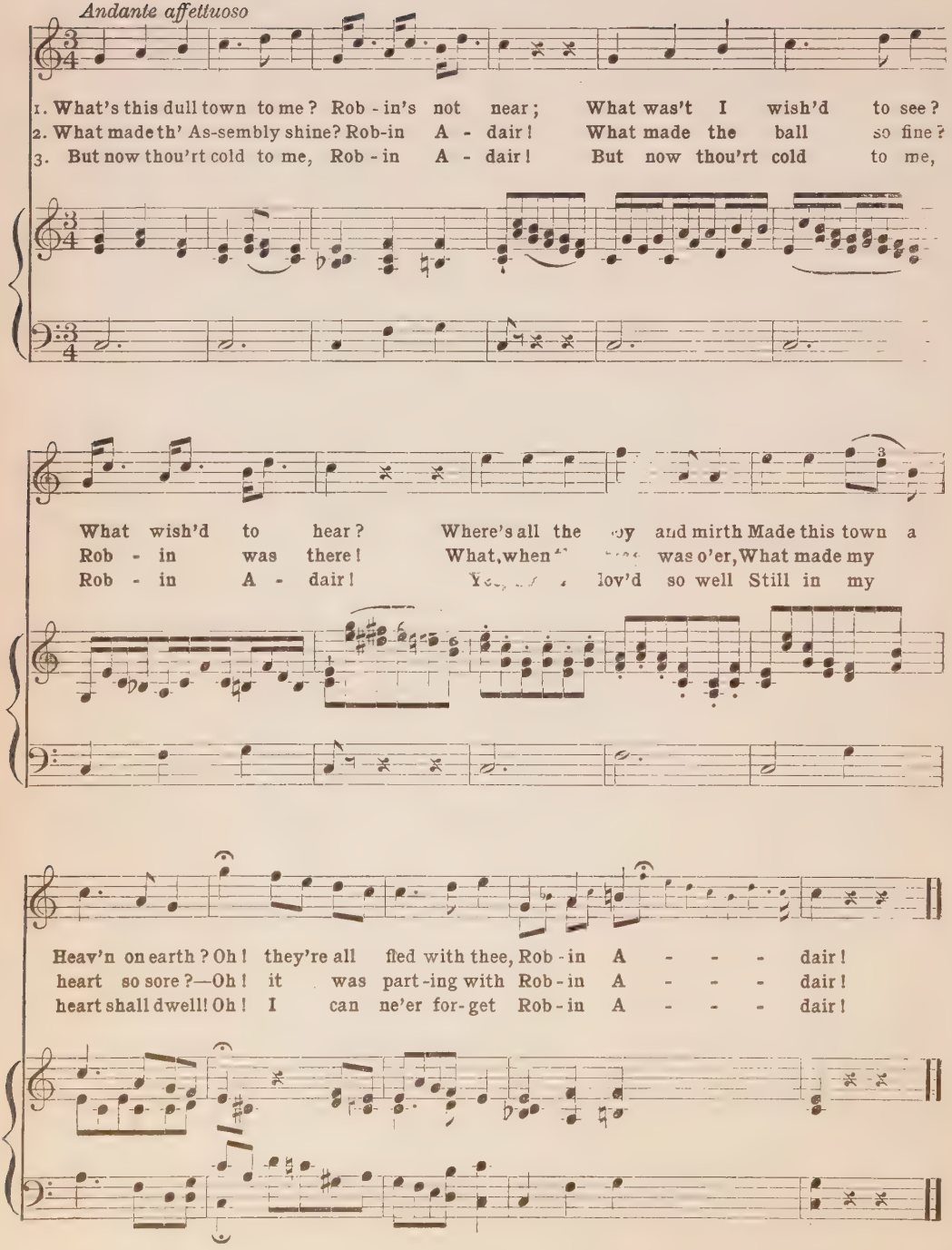
Paddle Your Own Canoe

H. Clifton M. Hobson

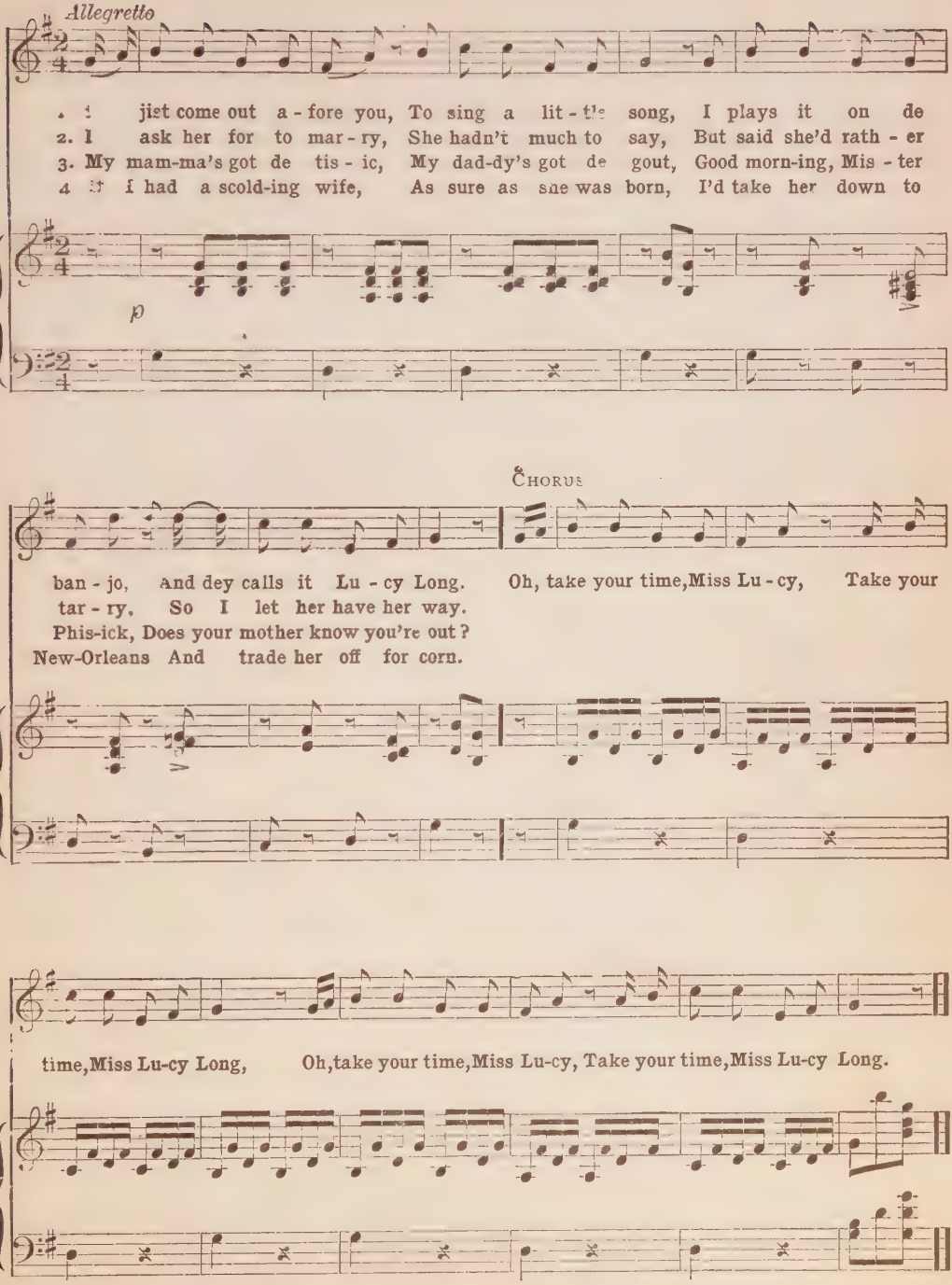



care not at all If my debts are paid when due. . . . I
day-light till dark I do what I have to do. . . . I'm
far than to buy,"— A max-im, tho' old, still true; . . . You
bright green fields, Are bloom-ing so sweet for you. . . . So
drive a-way strife, in the o-cean of life While I pad-dle my own ca-noe.
care-less of wealth, if I've on-ly the health To pad-dle my own ca-noe.
nev-er will sigh, if you on-ly will try To pad-dle your own ca-noe.
nev-er sit down,with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe.
rit.
Chorus
Then love your neigh-bor as your-self, As the world you go trav-el-ing through, And
nev-er sit down,with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe. . .

Robin Adair

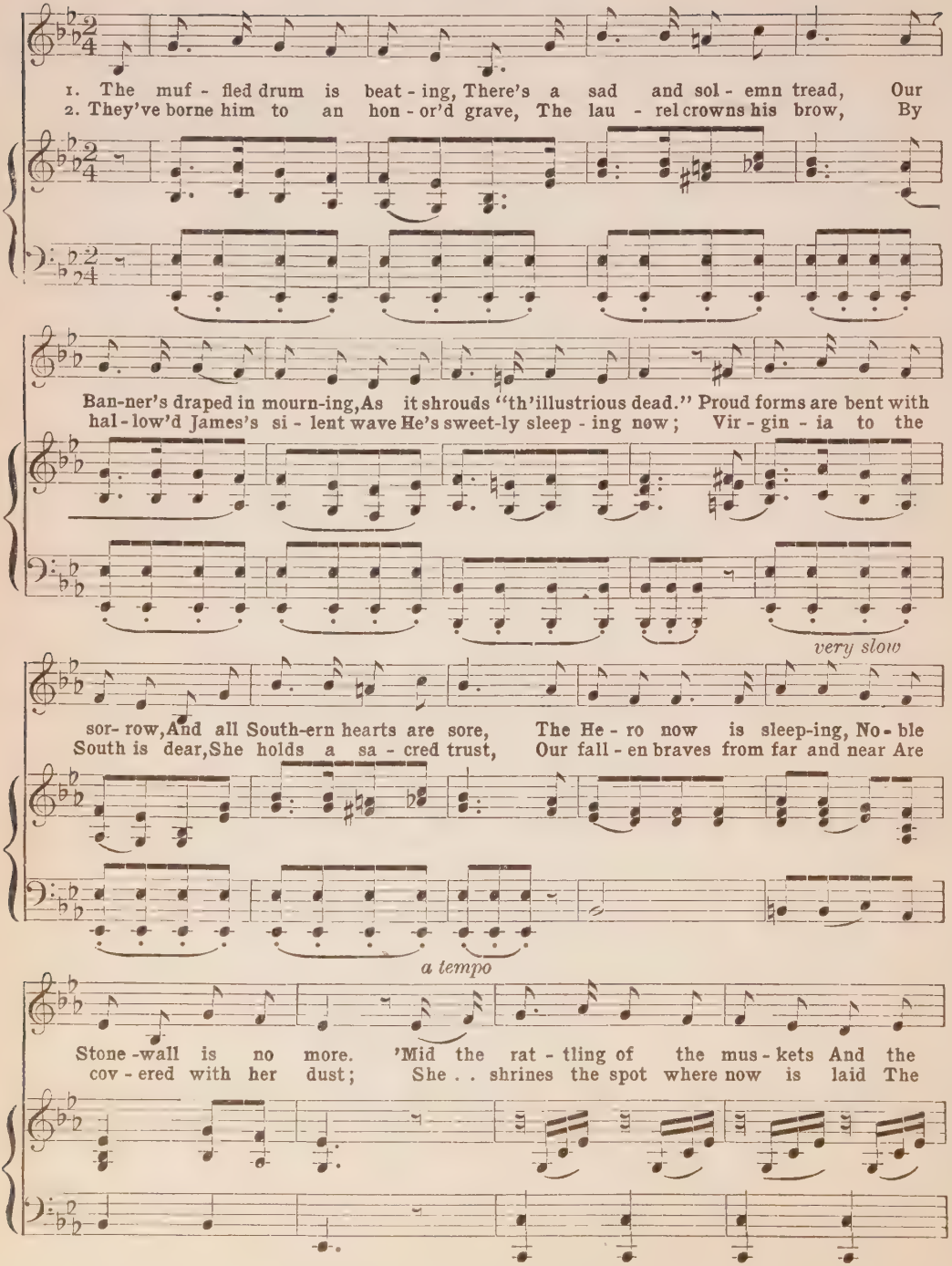

Andante affettuoso
1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
2. What made th' As-sembly shine? Rob-in A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
Rob - in was there! What, when I was o'er, What made my
Rob - in A - dair! lov'd so well Still in my
Heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - - - dair!
heart so sore?—Oh! it was part-ing with Rob - in A - - - dair!
heart shall dwell! Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - - - dair!

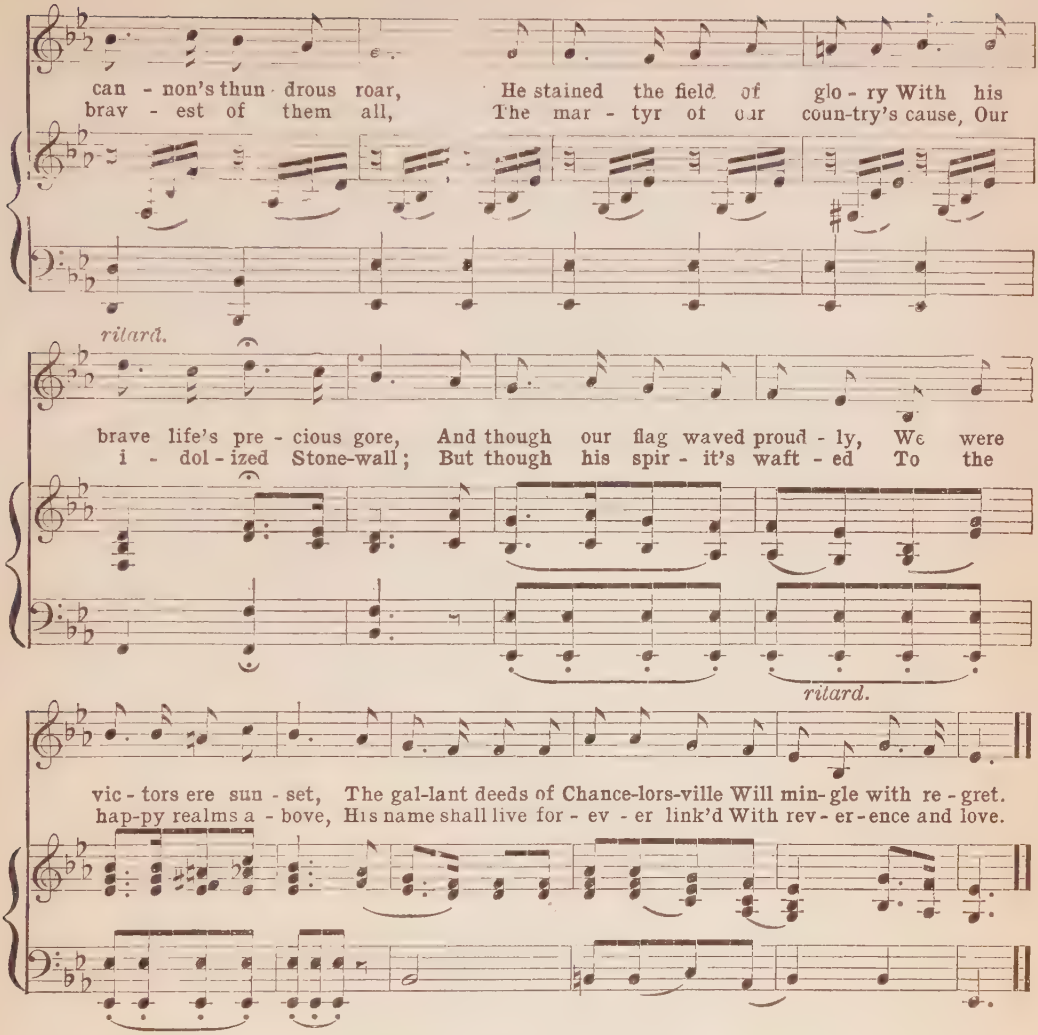
Miss Lucy Long



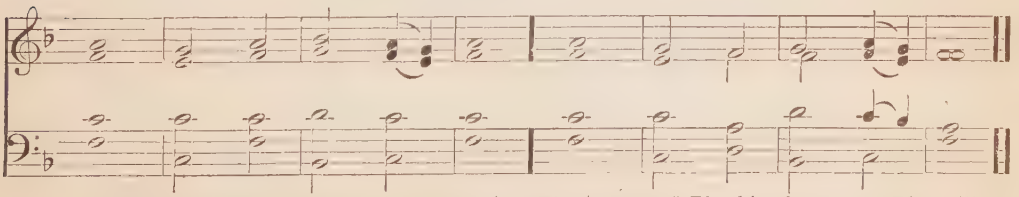
Stonewall's Requiem

M. Deeves





The Lord's Prayer



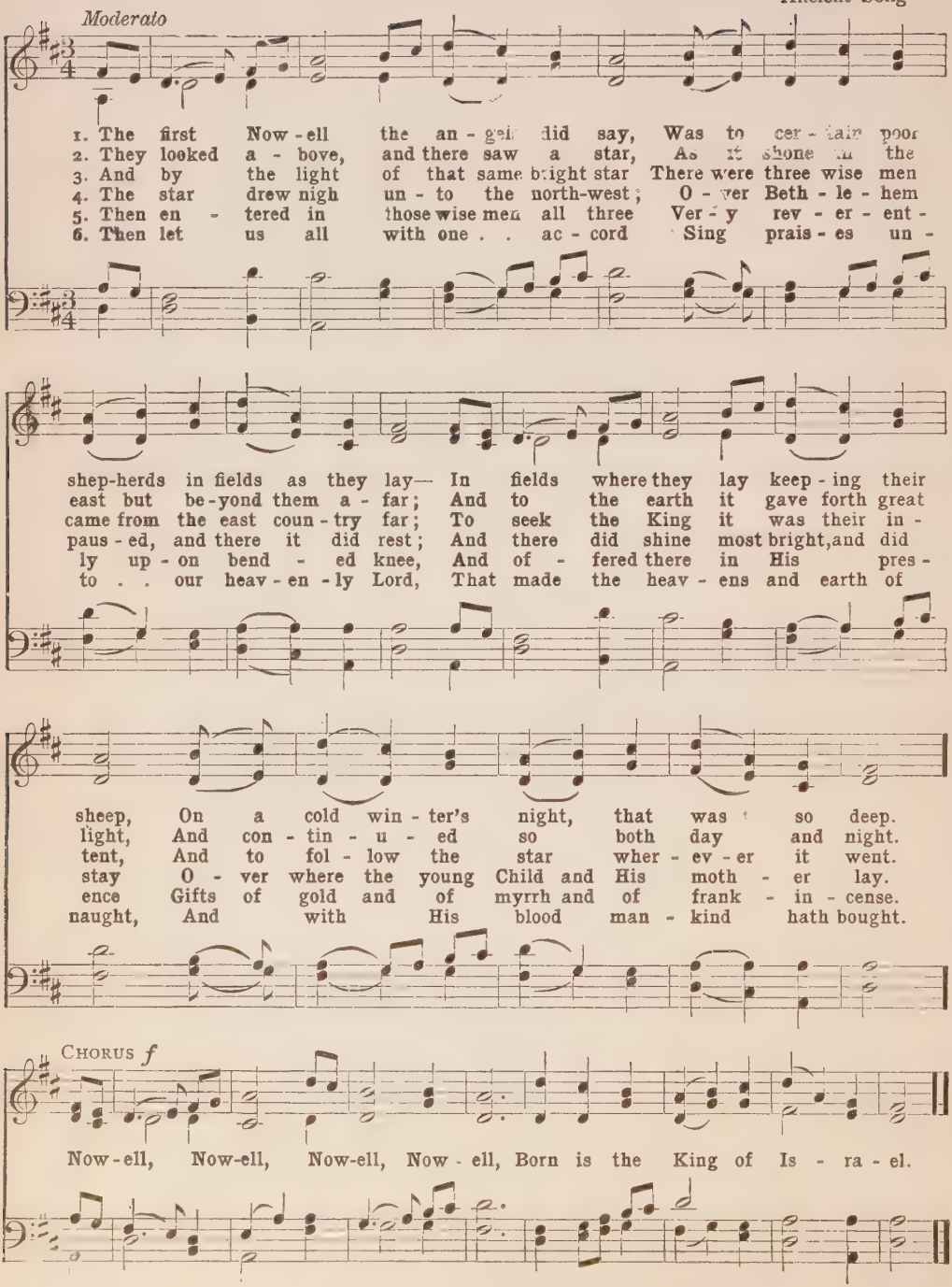
1 Our Father, who art in *heaven*, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be *done* in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give *us* this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we for*give* | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, *and* the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

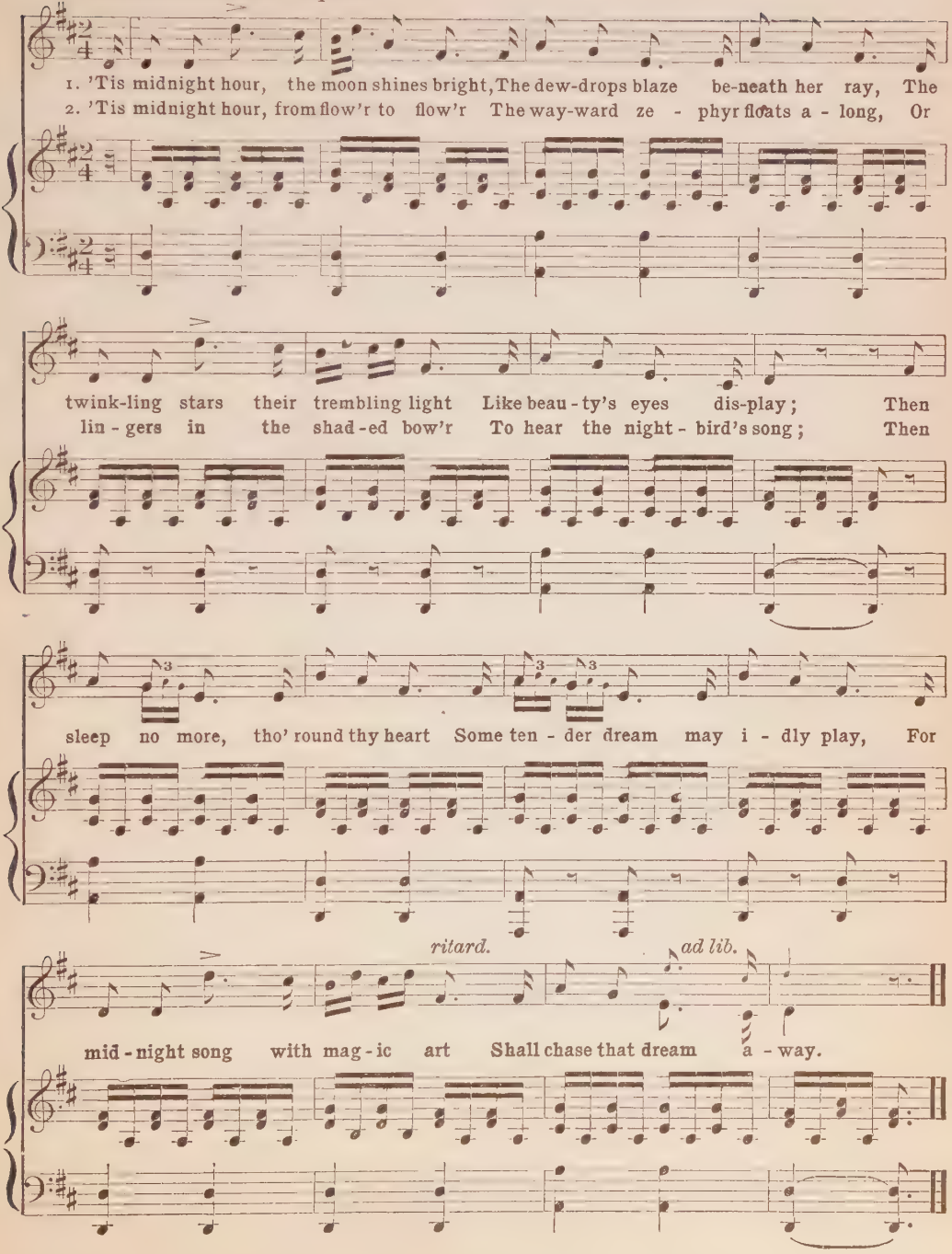
The First Nowell

Ancient Song



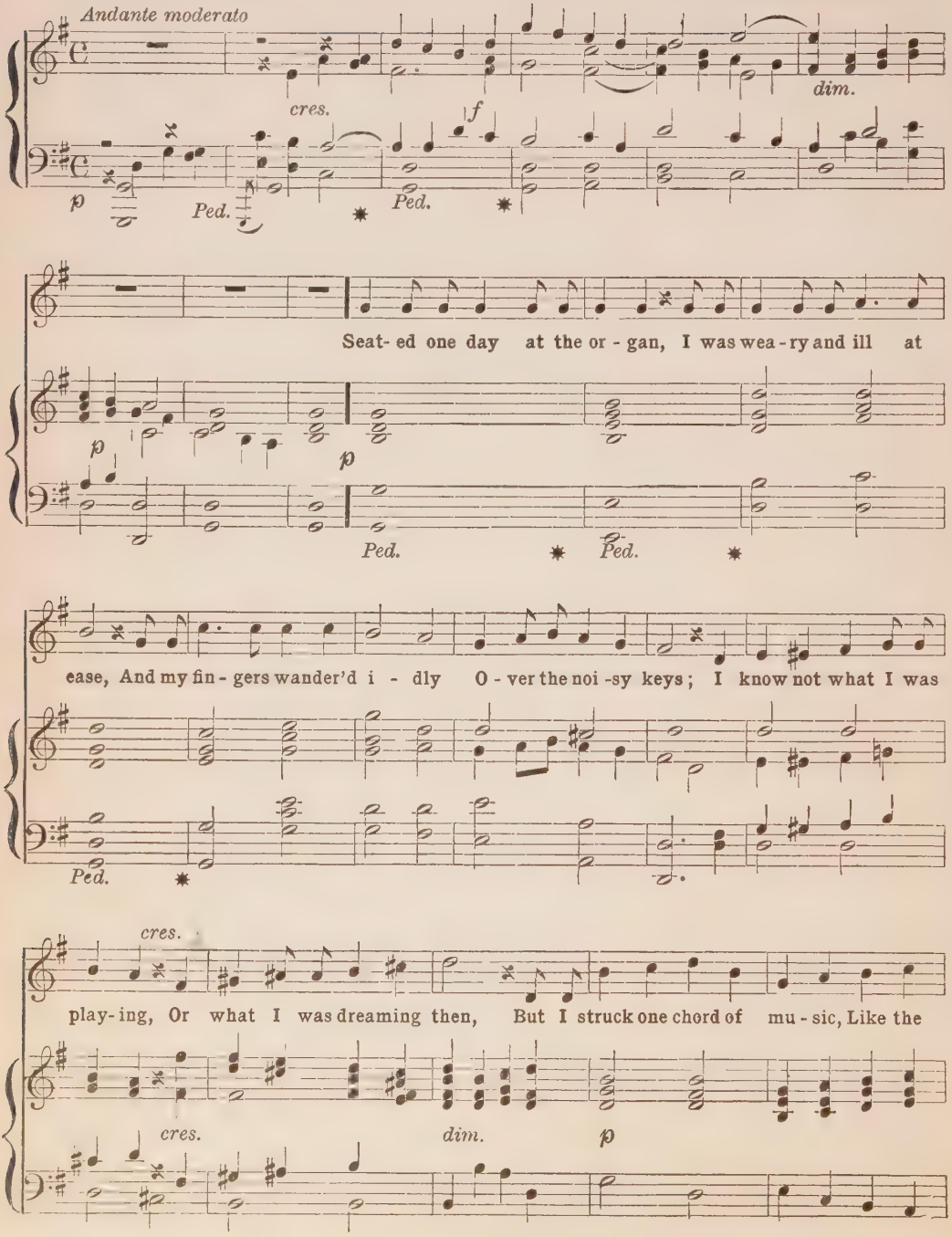
'Tis Midnight Hour

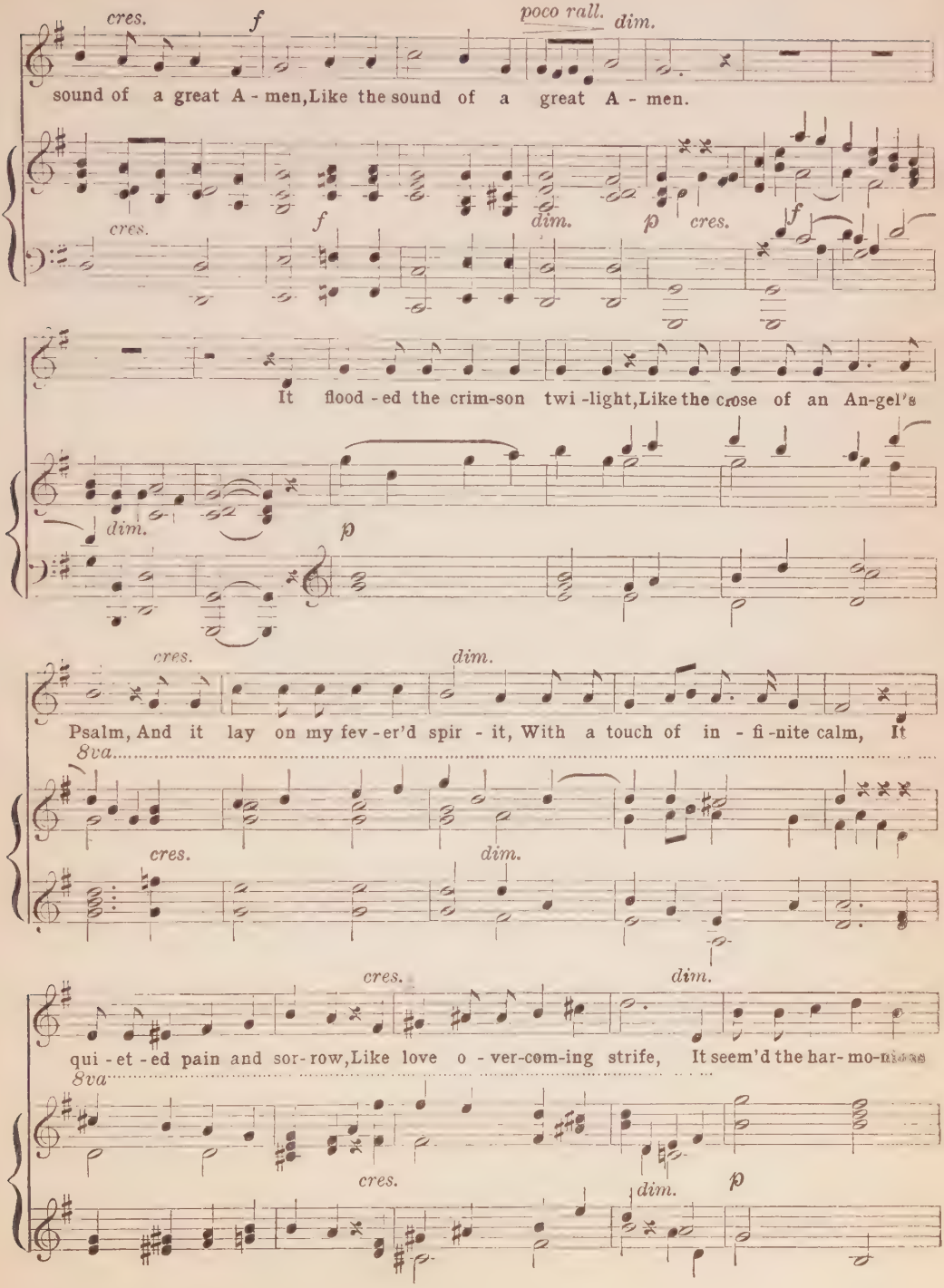
Moderato scherzando simplice

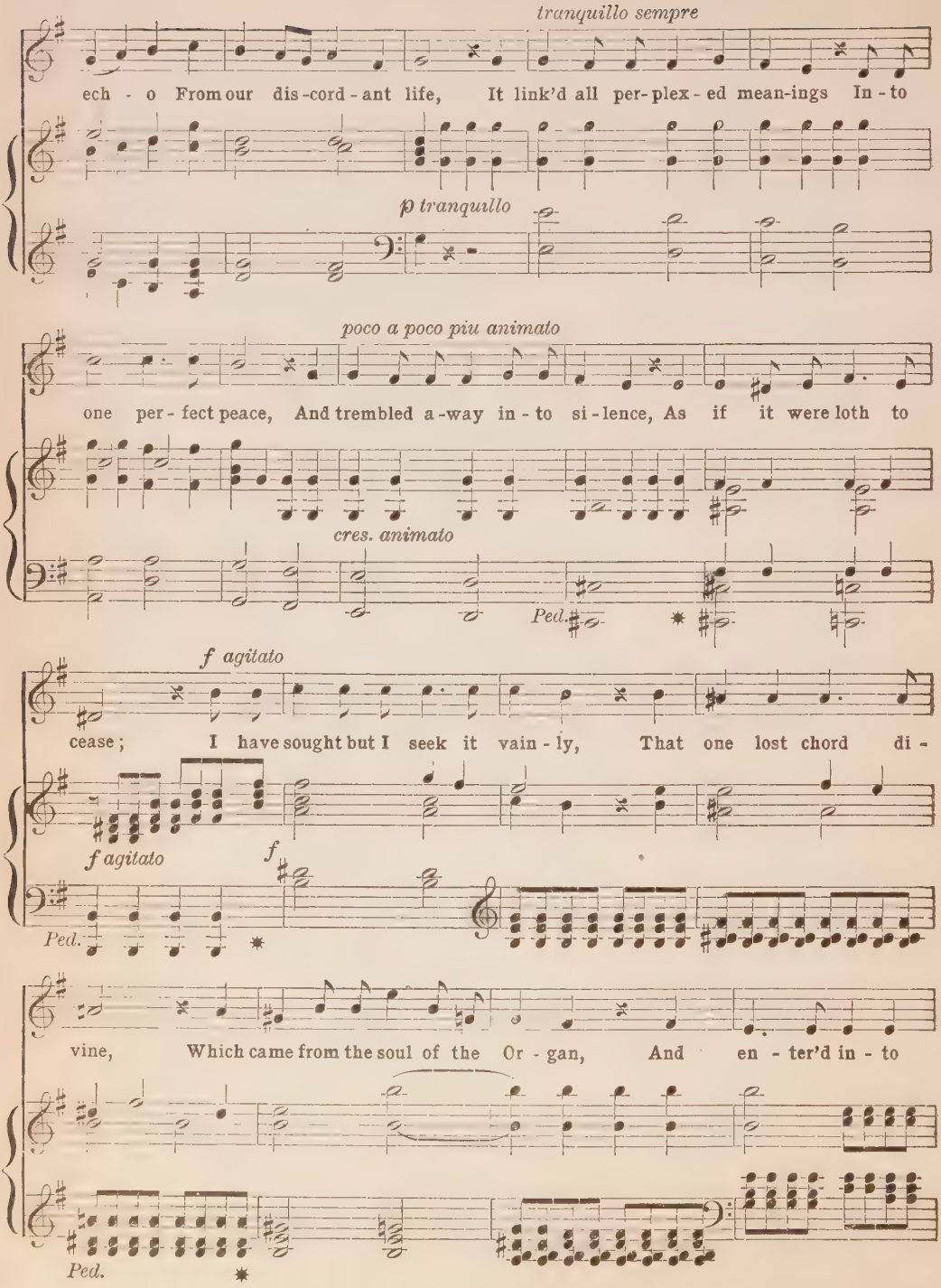


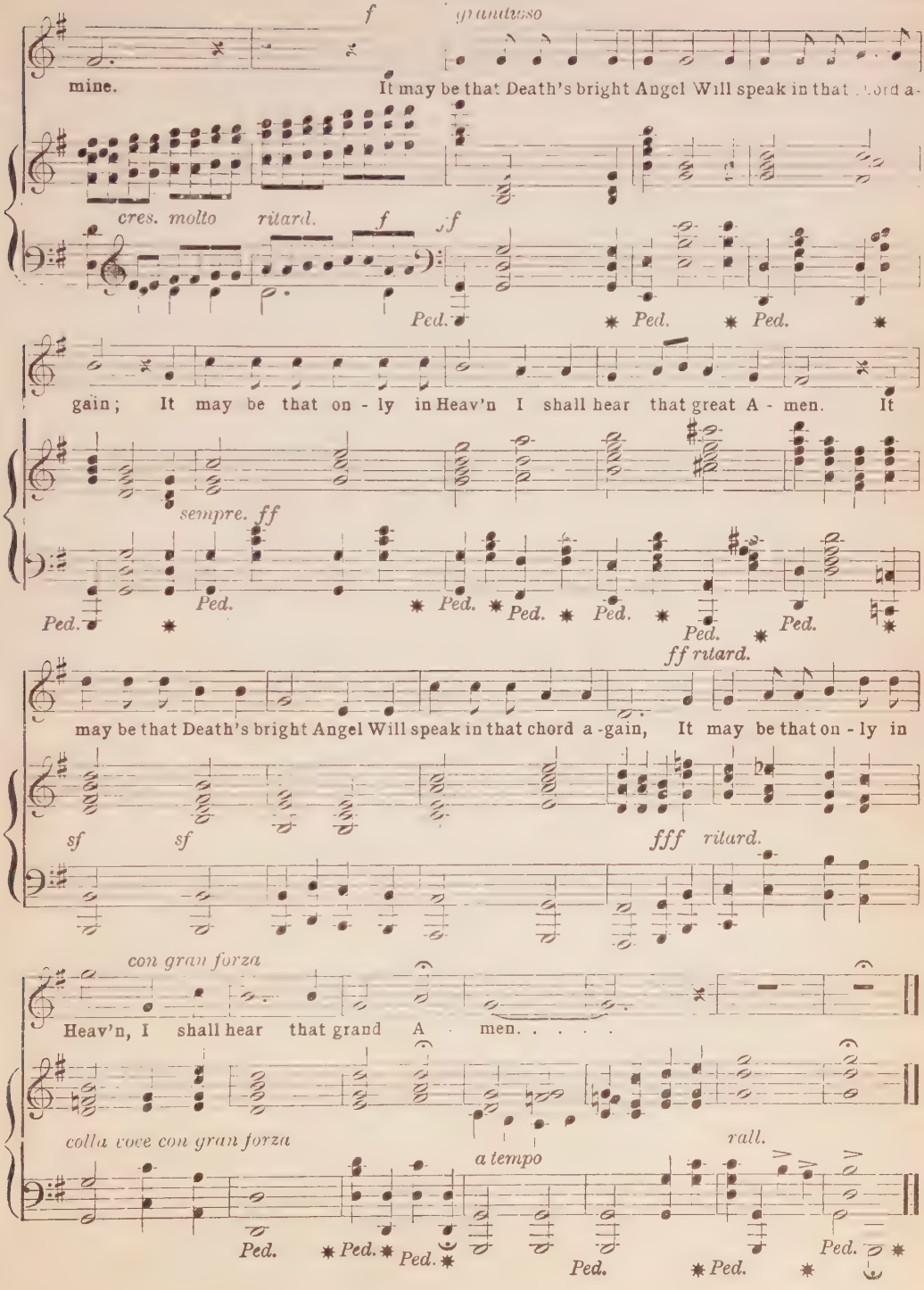
The Lost Chord

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — ARTHUR SULLIVAN




cres.
f
poco rall.
dim.
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.
cres.
f
dim.
p
cres.
f
It flood - ed the crim-son twi - light, Like the rose of an An-gel's
dim.
p
cres.
dim.
Psalm, And it lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm, It
8va
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.
qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo-nies
8va
cres.
dim.
p


tranquillo sempre
ech - o From our dis-cord-ant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings In-to
p tranquillo
poco a poco piu animato
one per-fect peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to
cres. animato
Ped.
f agitato
cease; I have sought but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-
f agitato
f
Ped.
vine, Which came from the soul of the Or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to
Ped.


f grandioso
mine.
It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-
cres. molto ritard. f ff
Ped. Ped. Ped.
gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that great A - men. It
sempre. ff
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
ff ritard.
may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on - ly in
sf sf fff ritard.
con gran forza
Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A - men. . . . .
colla voce con gran forza
a tempo
rall.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

Arranged by A. M. Keith

1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For to gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long lib dat lub'-ly la-dy Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de flies in-to de coun-try, My spir-it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, When de hummin' birds am a sing-in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and

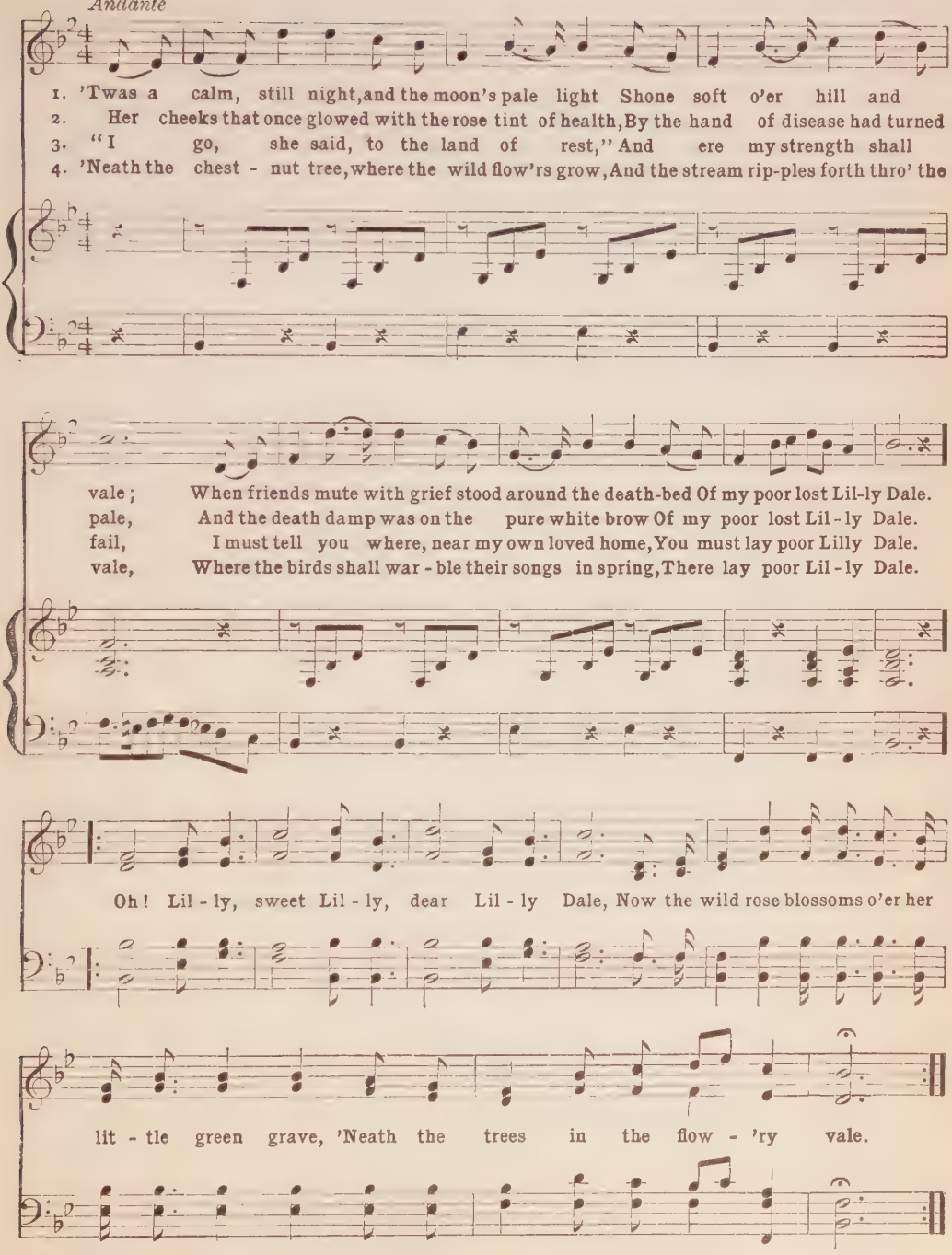
slower

leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home!

Lilly Dale

H. S. Thompson

Andante



In the Gloaming

META ORRED — ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

Andante

1. In the gloam-ing O my dar - ling! when the lights are dim and low—
2. In the gloam-ing O my dar - ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!

rall.

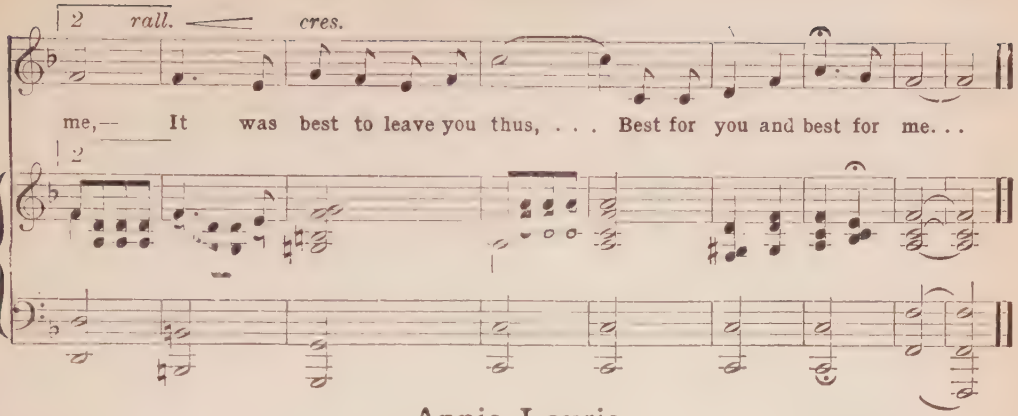
And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,—
Tho' I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

Agitato

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle, un-known woe,—
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could nev - er be.

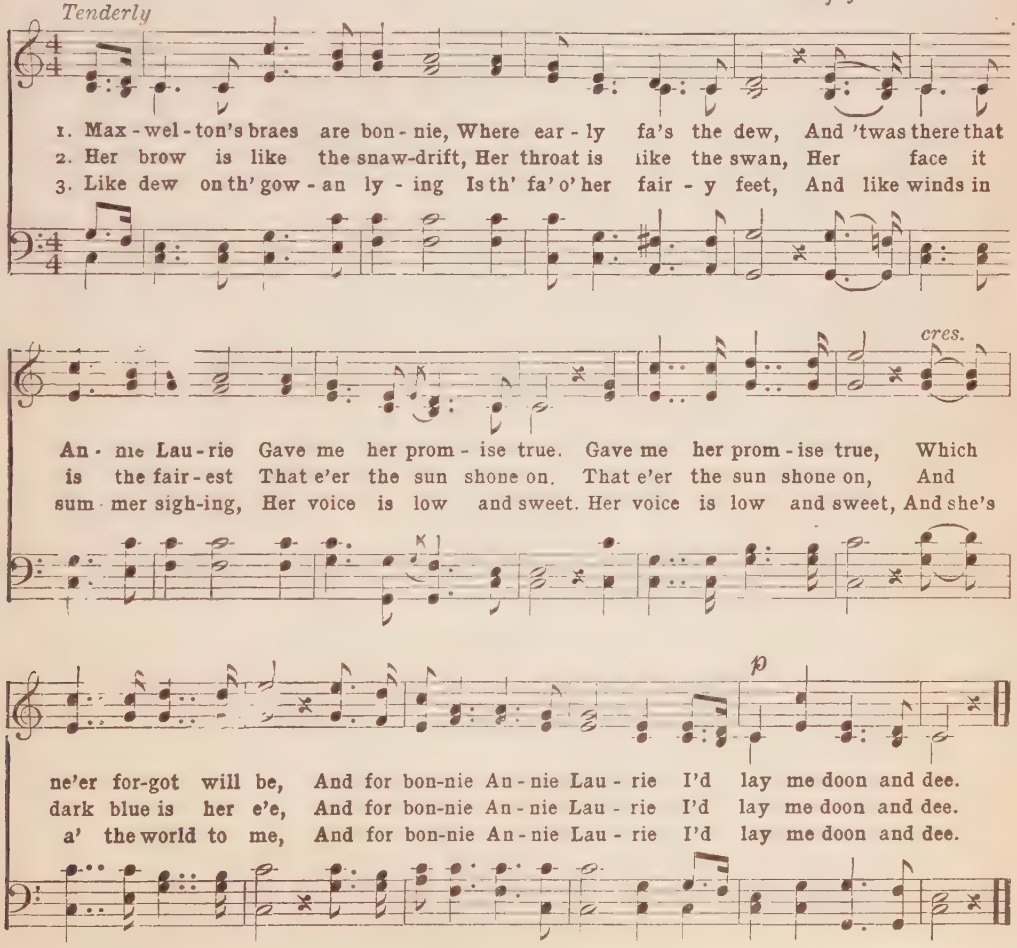
con anima

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (*Omit.*)



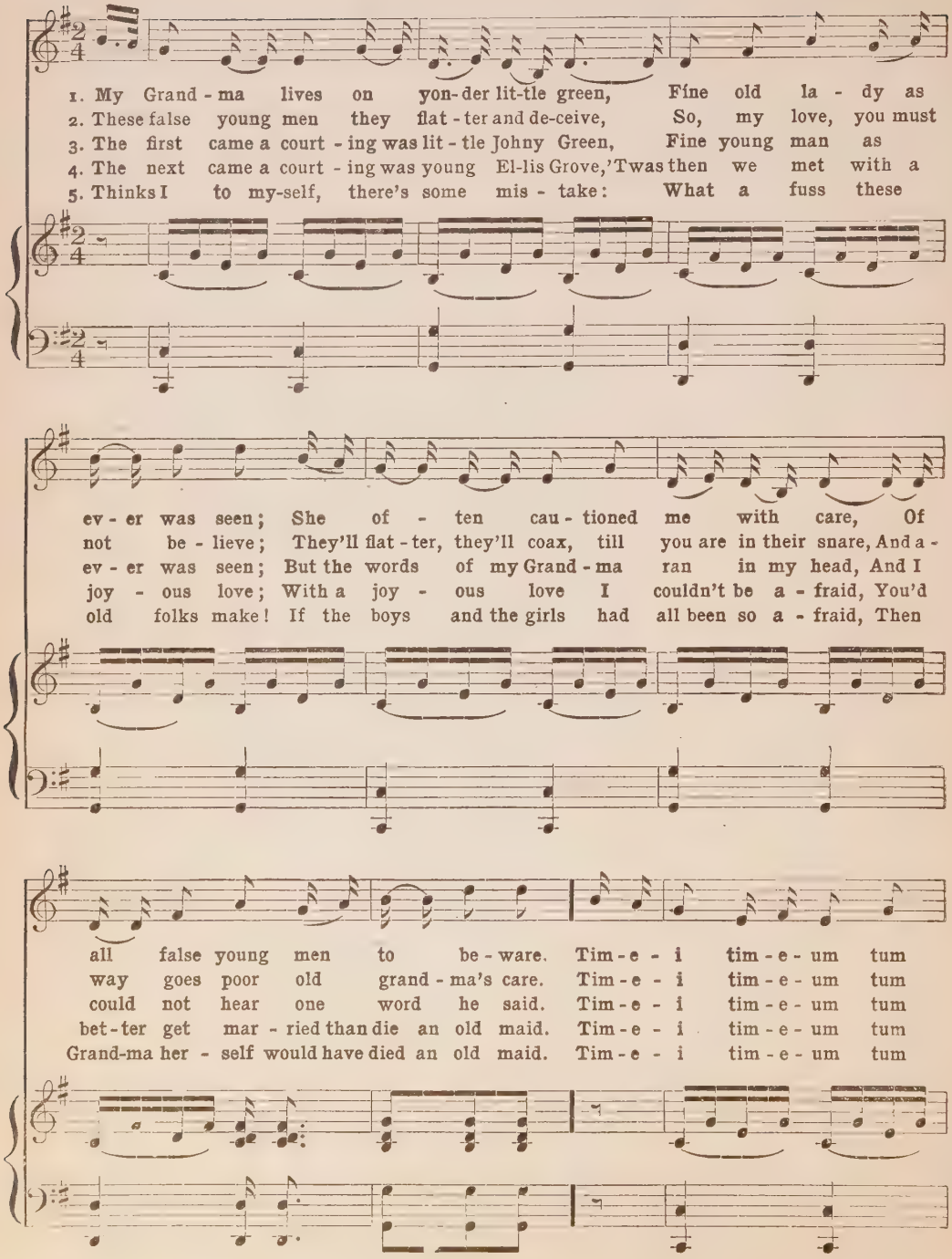
Annie Laurie

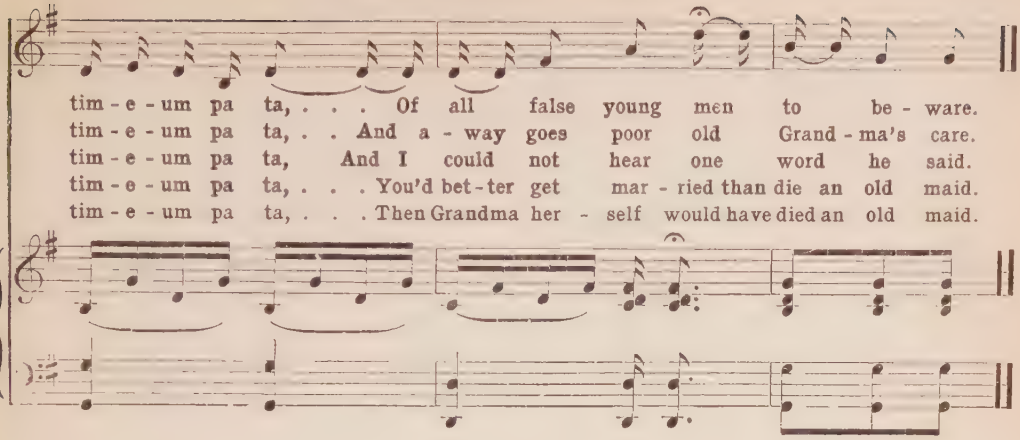
Lady JOHN SCOTT



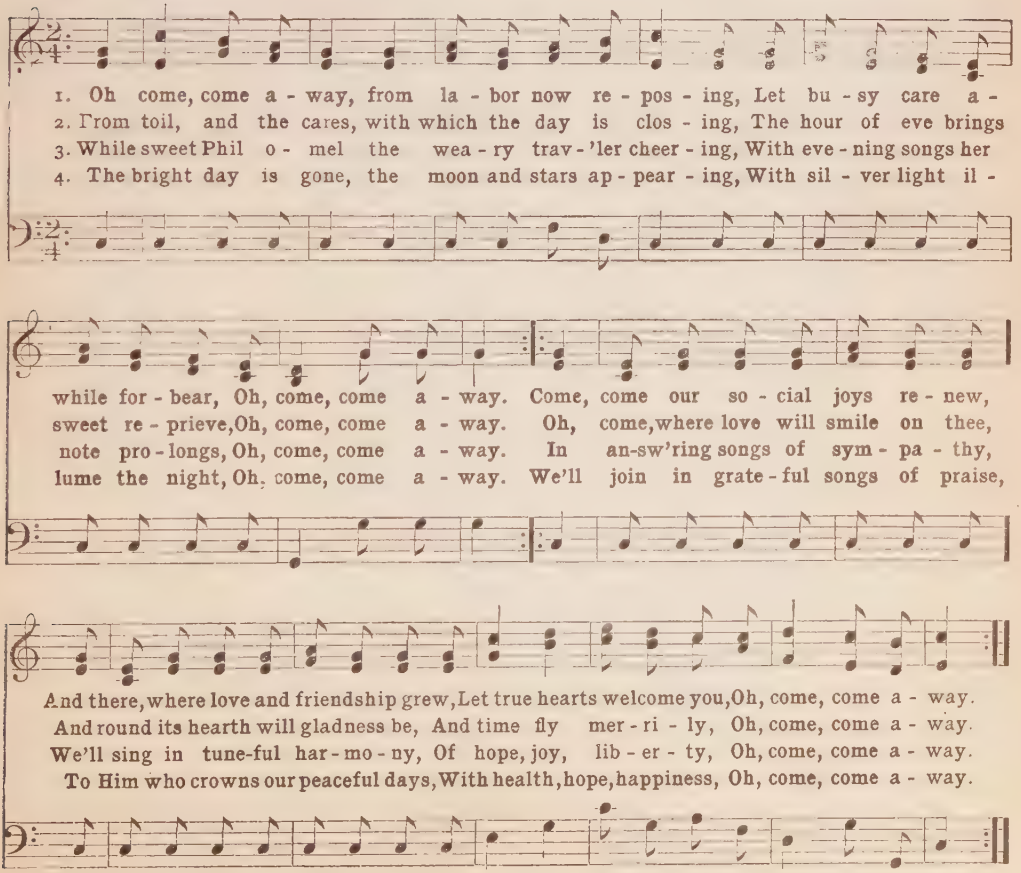
My Grandma's Advice

Anonymous





O Come, Come Away



Embarrassment

F. Abt

Andantino grazioso

p

1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, And know my-self scarce what it is! And
2. I fain would sing in plain-tive mea-sure A lay that to thy heart should go, But
3. I fain would write a lov-ing let - ter That might to me thy heart in-cline, But

Con leggerezza

pp *pp* *pp*

pp *poco rit.*

if the question thou shouldst ask me, My an - swer should be on-ly this: 'Tis
when I seek the tuneful trea - sure, A voice within me an-swers so: 'Tis
here a - gain I fare no bet - ter For all my tho'ts in this com-bine: I

pp *pp poco rit.* *pp rit.*

molto espressivo

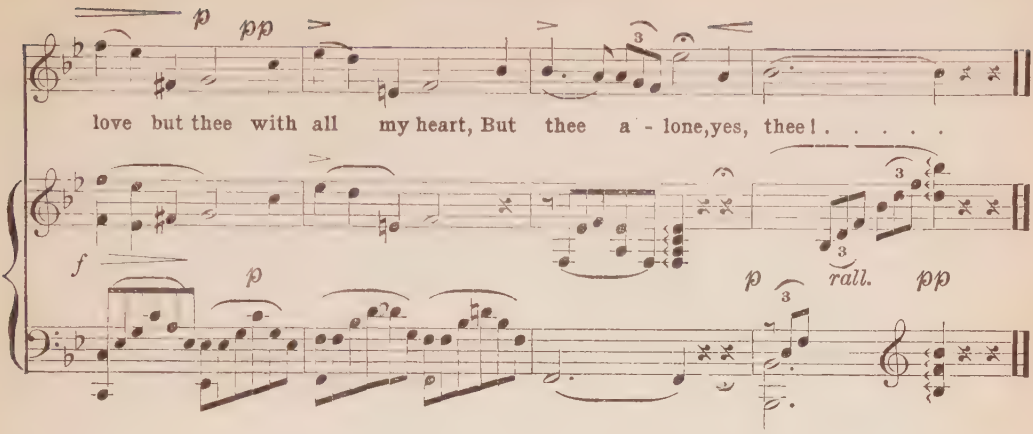
molto cres. e appassionato

f

thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I

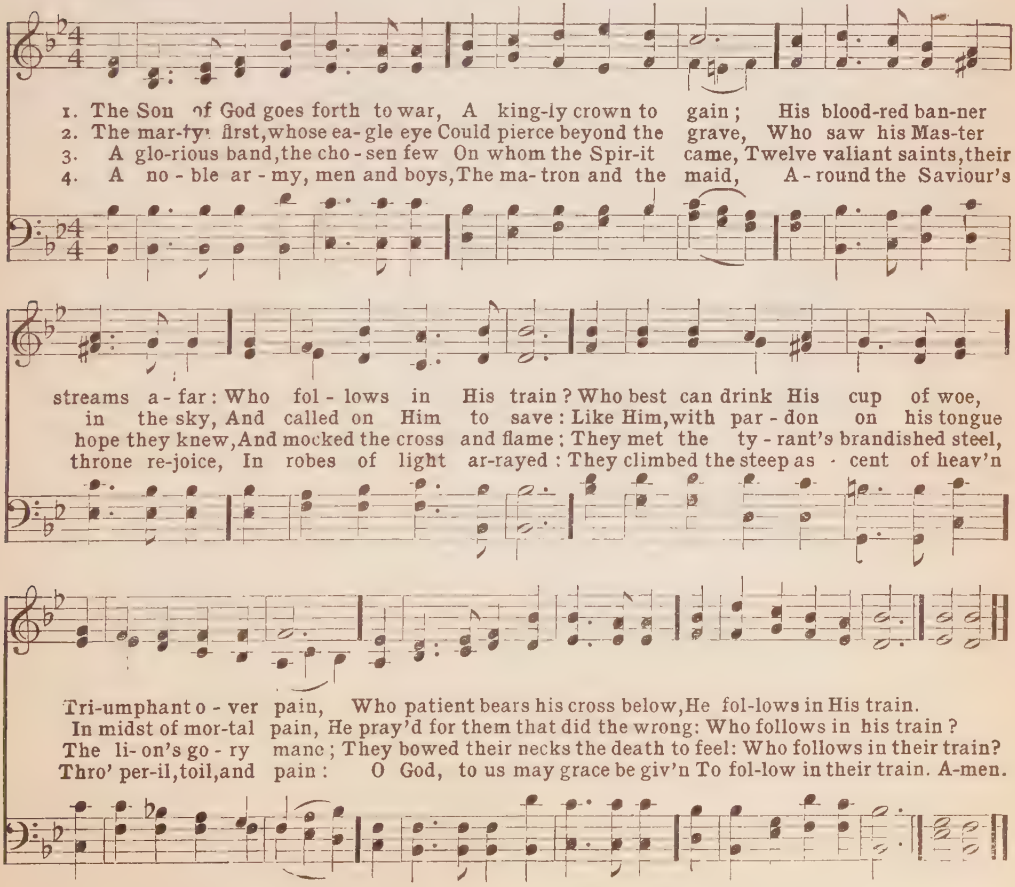
p

f



The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Bishop HEBER H. S. CUTLER



In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM H. TROTÈRE

Tempo di Bolero

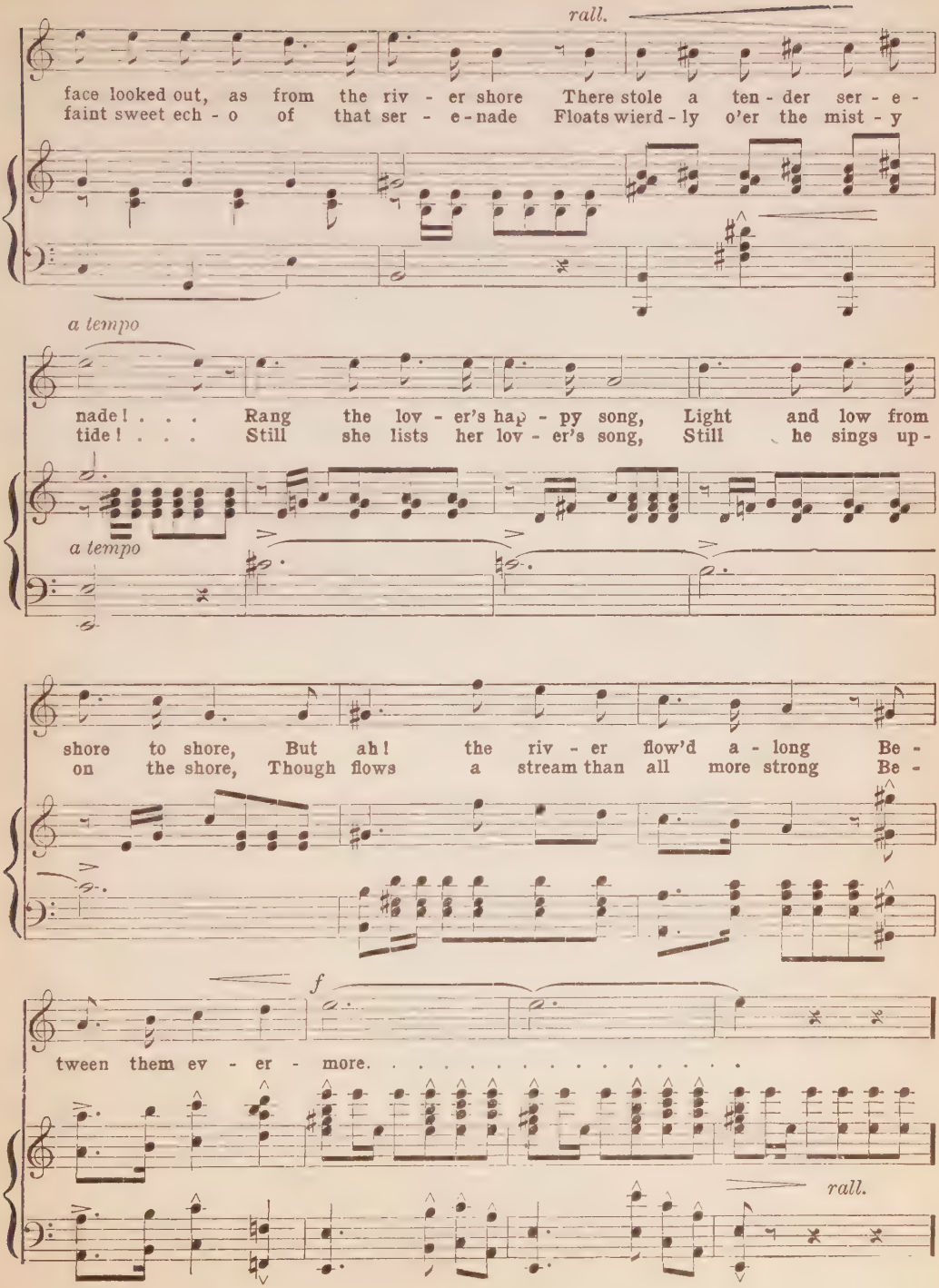
1. Long years a -
2. Far, far a -

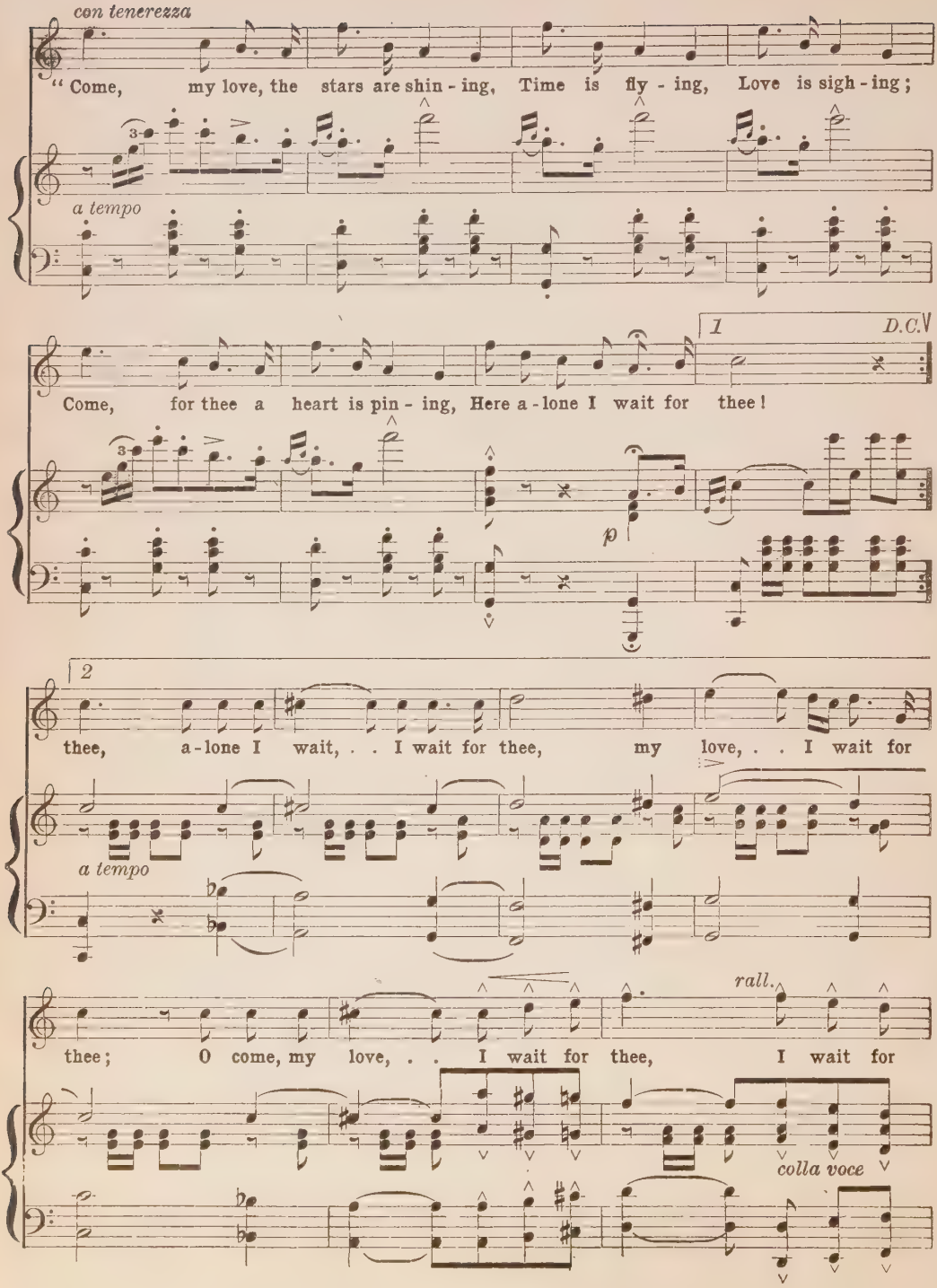
f *ff* *p*

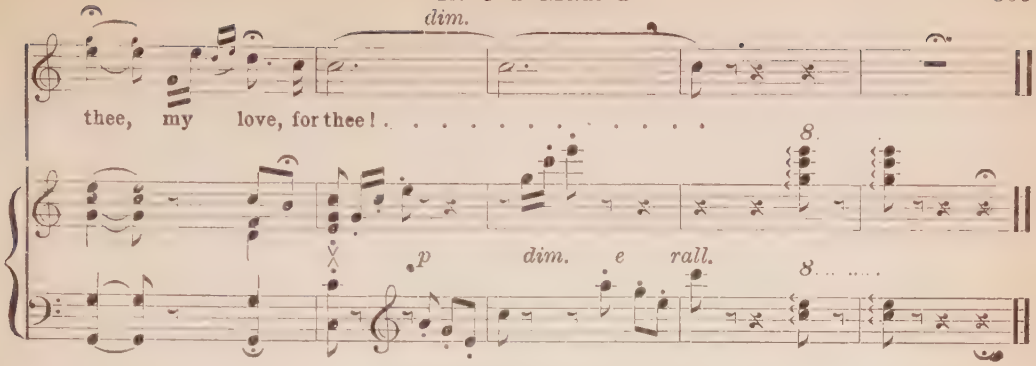
go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling
way from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell, long years a-go, for Spain;—A con-vent

eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But

on the casement ledge, when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was light-ly laid; A
still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat-tice wide, The

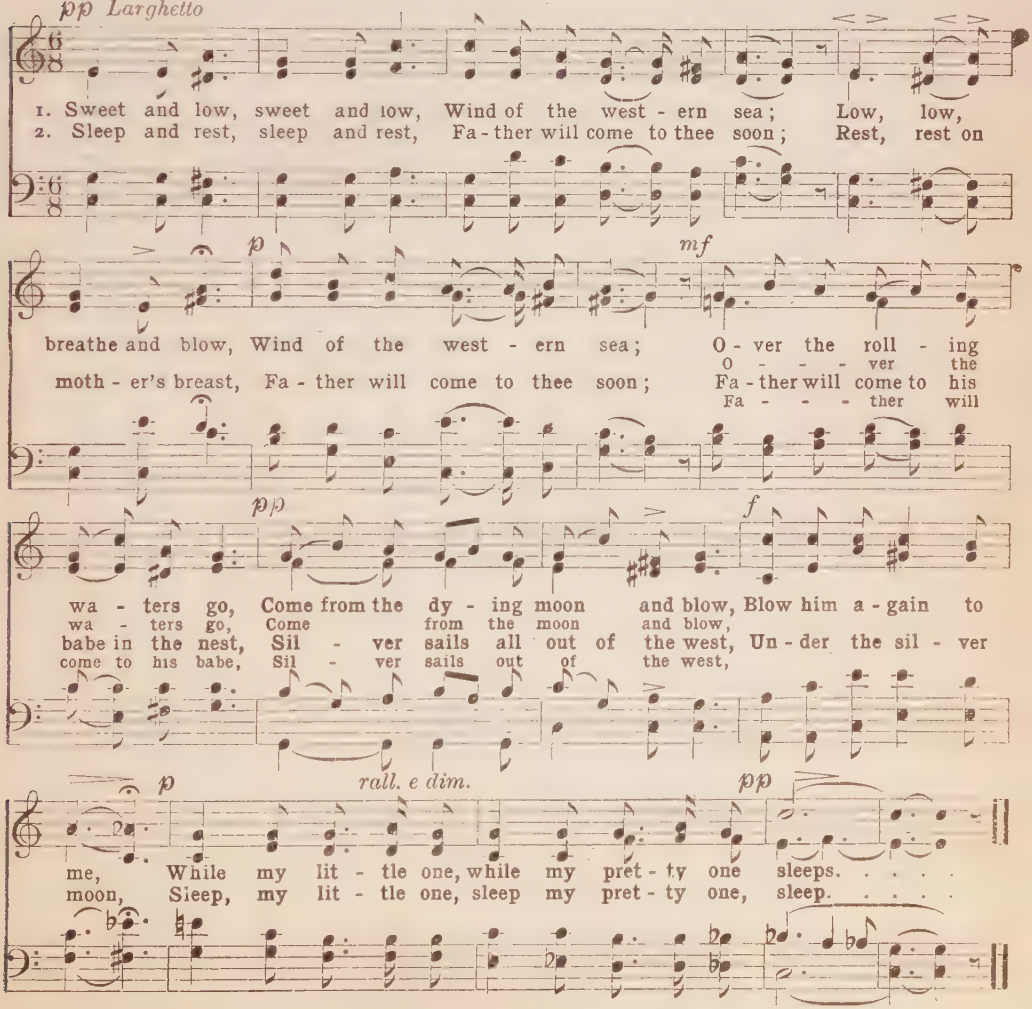

rall.
face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y
a tempo
nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up -
a tempo
shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be -
f
tween them ev - er - more. . . . . .
rall.


con tenerezza
" Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing;
a tempo
1
D.C.
Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!
p
2
thee, a - lone I wait, . . I wait for thee, my love, . . I wait for
a tempo
rall.
thee; O come, my love, . . I wait for thee, I wait for
colla voce



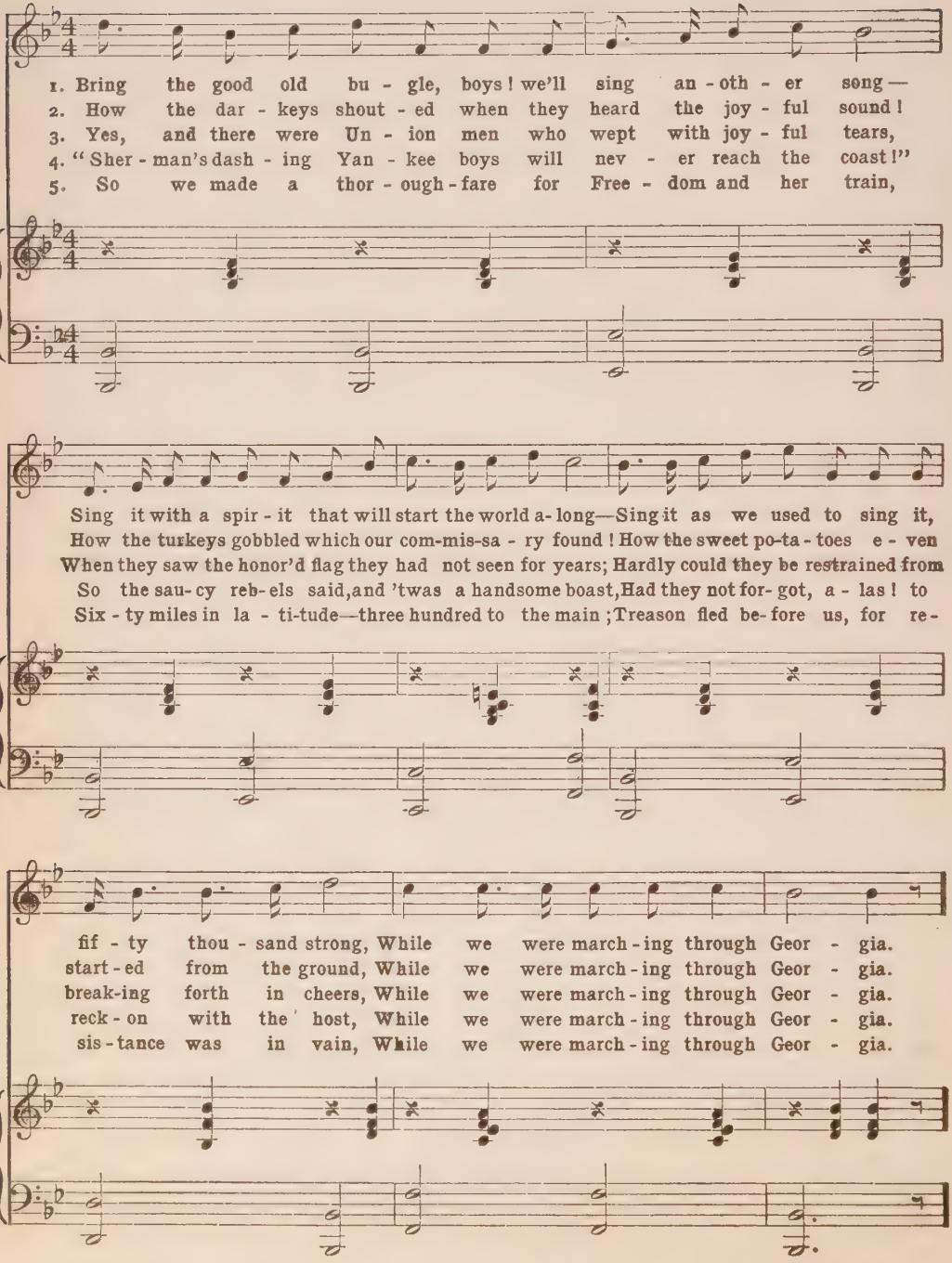
Sweet and Low

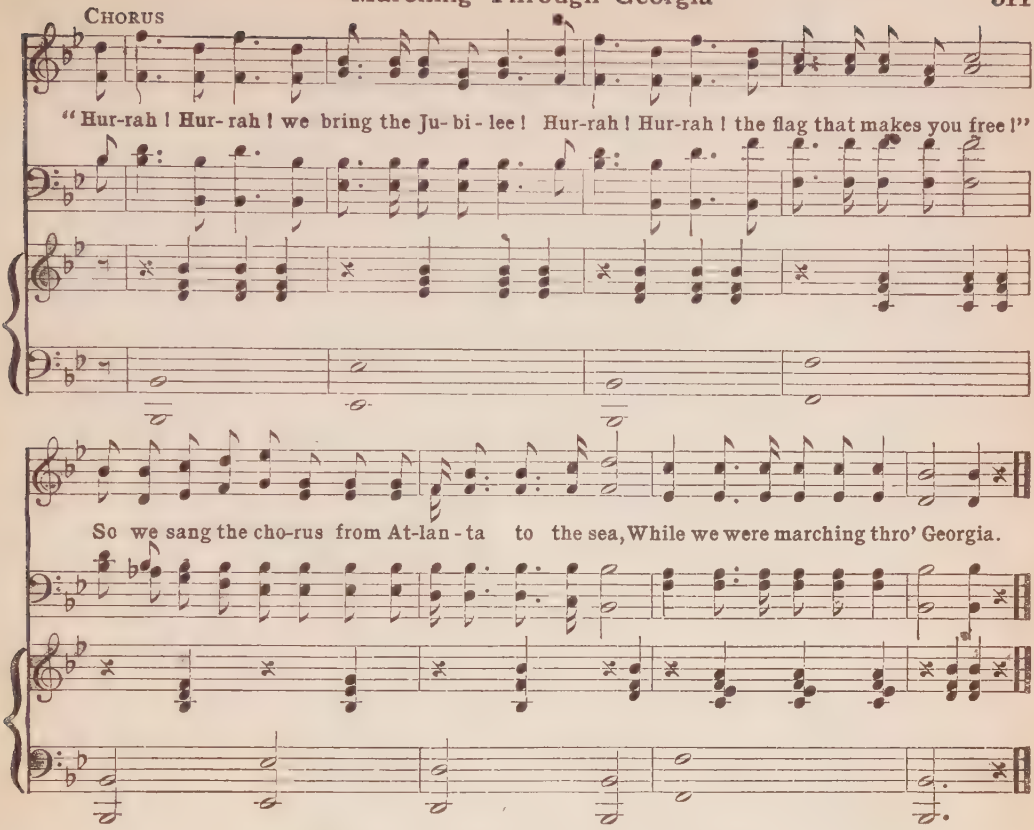
ALFRED TENNYSON JOSEPH BARNBY



Marching Through Georgia

HENRY C. WORK

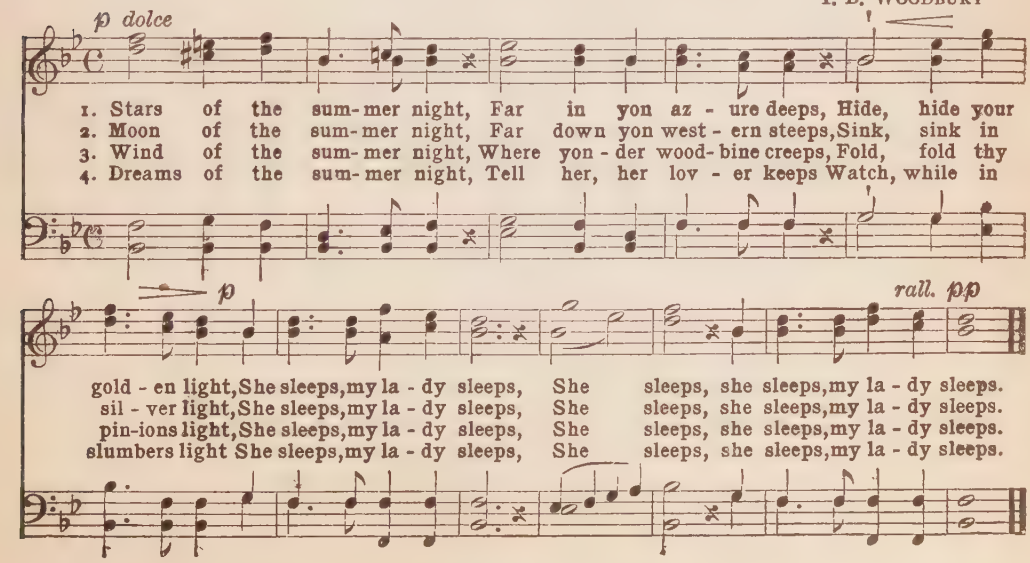




Stars of the Summer Night

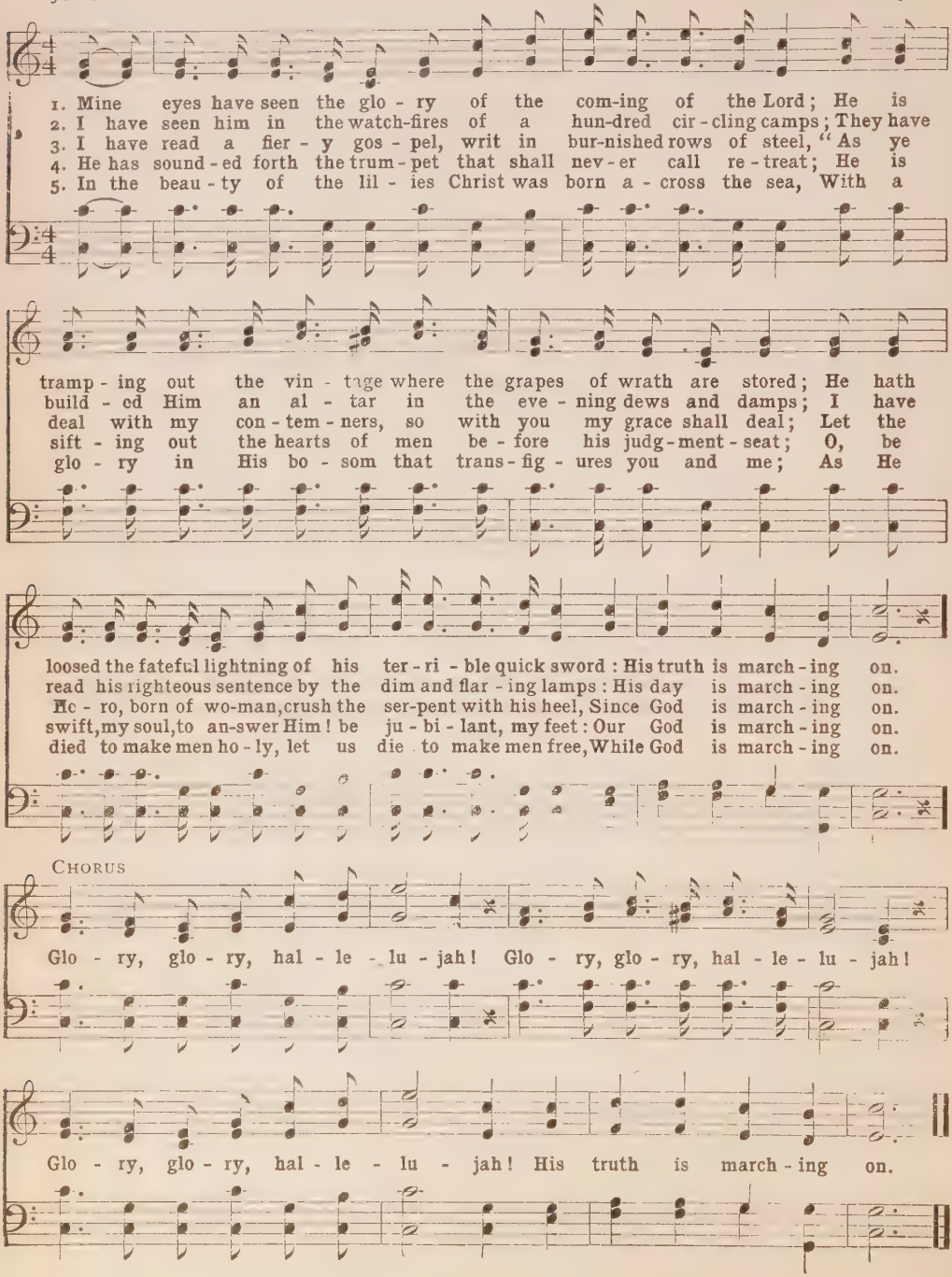
MALE VOICES

I. B. WOODBURY



Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — Old Plantation Melody



John Brown's Body

1 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

2 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown! Cho. — Glory, etc.

3 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

4 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Another Version)

1 Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

2 He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord —
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
For Heaven is marching on.

3 He shall file in front where the lines of battle form —
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —
Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
Where men are marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
True men are marching on.

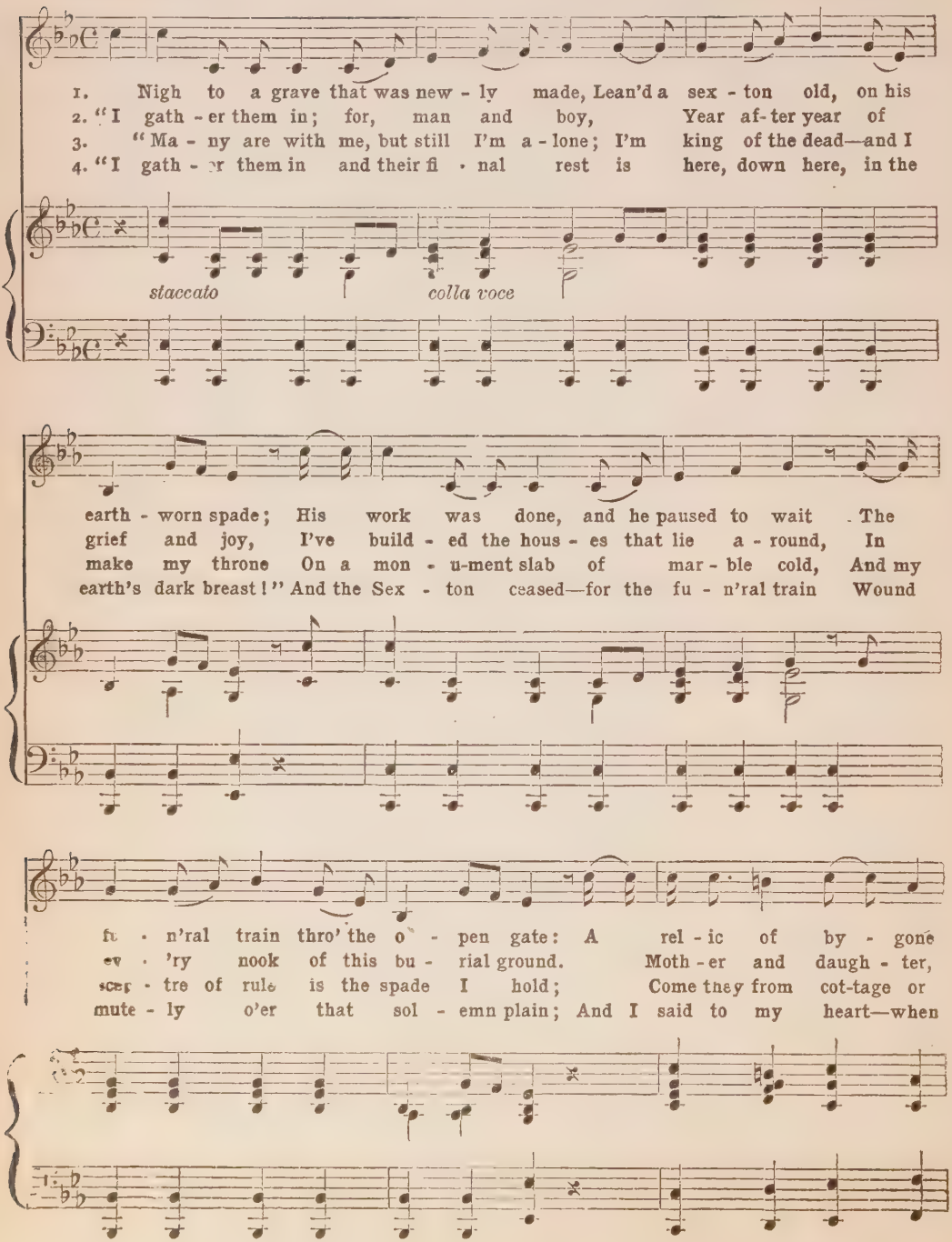
4 Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
We all go marching on.

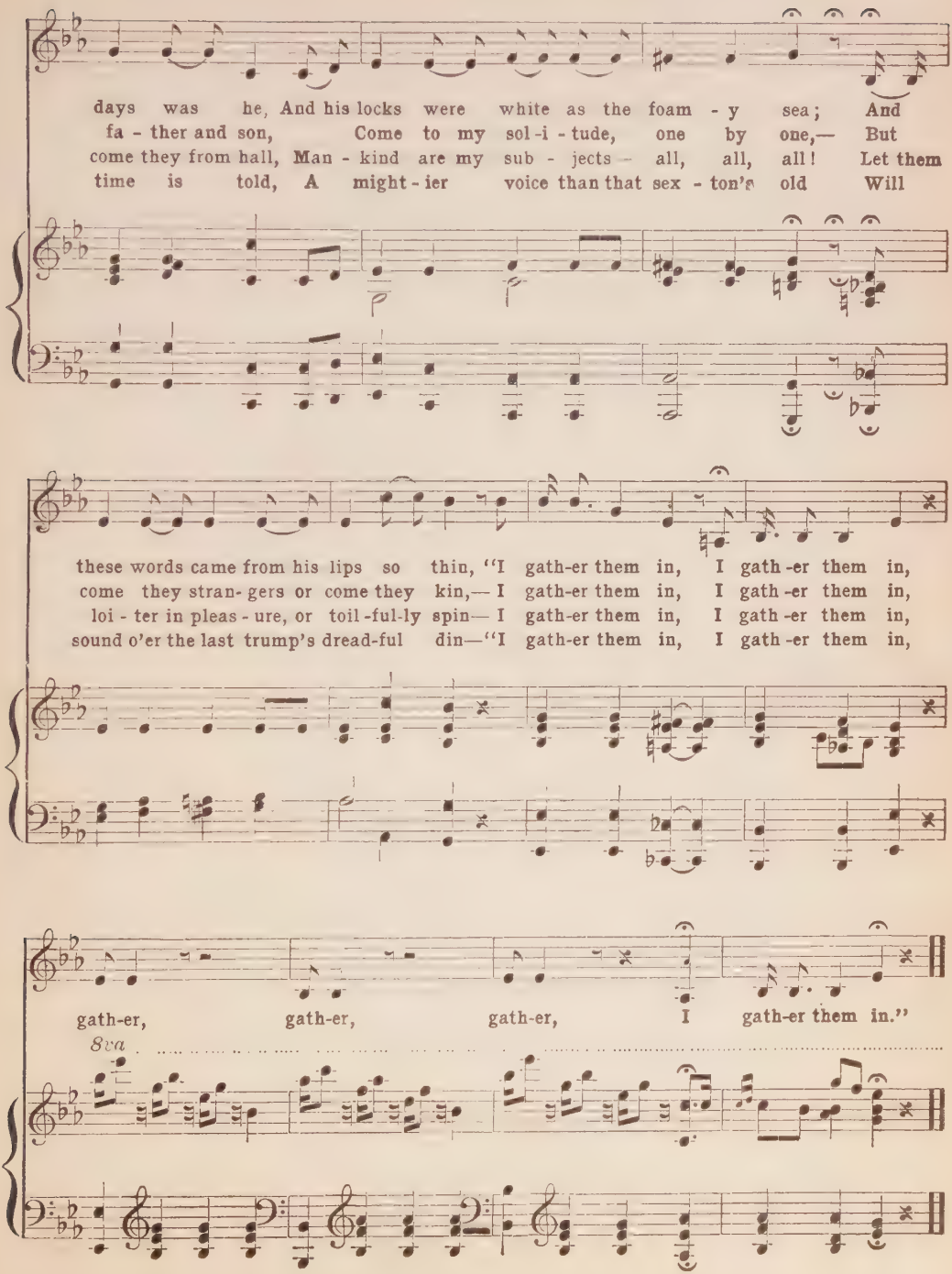
5 Men may die, and moulder in the dust —
Men may die, and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
The Lord is marching on.

H. H. BROWNELL

The Old Sexton

PARK BENJAMIN — HENRY RUSSELL




days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
fa - ther and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one,— But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects — all, all, all! Let them
time is told, A might - ier voice than that sex - ton's old Will
these words came from his lips so thin, "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
come they stran- gers or come they kin,— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
loi - ter in pleas - ure, or toil - ful-ly spin— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
sound o'er the last trump's dread-ful din—"I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in."
8va

The Sword of Bunker Hill

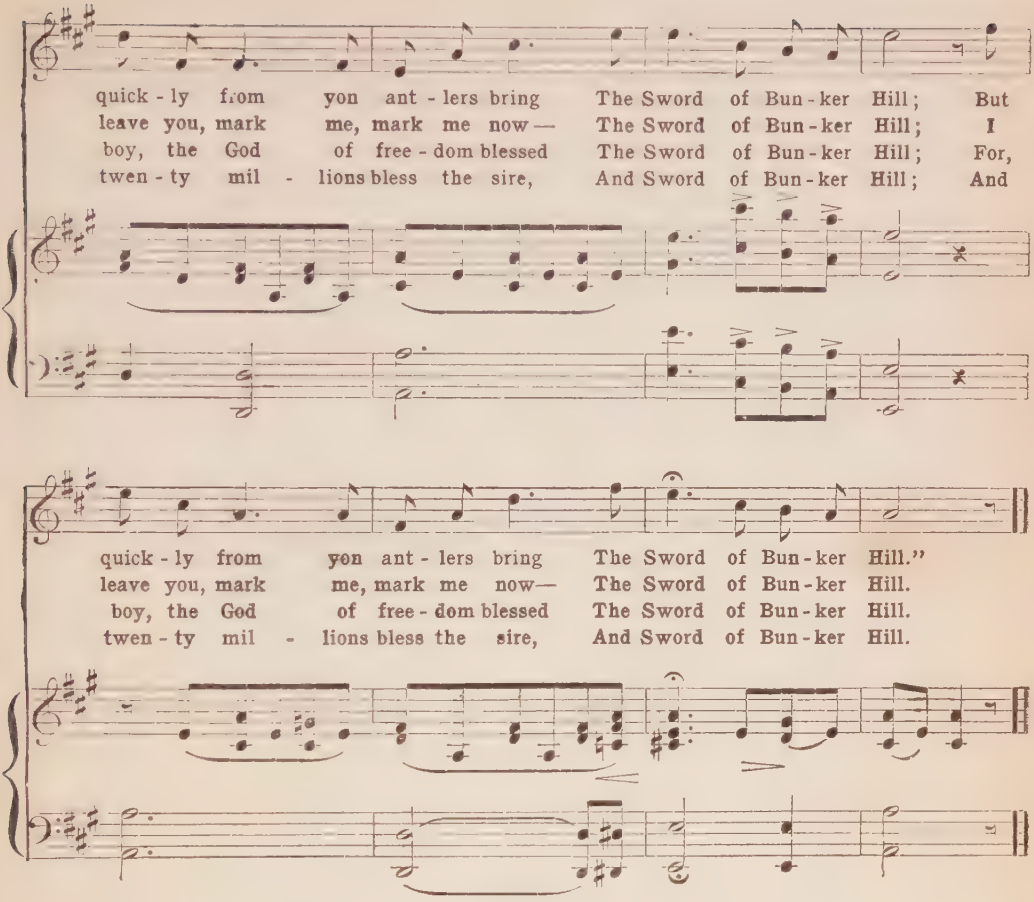
W. R. Wallace — B. Covert

Allegretto

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When
2. The sword was bro't, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And
3. "'Twas on that dread, im - mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's band, A
4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his ac-cents broke— A smile— and he was dead! His

with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weep-ing son to him: "Weep
as he grasp'd the an-cient blade, He murmured War - ren's name: Then
cap - tain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And
wrin - kled hand still grasped the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed. The

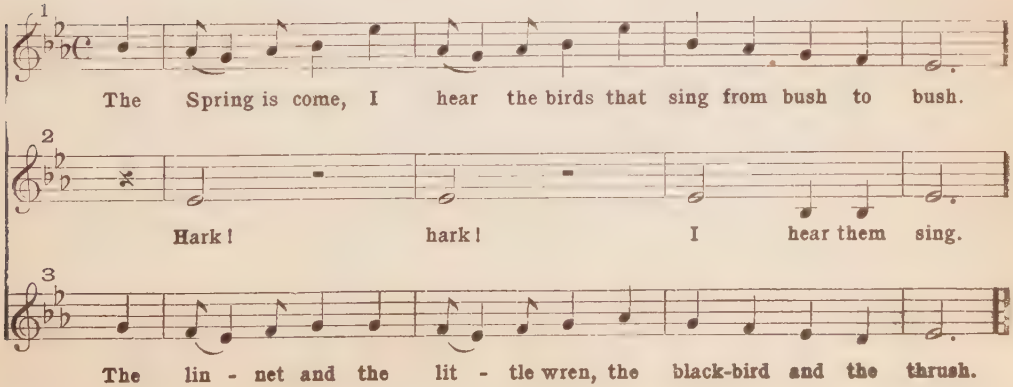
not, my boy!" the vet-'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will,— But
said, "My boy, I leave you gold,— But what is rich - er still, I
while the glo - rious bat - tle raged, It light - ened free - dom's will— For
son re-mains; the sword re-mains— Its glo - ry grow - ing still— And



The Spring

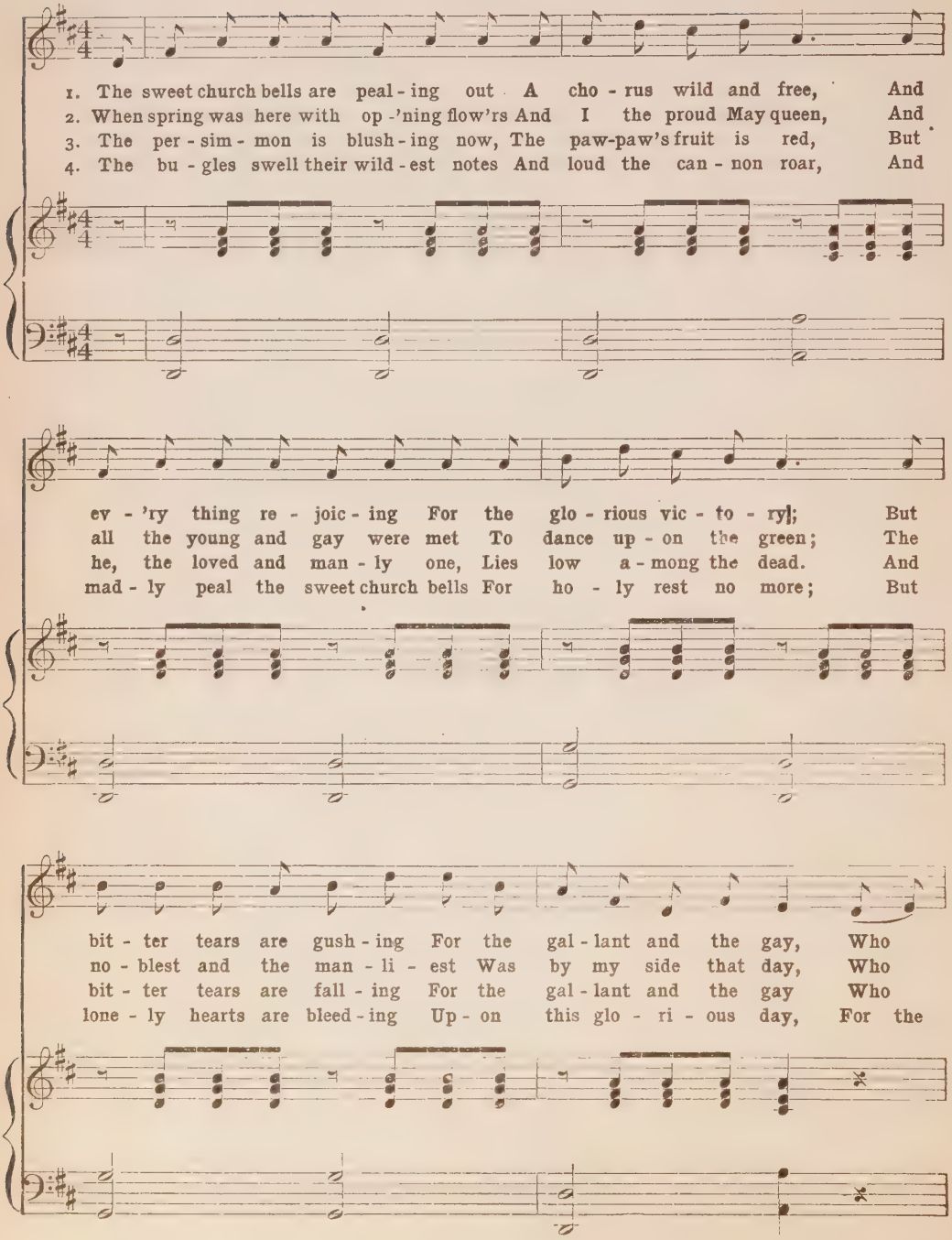
ROUND

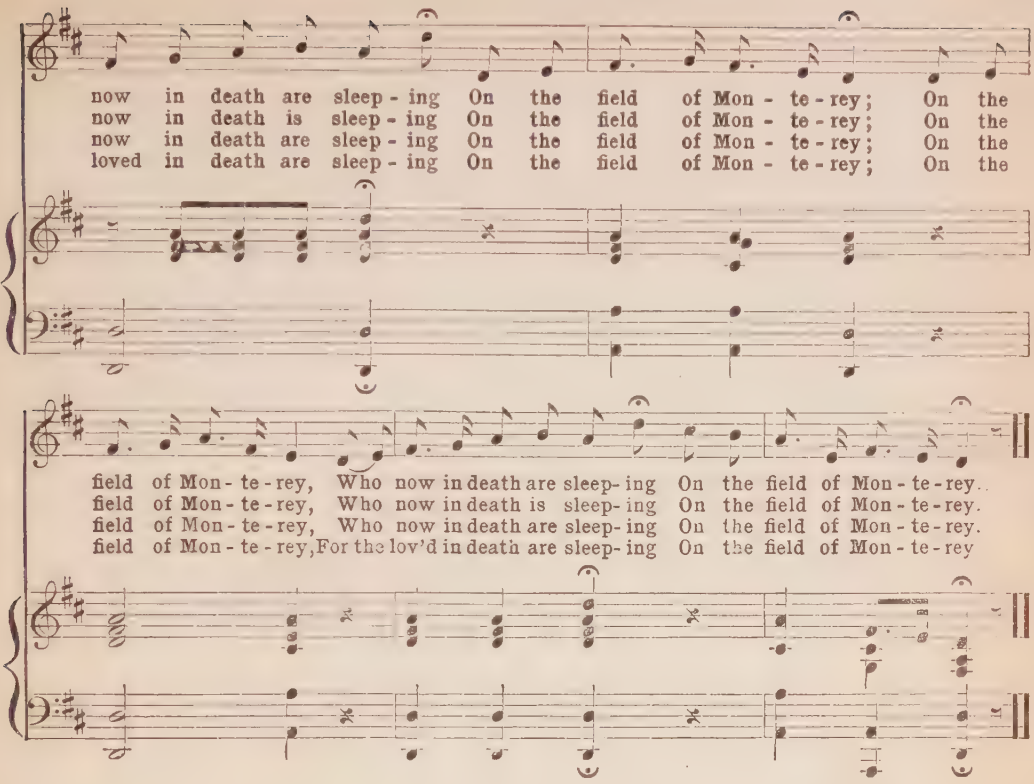
Dr. HAYES



The Field of Monterey

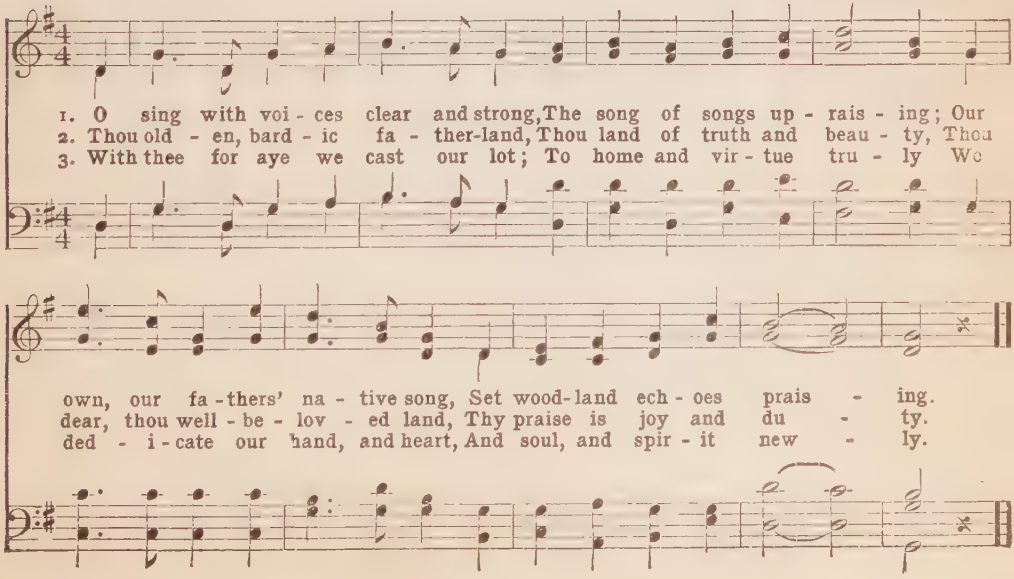
M. Dix Sullivan



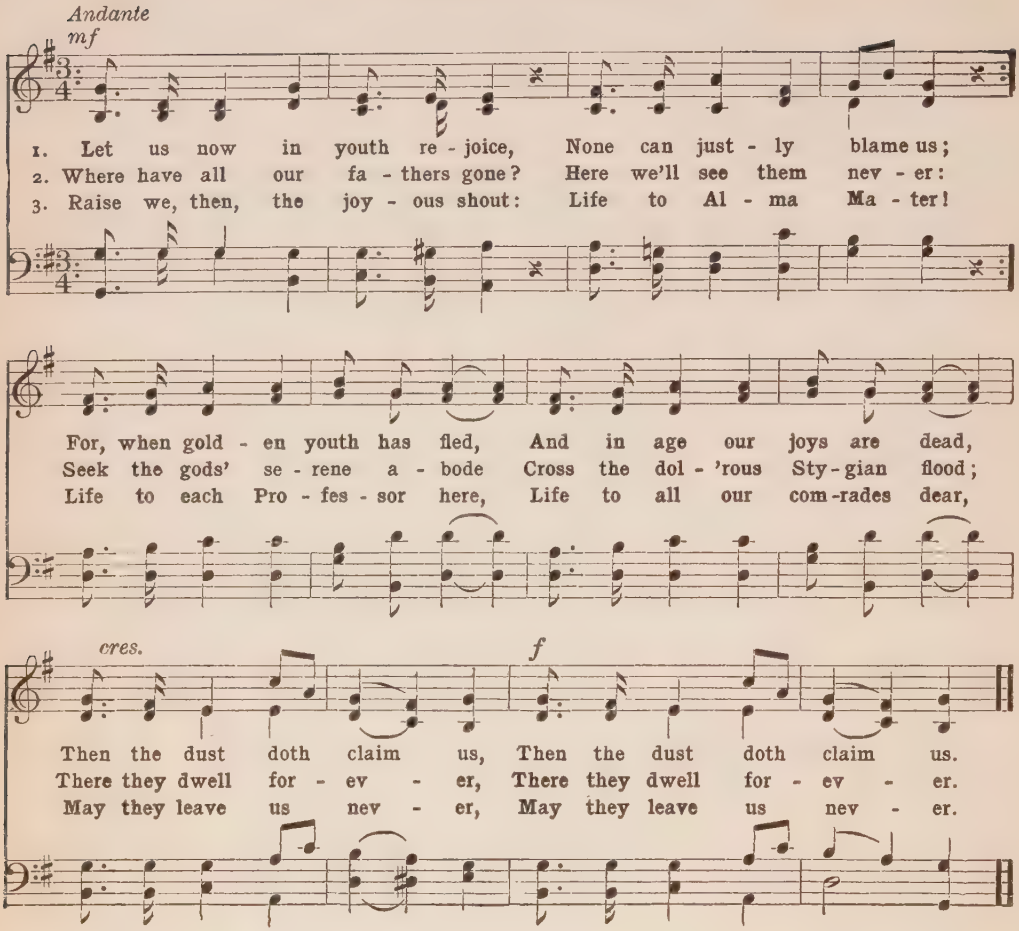


Our Native Song

METHFESSEL



Gaudeamus Igitur



Gaudeamus Igitur

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

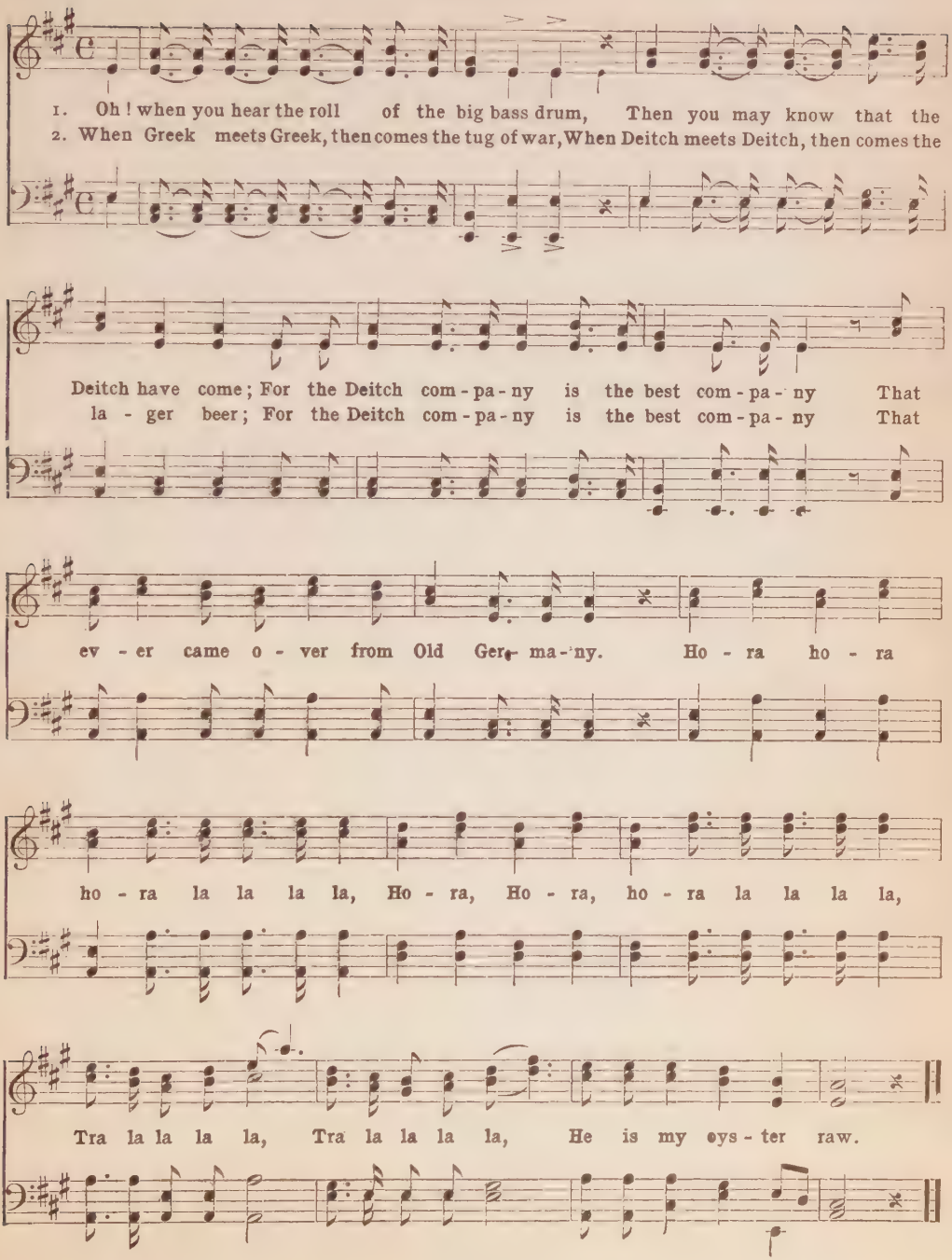
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?

Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre,
Quos si vis videre.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore,
Semper sint in flore.

The Dutch Company

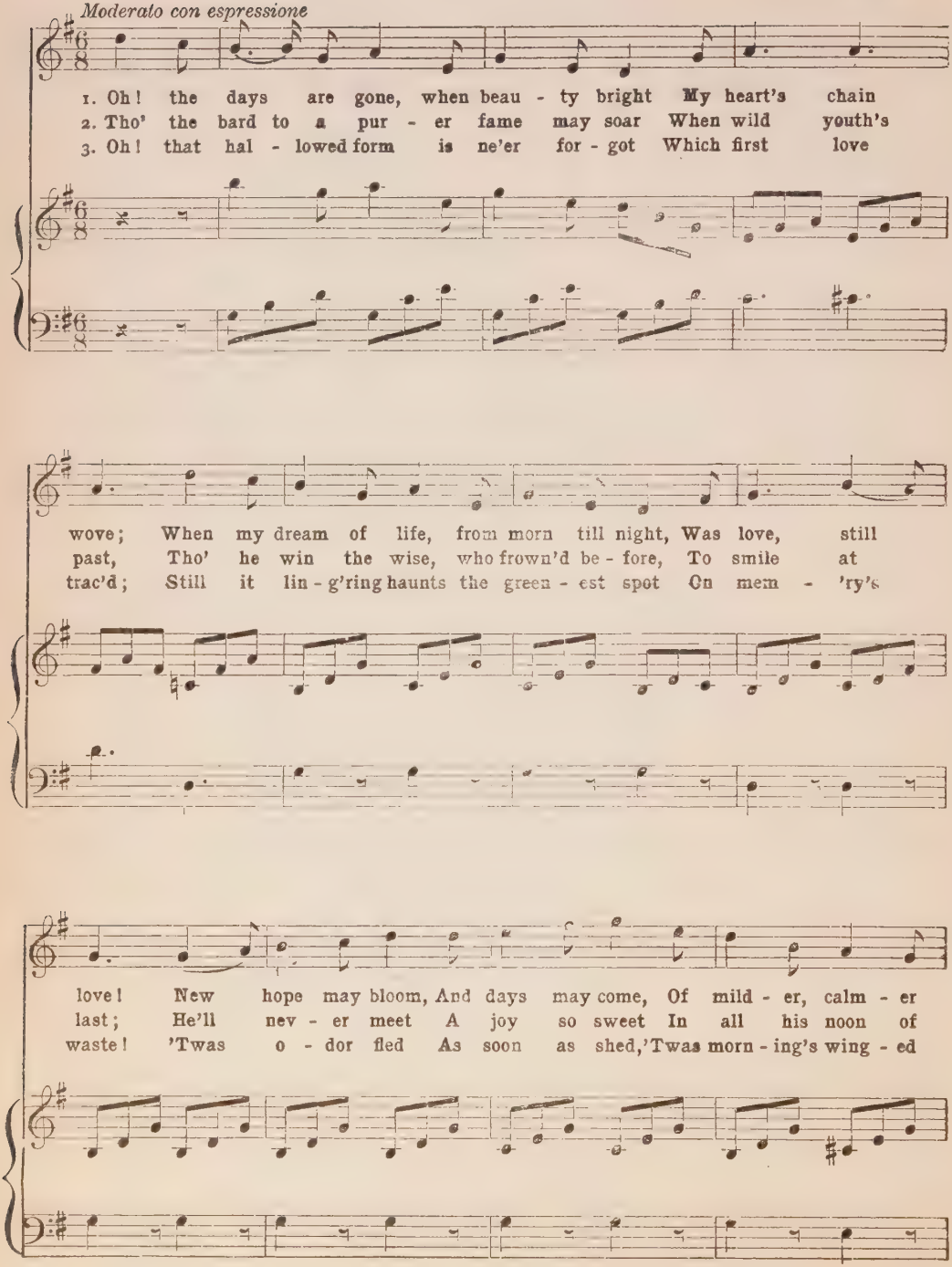
MALE VOICES

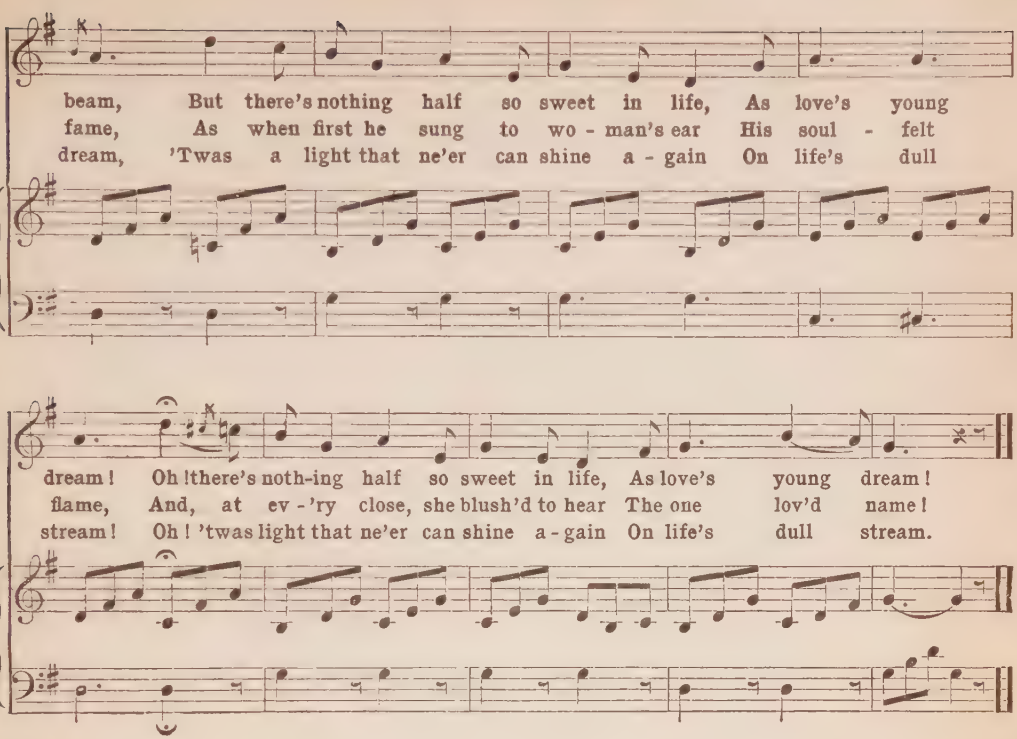


Love's Young Dream

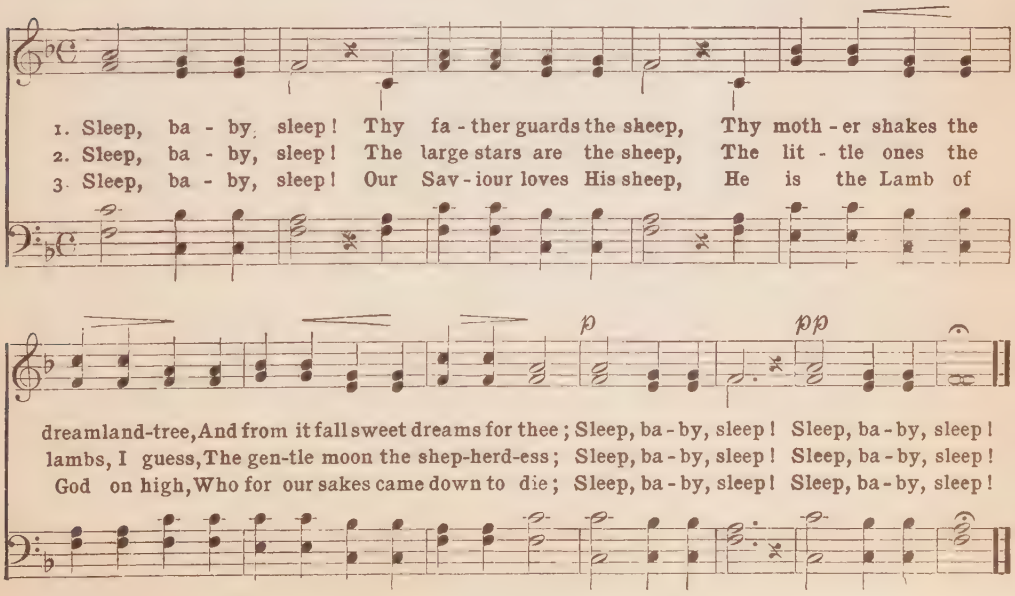
THOMAS MOORE

Moderato con espressione




beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young
fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt
dream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull
dream! Oh! there's noth-ing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream!
flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!
stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Cradle Song


1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of
p
pp
dreamland-tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
lambs, I guess, The gen-tle moon the shep-herd-ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Jerusalem

NELLA — HENRY PARKER

Moderato *p* *dolce*

1. From out their peace-ful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit
2. He rides as Is-rael's rul-ers Once rode in king-ly

p ma sempre marc.

cres.

way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A pil-grim band this day. Then
state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The peo-ple throng the gate. Re-

dim.

lo! with shout tri-umph-ant They hear the hill-side ring, With shouts of crowds that
joice, O Gold-en Ci-ty! Let loud Ho-san-nas ring, While thro' thy streets He

mf

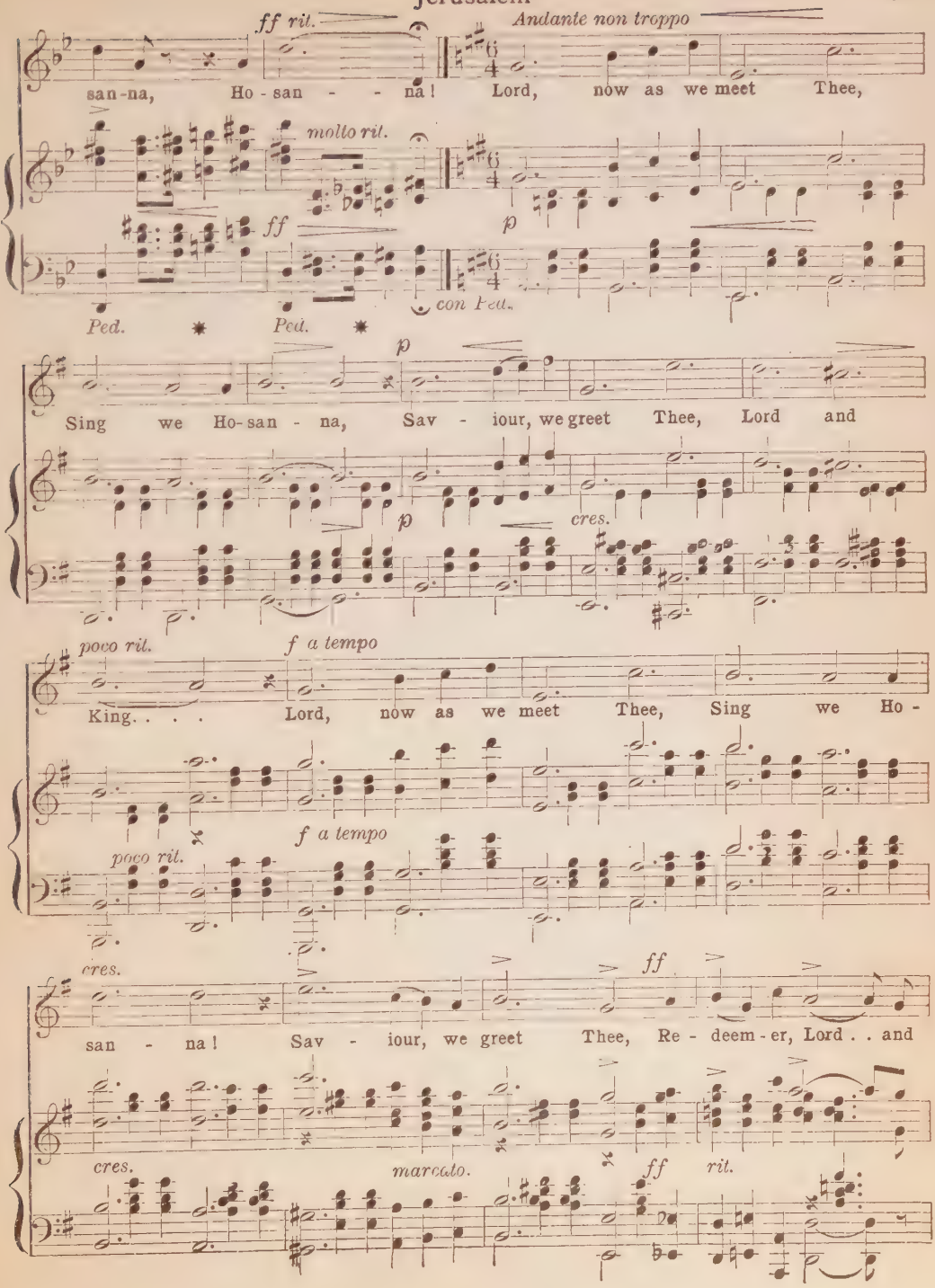
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *cres.*

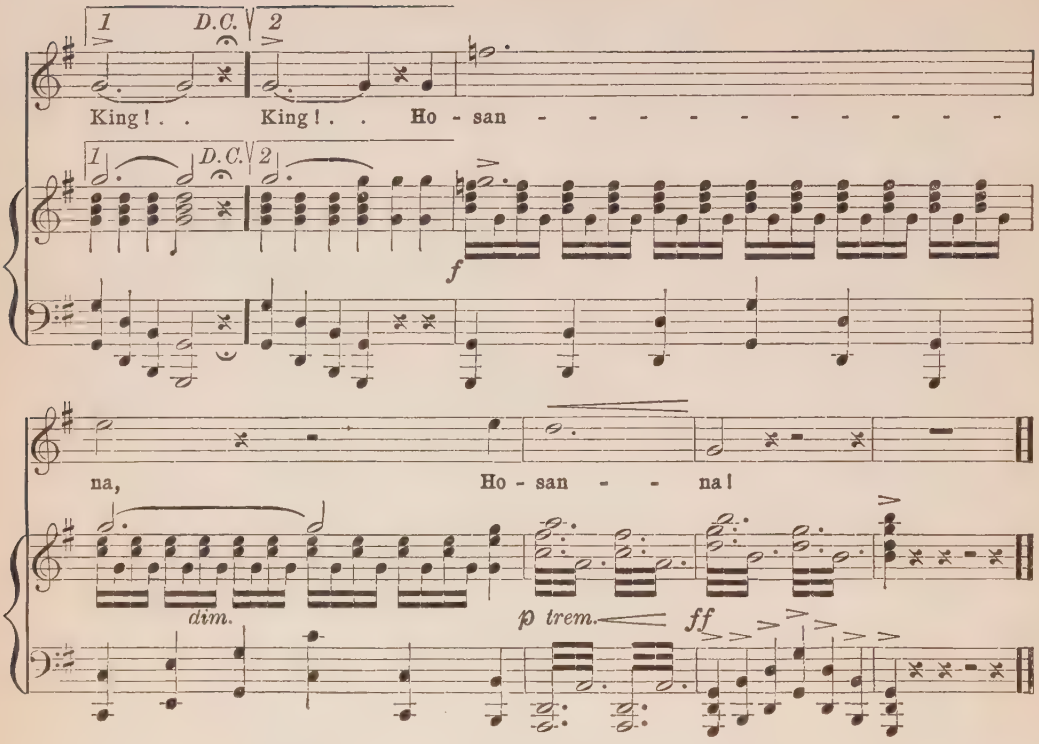
f

has-ten To greet their pro-phet King. Ho-san-na! Ho-
rid-eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King. Ho-san-na! Ho-

cres. *f* *f*

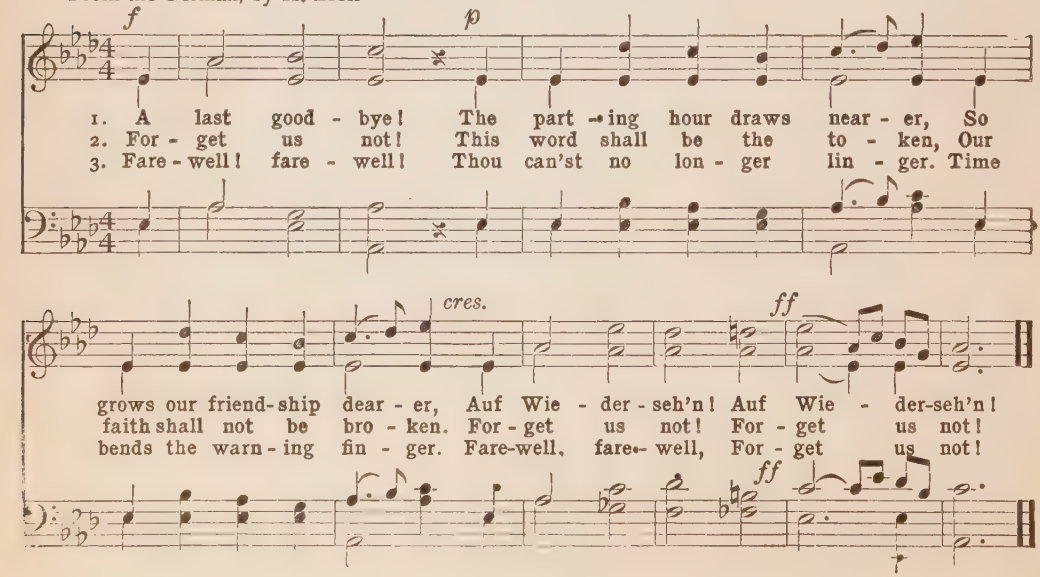
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *


ff ril.
Andante non troppo
san-na, Ho-san - - na! Lord, now as we meet Thee,
molto ril.
ff
p
con Ped.
Ped. * Ped. *
p
Sing we Ho-san - na, Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Lord and
p
cres.
poco ril.
f a tempo
King. . . . Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho -
f a tempo
poco ril.
cres.
ff
san - na! Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord . . and
cres.
marcato.
ff
rit.



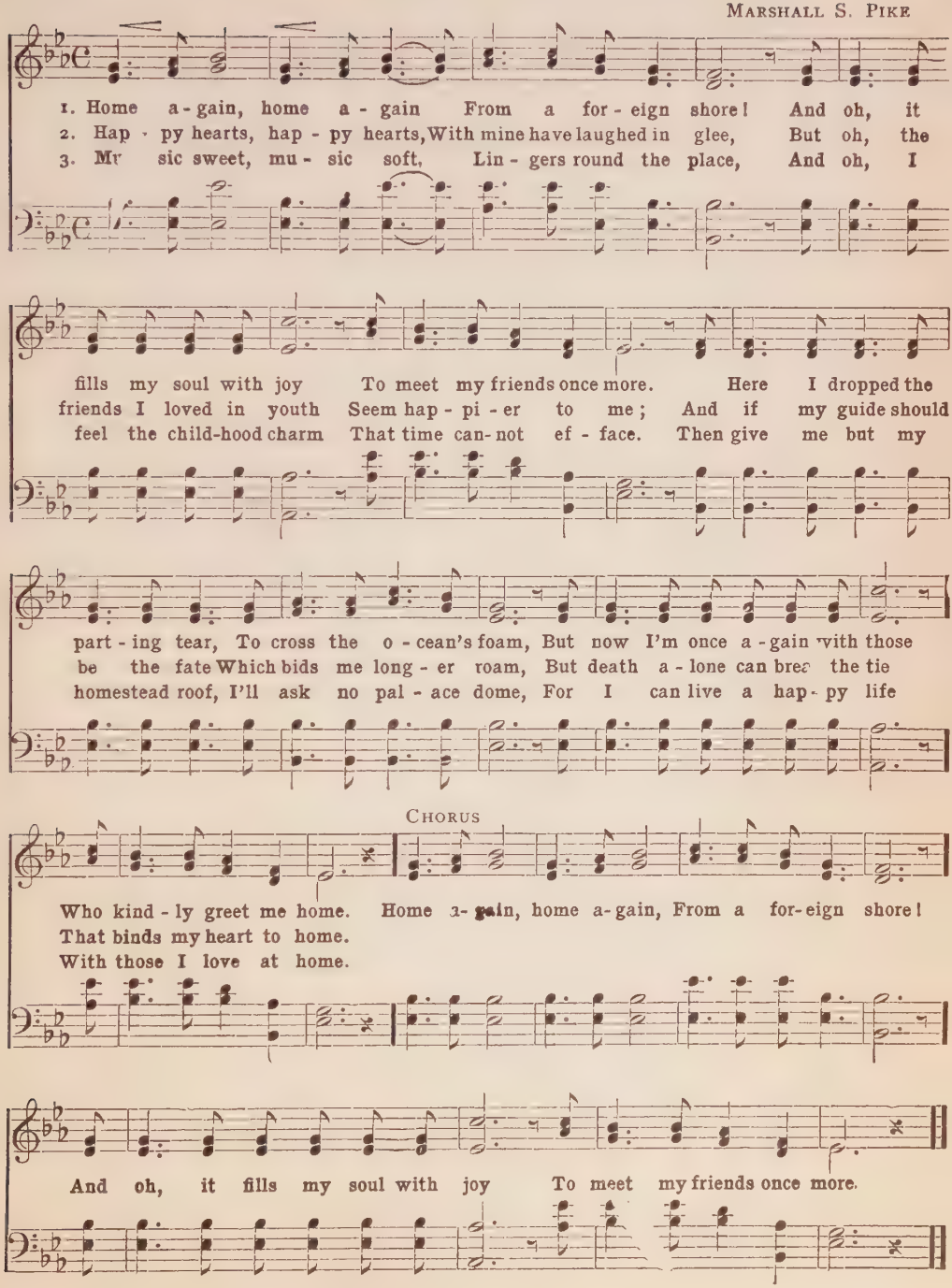
Farewell Song

From the German, by H. Zick



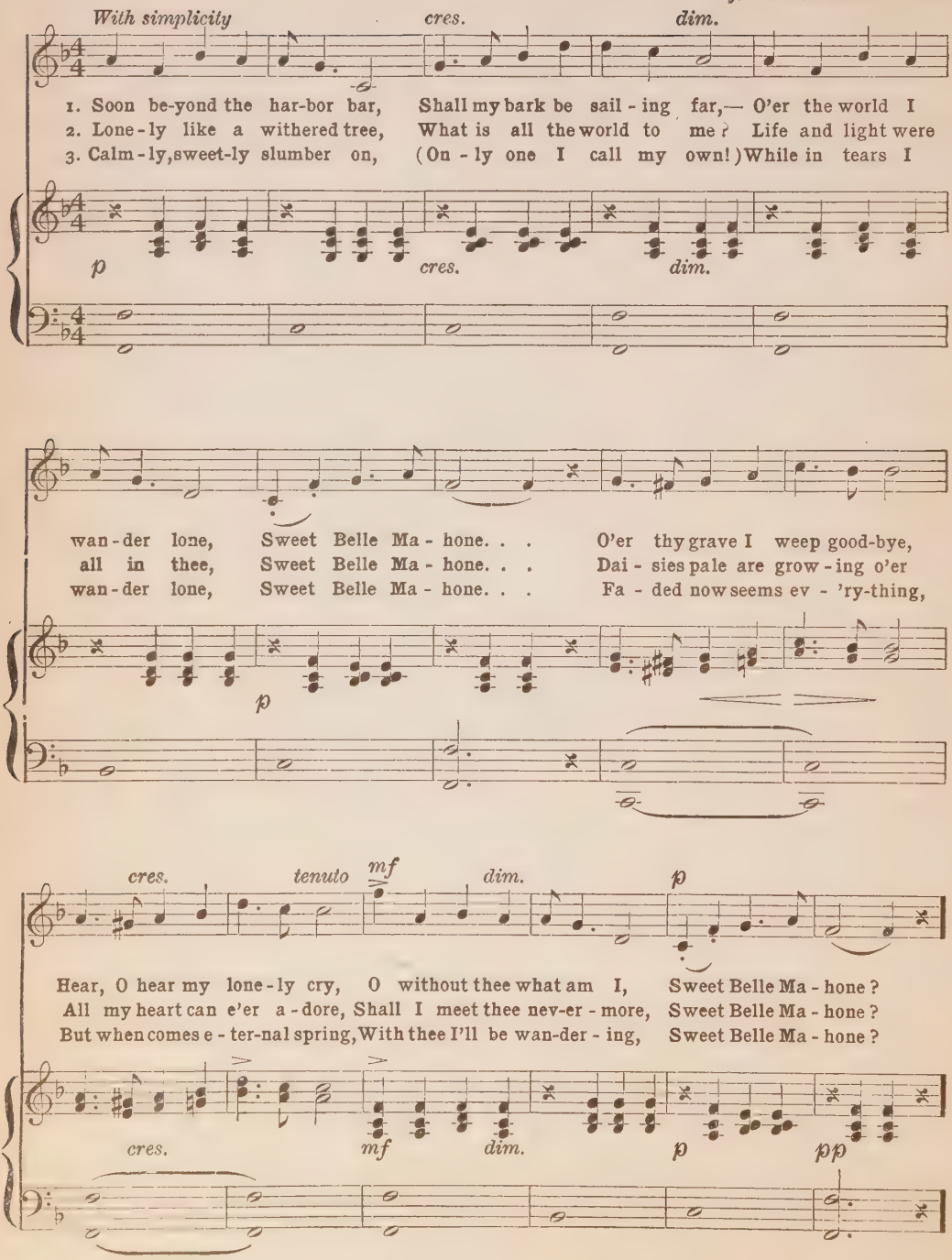
Home Again

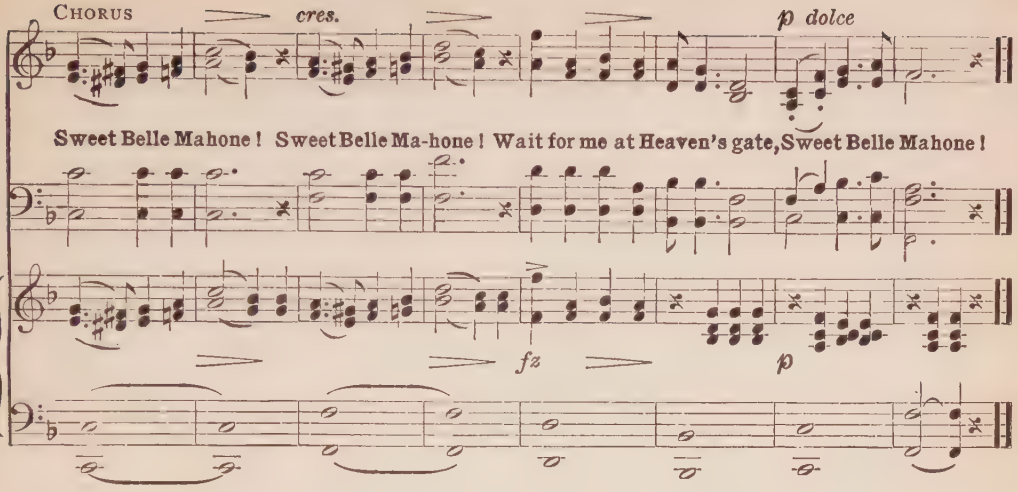
MARSHALL S. PIKE



Belle Mahone

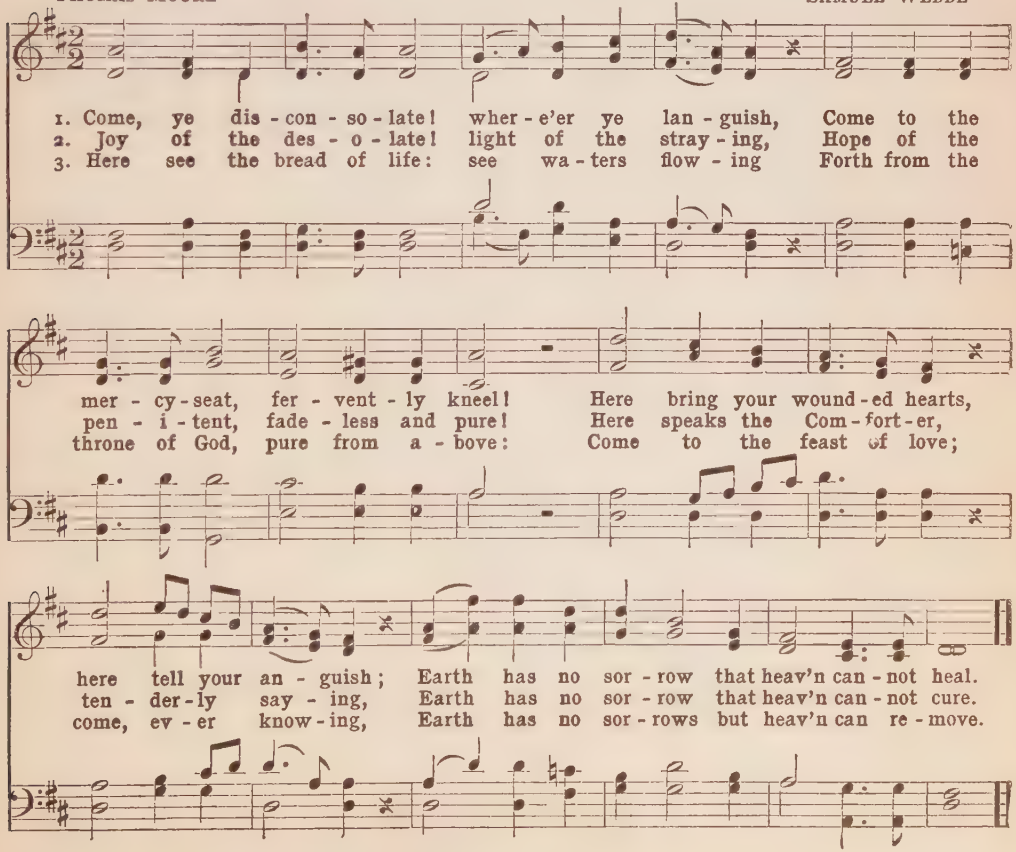
J. H. McNaughton





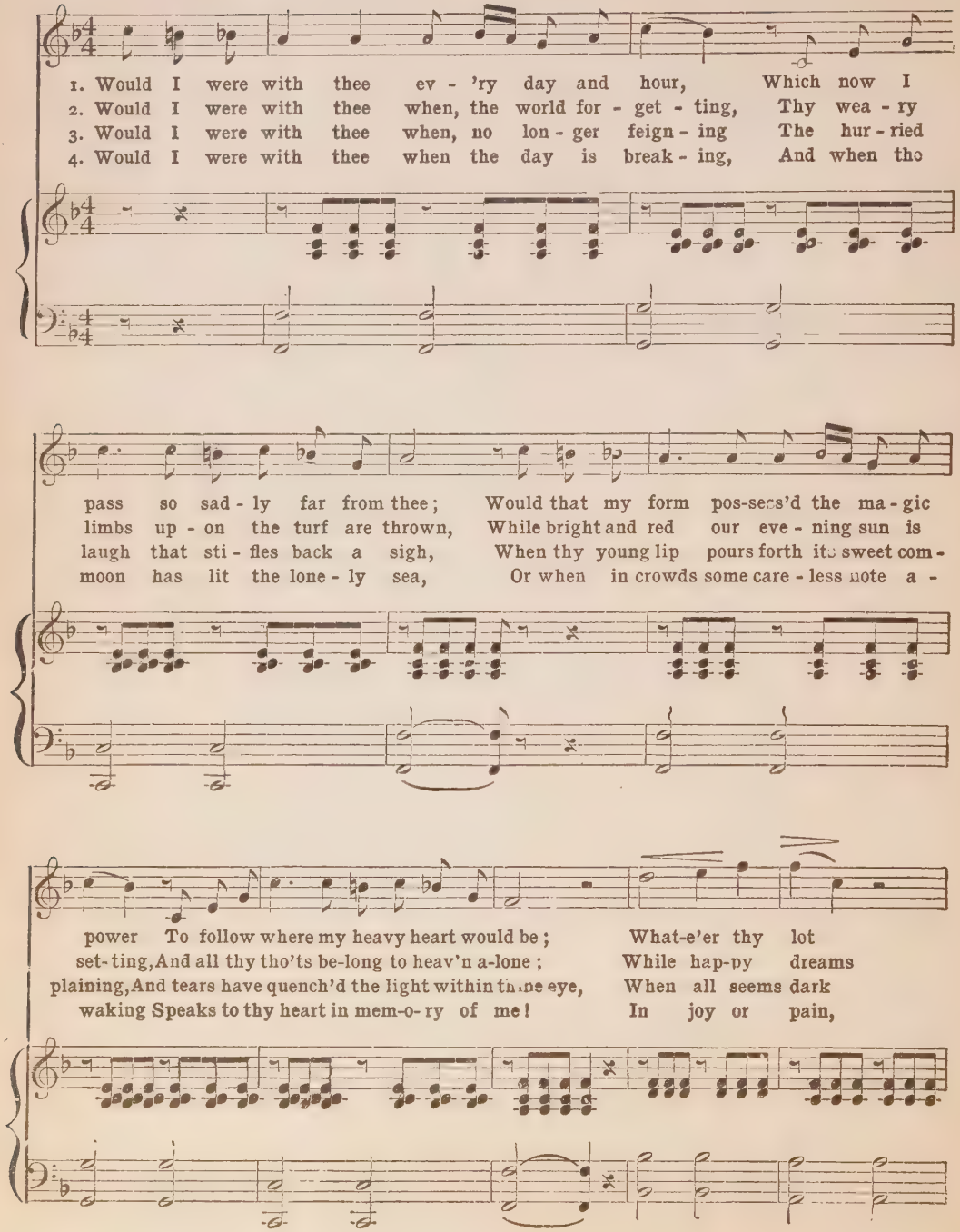
Come, Ye Disconsolate

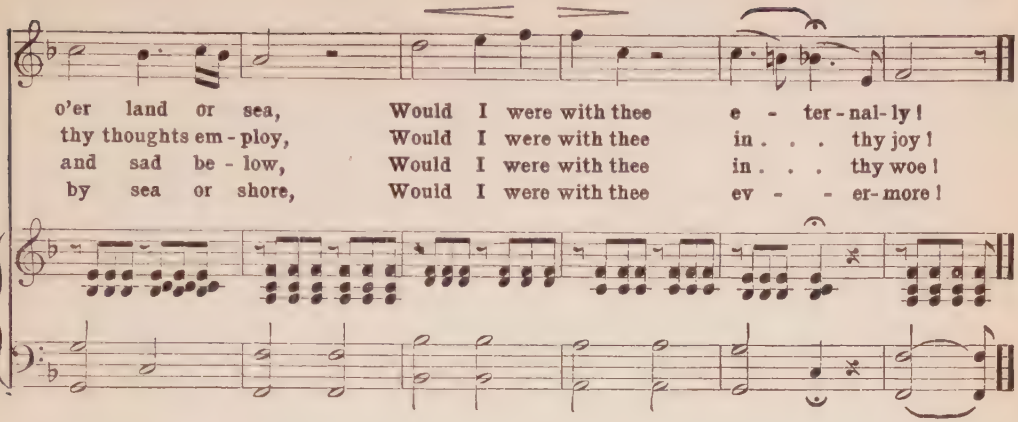
Thomas Moore — Samuel Webbe



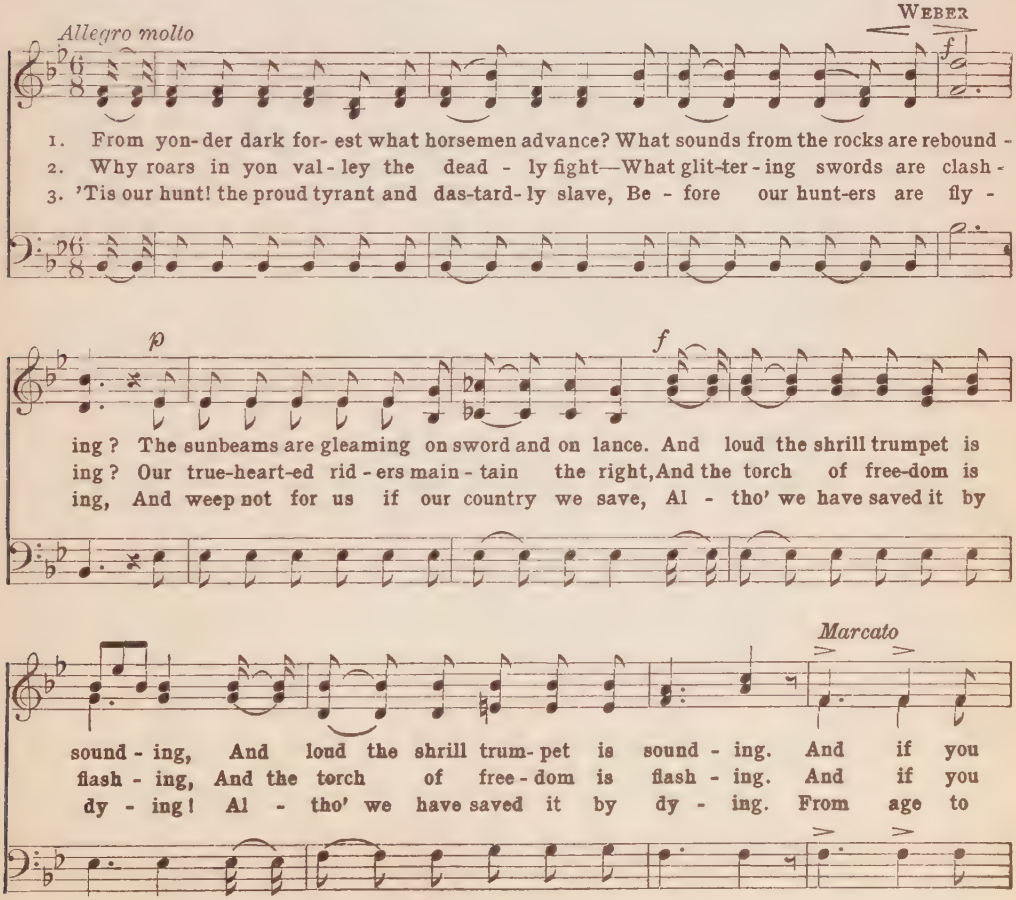
Would I Were with Thee

Mrs. Norton — Carlo Bosetti





Lutzow's Wild Hunt



Lutzow's Wild Hunt

Slower

1 & 2. ask what you there be - hold — 'Tis the hunt, 'Tis the hunt.
3. age it shall still be told — 'Twas the hunt, 'Twas the hunt.

pp *Allegro vivace*

1 & 2. 'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;
3. 'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;

Repeat ff

'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.
'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.

Lovely Night

MALE VOICES

F. X. Chwatal

Andantino *cres.* *p*

1. Love- ly night! O love- ly night, Spreading o - ver hill and meadow Soft and slow thy
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night, Plac - ing brighter worlds be-fore us, Hap - pi-ness thou

p *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

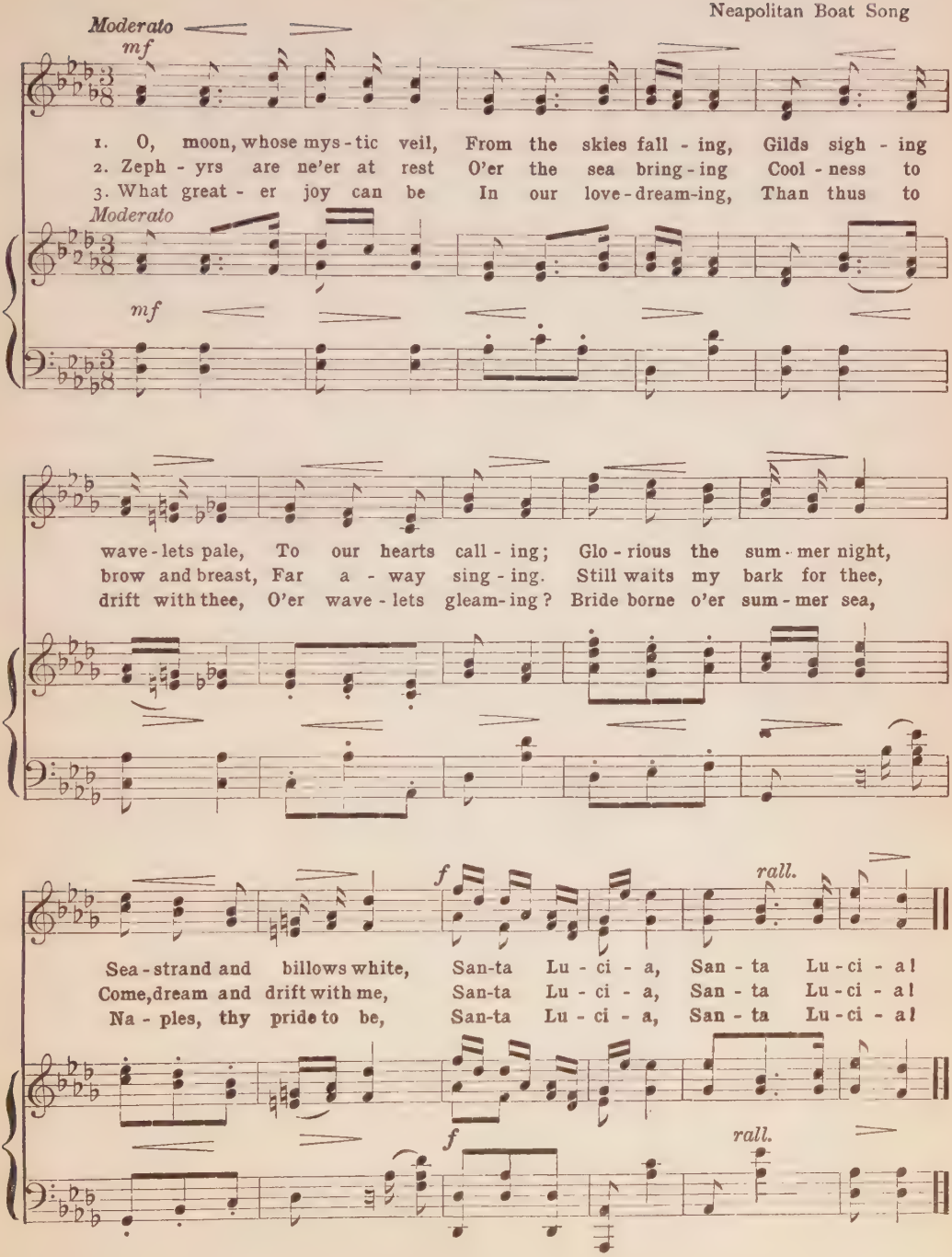
ha - zy shadow, Soon our wea-ried eyelids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re - pose;
shed-dest o'er us, O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn;

p *cres.* *p*

Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re-pose.
O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

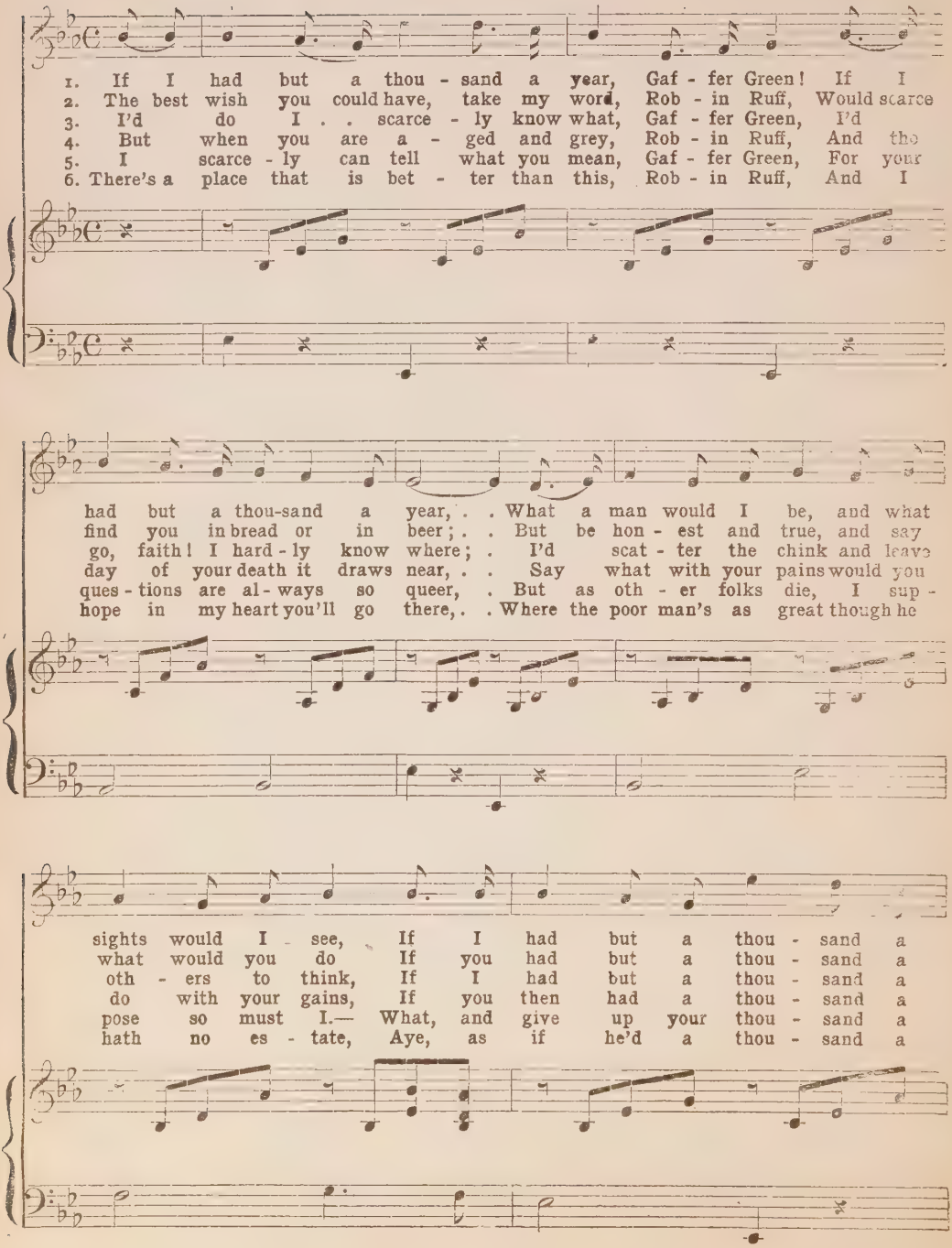
Santa Lucia

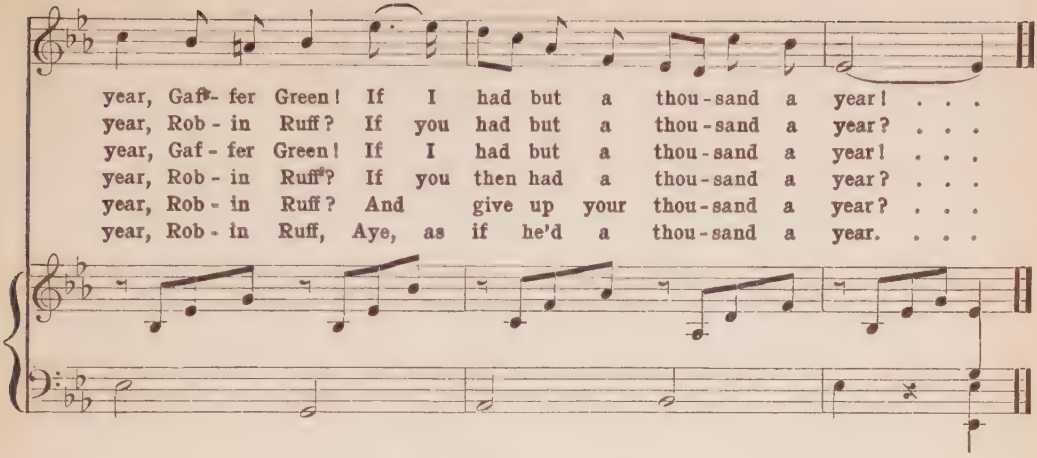
Neapolitan Boat Song



Robin Ruff

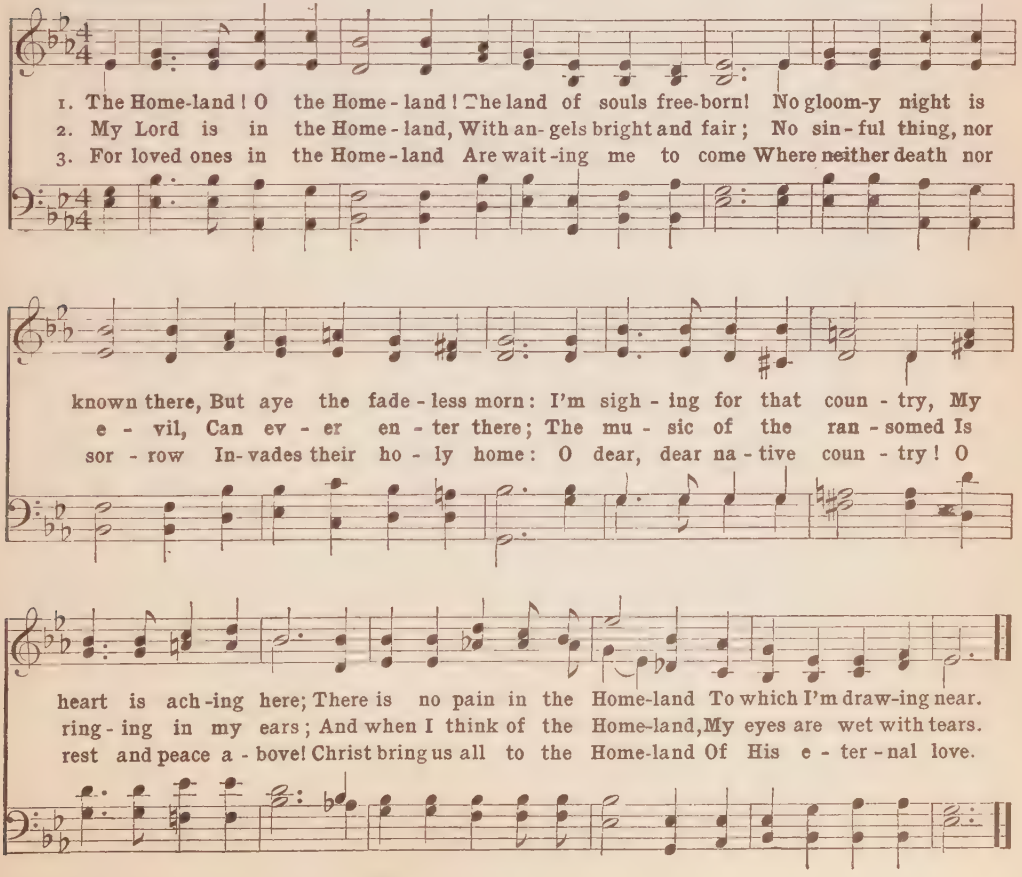
HENRY RUSSELL





The Homeland

H. R. Haweis A. S. Sullivan



When the Lights are Low

Moderato — GERALD M. LANE

p

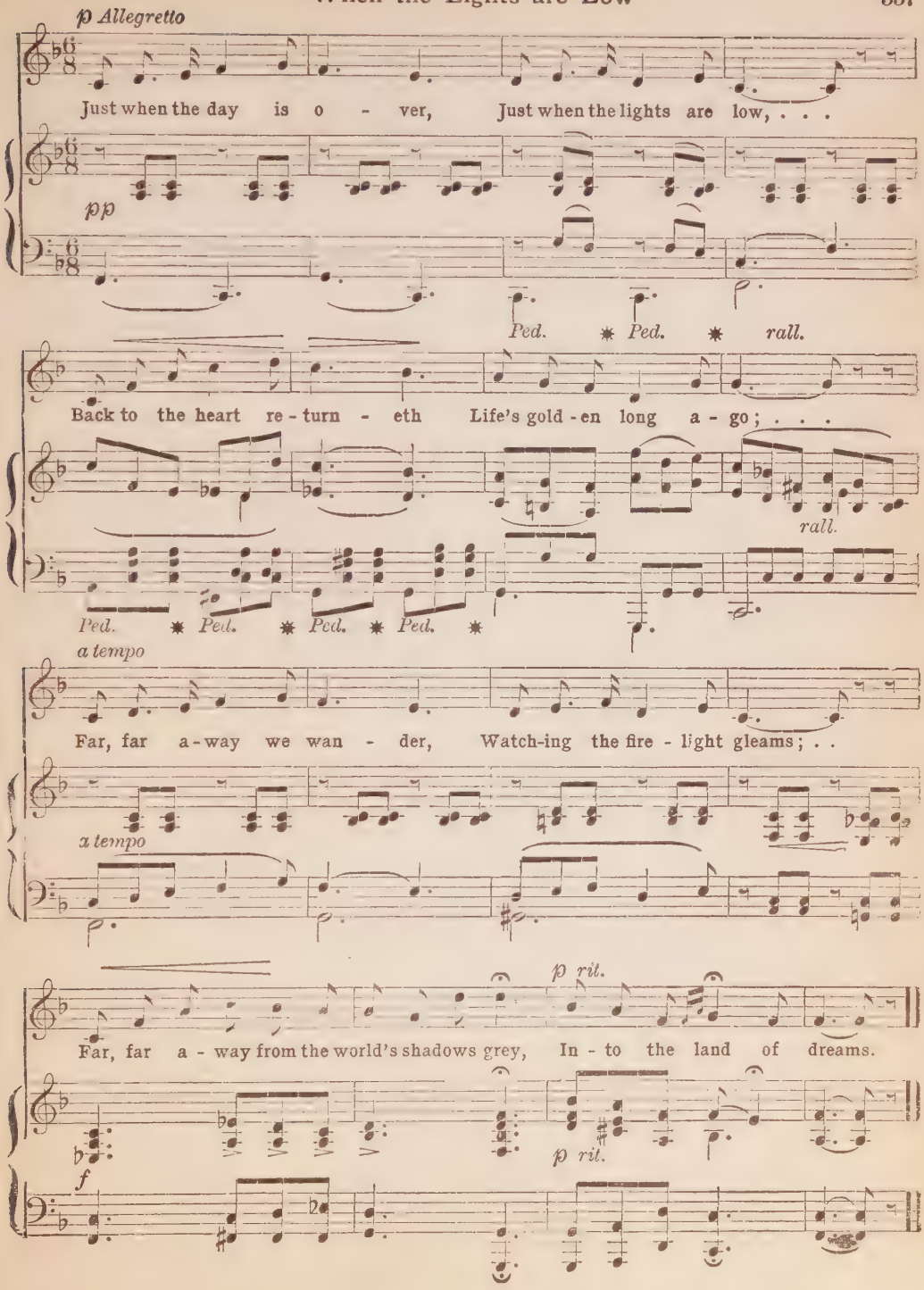
1. When twi - light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we sit and dream in the fad - ing gleam, Come mem - 'ries one by one. . . .
2. With dis - tant sounds in the streets a - round, The throng goes surg - ing by; But far a - way in dreams we stray, Where ver - dant mead-ows lie. . . .

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fan - cy greet us still, And
There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till

rall.

voi - ces dear, that we long to hear, The si - lence seem to fill.
o - ver all night's shad - ows fall, And dreamland fades a - way.

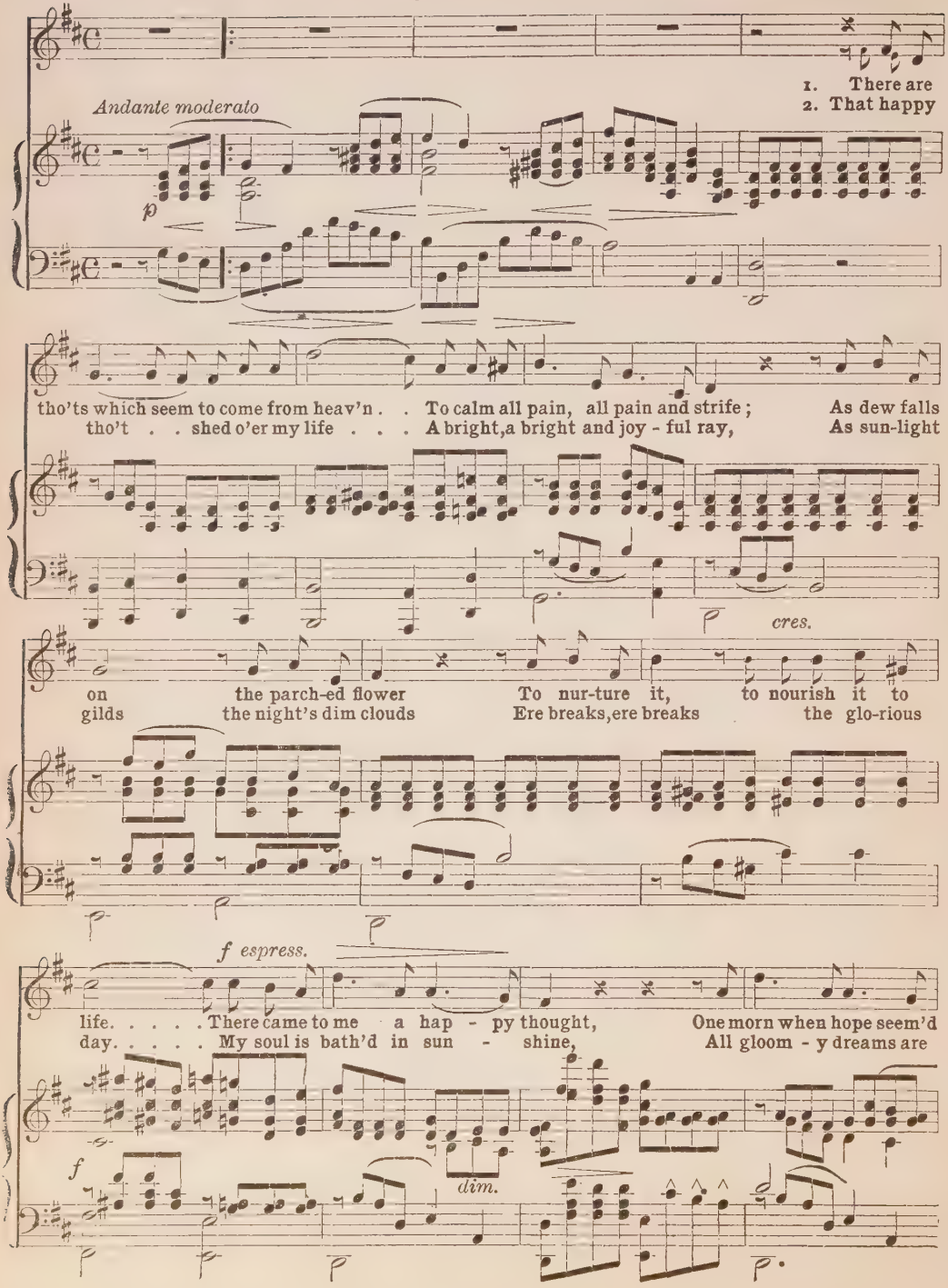
rall.

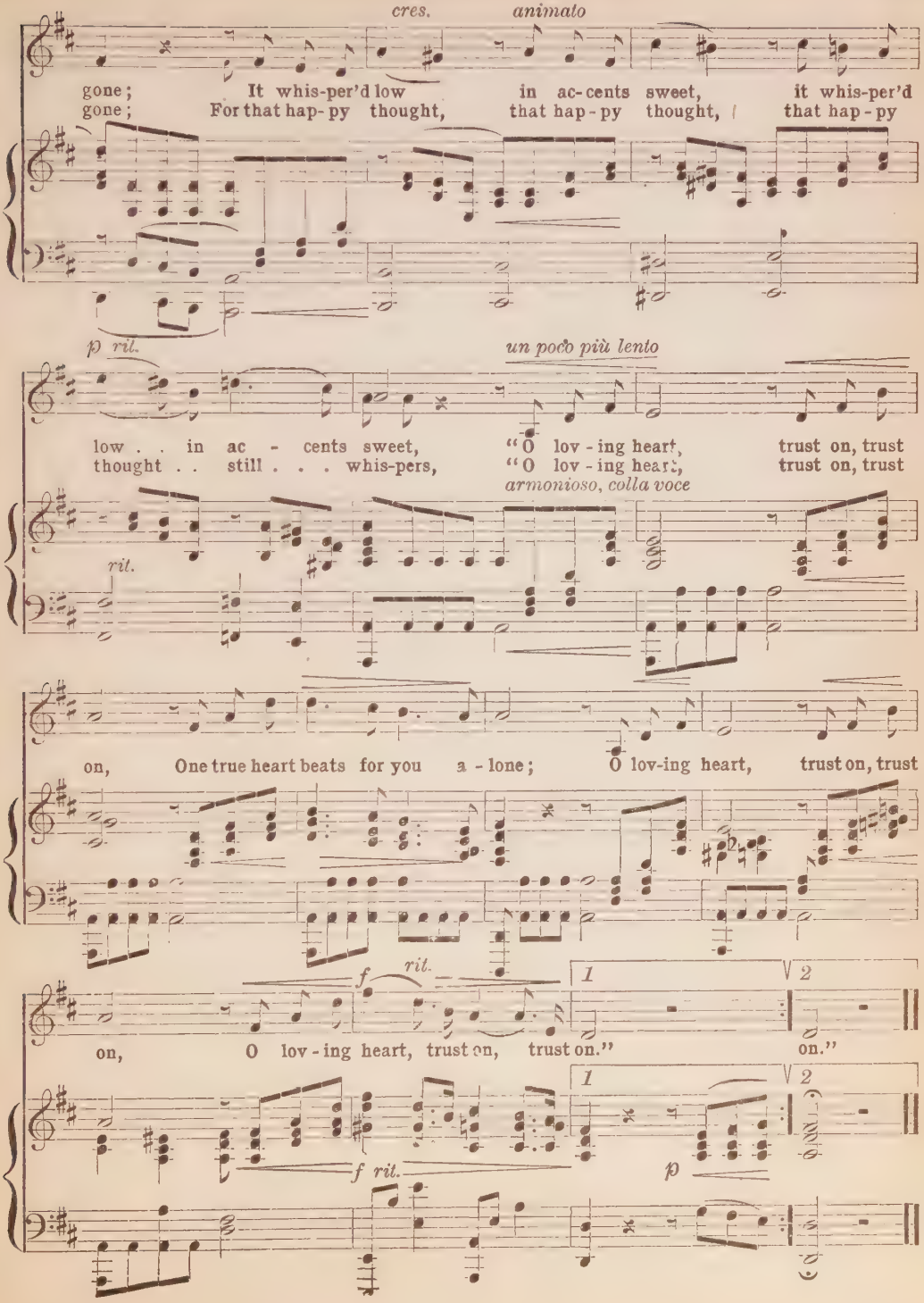

p Allegretto
Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .
pp
Ped. * Ped. * rall.
Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch-ing the fire - light gleams; . .
a tempo
p rit.
Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.
p rit.
f

HENRY C. WATSON

O Loving Heart, Trust On

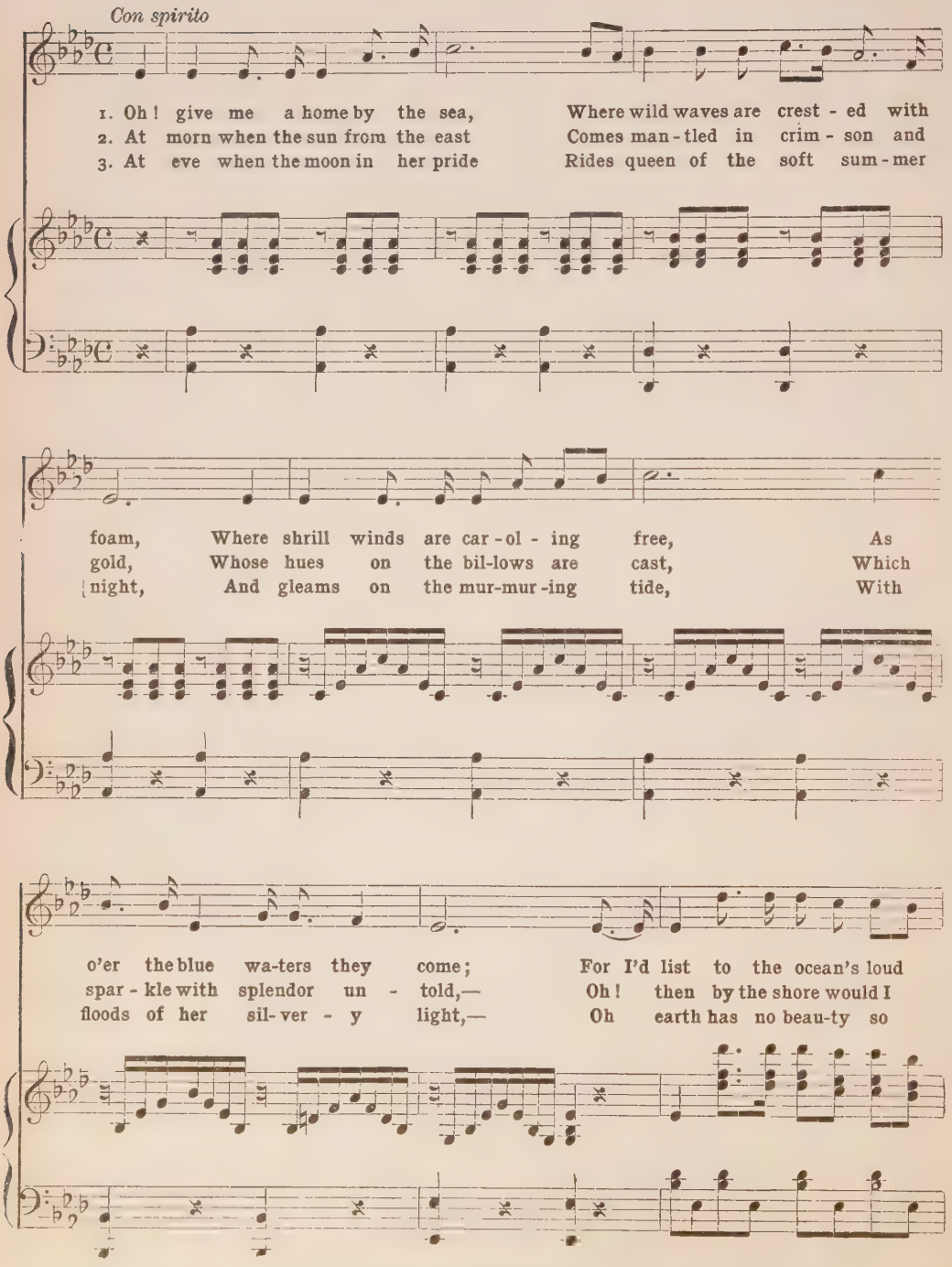
L. M. GOTTSCHALK

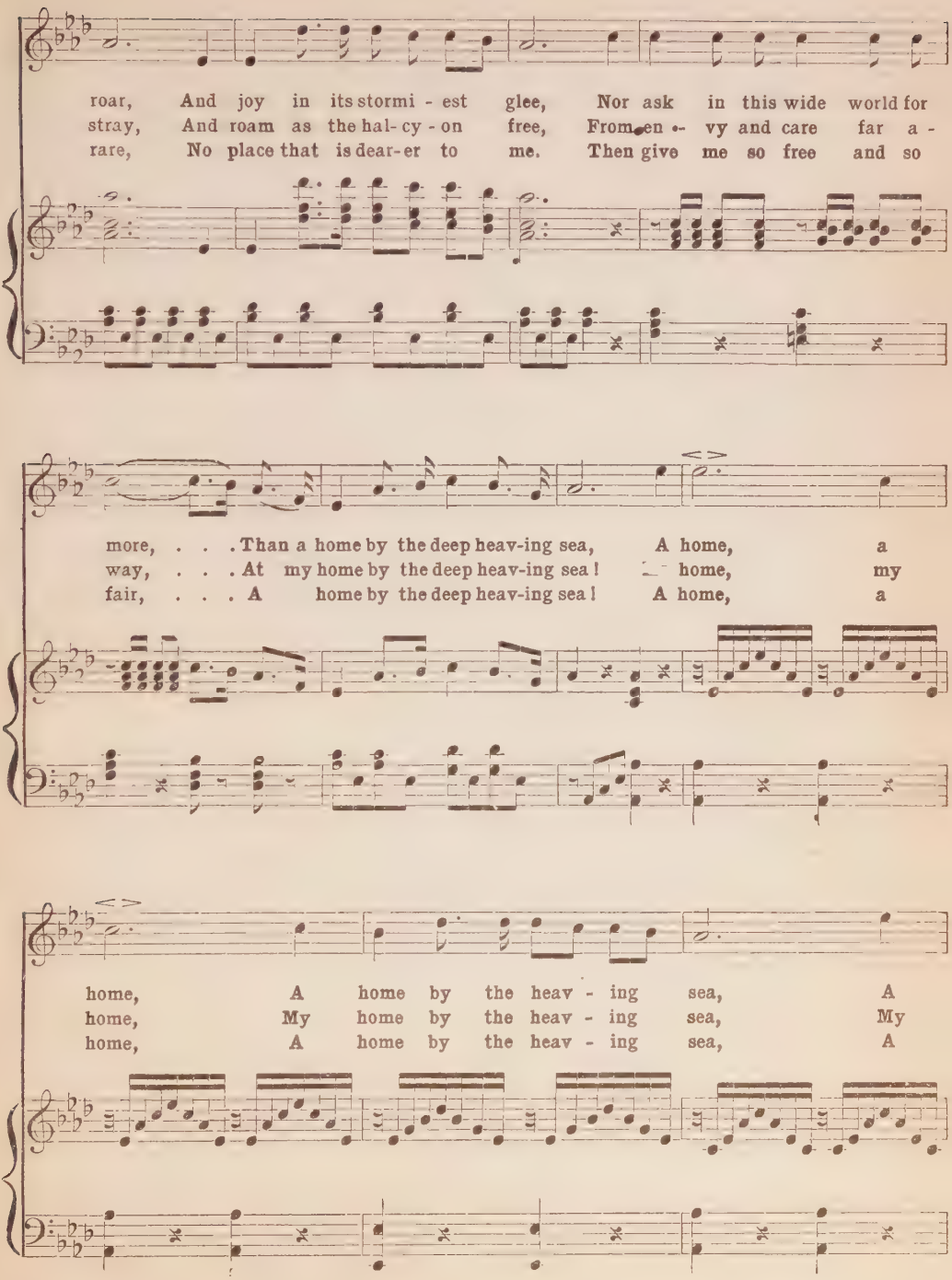


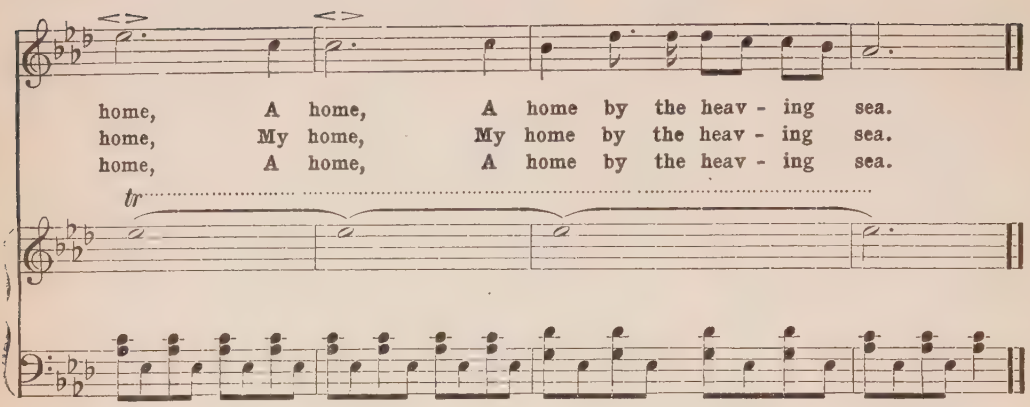

cres.
animato
gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd
gone; For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py
p ril.
un poco più lento
low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
armonioso, colla voce
rit.
on, One true heart beats for you a - lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
f rit.
1
2
on, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on." on."
1
2
f rit.
p

O Give Me a Home by the Sea

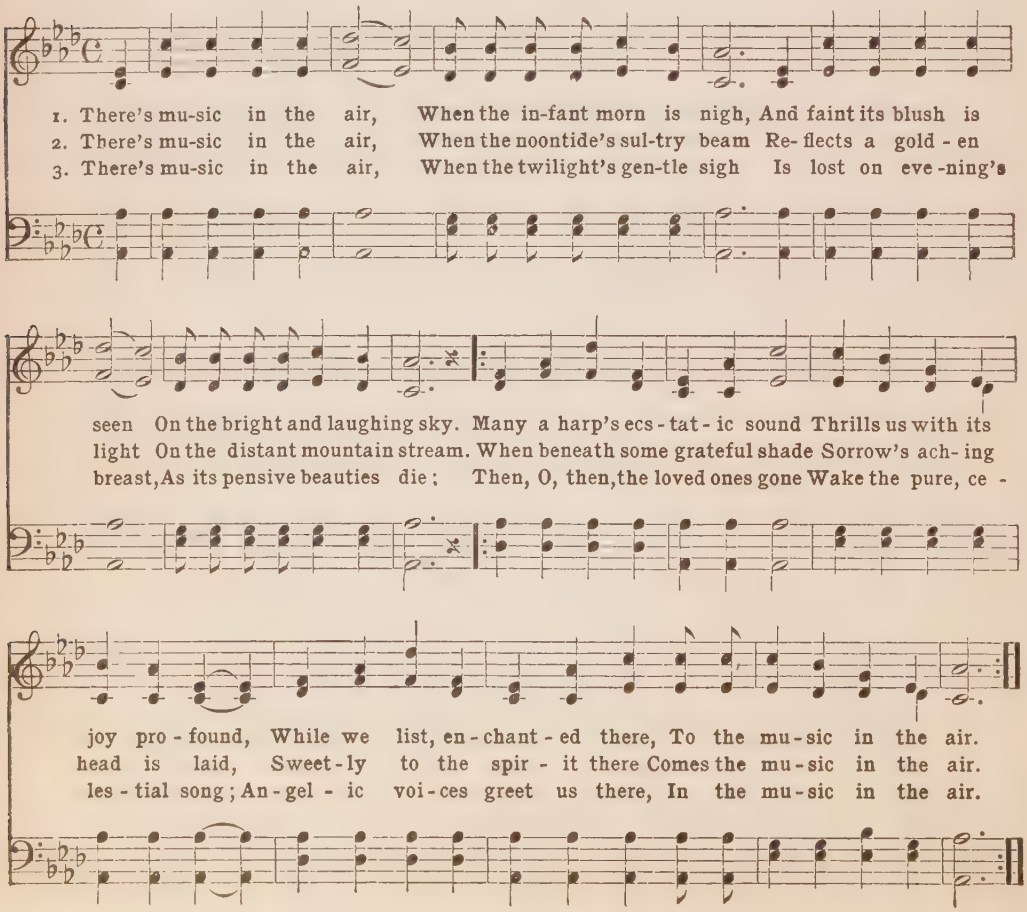
E. A. Hosmer




roar, And joy in its stormi - est glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
stray, And roam as the hal- cy - on free, From en - vy and care far a -
rare, No place that is dear-er to me. Then give me so free and so
more, . . . Than a home by the deep heav-ing sea, A home, a
way, . . . At my home by the deep heav-ing sea ! home, my
fair, . . . A home by the deep heav-ing sea ! A home, a
home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A
home, My home by the heav - ing sea, My
home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A

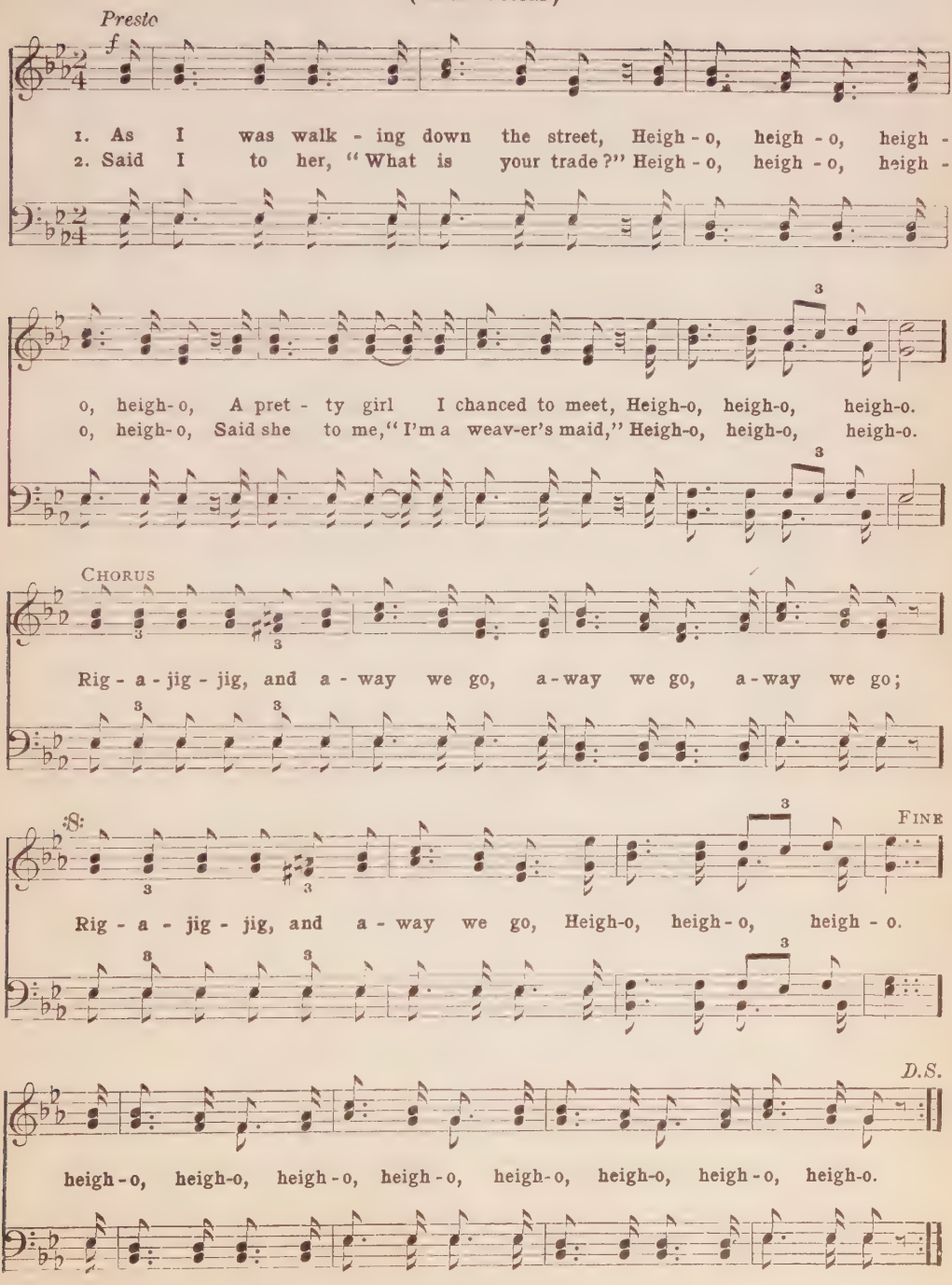


There's Music in the Air



Rig-a-jig

(Male Voices)



What Fairy-like Music

Mrs. C. B. Wilson

J. De-Pinna

Solo *Grazioso*

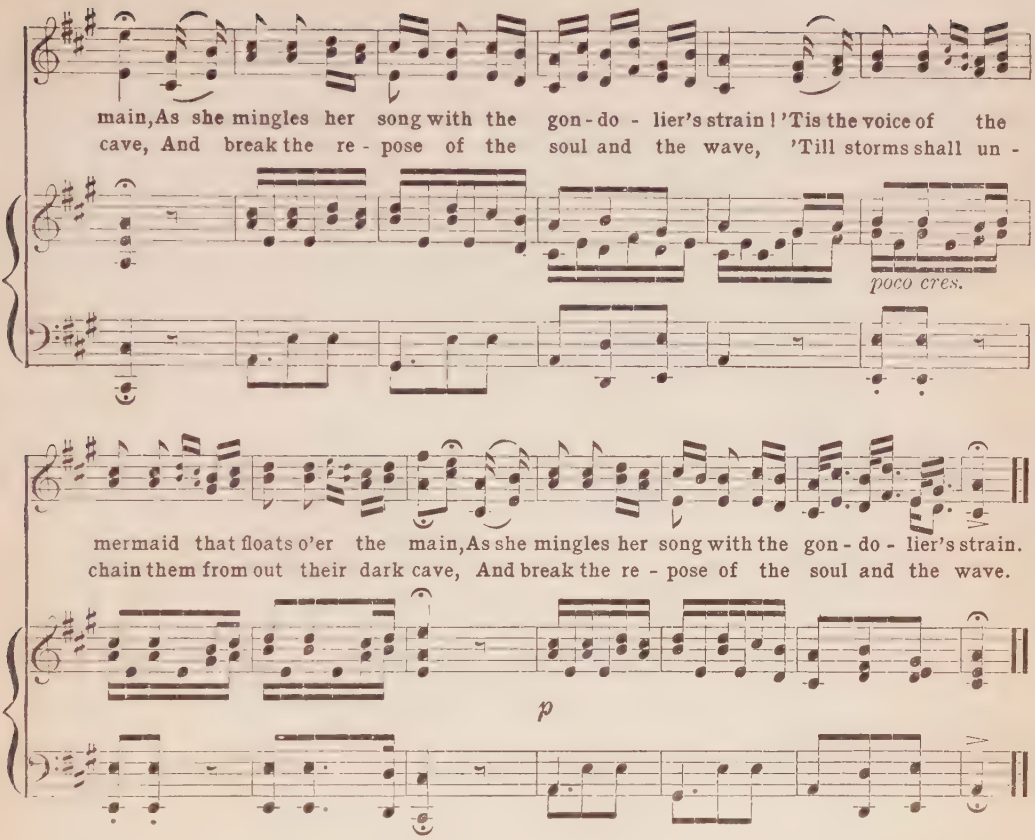
1. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trancing the sen-ses with
2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in

p

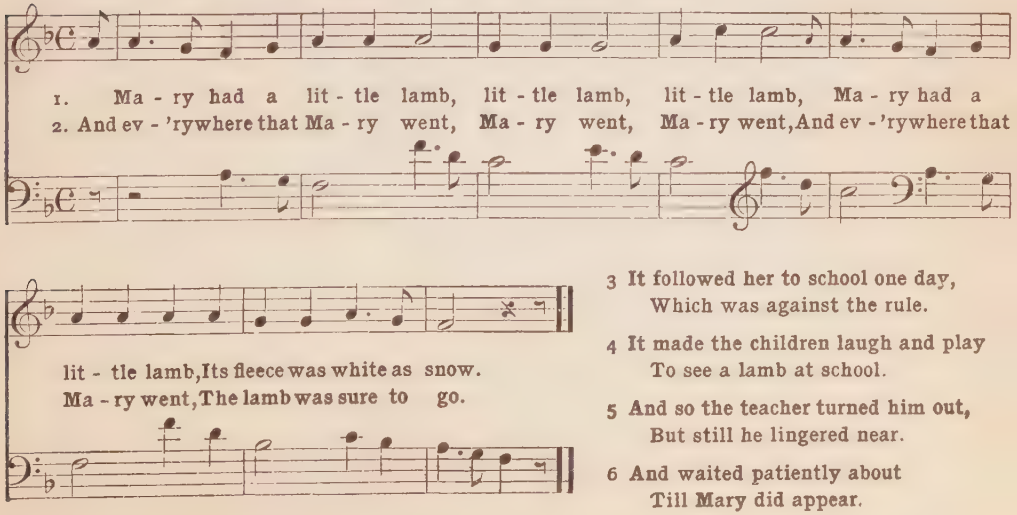
Duet

charm'd mel - o - dy? What fairy - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En-trancing the
in - fan - cy's breast! The winds are all hush'd and the waters at rest; They sleep like the

sen - ses with charm'd mel - o - dy? 'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the
pas - sions in in - fan - cy's breast. Till storms shall un - chain them from out their dark



Mary Had a Little Lamb



3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.

4 It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near.

6 And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Over the Garden Wall

HARRY HUNTER — G. D. Fox

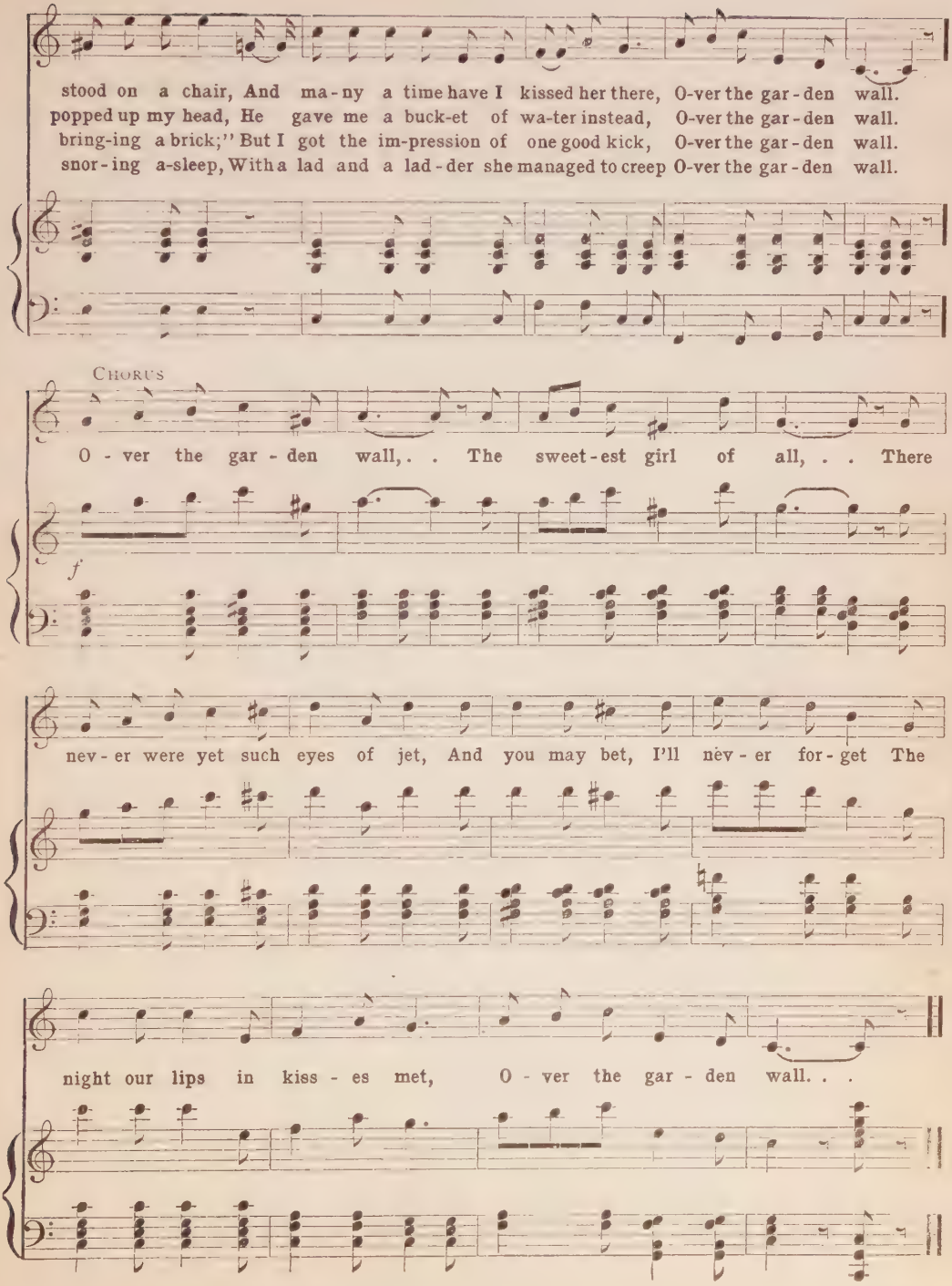
Vivace

1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal-nut tree, O-ver the gar-den wall, She
2. But her fa-ther stamped, and her fa-ther raved, O-ver the gar-den wall, And
3. One day I jumped down on the oth-er side, O-ver the gar-den wall, And
4. But where there's a will, there's al-ways a way, O-ver the gar-den wall, There's

p

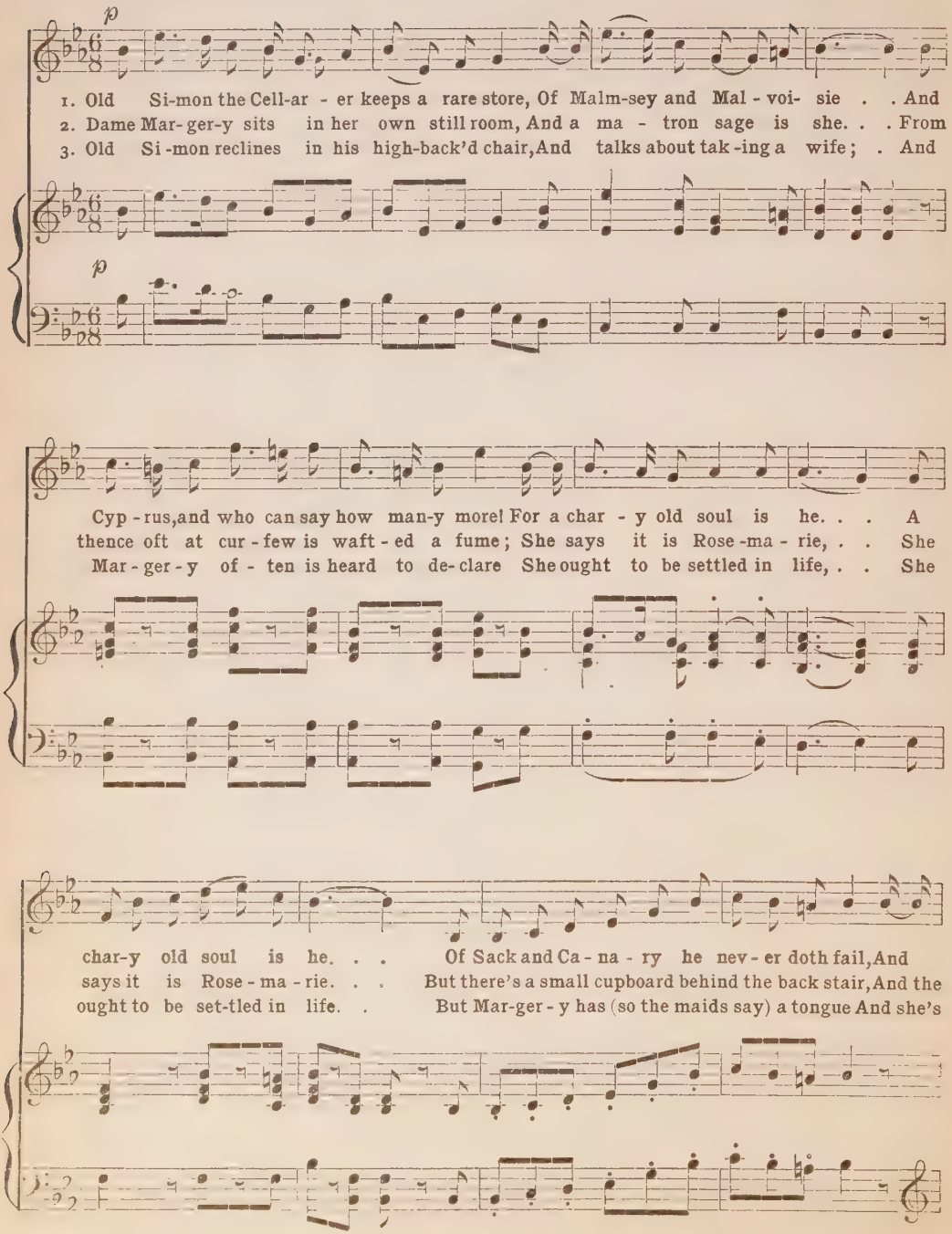
whis-per'd and said she'd be true to me, O-ver the gar-den wall, She'd
like an old mad-man he be-haved, O-ver the gar-den wall. She
brave-ly she prom-ised to be my bride, O-ver the gar-den wall; But she
al-ways a night as well as day, O-ver the gar-den wall, We

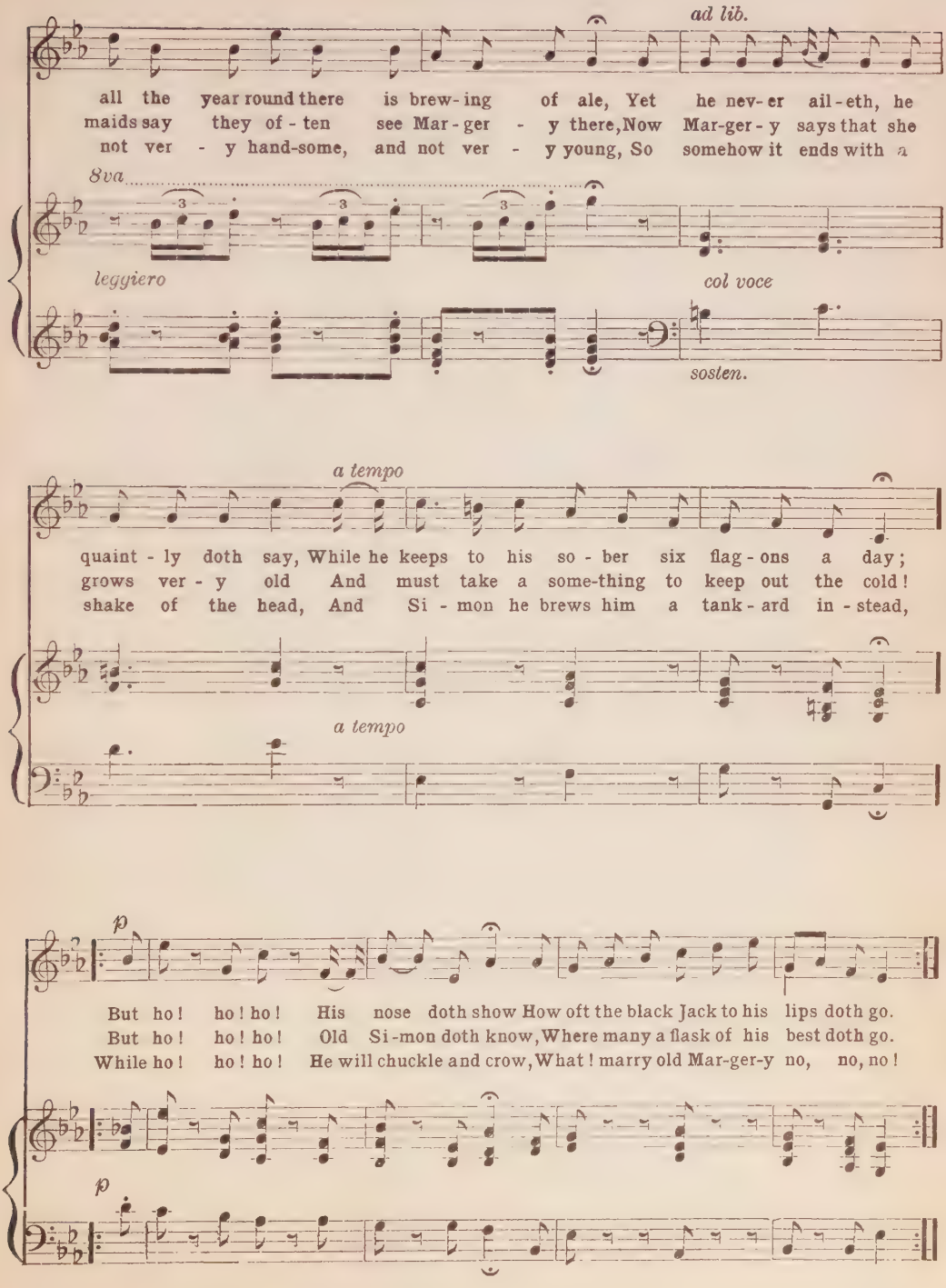
beau-ti-ful eyes, and beau-ti-ful hair, She was not ver-y tall so she
made a bou-quet of ro-ses red, But im-me-di-ate-ly I
scream'd in a fright, "Here's fa-ther, quick, I have an im-pres-sion he's
had-n't much mon-ey, but wed-dings are cheap, So while the old fel-low was


stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there, O-ver the gar-den wall.
popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter instead, O-ver the gar-den wall.
bring-ing a brick;" But I got the im-pression of one good kick, O-ver the gar-den wall.
snor-ing a-sleep, With a lad and a lad-der she managed to creep O-ver the gar-den wall.
CHORUS
O - ver the gar - den wall, . . The sweet-est girl of all, . . There
f
nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nèv-er for-get The
night our lips in kiss - es met, O - ver the gar - den wall. . .

Simon the Cellarer

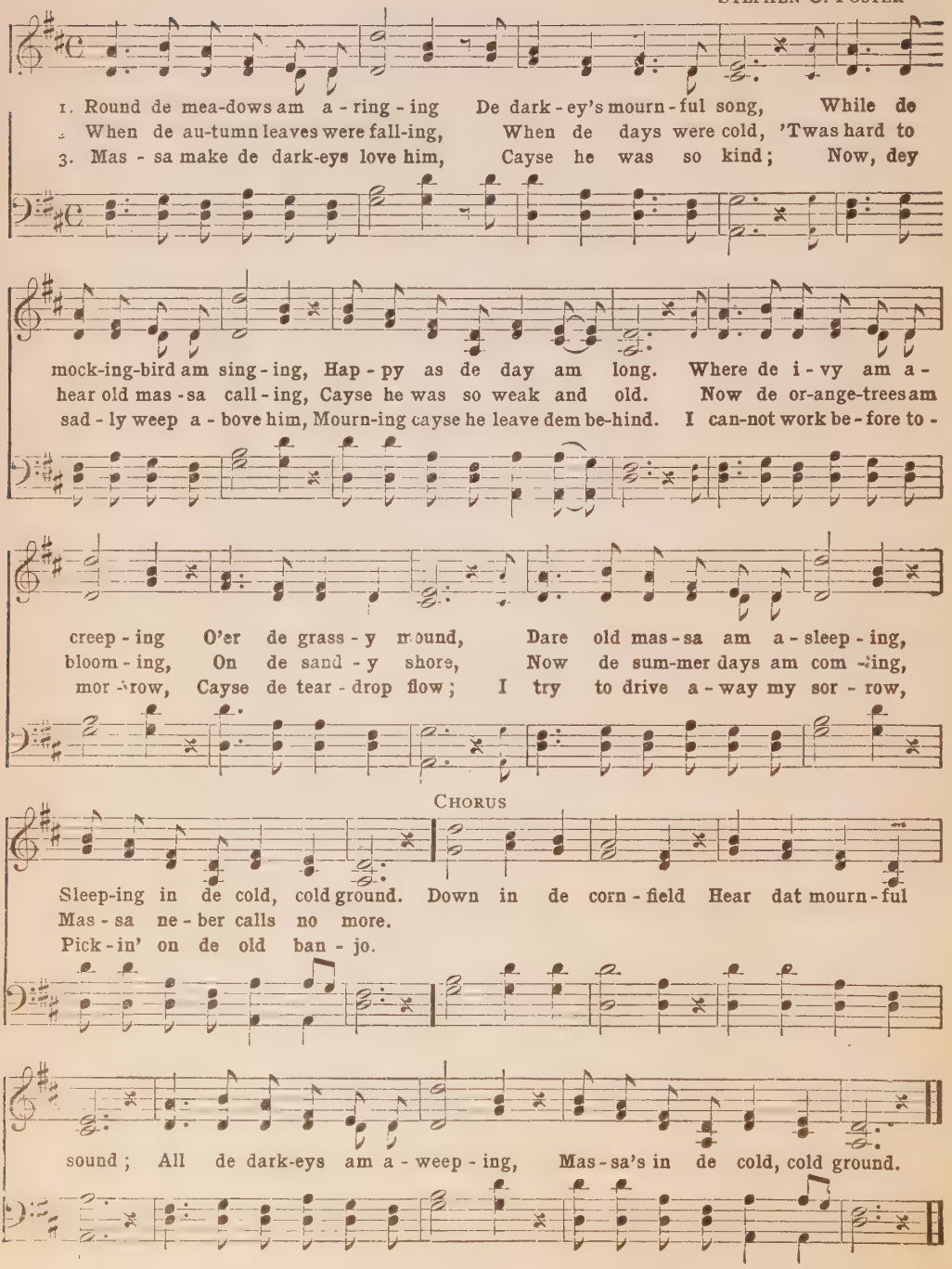
W. H. Bellamy — J. L. Hatton




ad lib.
all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er ail-eth, he
maids say they of-ten see Mar-ger - y there, Now Mar-ger-y says that she
not ver - y hand-some, and not ver - y young, So somehow it ends with a
8va
leggiero
col voce
sosten.
a tempo
quaint-ly doth say, While he keeps to his so-ber six flag-ons a day;
grows ver-y old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold!
shake of the head, And Si-mon he brews him a tank-ard in-stead,
a tempo
p
But ho! ho! ho! His nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! Old Si-mon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
While ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ger-y no, no, no!
p

Massa's in de Cold Ground

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



JOHANNA GADSKI

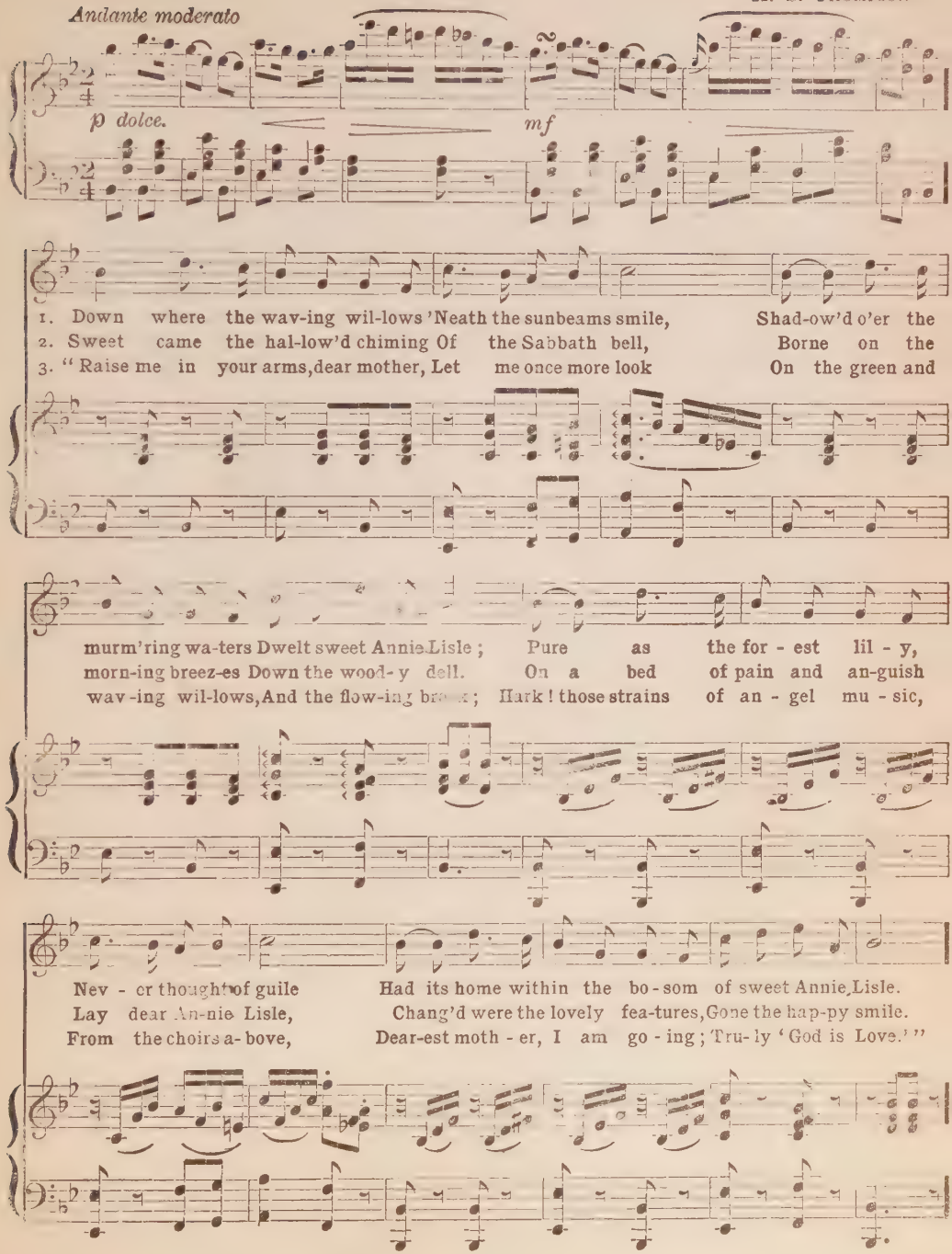
One of Germany's most popular opera singers. She was born in Anclam, Prussia, 1871, received her musical training in her own country, and first appeared in grand opera in New York. She created many Wagnerian parts, and made a remarkable concert tour through America in 1898–99. Her popular encore is "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"—Heart Songs, p. 105.

LOUISE HOMER

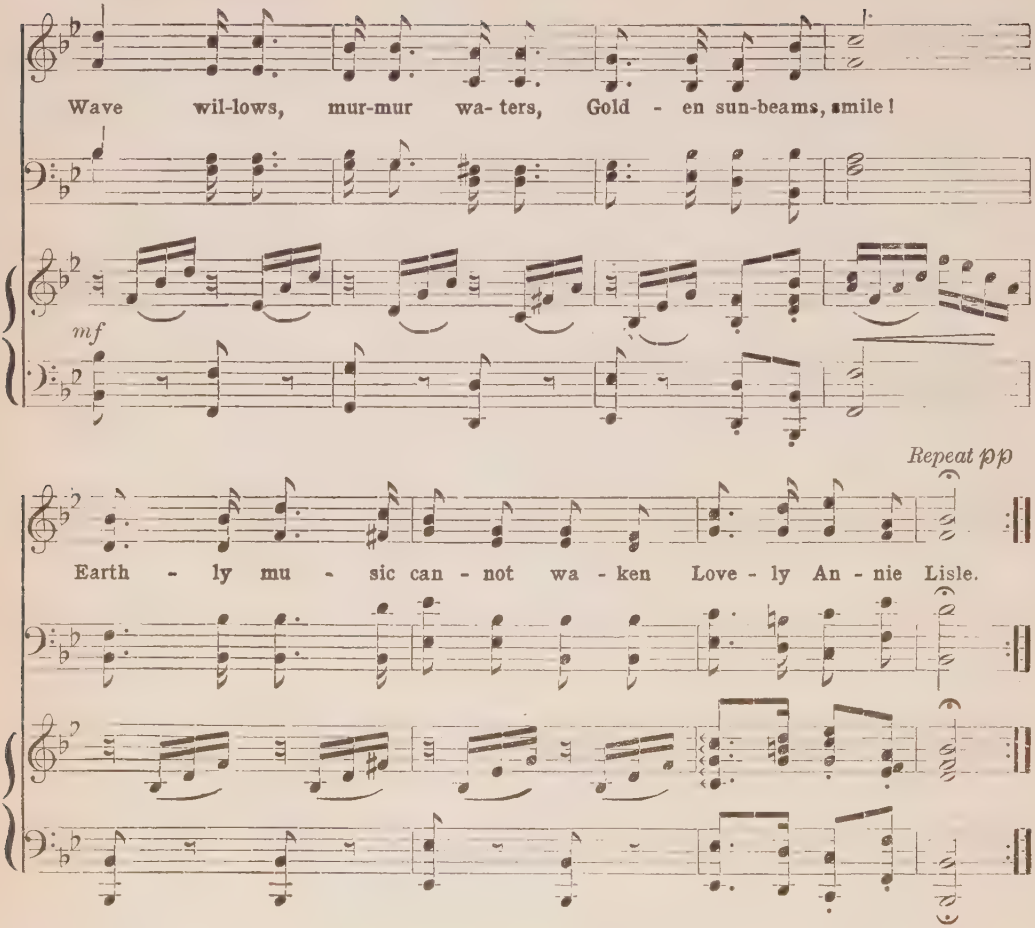
A noted American contralto, in private life the wife of Sidney Homer, the composer. She was born in Pittsburgh, and made her debut as an opera singer in Paris, 1898. She has sung at Covent Garden, London, and for ten successive seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her popular encore is "Abide With Me"—Heart Songs, p. 447.

Annie Lisle

H. S. Thompson

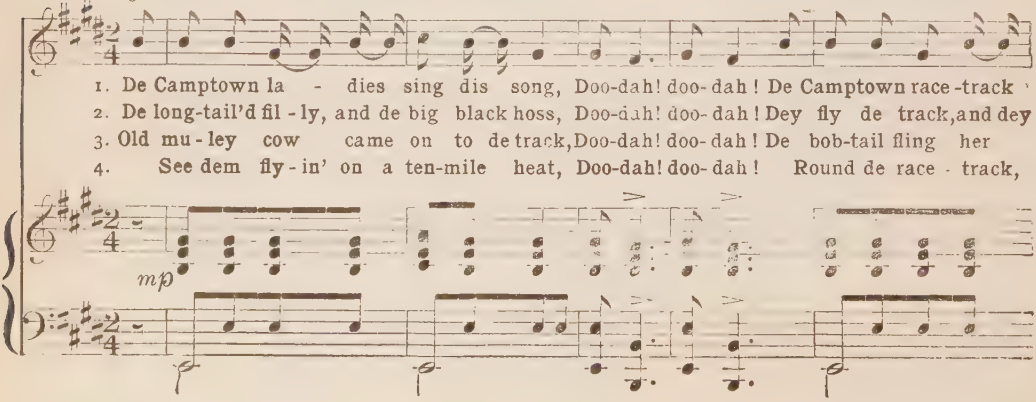


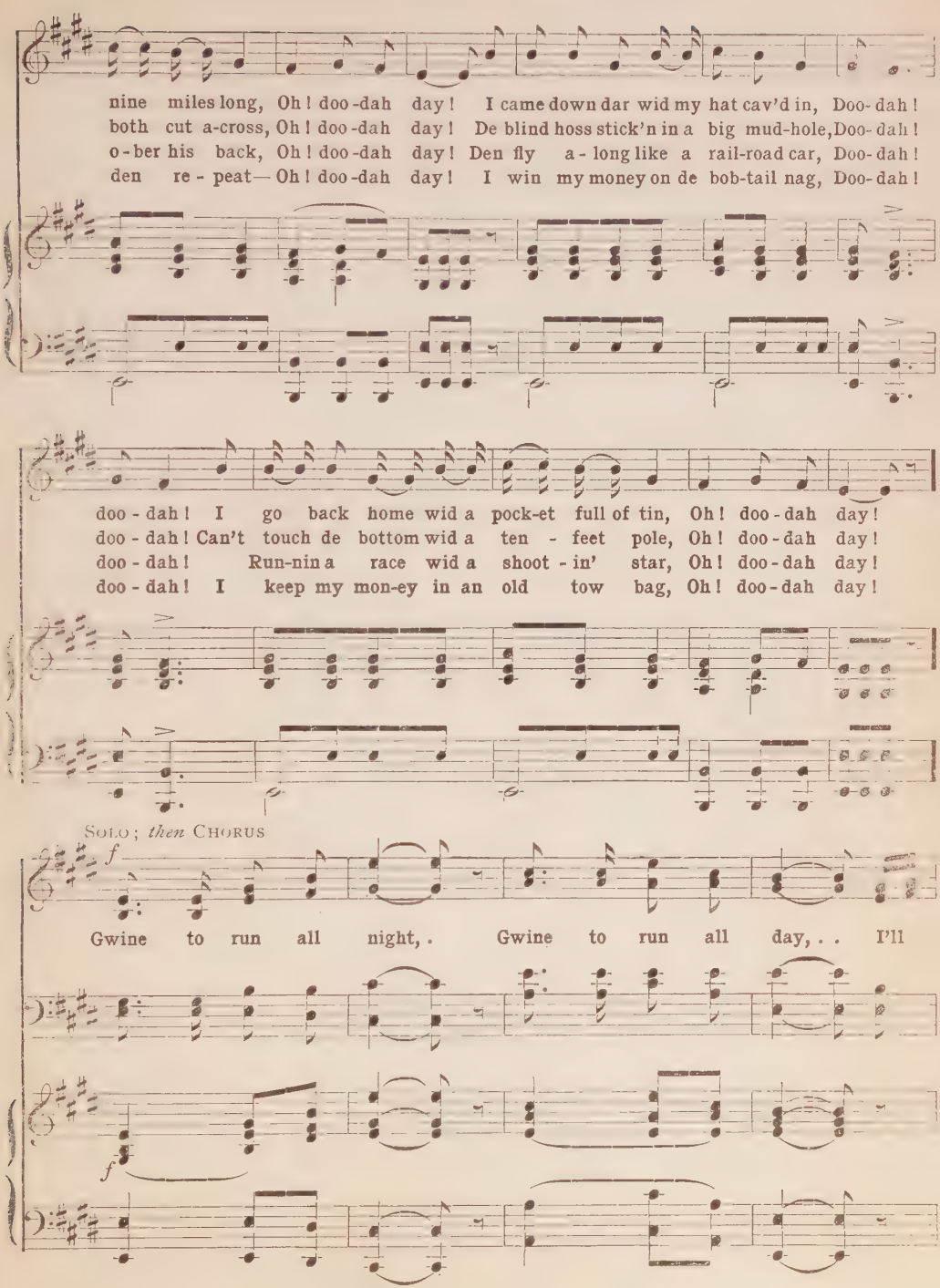
SOLO *then* CHORUS

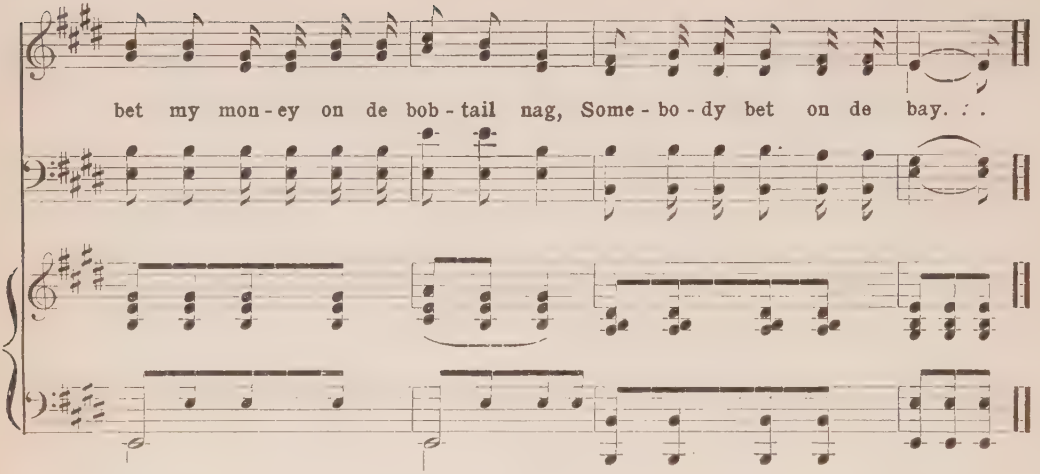


Camptown Races

Allegro vivace S. C. FOSTER

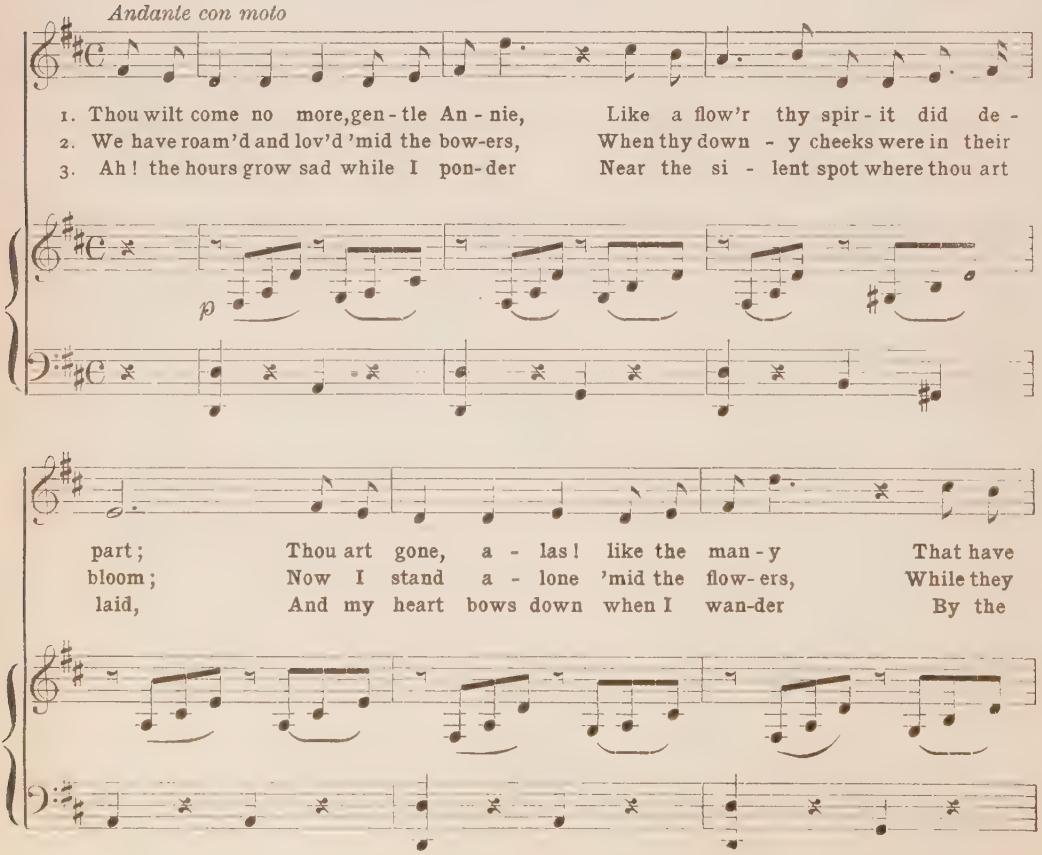


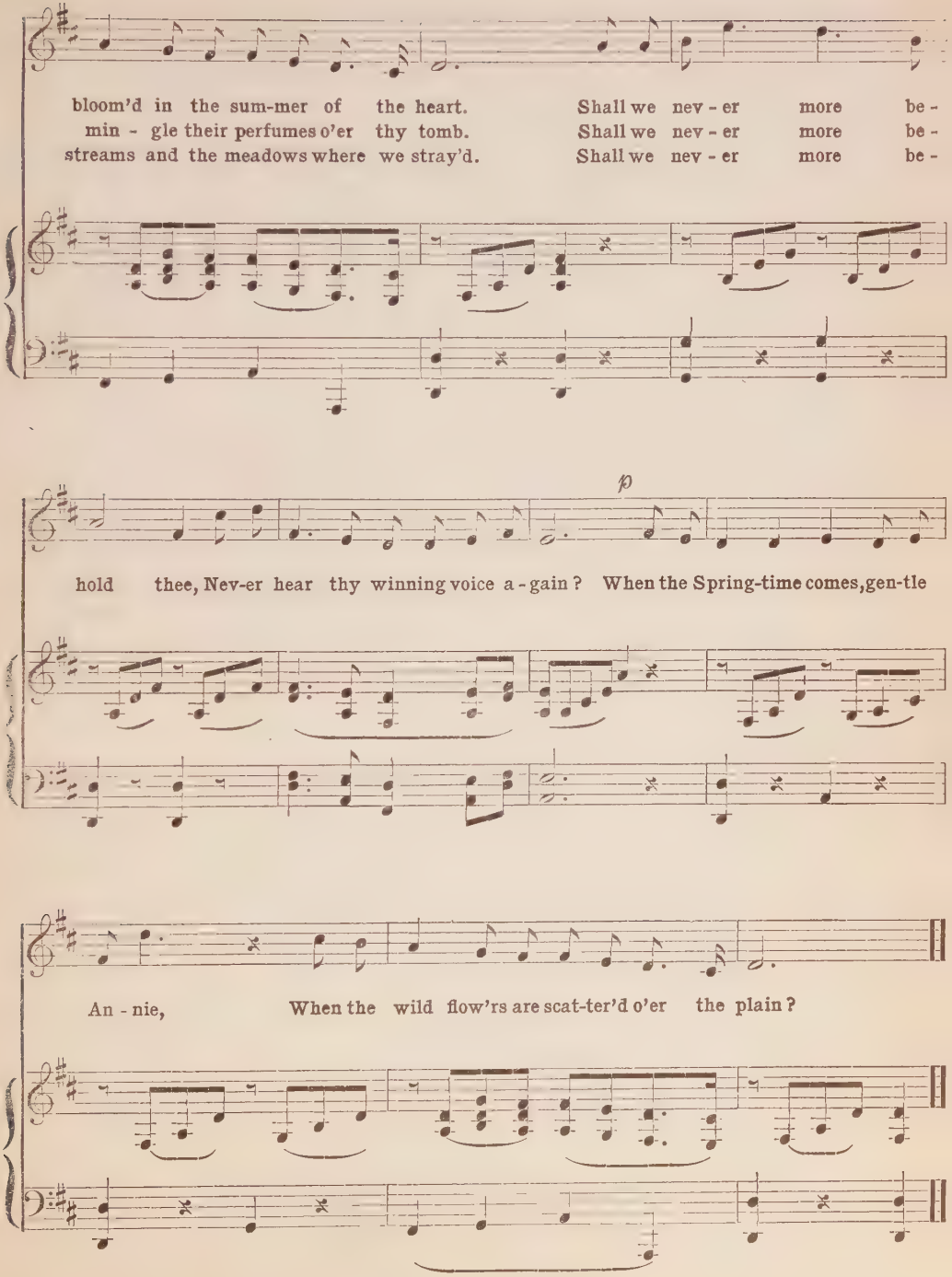

nine miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dar wid my hat cav'd in, Doo-dah!
both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole, Doo-dah!
o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah!
den re-peat— Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah!
doo-dah! I go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-feet pole, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Run-nin a race wid a shoot-in' star, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! I keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Oh! doo-dah day!
Solo; then Chorus
f
Gwine to run all night, . Gwine to run all day, . . I'll
f



Gentle Annie

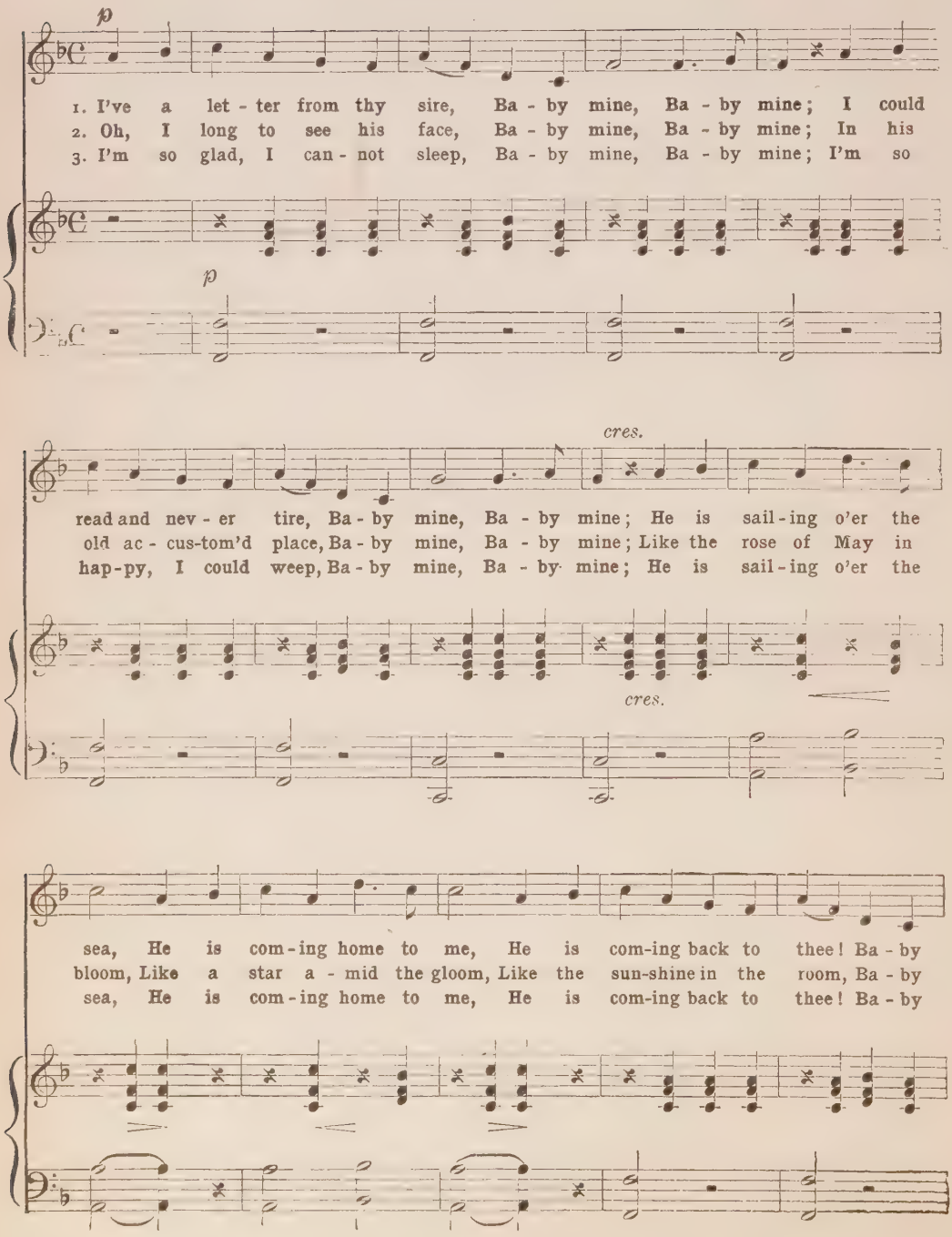
S. C. Foster

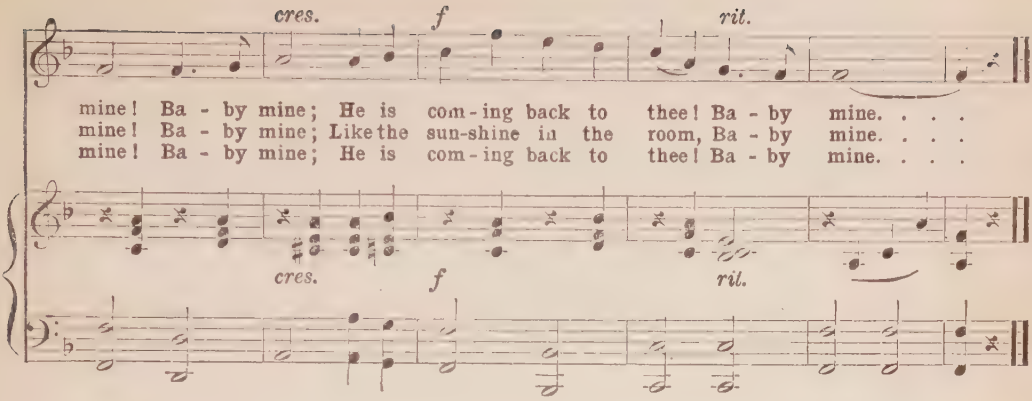



bloom'd in the sum-mer of the heart. Shall we nev - er more be -
min - gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb. Shall we nev - er more be -
streams and the meadows where we stray'd. Shall we nev - er more be -
p
hold thee, Nev-er hear thy winning voice a - gain? When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle
An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain?

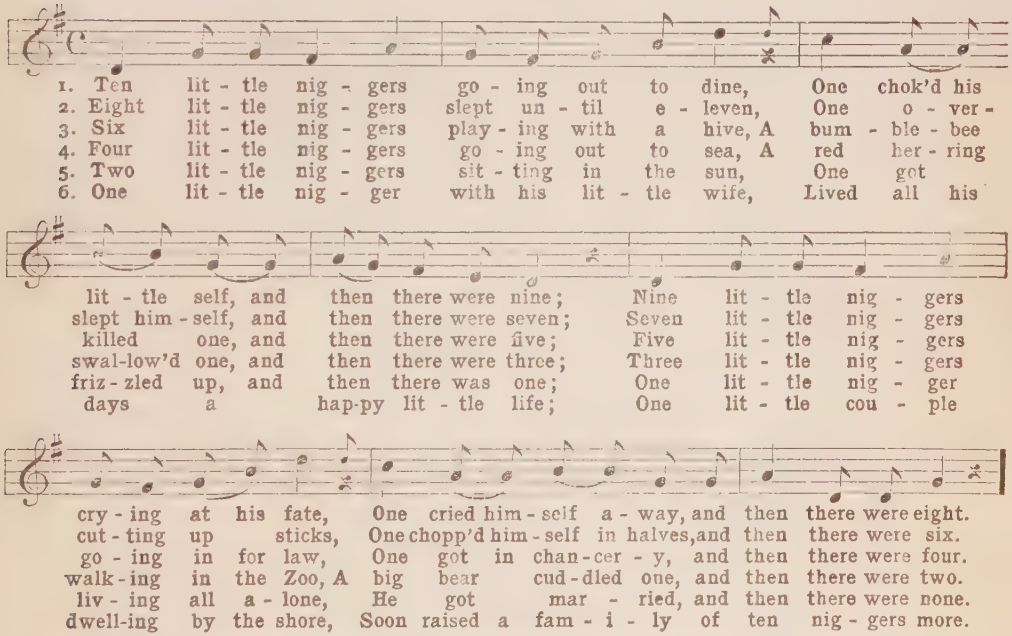
Baby Mine

CHARLES MACKEY — ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON

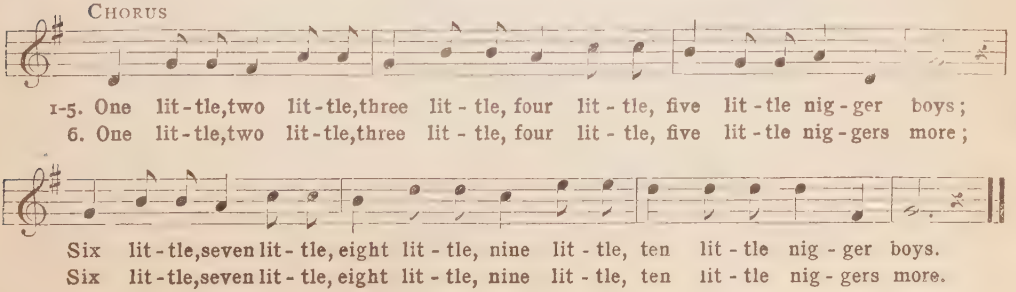




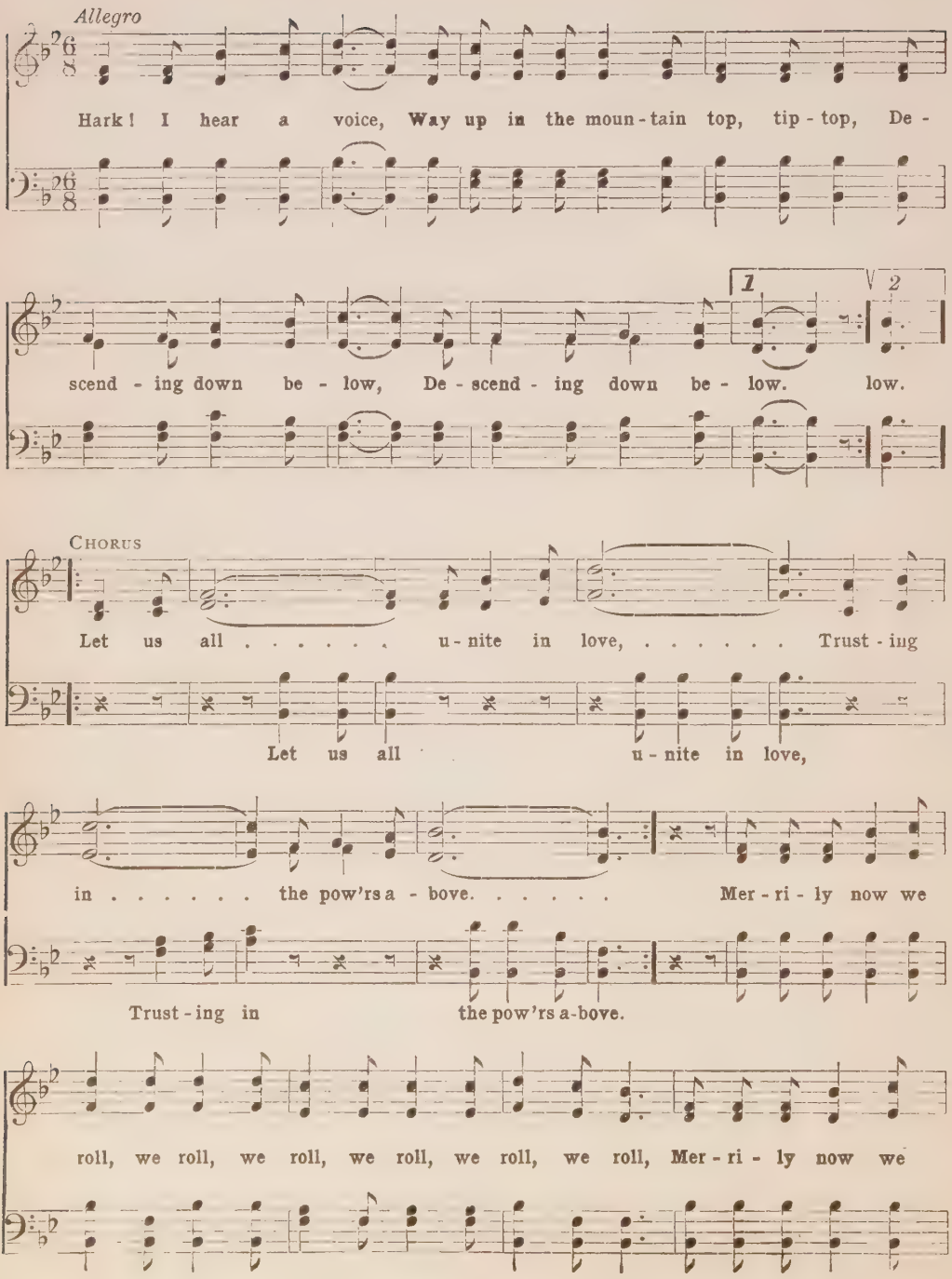
Ten Little Niggers

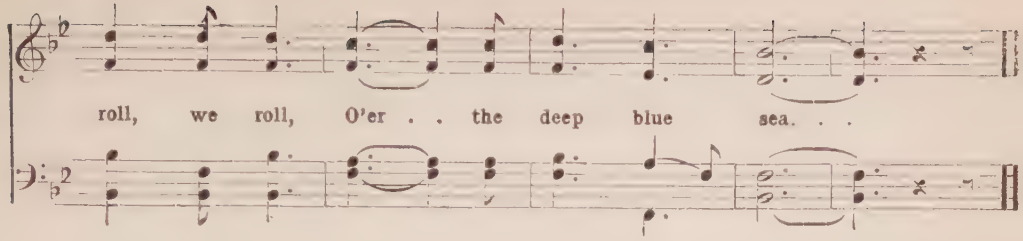


CHORUS



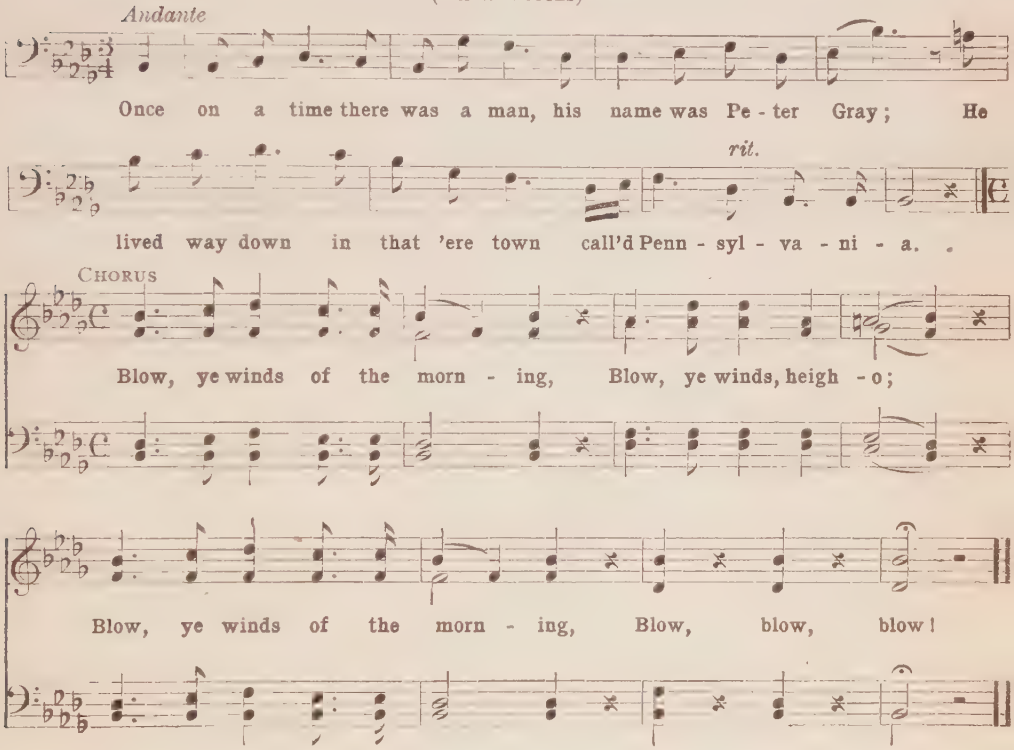
Hark! I Hear a Voice





Peter Gray

(Male Voices)



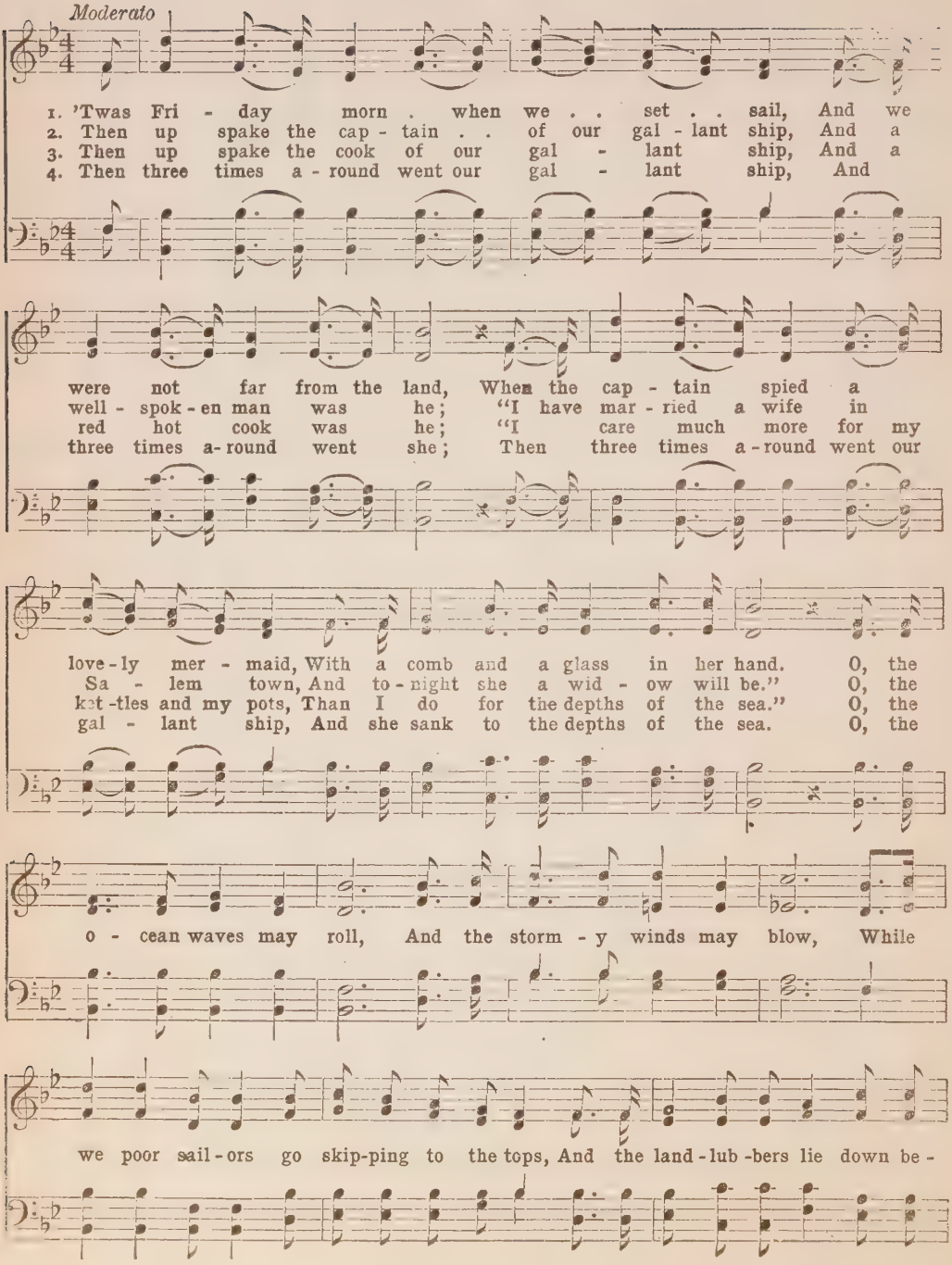
2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl. Cho.

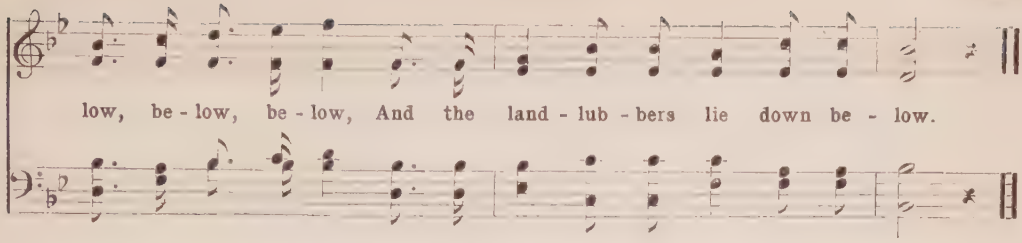
3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. Cho.

4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Inji-ins. Cho.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-i-ed. Cho.

The Mermaid

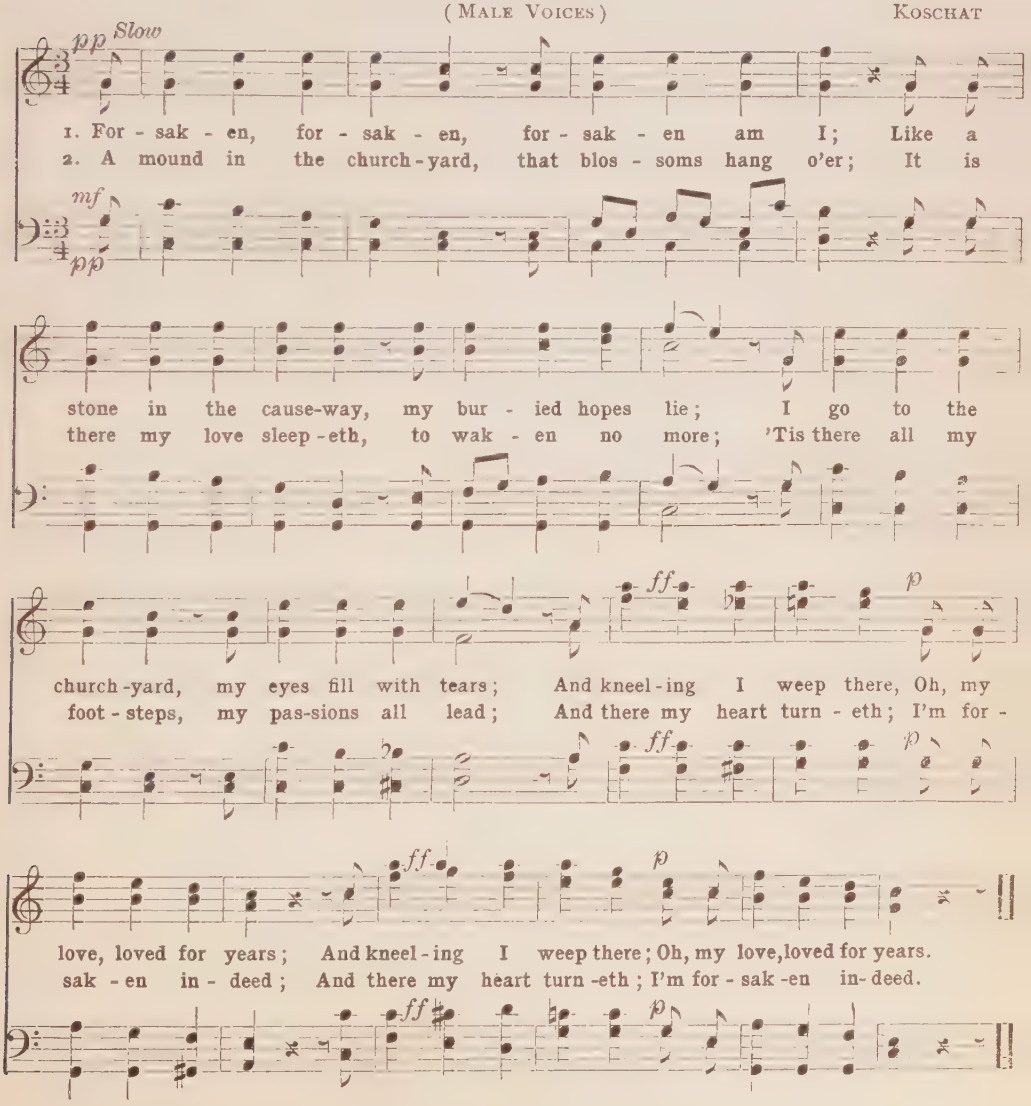

Moderato
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn . when we . . set . . sail, And we
2. Then up spake the cap - tain . . of our gal - lant ship, And a
3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a
4. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And
were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
well - spok - en man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in
red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my
three times a - round went she; Then three times a - round went our
love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. O, the
Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be." O, the
ket - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea." O, the
gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea. O, the
o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -



Forsaken

(Male Voices)

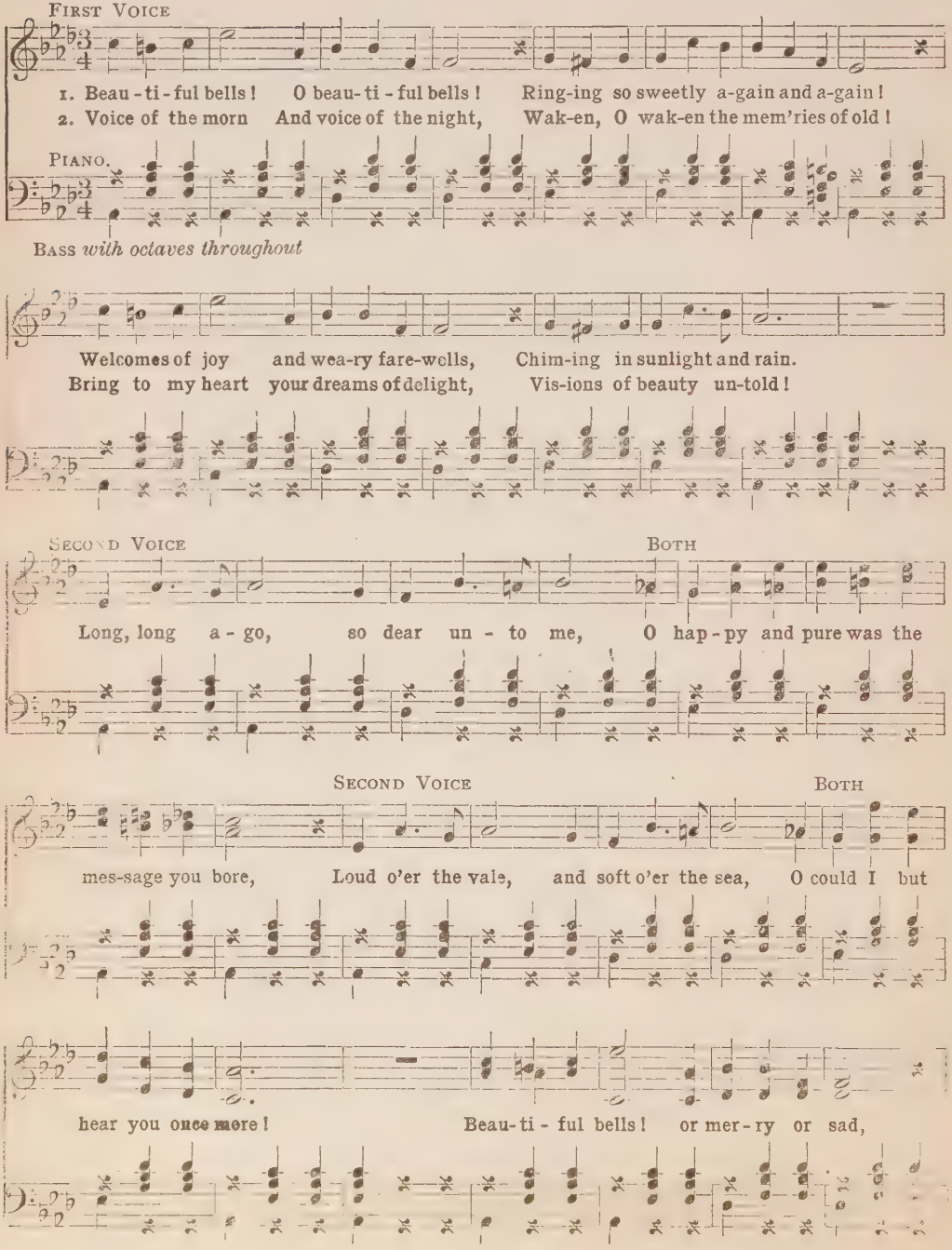
Koschat

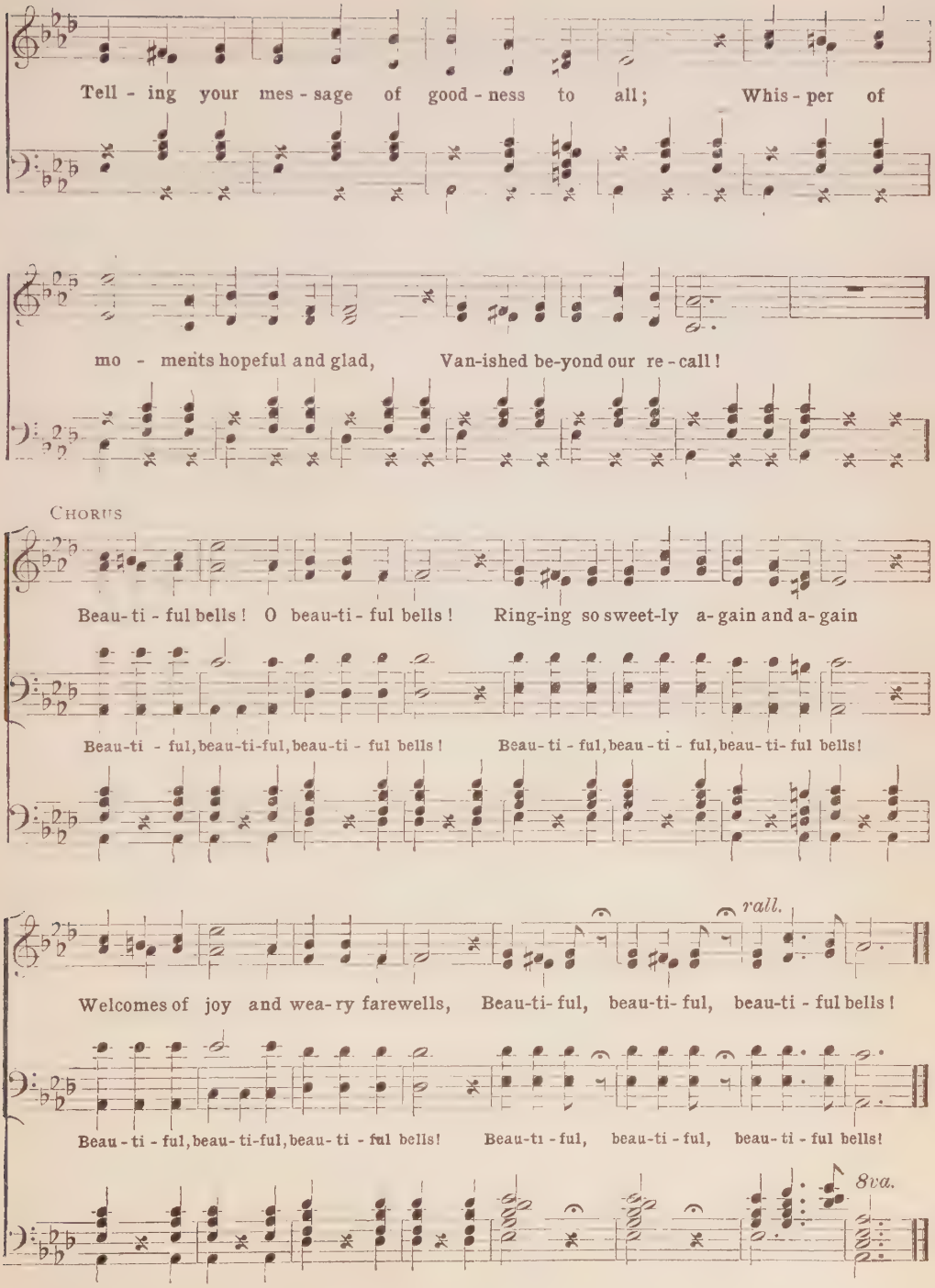


Beautiful Bells

DUET AND CHORUS

GEORGE COOPER — Arr. by W. F. WELLMAN, Jr.




Tell - ing your mes - sage of good - ness to all; Whis - per of
mo - ments hopeful and glad, Van-ished be-yond our re - call!
CHORUS
Beau-ti - ful bells! O beau-ti - ful bells! Ring-ing so sweet-ly a - gain and a - gain
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful bells!
rall.
Welcomes of joy and wea-ry farewells, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells!
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells!
8va.

Lullaby

Moderato

From JAKOBOWSKI's "Erminie"

p

1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, . . With lov'd face sweet and calm, . . And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, . . Her words were all to me, . . My

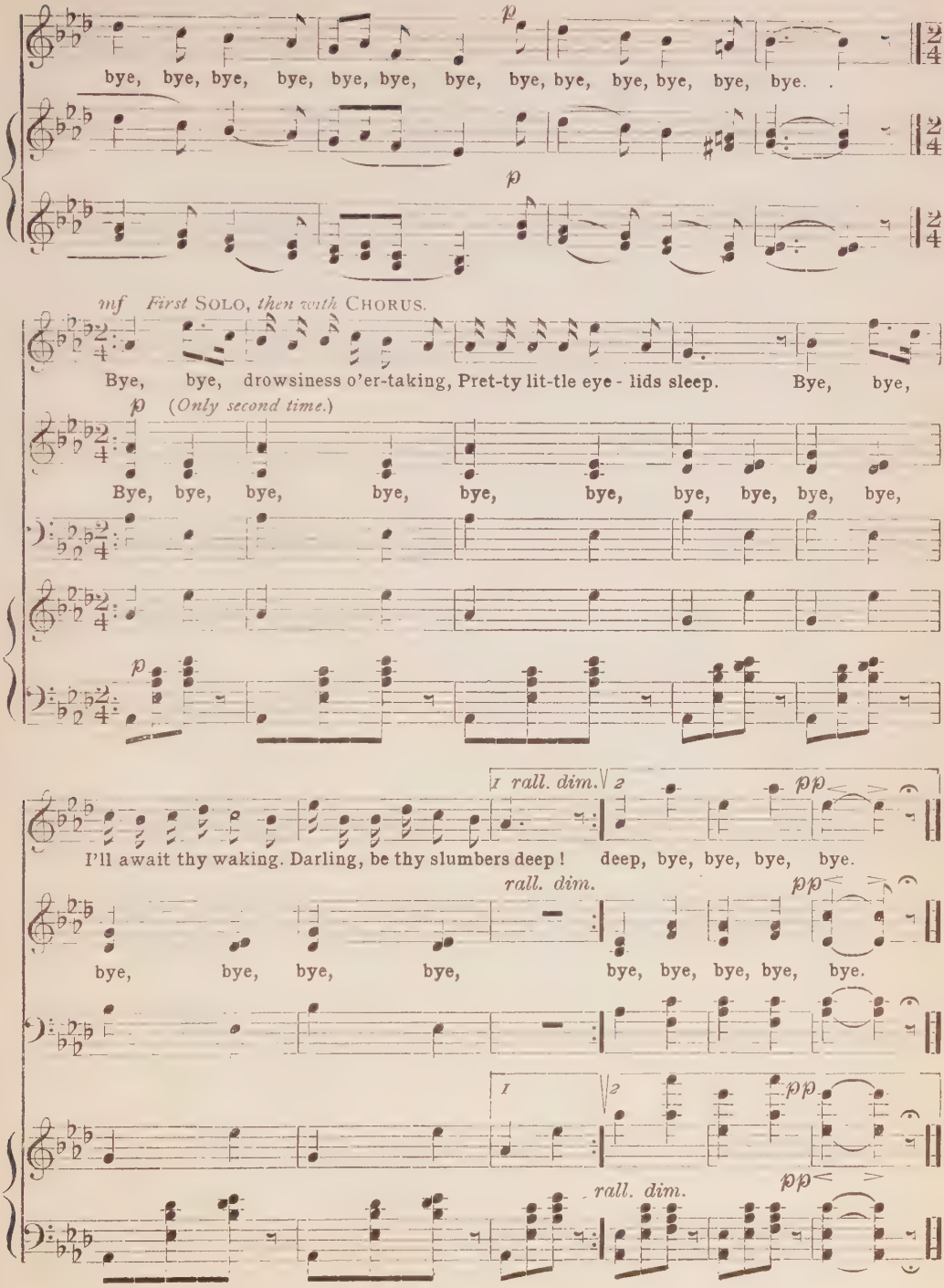
hear her voice With love re - joice When nest - ling on her arm. . . . I
fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. . . . My

think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'-ning eye, . . As her
fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, As in sor - row he hov - er'd nigh, . . And my

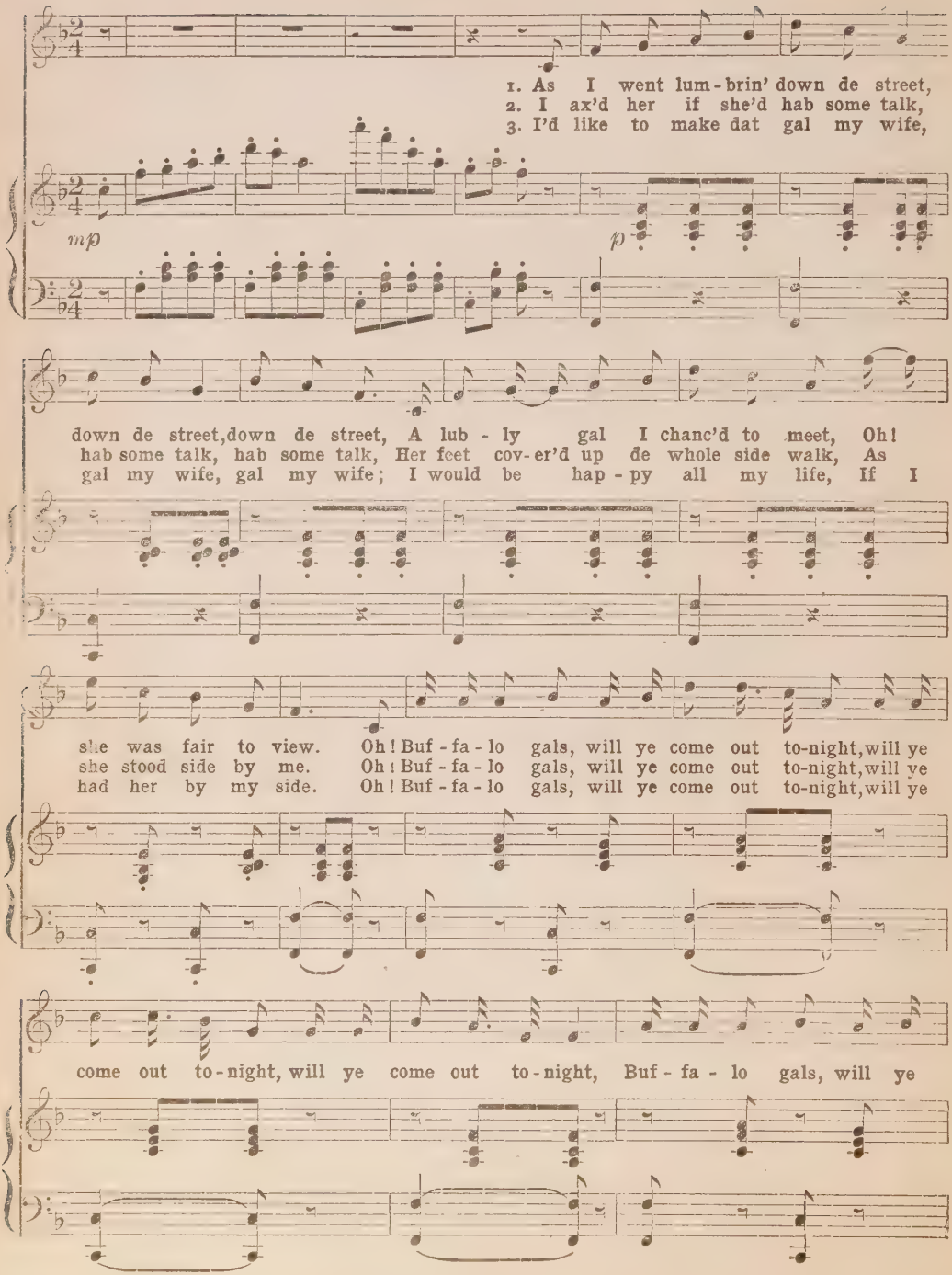
mf

watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye,
moth - er's plaint, In her ac - cent faint, Was ev - er this lul - la - by, Bye,

mf


p
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
p
mf First SOLO, then with CHORUS.
Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-taking, Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,
p (Only second time.)
Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
p
1 rall. dim. 2
pp
I'll await thy waking. Darling, be thy slumbers deep! deep, bye, bye, bye, bye.
rall. dim.
pp
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
1 2
pp
rall. dim.
pp

Buffalo Gals

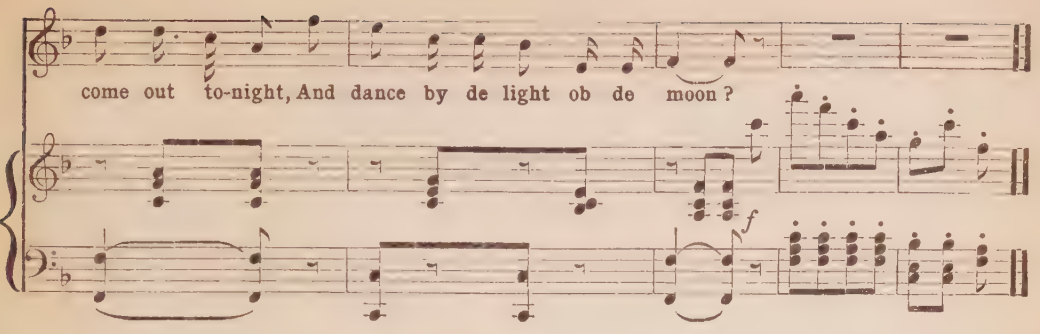


MARIA GAY

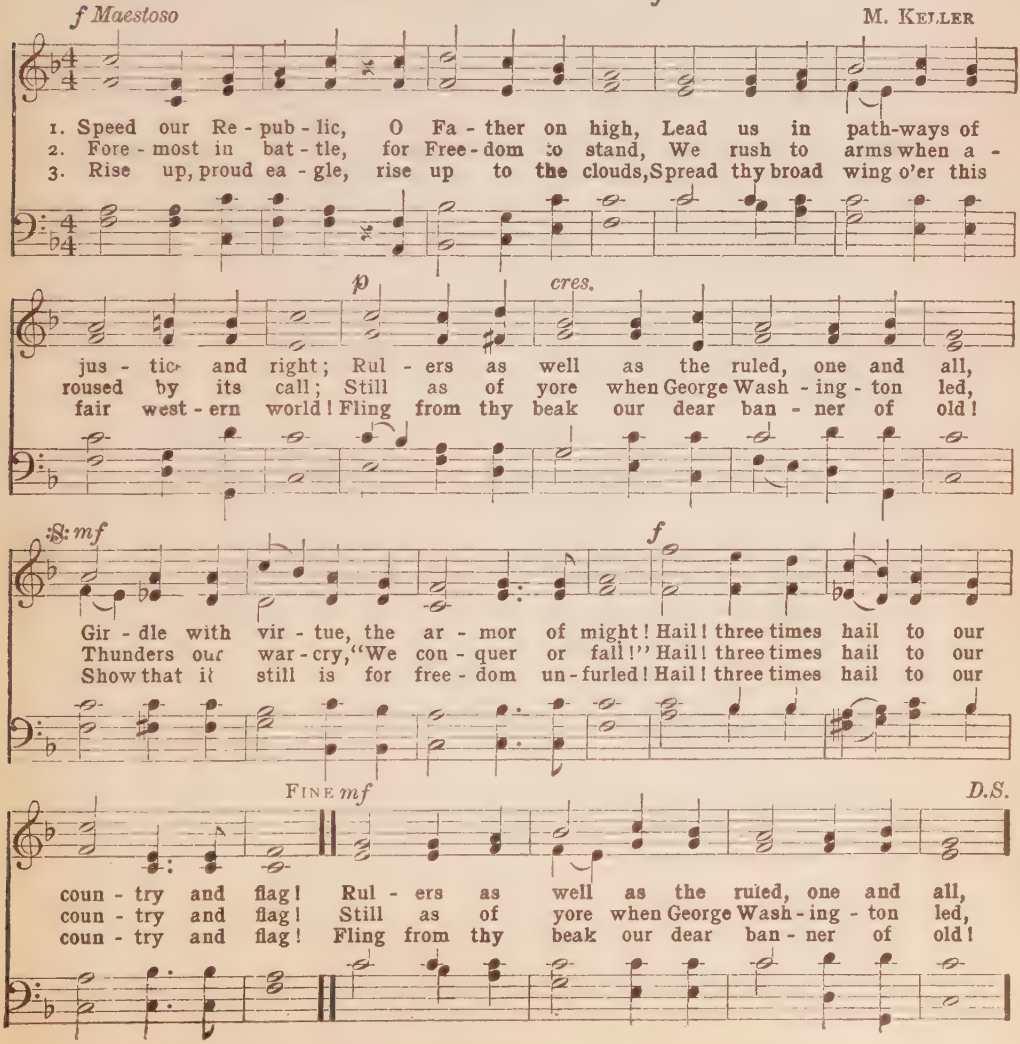
A particularly vivacious mezzo-soprano, whose greatest success has been "Carmen." She is Spanish by birth, a native of Catalonia, and her principal following is in the United States. Her popular encore is "Castanets are Sounding"—Heart Songs, p. 178.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

The famous Austrian prima donna. She was born near Prague, Austria, 1861, and at the age of seventeen was leading contralto at the Dresden Court Opera. She has been most popular in Germany and in America, and has appeared in nearly all the leading cities of the United States. Her popular encore is "Home to Our Mountains"—Heart Songs, p. 452.

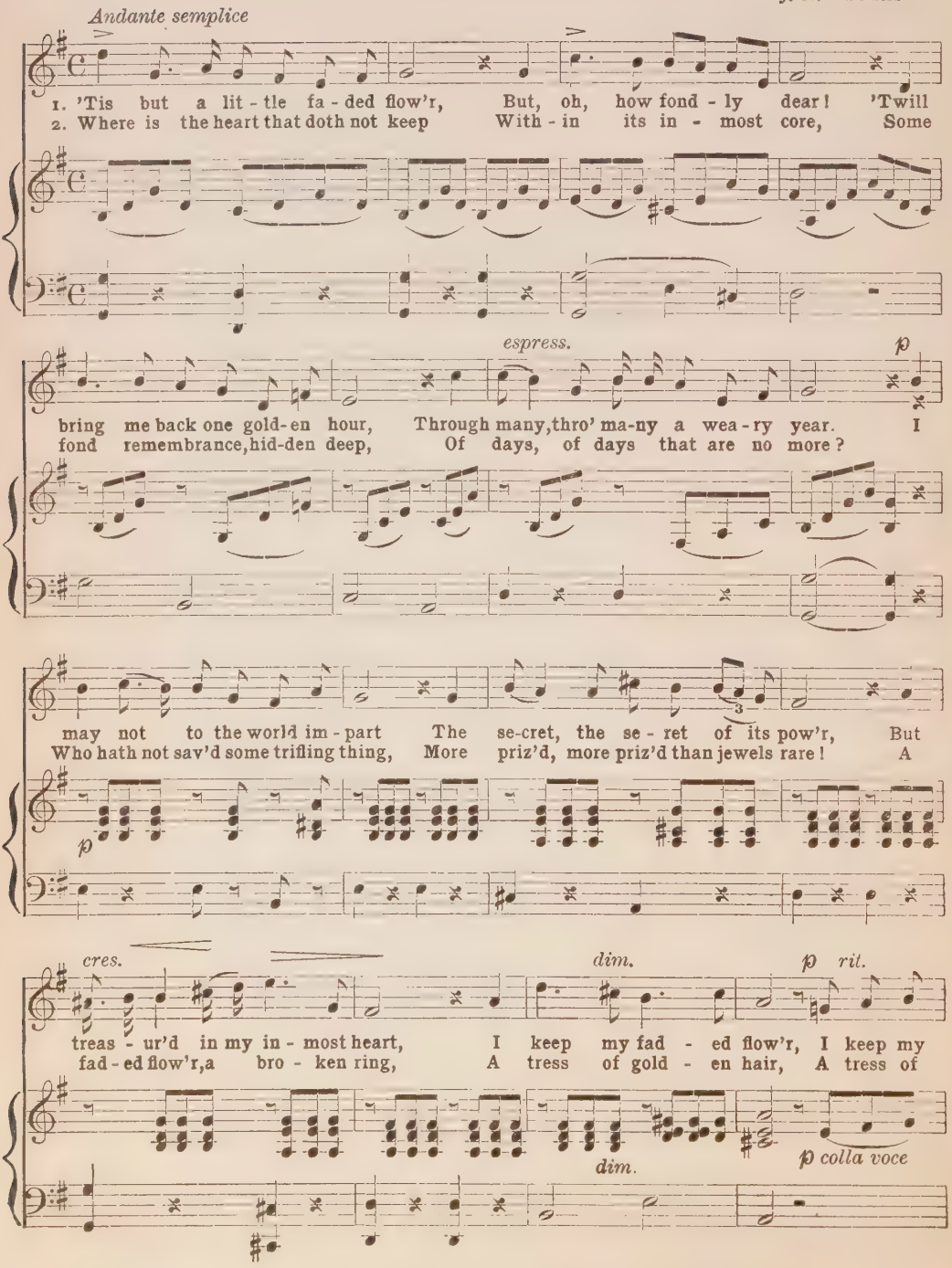


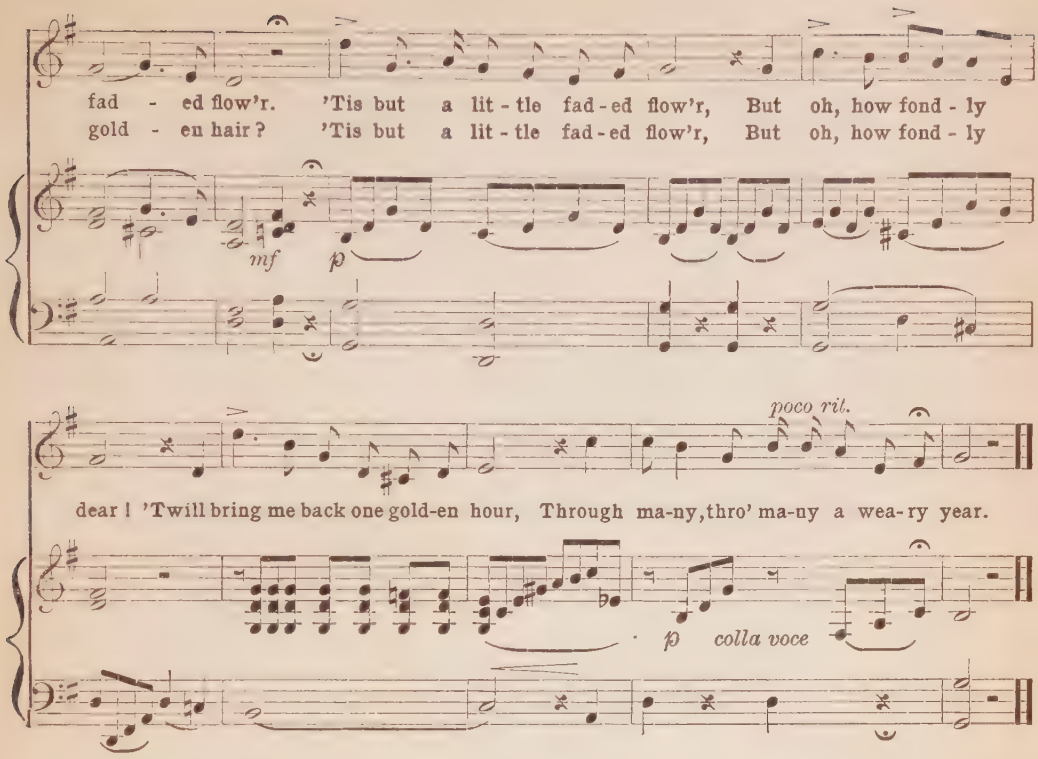
Keller's American Hymn



'Tis but a Little Faded Flower

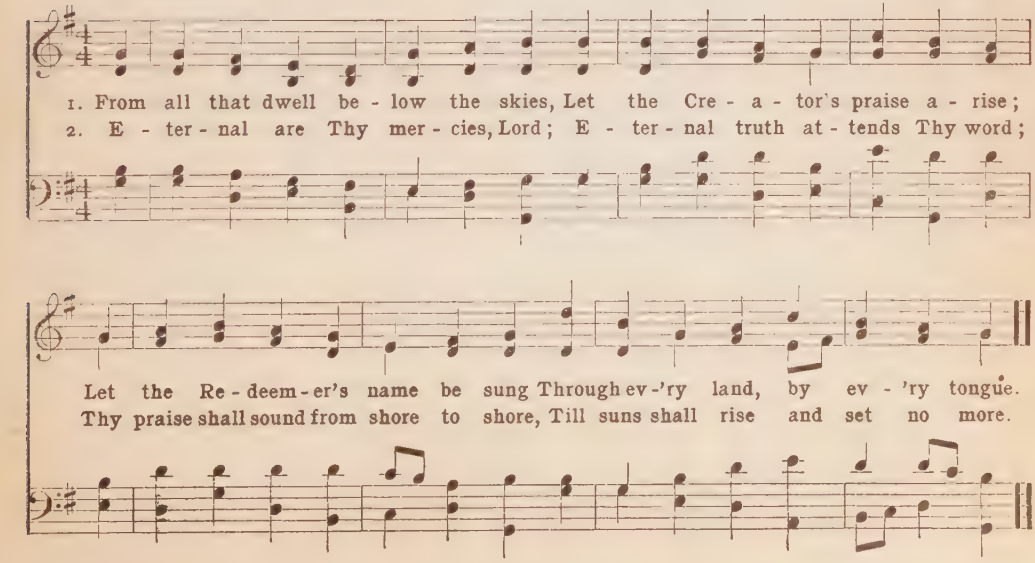
J. R. Thomas





Old Hundred

Rev. Isaac Watts — Goudimel



Just Before the Battle, Mother

G. F. Root G. F. Root

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, moth-er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;

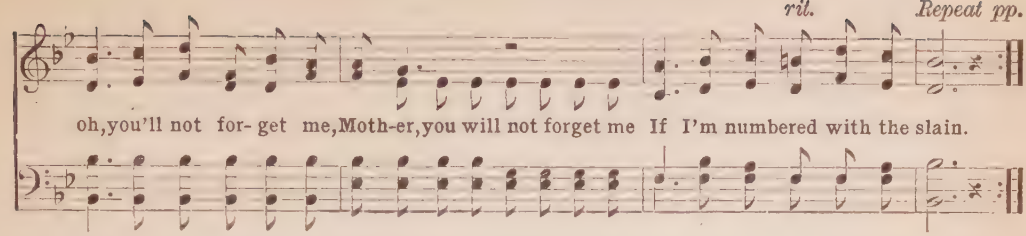
While up - on the field we're watch-ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, moth-er, As He ev - er does the right.

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; . . For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free-dom," How it swells up - on the air; . . Oh,

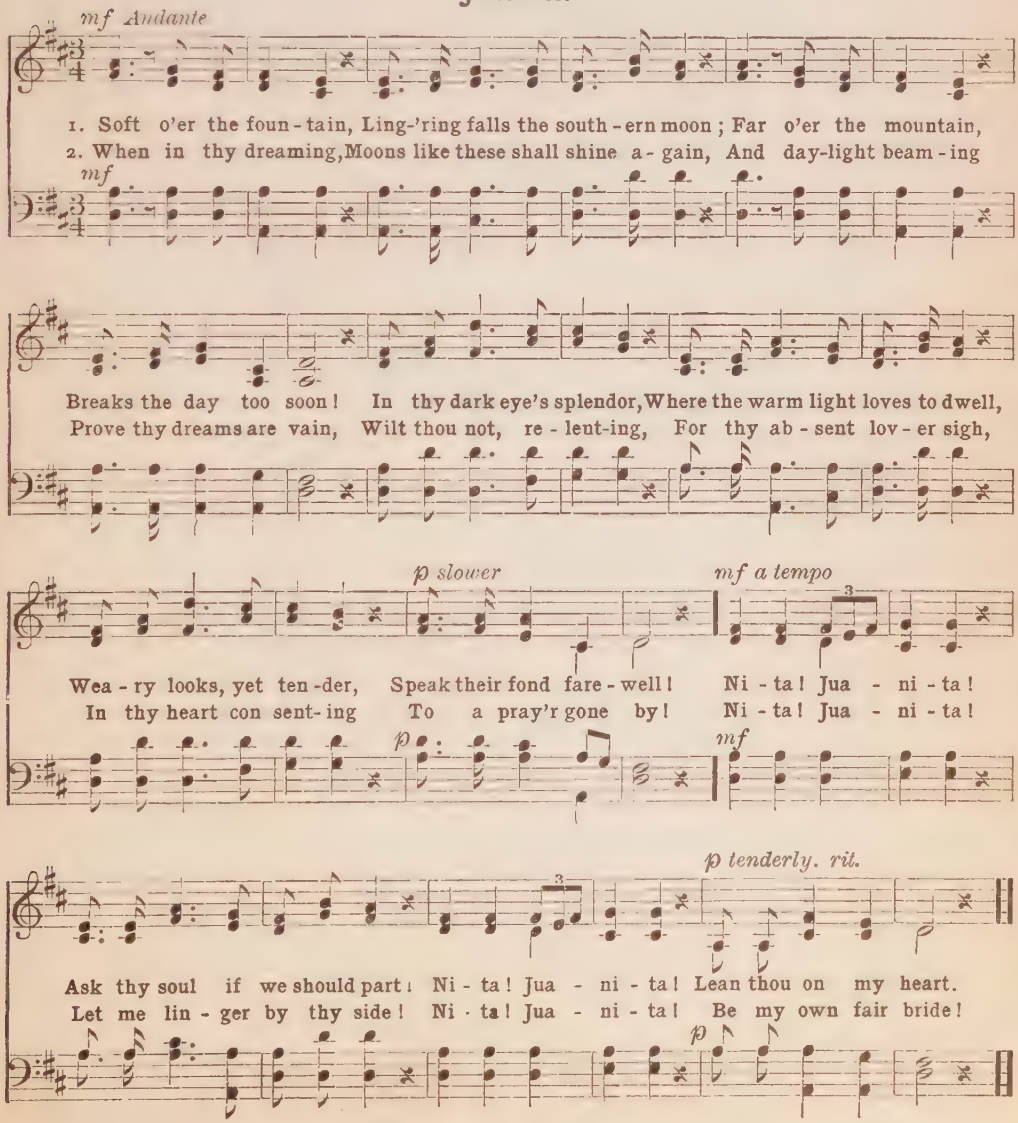
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be- neath the sod. . .
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

Chorus

Fare-well, moth-er, you may nev-er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a-gain; . . But

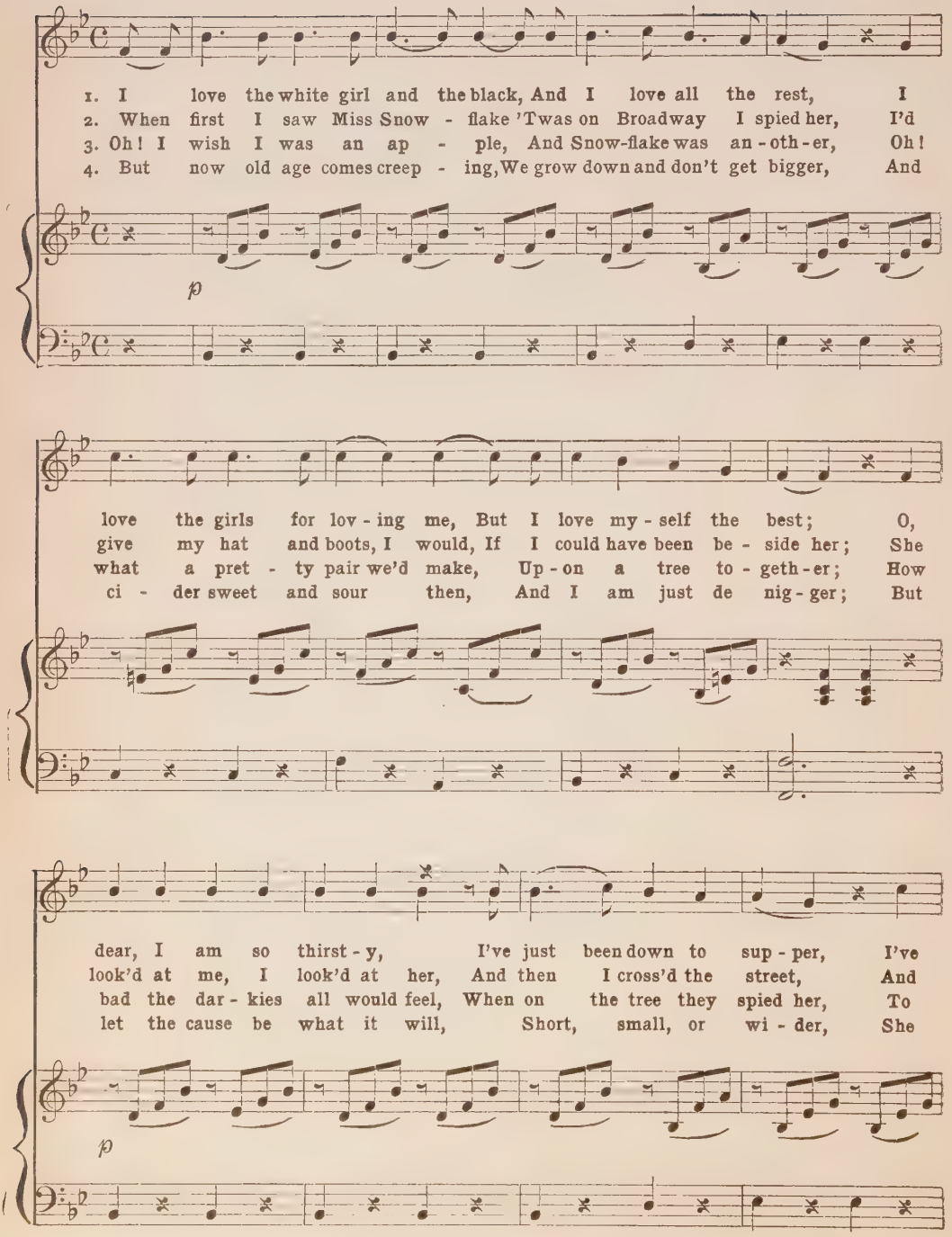

ril.
Repeat pp.
oh, you'll not for- get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

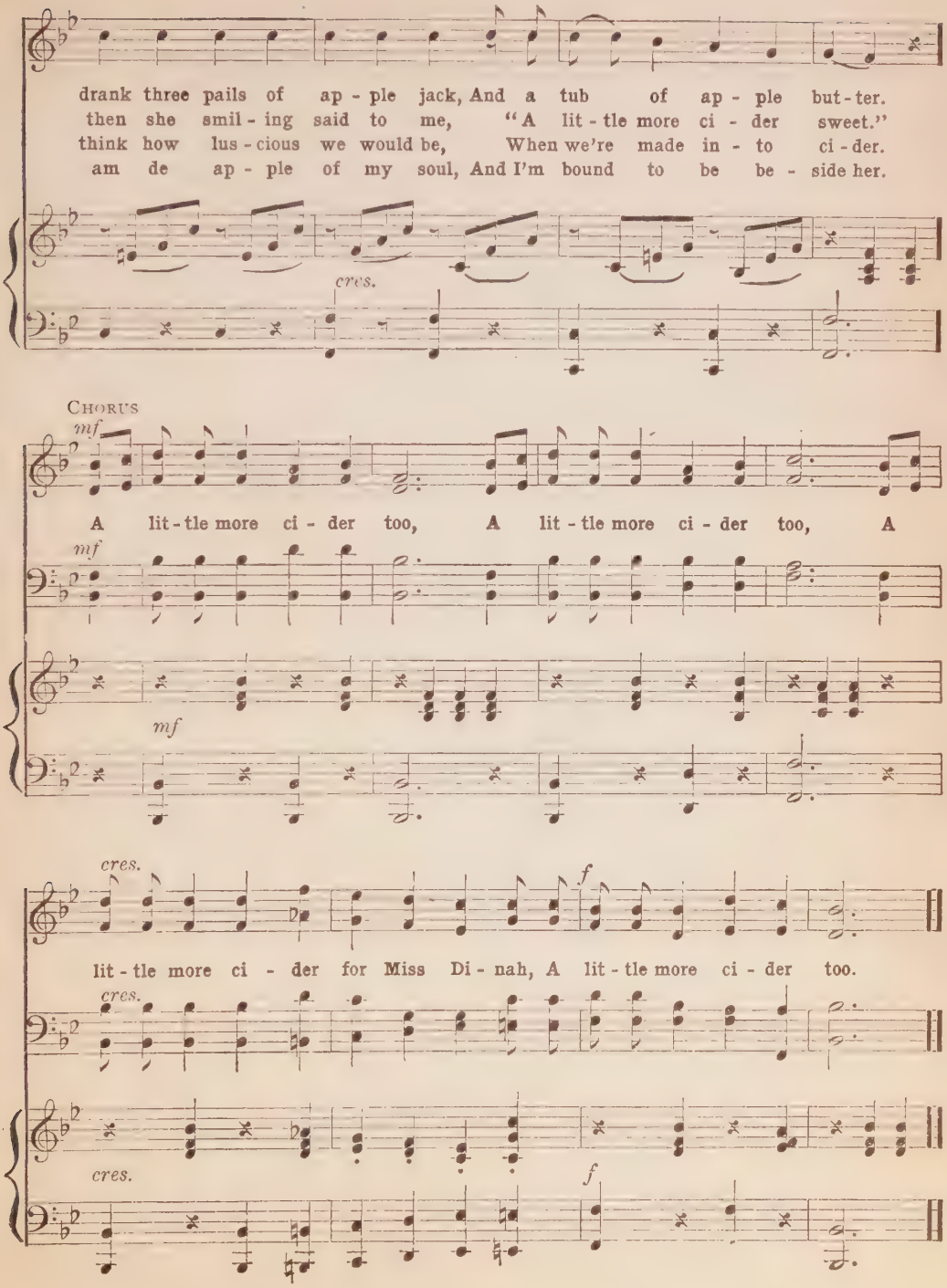
Juanita


mf Andante
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling-'ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam - ing
mf
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thy ab - sent lov - er sigh,
p slower
mf a tempo
3
Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con sent- ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
p
mf
p tenderly. rit.
3
Ask thy soul if we should part: Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

A Little More Cider

A. HART




drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.
then she smil - ing said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."
think how lus - cious we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.
am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.
cres.
Chorus
mf
A lit - tle more ci - der too, A lit - tle more ci - der too, A
mf
mf
cres.
f
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
cres.
cres.
f

Home, Sweet Home

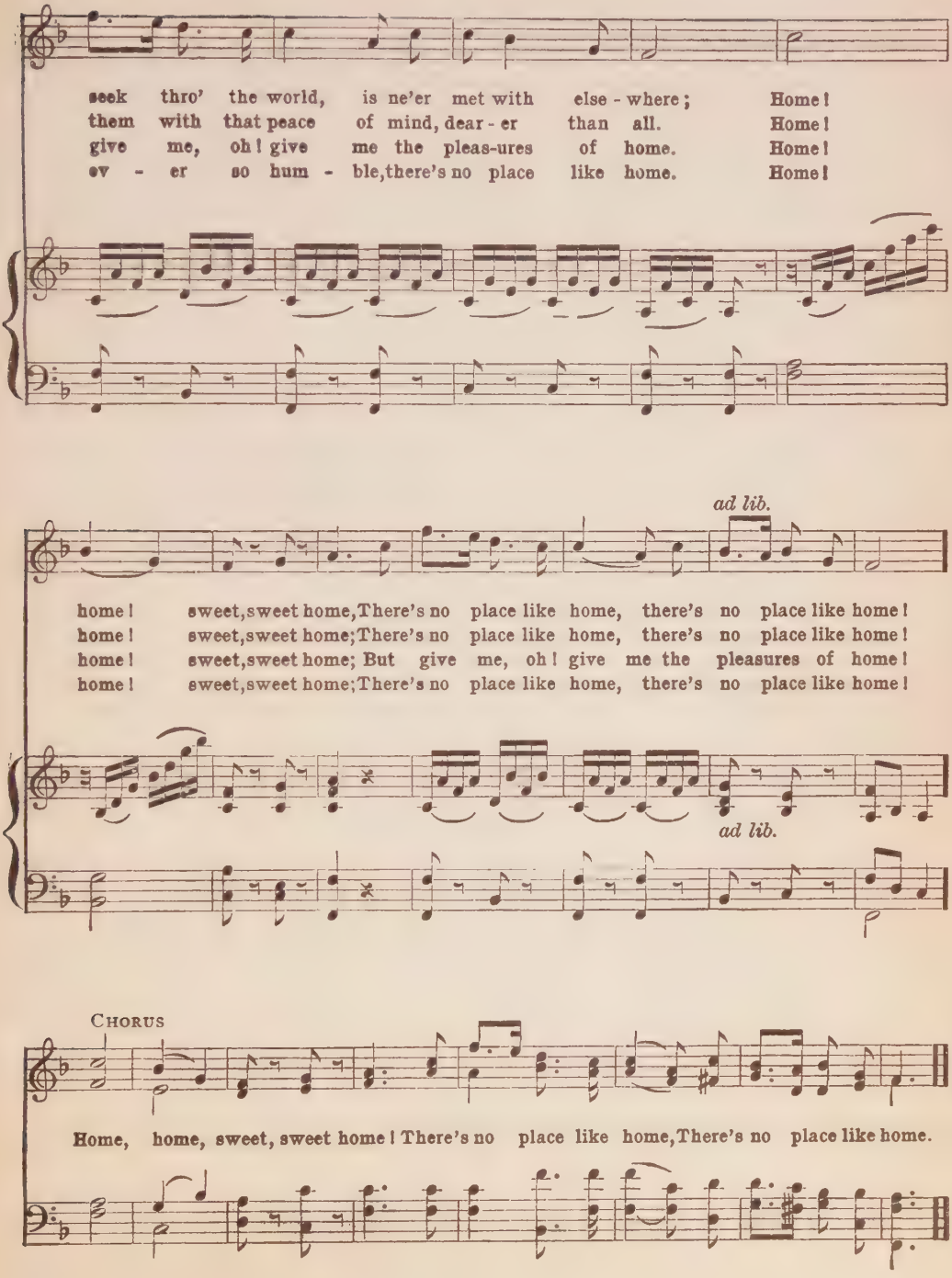
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP

Moderato

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh!
3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the
4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care, The

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
cares of a moth - er to soothe and be - guile; Let
heart's dear - est so - lace will smile on me there; No

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come at my call; Give me
oth - ers de - light 'mid new pleas - ures to roam, But
more from that cot - tage a - gain will I roam, Be it


seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where; Home!
them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home!
give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home. Home!
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. Home!
ad lib.
home! sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
home! sweet, sweet home; But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
ad lib.
Chorus
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. Crawford — F. Nicholls Crouch

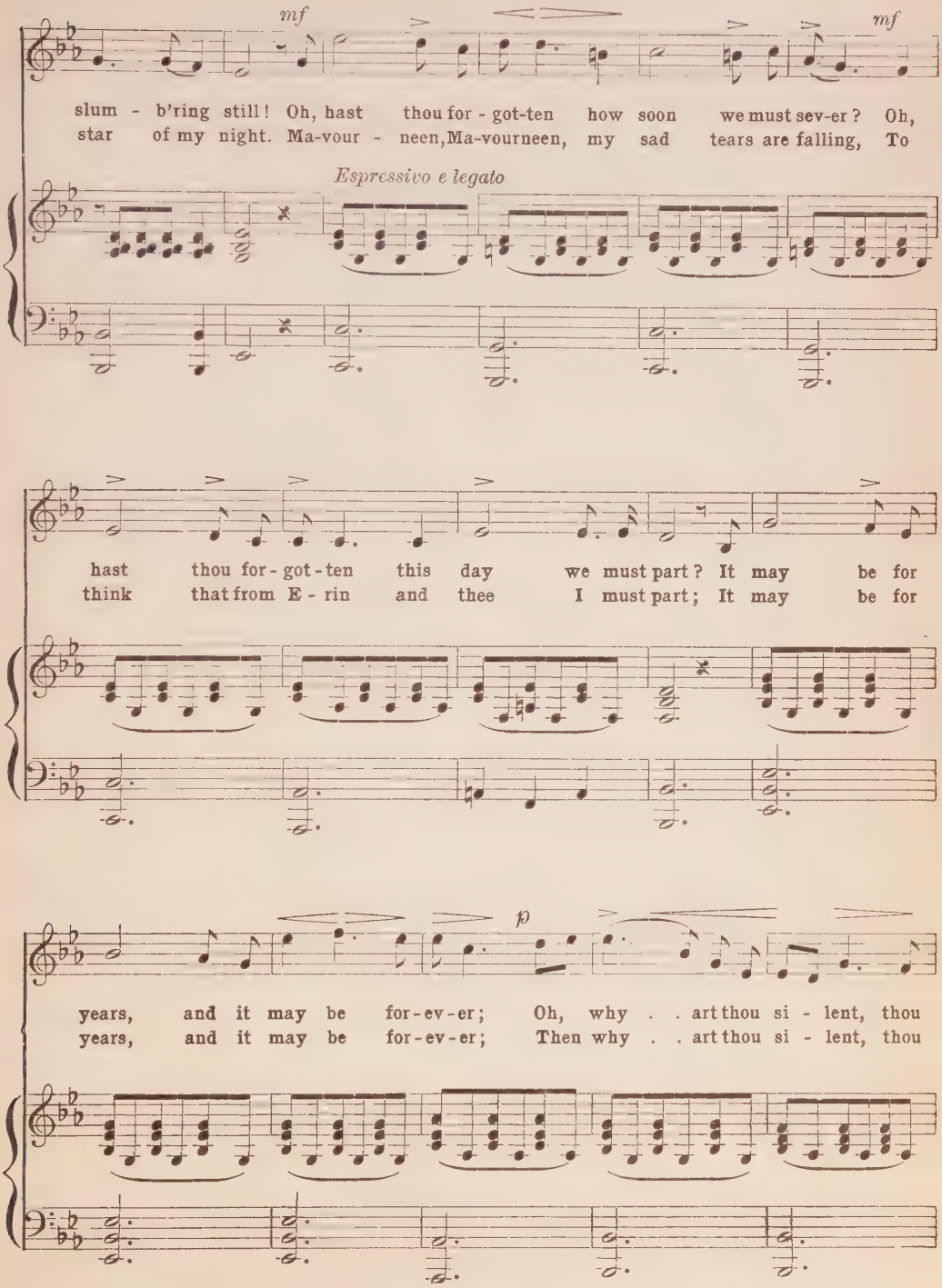
Andante e penseroso

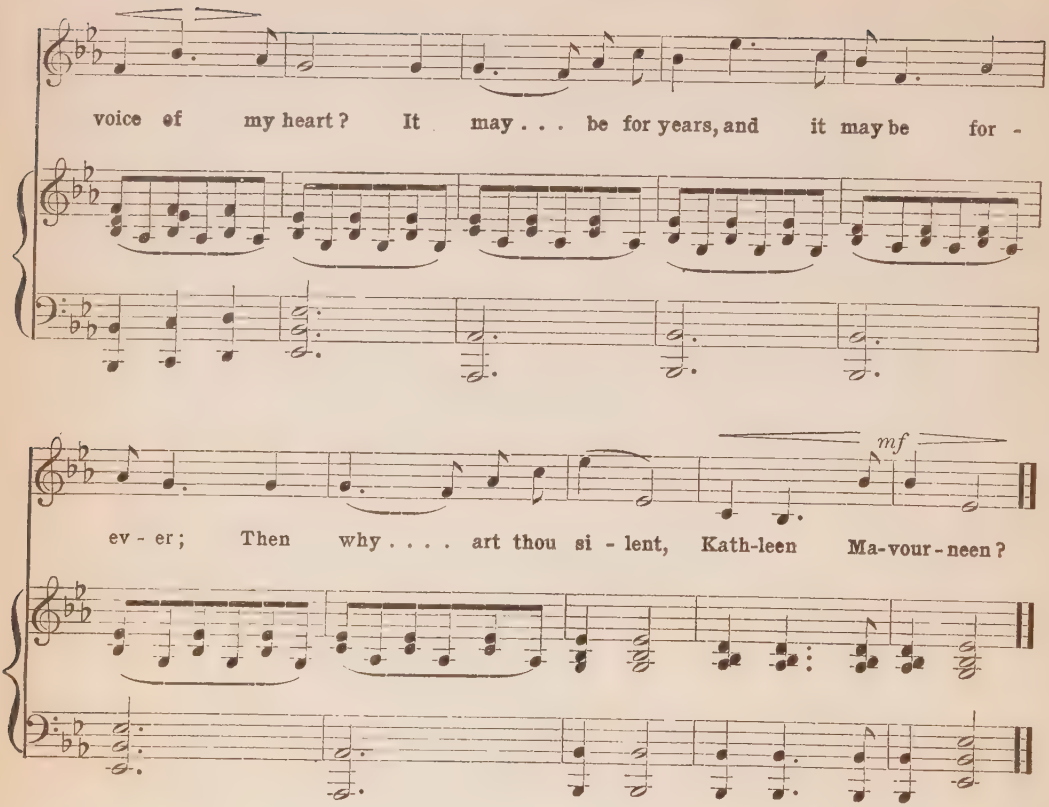
mf *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum - bers; . . The

horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her
blue mountains glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the

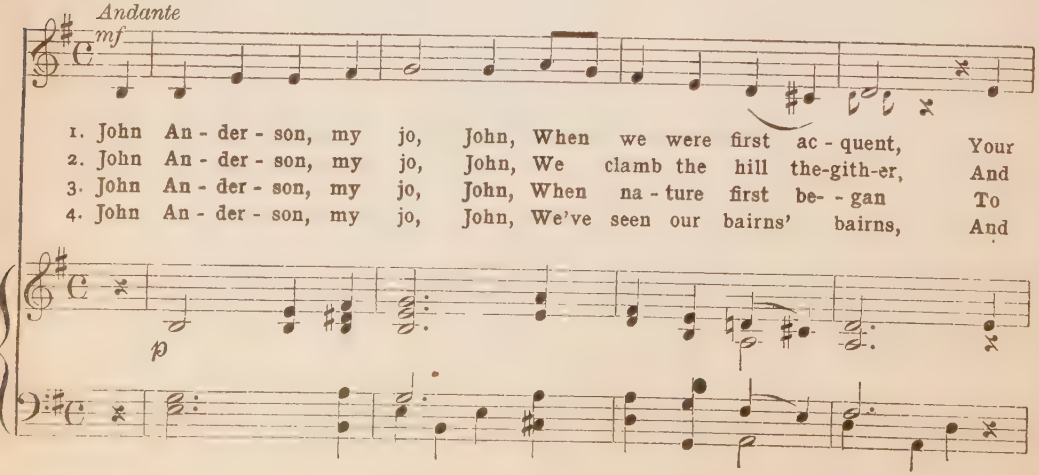
light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kathleen . . Mavour-neen! what,
spell that once hung on my num - bers? A - rise in . . . thy beau-ty, thou

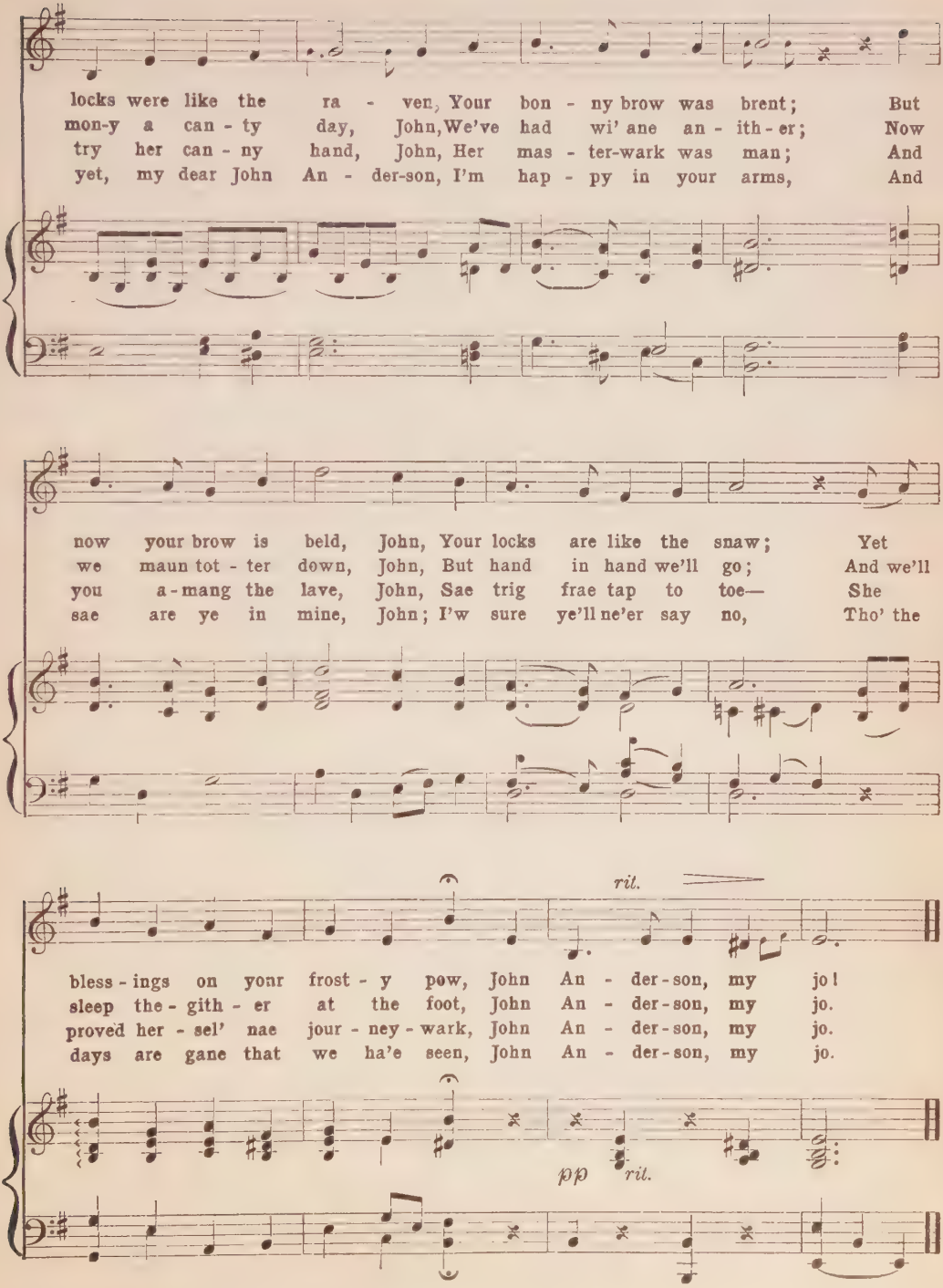

mf
mf
slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh,
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To
Espressivo e legato
hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for
think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for
p
years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh, why . . art thou si - lent, thou
years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why . . art thou si - lent, thou



John Anderson, My Jo.

ROBERT BURNS




locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - ny brow was brent; But
mon-y a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er; Now
try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-wark was man; And
yet, my dear John An - der-son, I'm hap - py in your arms, And
now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; Yet
we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go; And we'll
you a-mang the lave, John, Sae trig frae tap to toe— She
sae are ye in mine, John; I'w sure ye'll ne'er say no, Tho' the
ril.
bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der-son, my jo!
sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der-son, my jo.
proved her - sel' nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der-son, my jo.
days are gane that we ha'e seen, John An - der-son, my jo.
pp
ril.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W. T. WRIGHTON

With expression

1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her
3. I've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path, I have

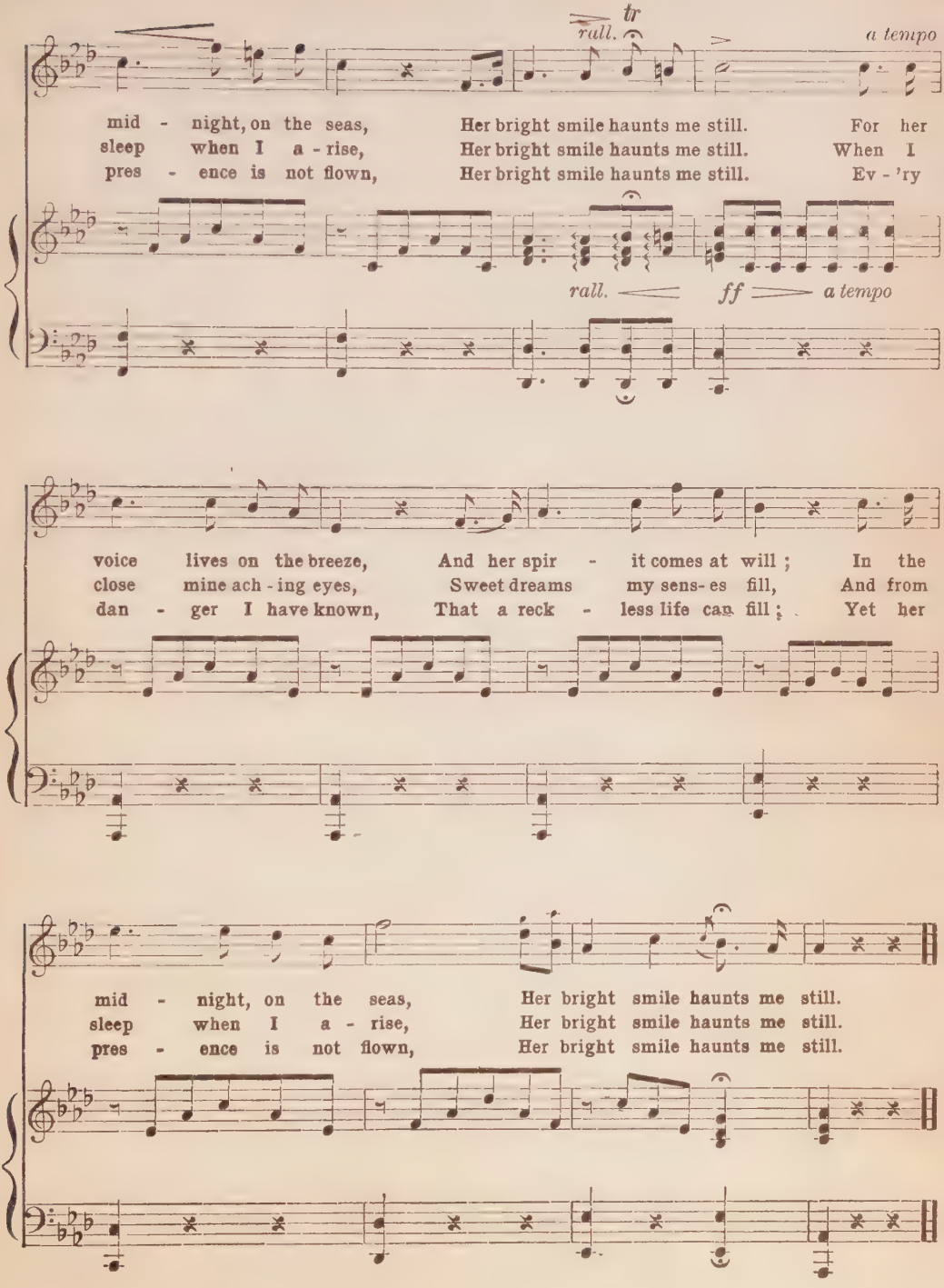
legato

rall. *a tempo*

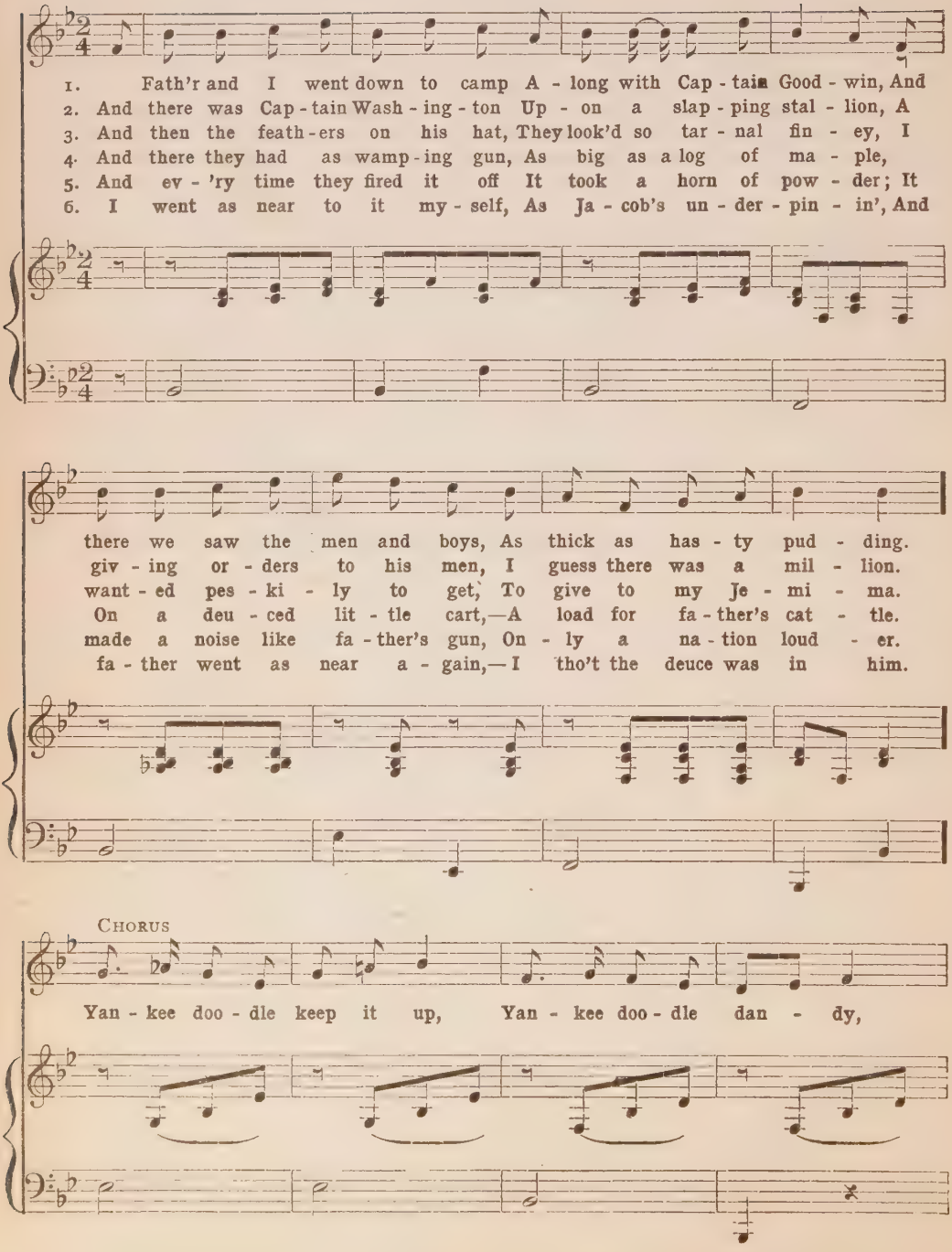
strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her
form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep; When I
seen the storm a - rise, Like a gi - ant in his wrath; Ev - 'ry

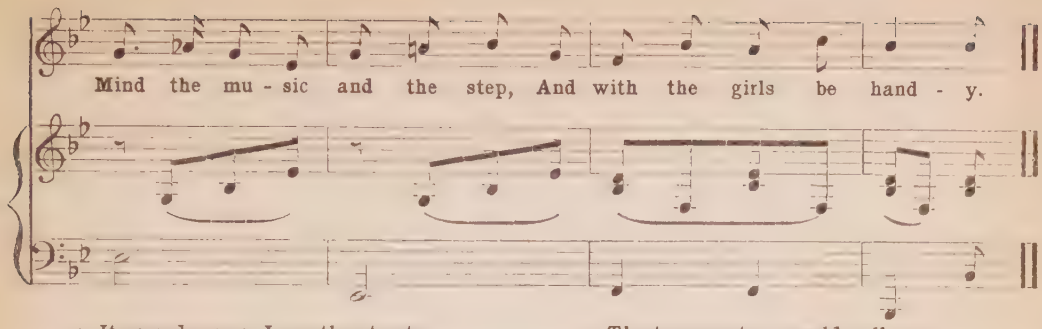
rall. *a tempo*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill; And from
dan - ger I have known, That a reck-less life can fill; Yet her


tr
rall.
a tempo
mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev - 'ry
rall.
ff
a tempo
voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will ; In the
close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sens- es fill, And from
dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill ; Yet her
mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

Yankee Doodle





7 It scared me so, I ran the streets,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Till I got home, and safely locked
In granny's little chamber. Cho.

8 And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together. Cho.

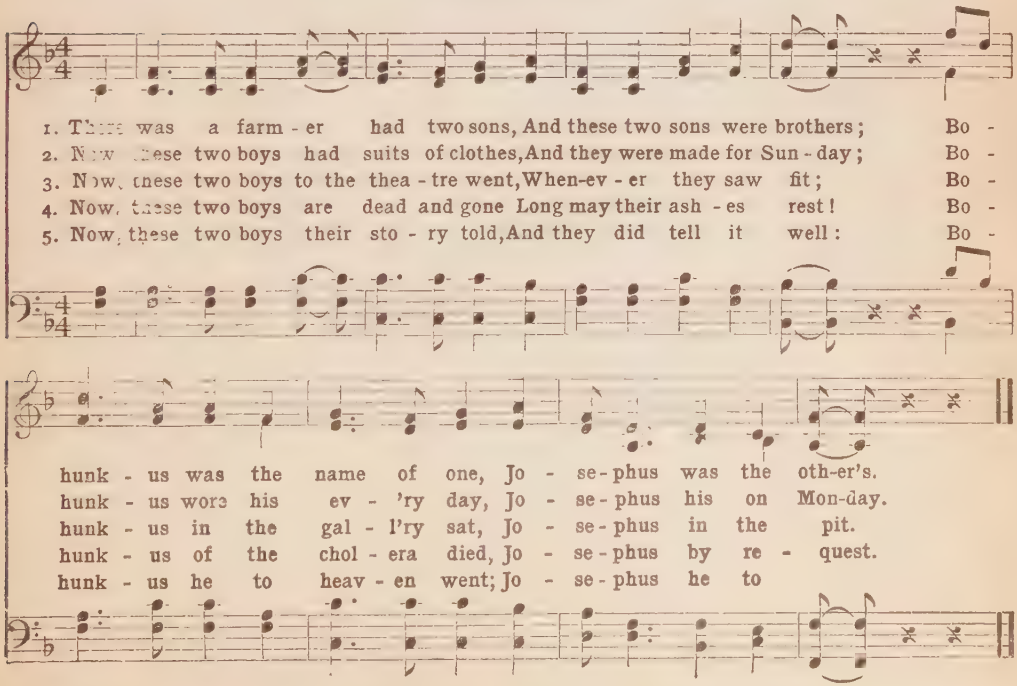
9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles. Cho.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races. Cho.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones. Cho.

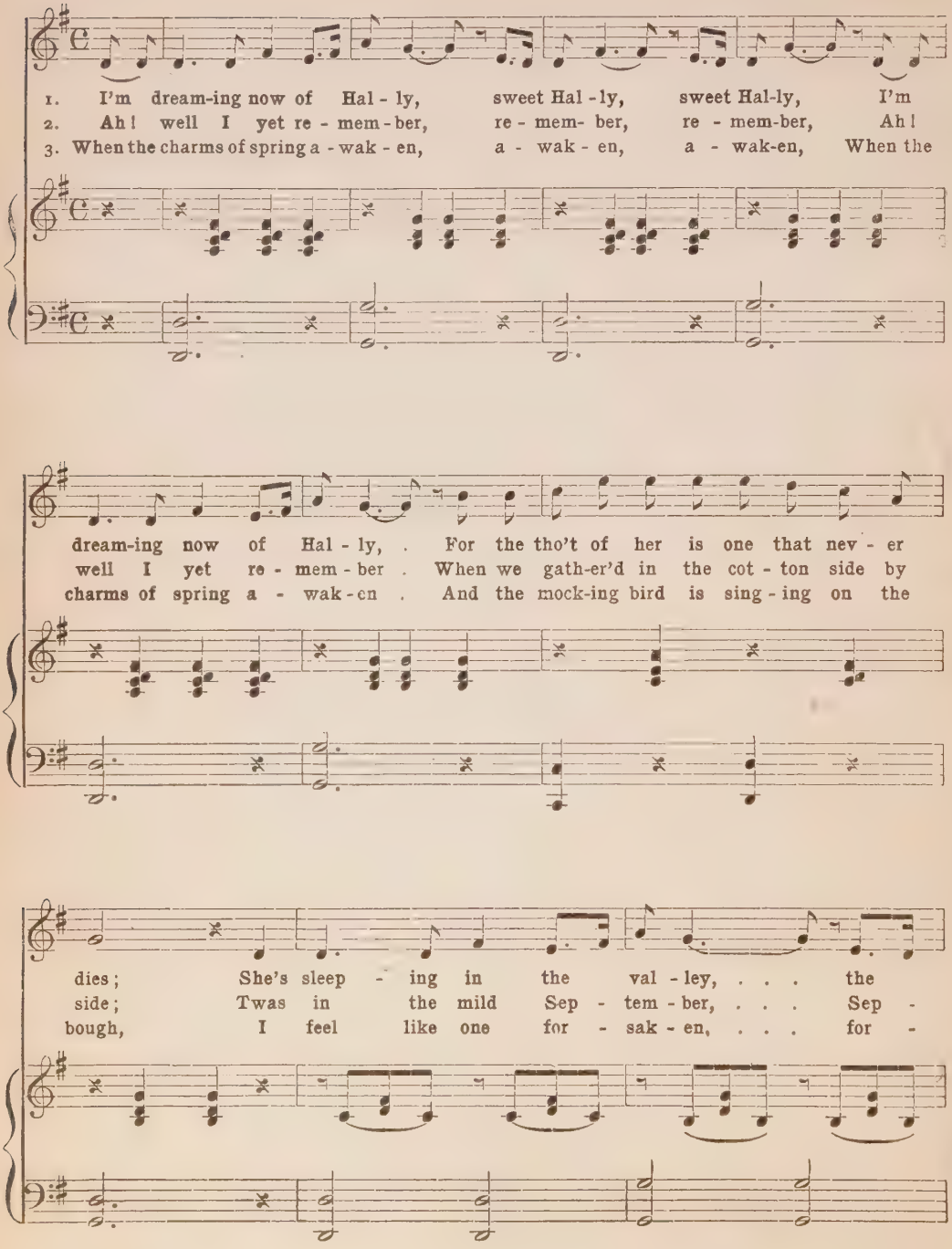
12 But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother. Cho.

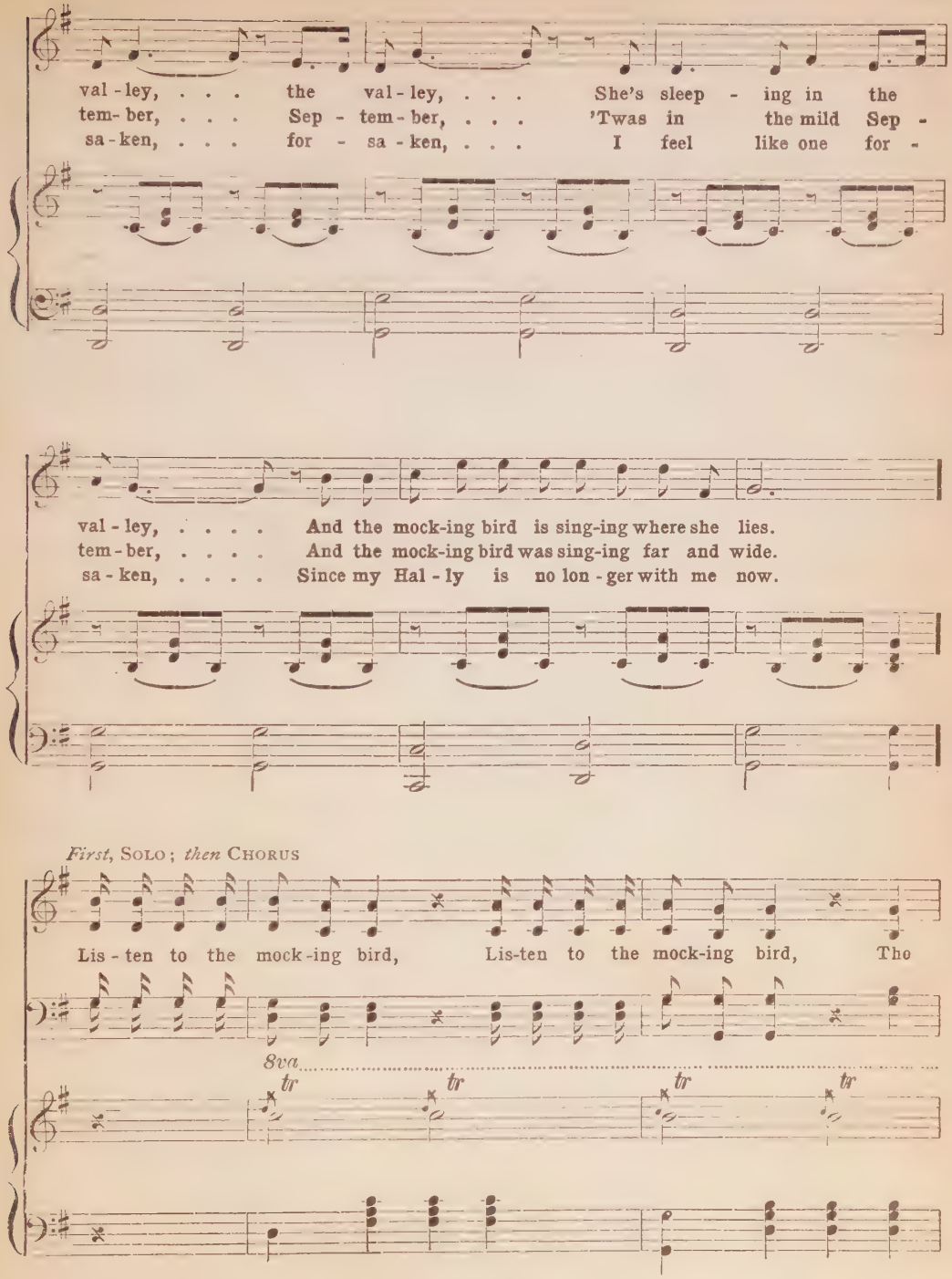
Bohunkus

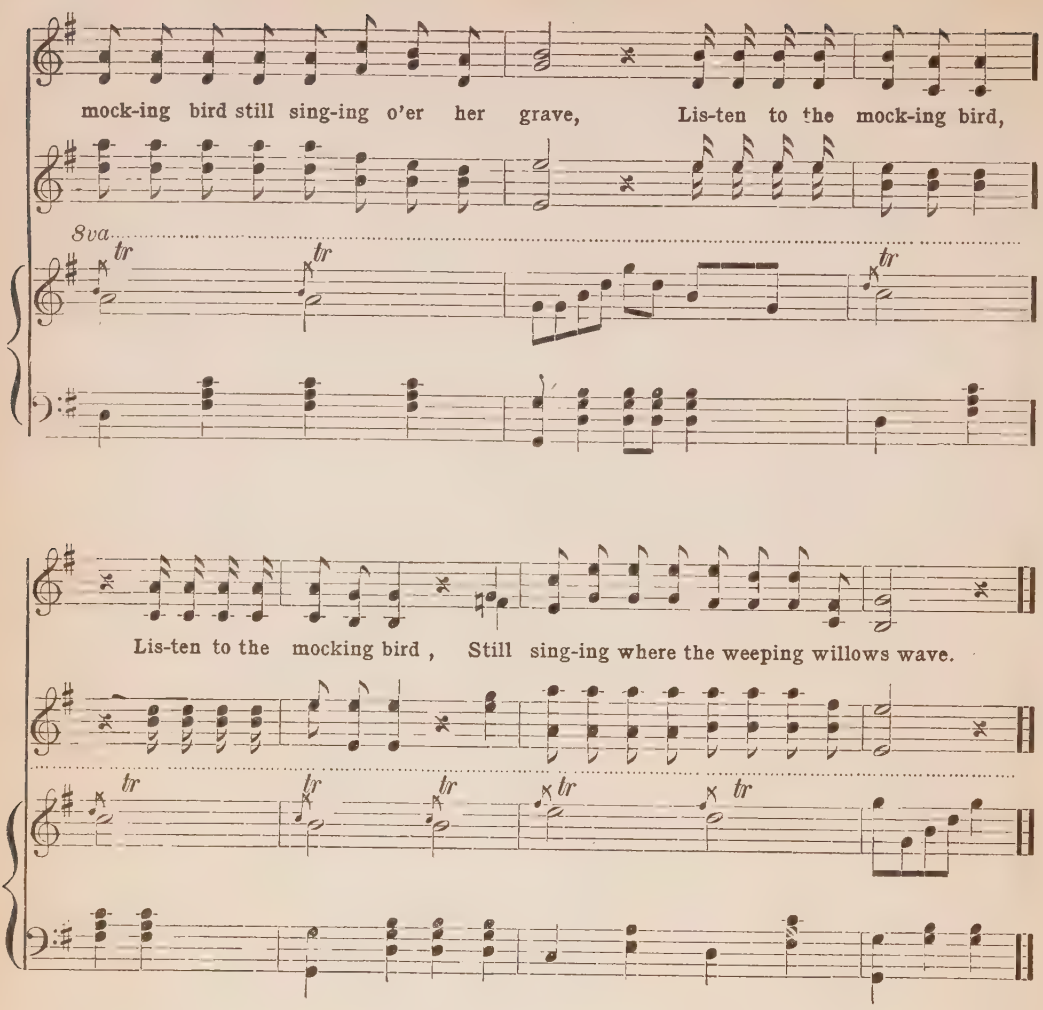


Listen to the Mocking Bird

ALICE HAWTHORNE

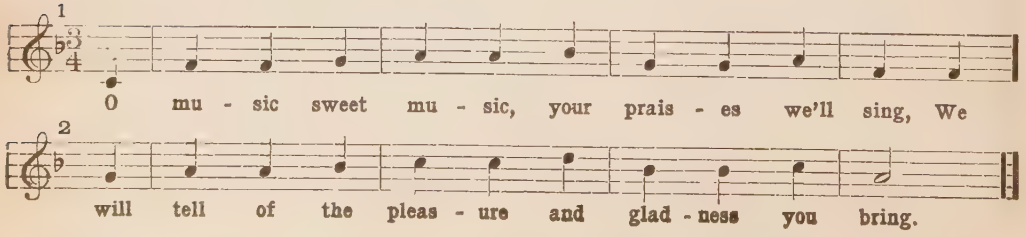



val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . She's sleep - ing in the
tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . 'Twas in the mild Sep -
sa - ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . I feel like one for -
val - ley, ... And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies.
tem - ber, ... And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide.
sa - ken, ... Since my Hal - ly is no lon - ger with me now.
First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The
8va
tr
tr
tr
tr



O Music

ROUND



The Blue Bells of Scotland

Mrs. James Grant — Folksong

Andante moderato

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland lad- die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland lad- die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p

High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
High - land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and

cres.

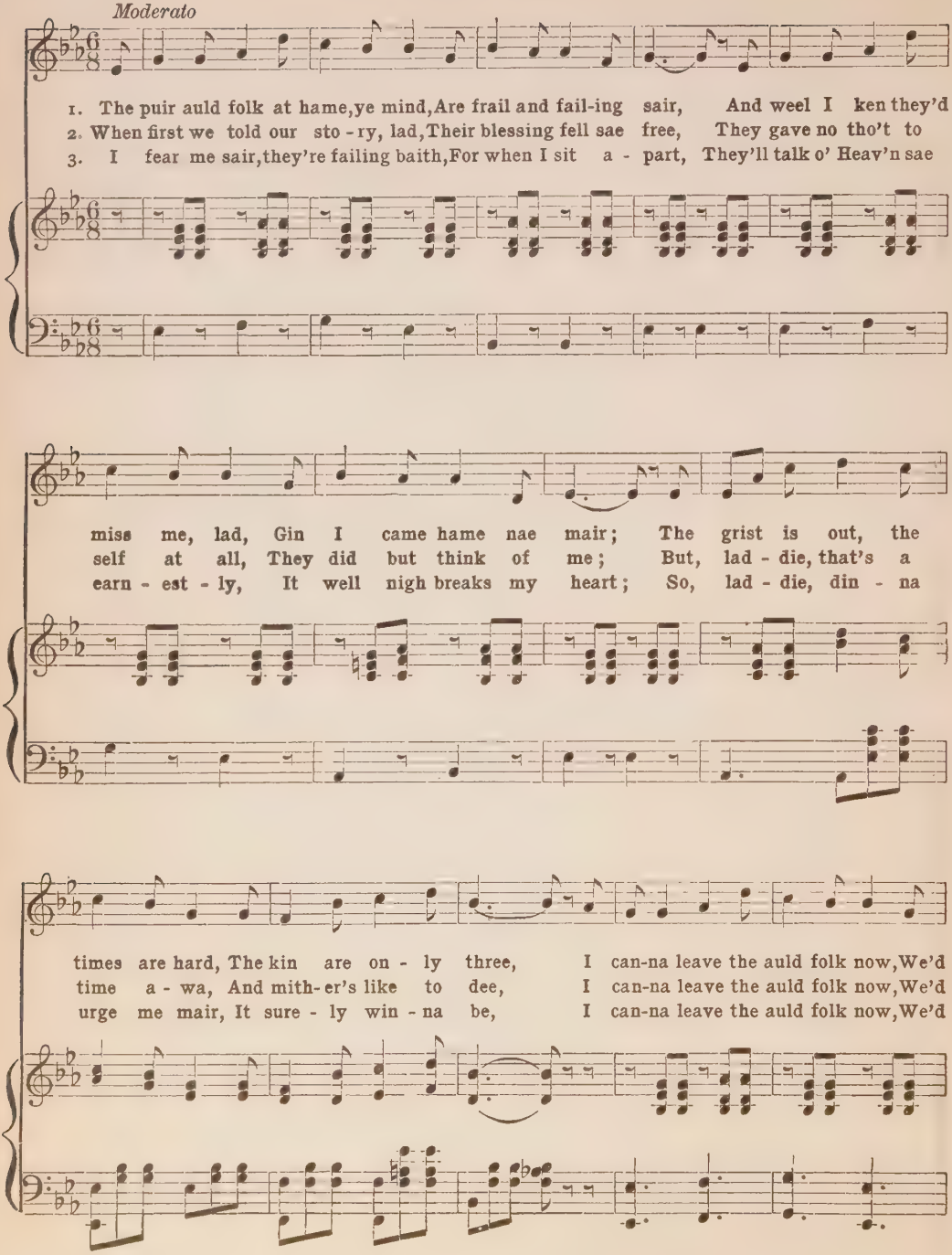
no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, . . in my heart I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh, . . in my heart I lo'e my lad - die well.
bring him safe a - gain, For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain

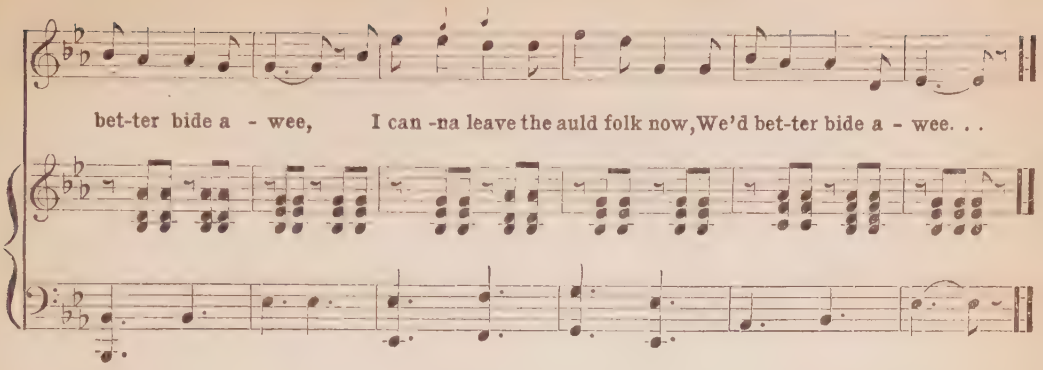
p

We'd Better Bide a Wee

CLARIBEL

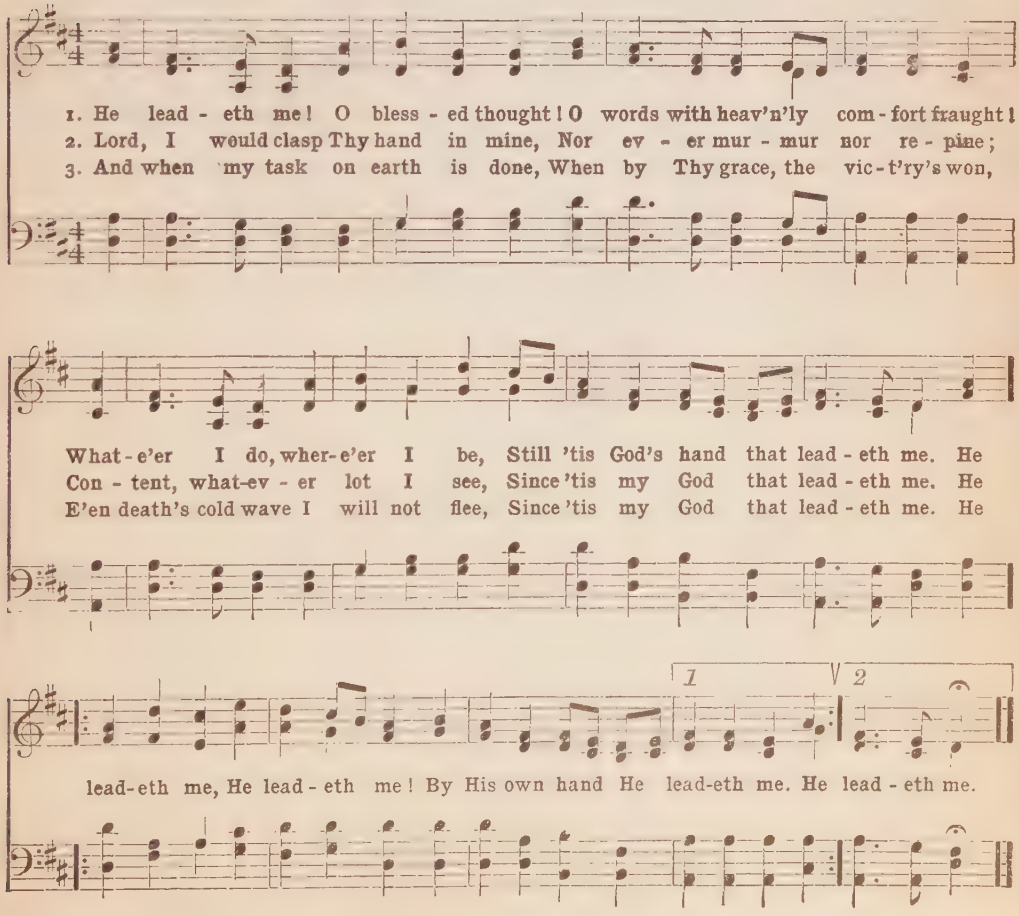
Moderato





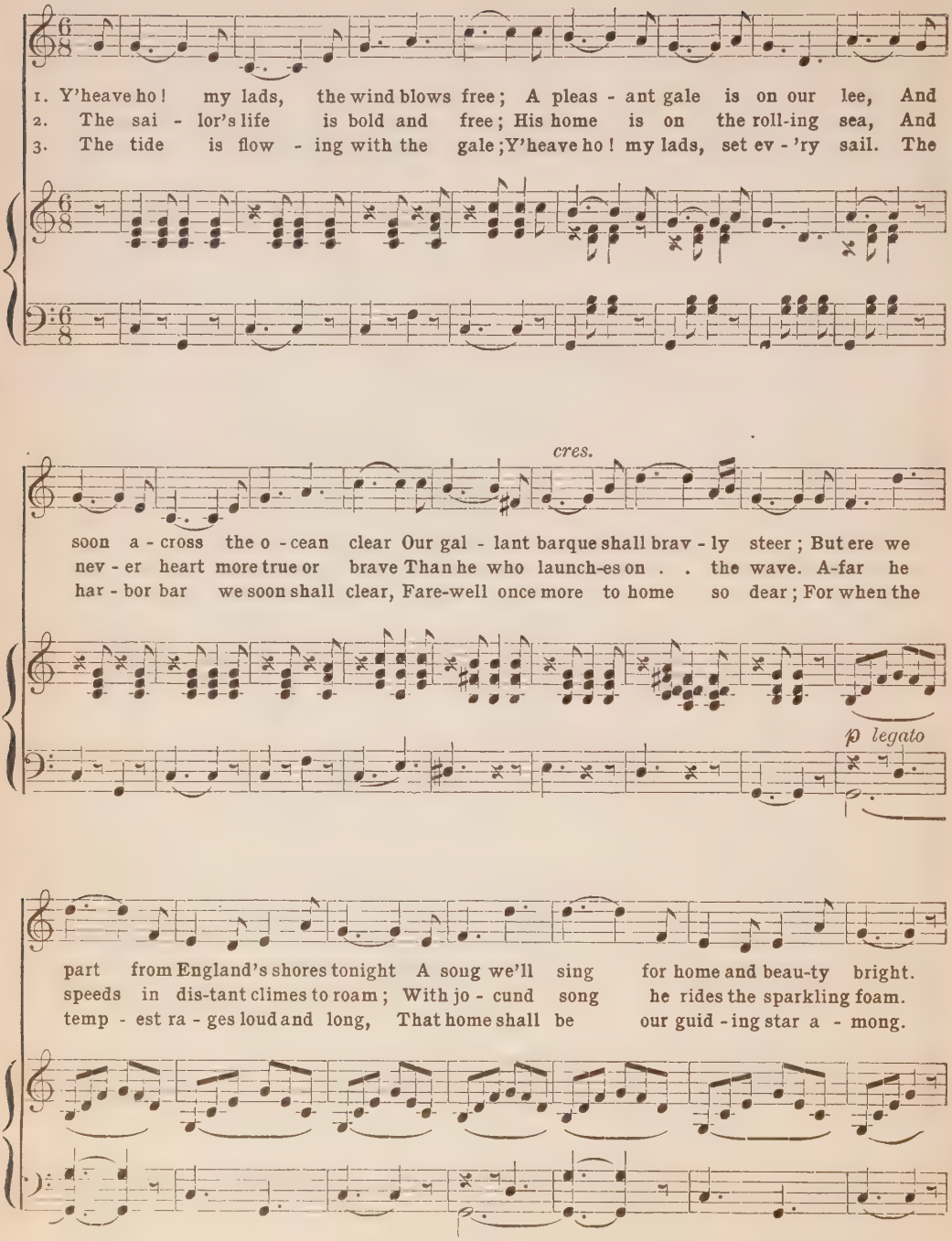
He Leadeth Me

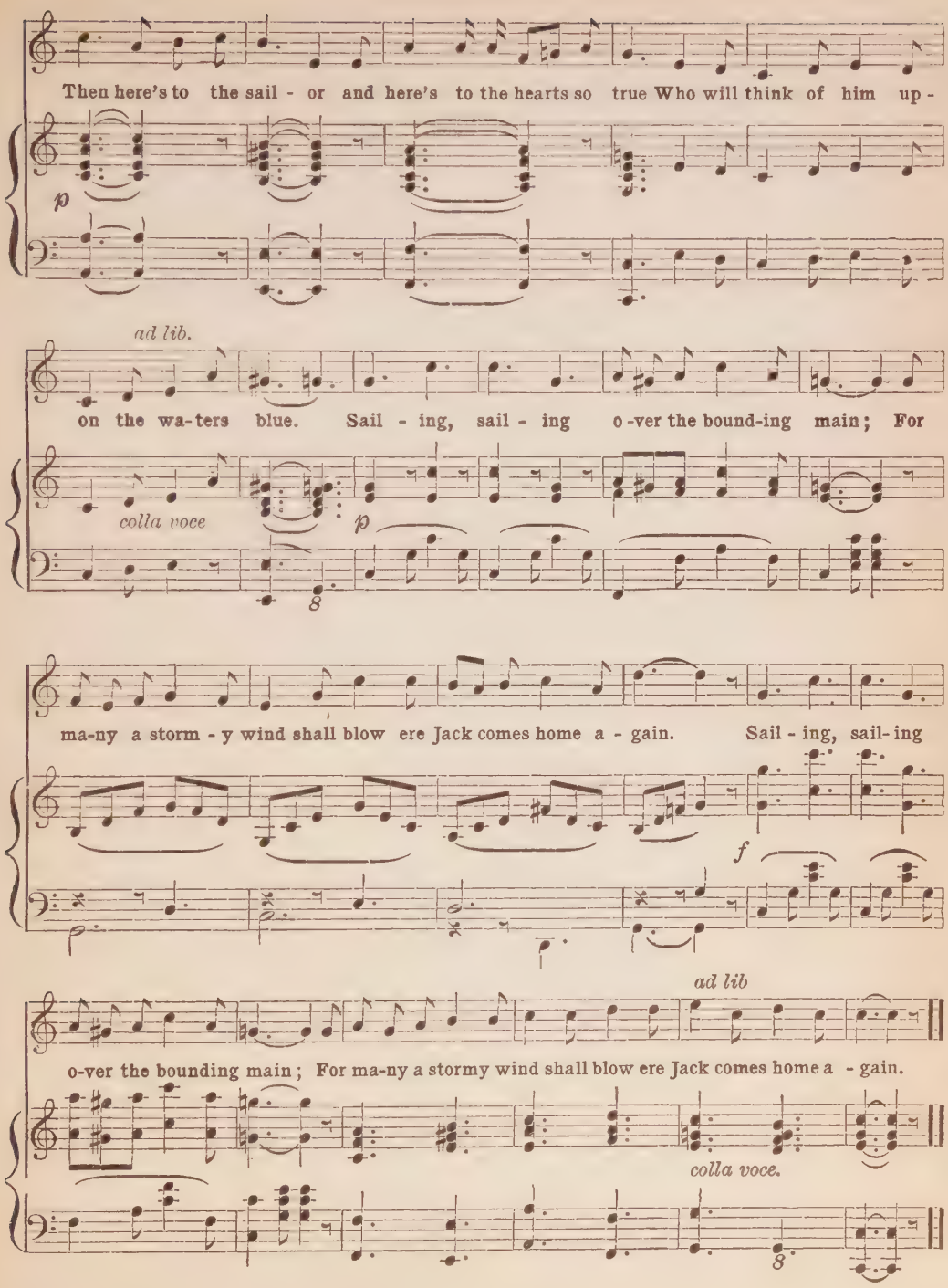
Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE W. B. BRADBURY



Sailing

GODFREY MARKS




Then here's to the sail - or and here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him up -
p
ad lib.
on the wa-ters blue. Sail - ing, sail - ing o-ver the bound-ing main; For
colla voce
p
ma-ny a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. Sail - ing, sail-ing
f
ad lib
o-ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.
colla voce.

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE — Attributed to BEETHOVEN

Pensively and in moderate time

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And, ma - ny a
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful

legato

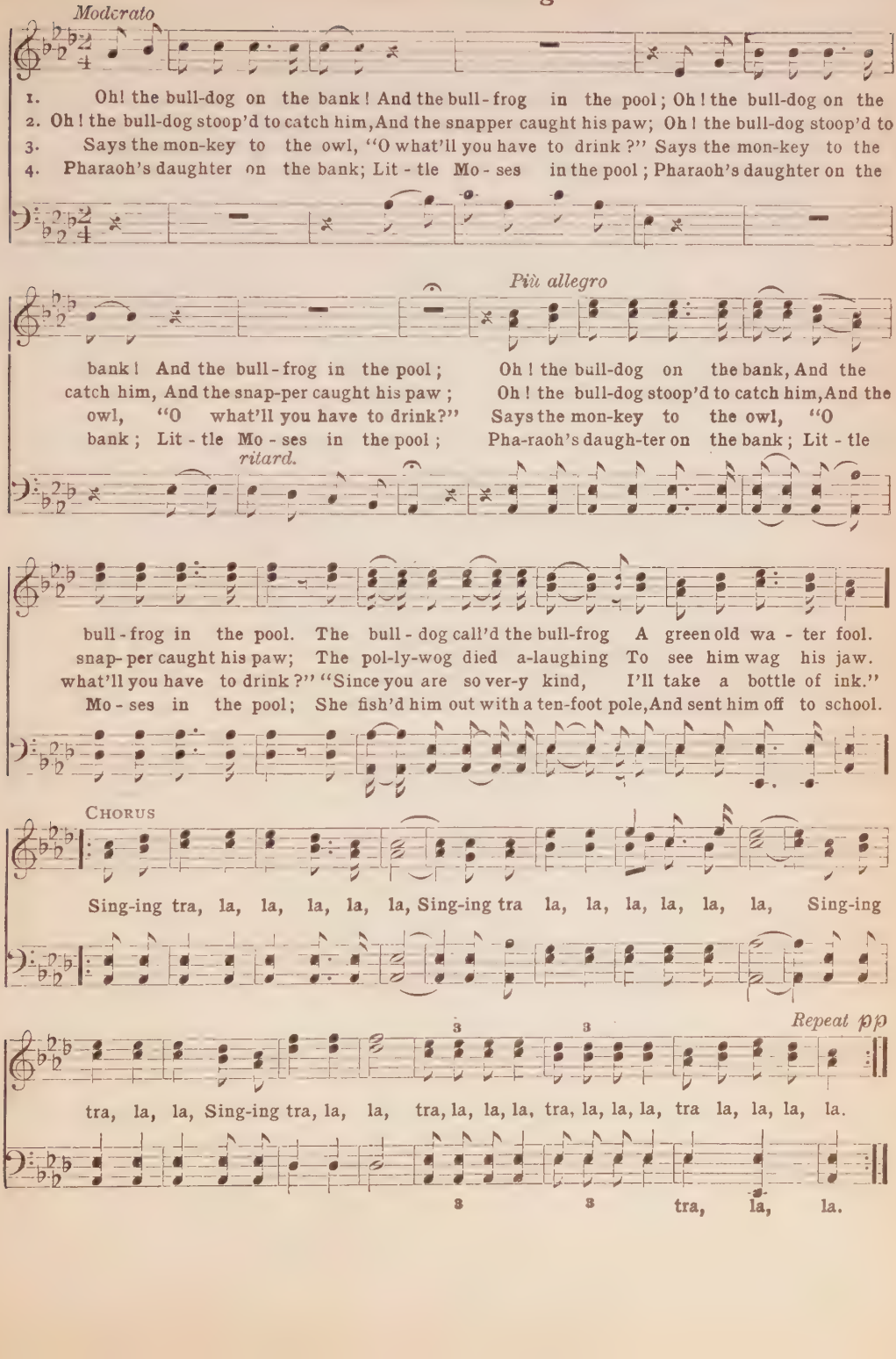
tale . their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When
heart, that then was gay, With - in . the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And
peal will still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And

1 2

last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of sooth - ing chime!
hears no more those eve - ning bells! With - eve - ning bells!
sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells. While eve - ning bells.

1 2

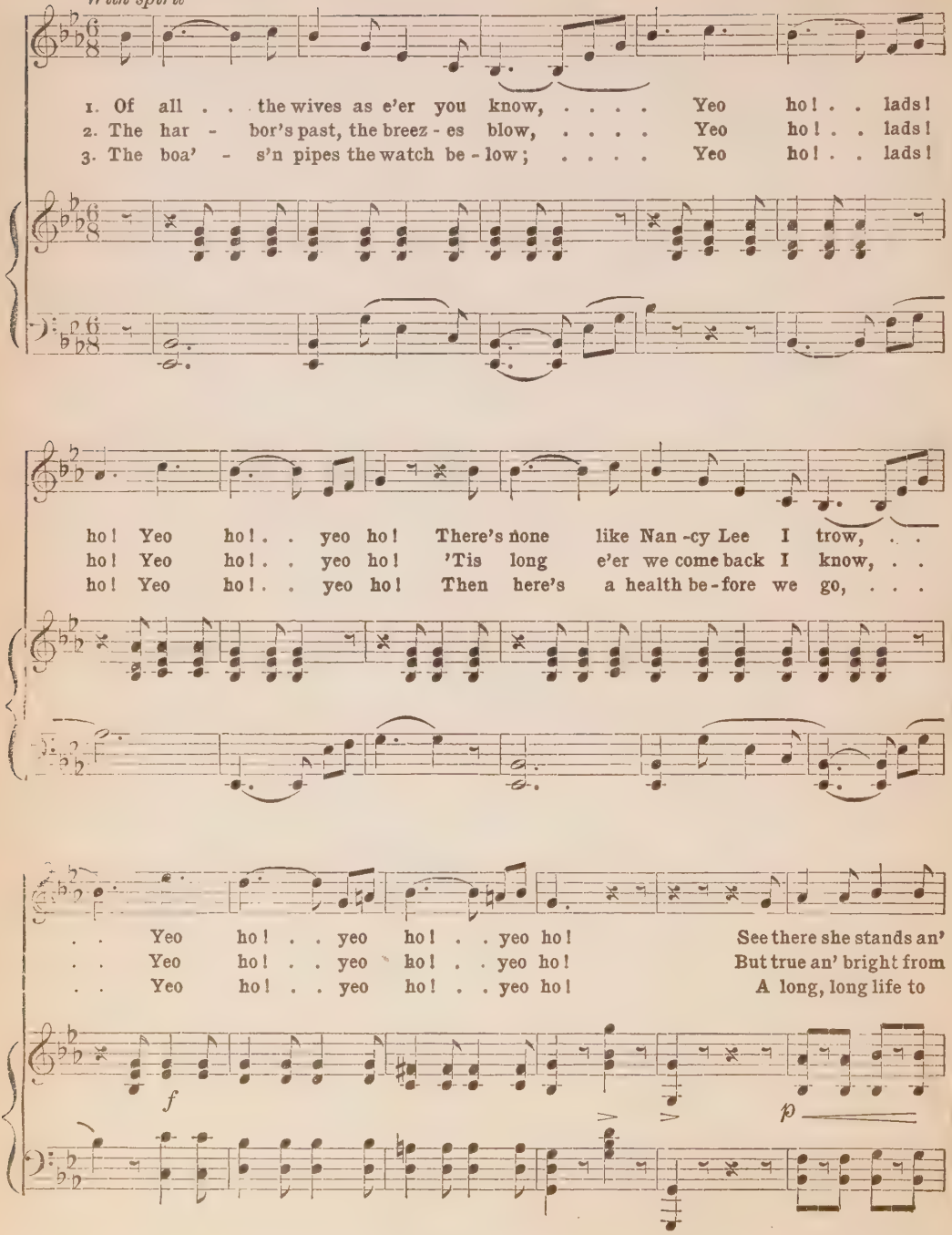
The Bull-Dog

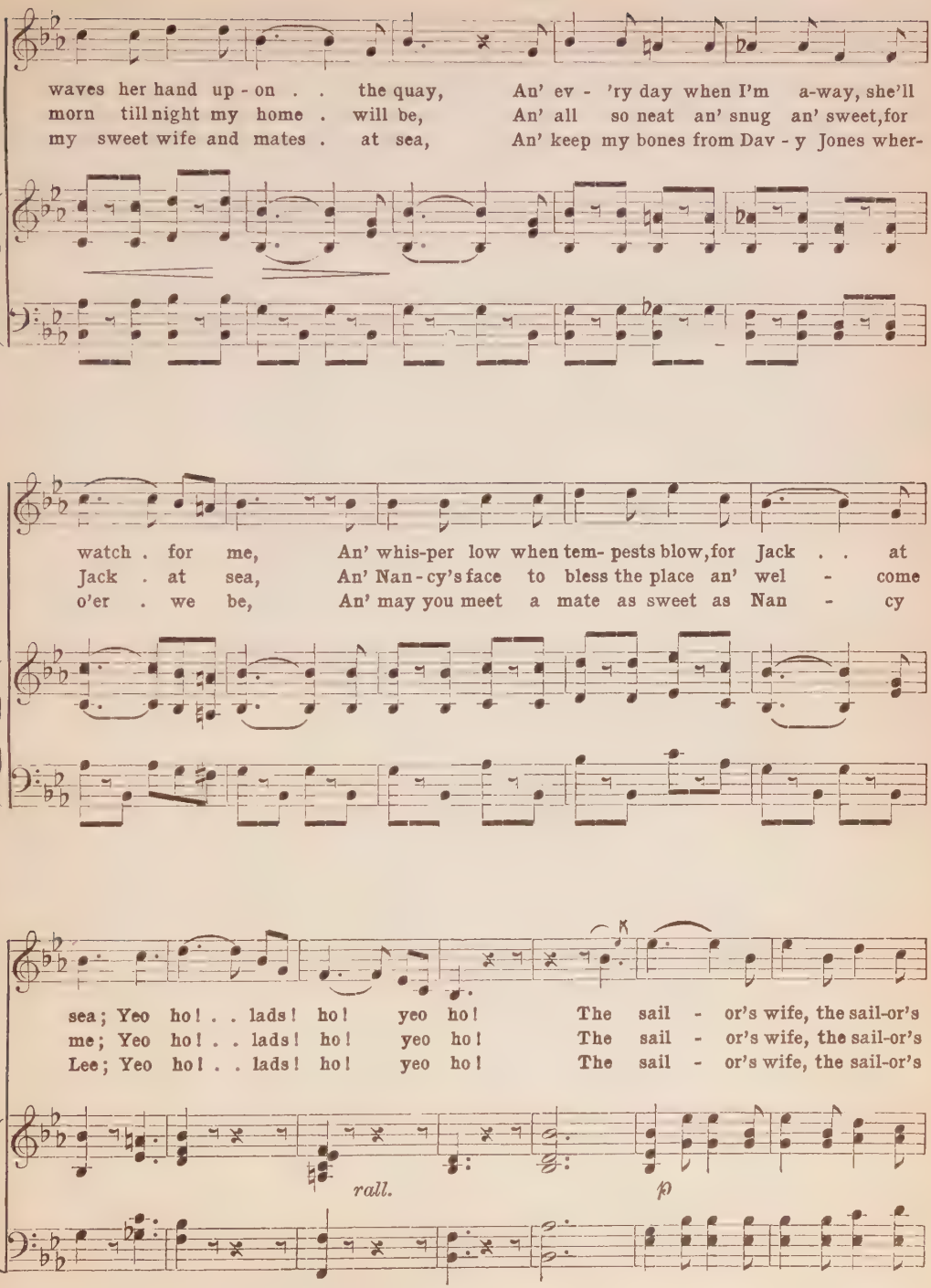

Moderato
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
3. Says the mon-key to the owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank; Lit-tle Mo-ses in the pool; Pharaoh's daughter on the
Più allegro
bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the owl, "O
bank; Lit-tle Mo-ses in the pool; Pha-raoh's daugh-ter on the bank; Lit-tle
ritard.
bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.
snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laughing To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mo-ses in the pool; She fish'd him out with a ten-foot pole, And sent him off to school.
CHORUS
Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing
Repeat pp
3 3
tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, la.
3 3 tra, la, la.

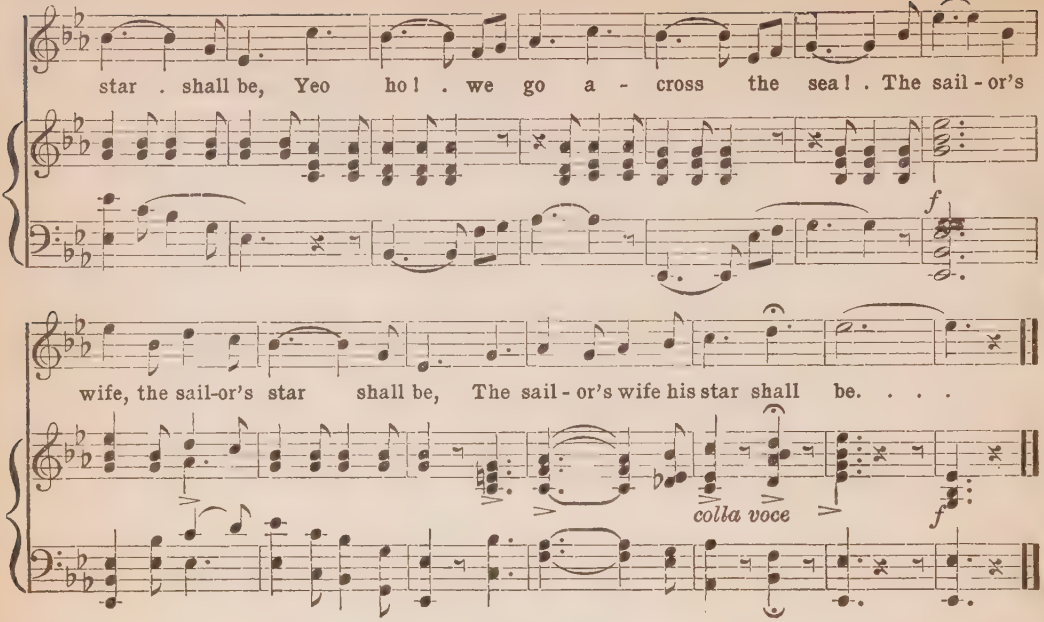
Nancy Lee

FRED E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

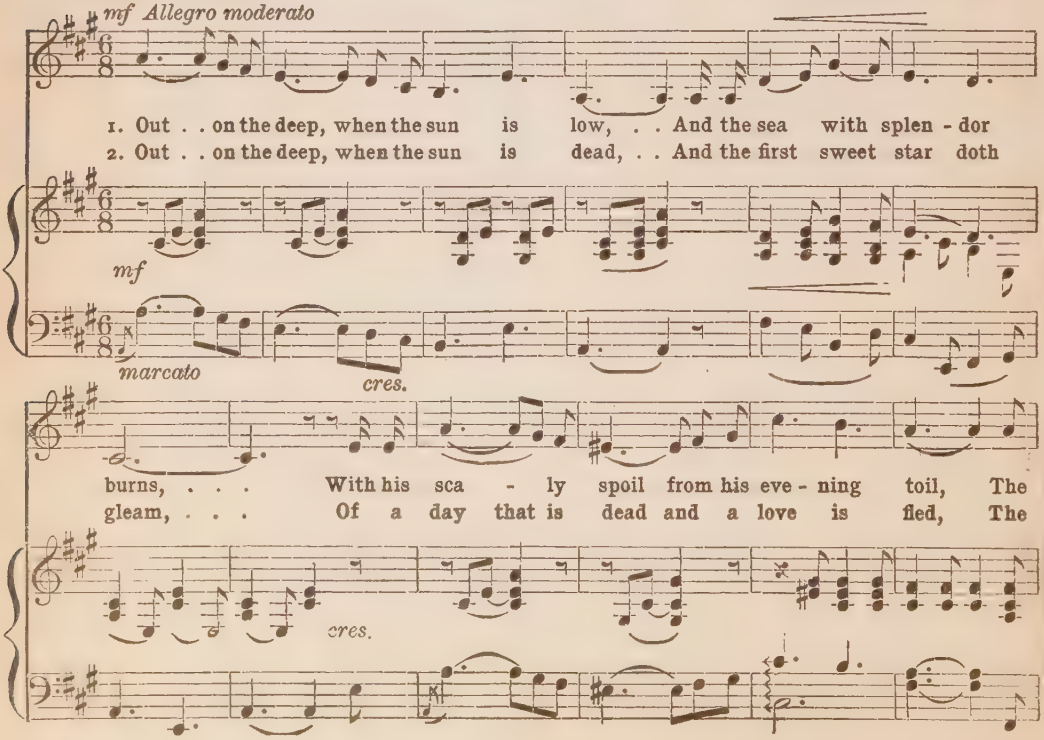


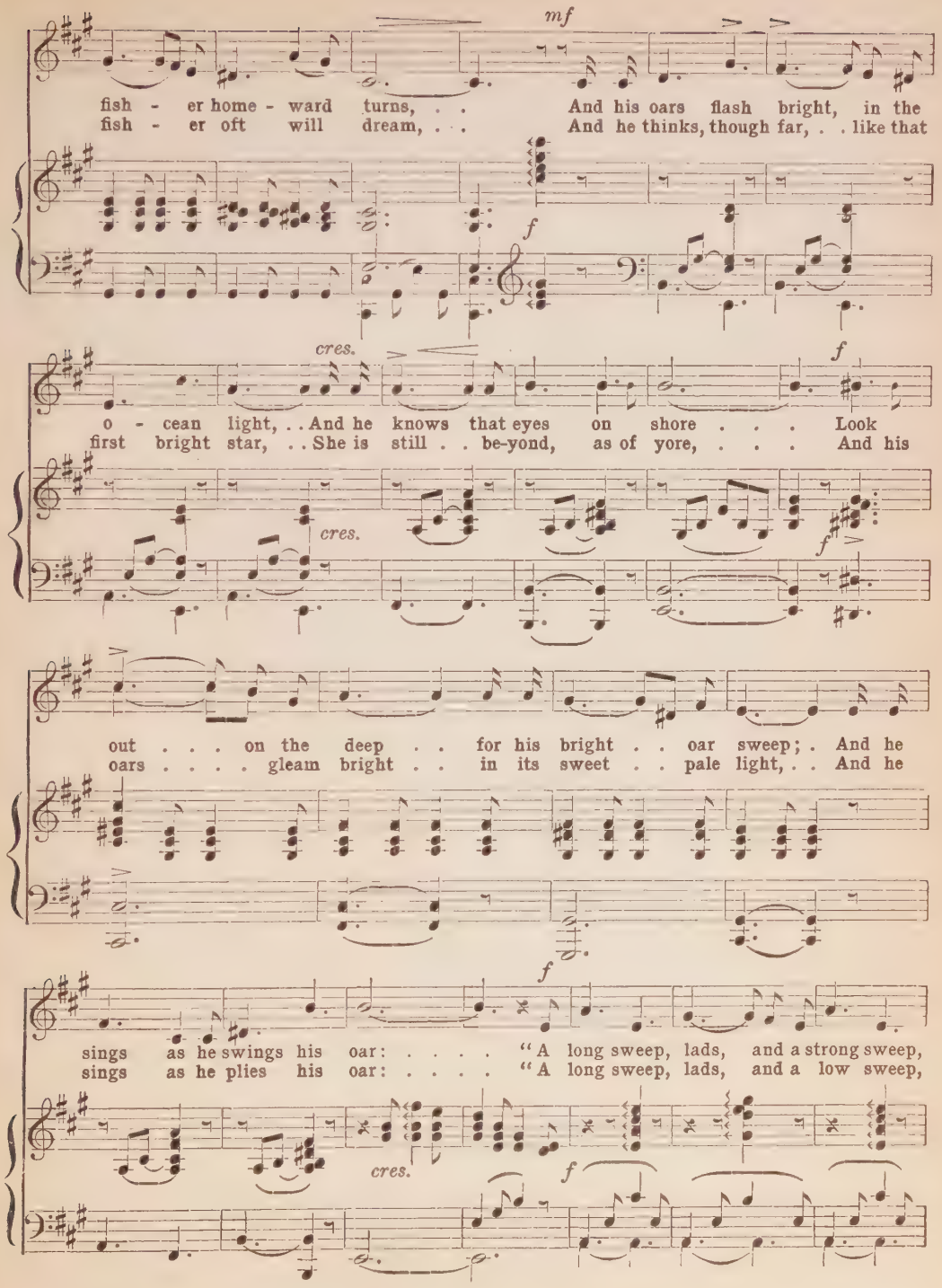

waves her hand up - on . . the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep my bones from Dav - y Jones wher-
watch . for me, An' whis-per low when tem- pests blow, for Jack . . at
Jack . at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place an' wel - come
o'er . we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy
sea; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
me; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
Lee; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
rall.
p

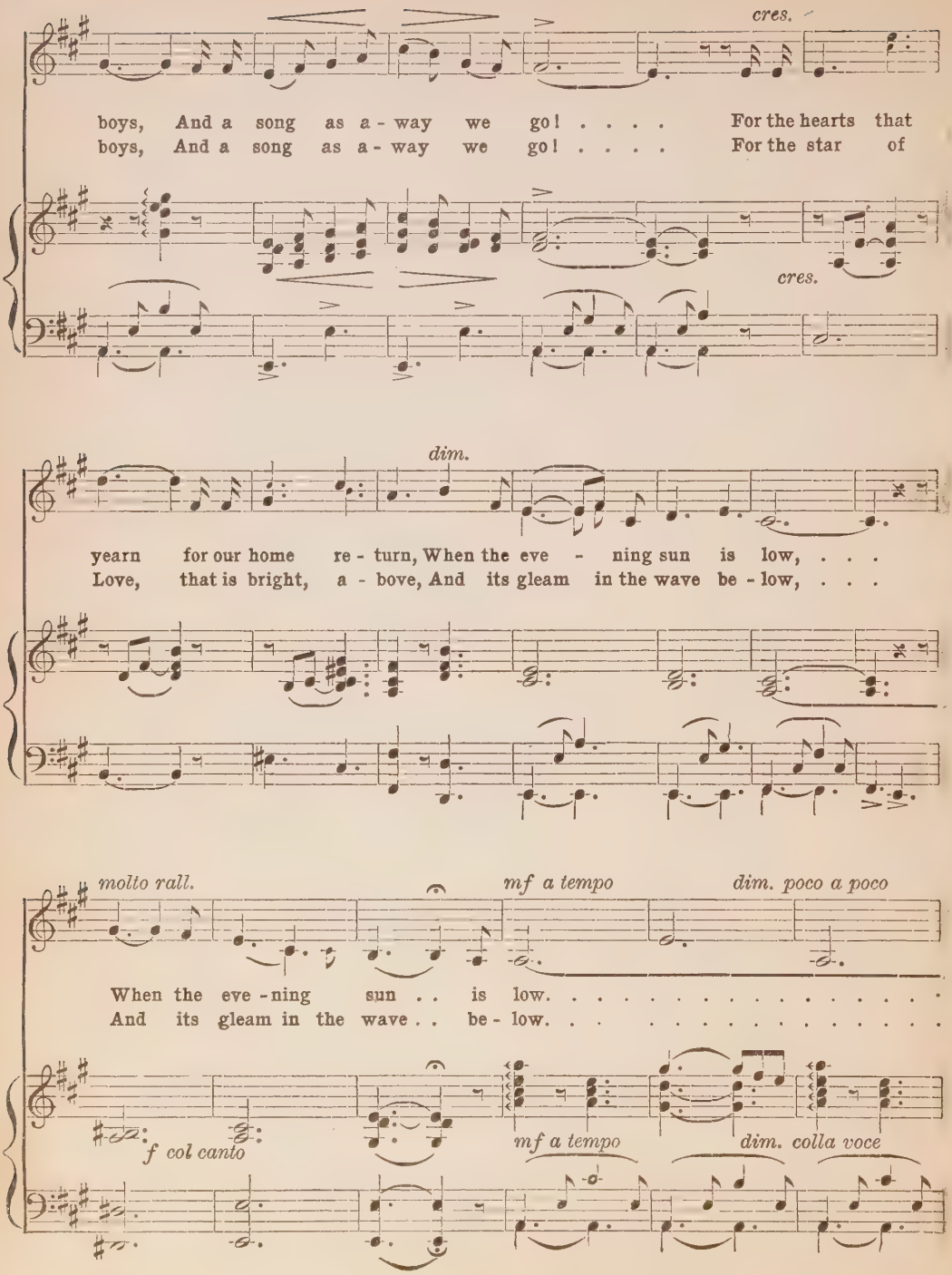


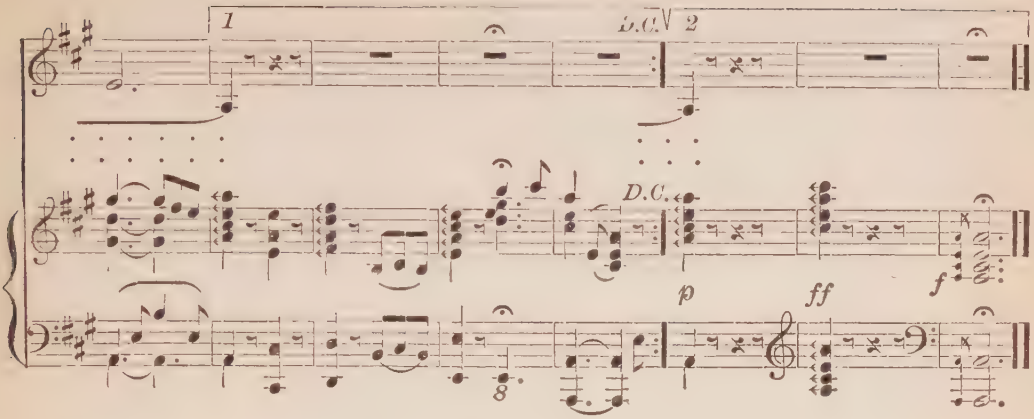
Out on the Deep

SAMUEL K. COWAN FREDERIC N. LOHR




mf
fish - er home - ward turns, . . And his oars flash bright, in the
fish - er oft will dream, . . And he thinks, though far, . . like that
f
cres.
f
o - cean light, . . And he knows that eyes on shore . . . Look
first bright star, . . She is still . . be-yond, as of yore, . . . And his
cres.
f
out . . . on the deep . . for his bright . . oar sweep; . And he
oars . . . . gleam bright . . in its sweet . . pale light, . . And he
f
sings as he swings his oar: . . . . "A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep,
sings as he plies his oar: . . . . "A long sweep, lads, and a low sweep,
cres.
f


cres.
boys, And a song as a - way we go! . . . . For the hearts that
boys, And a song as a - way we go! . . . . For the star of
cres.
dim.
yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning sun is low, . . .
Love, that is bright, a - bove, And its gleam in the wave be - low, . . .
molto rall.
mf a tempo
dim. poco a poco
When the eve - ning sun . . is low. . . . . .
And its gleam in the wave . . be - low. . . . . .
f col canto
mf a tempo
dim. colla voce



Aura Lee

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil-low tree
2. On her cheek the rose was born; 'Twas mu-sic when she spake;

Sat and pip'd, I heard him sing, Sing of Au-ra Lee.
In her eyes the rays of morn, With sud-den splen-dor break.

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of gold-en hair!

Sun-shine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

Let Me Dream Again

B. C. Stephenson — Arthur Sullivan

Andante espressivo

1. The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I
2. The clock is strik - ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us

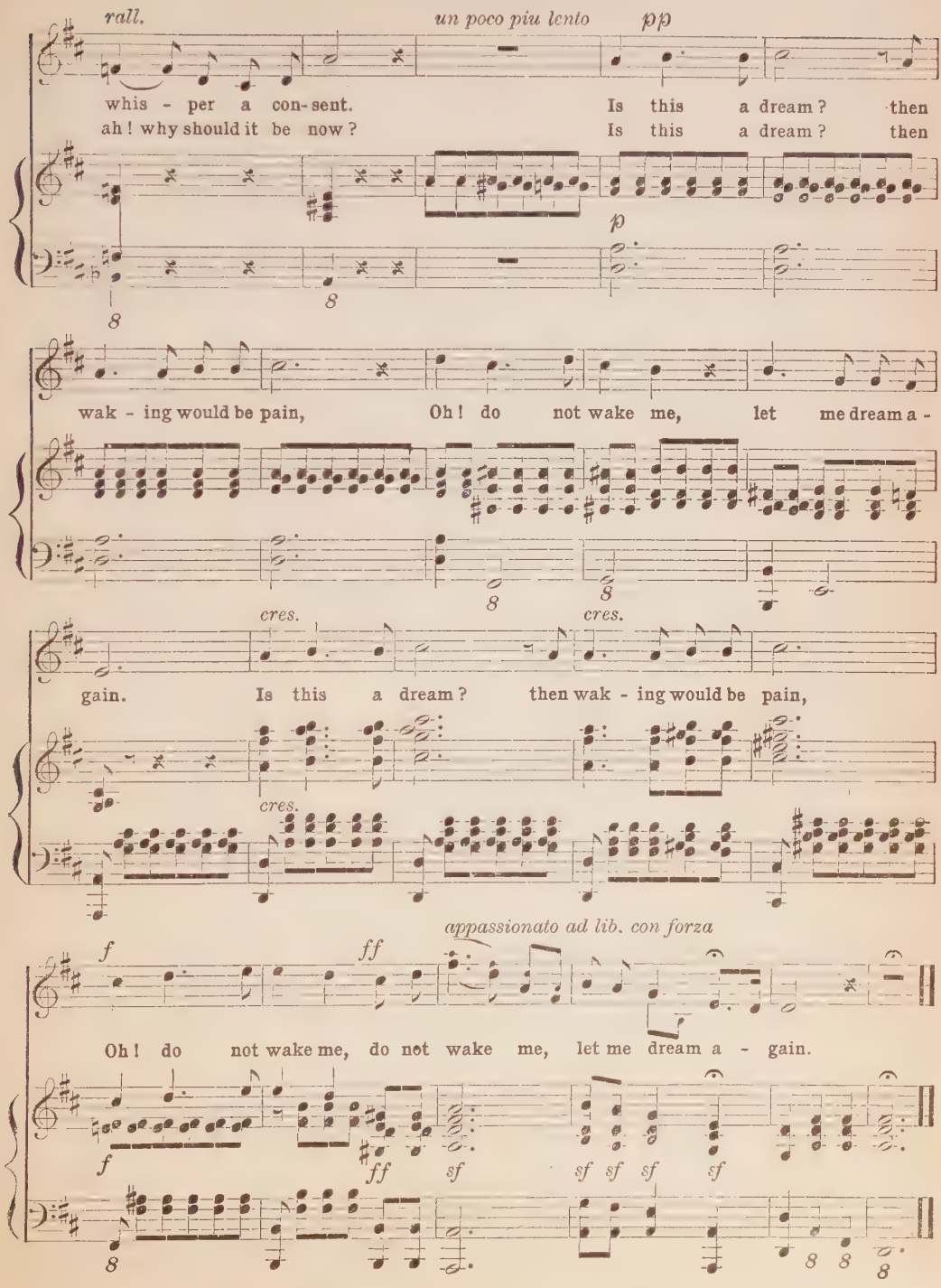
stand be - side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring-ing out the
of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But neith - er heeds the time which

dy - ing day, The chil - dren sing-ing on their home - ward way, And
on - ward glides, For time may pass a - way, but love a - bides! I

cres. *dim.* *p*

he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While I, half doubting,
feel his kiss - es on my fev - 'red brow, If we must part,

cres. *dim.* *p*

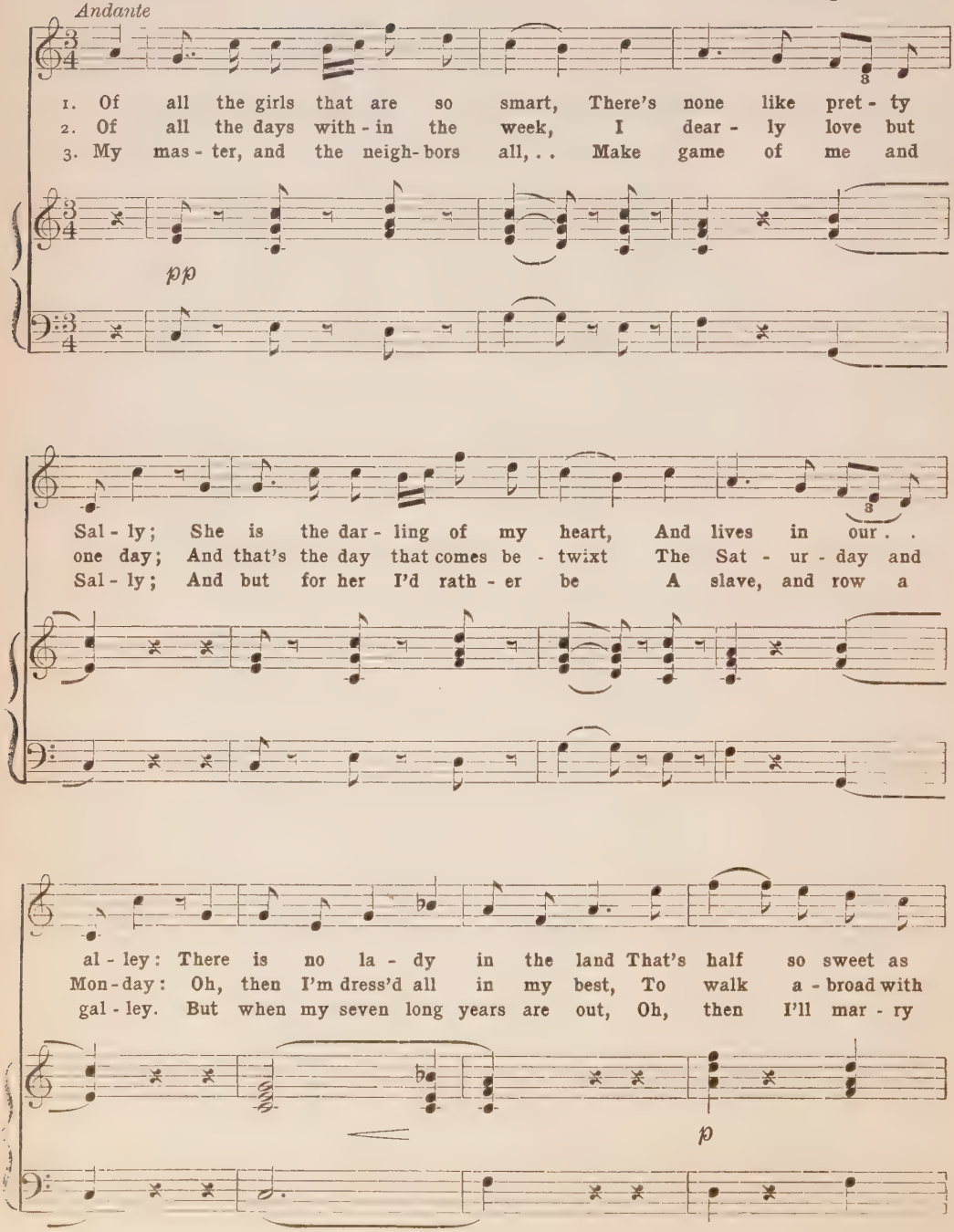

rall.
un poco piu lento
pp
whis - per a con-sent.
Is this a dream? then
ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream? then
p
wak - ing would be pain,
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a -
cres.
cres.
gain.
Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain,
cres.
appassionato ad lib. con forza
f
ff
Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.
f
ff
sf
sf sf sf sf

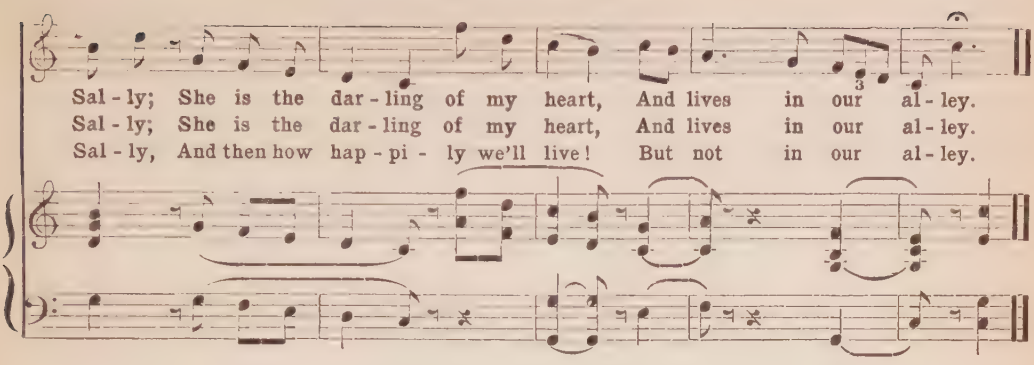
Sally in Our Alley

HENRY CAREY

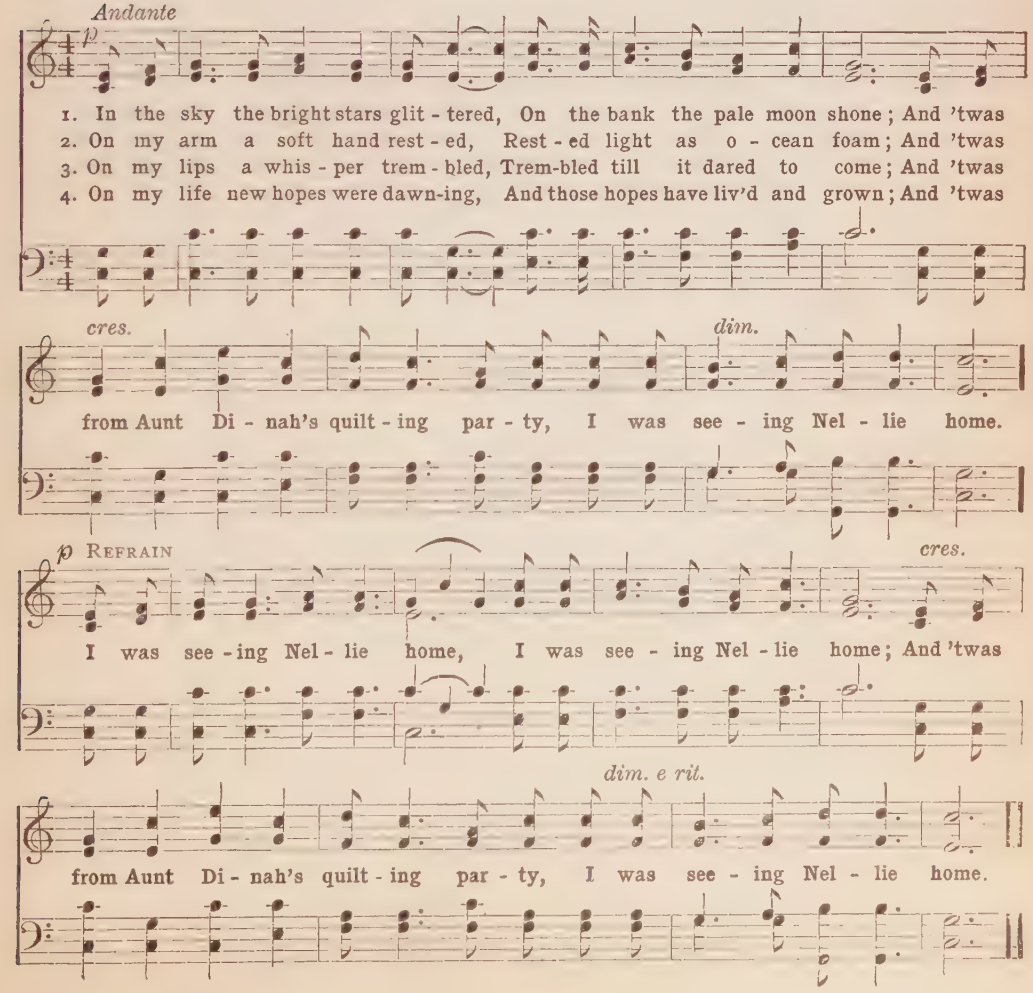
Andante

Old English Air



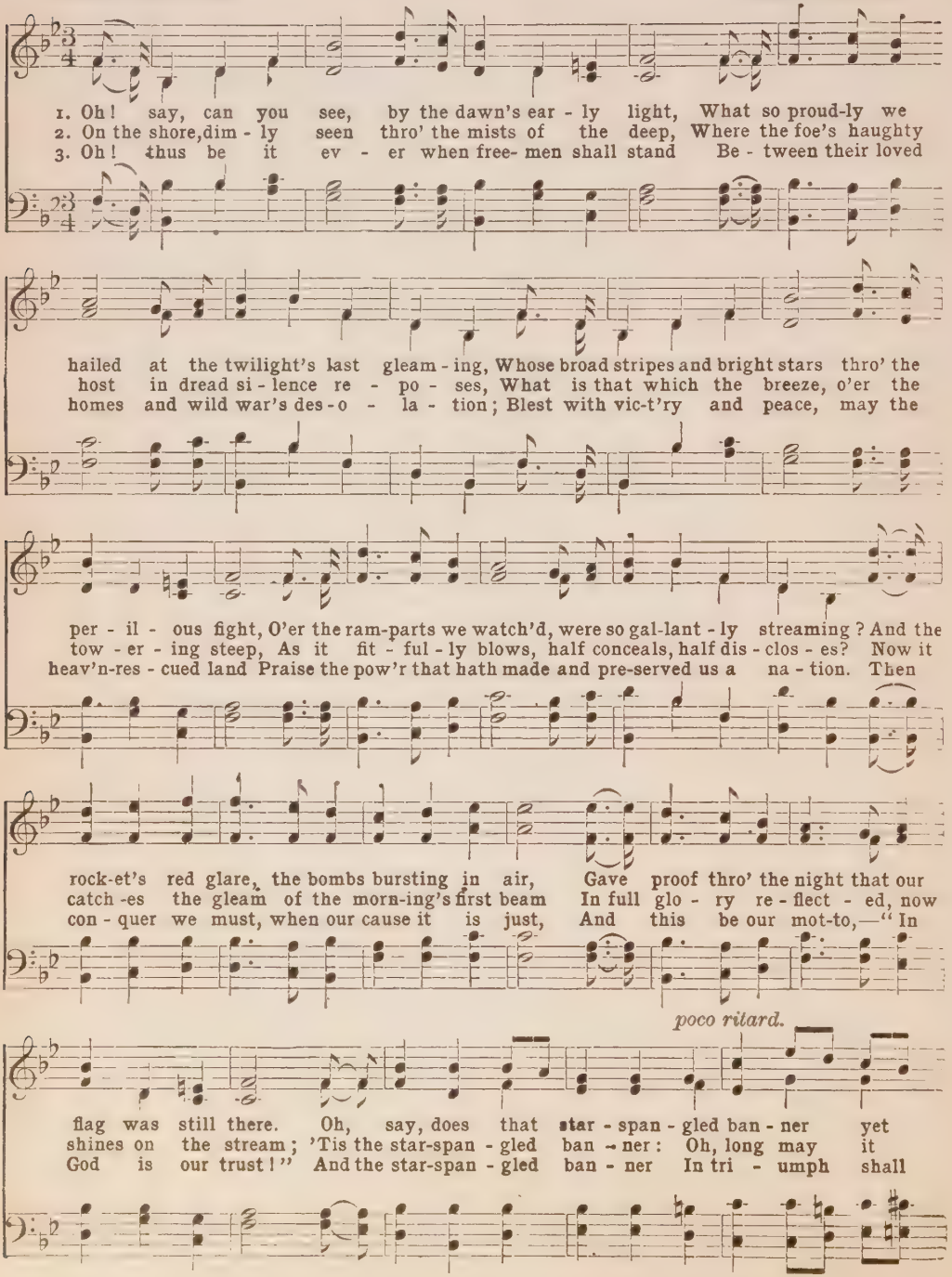


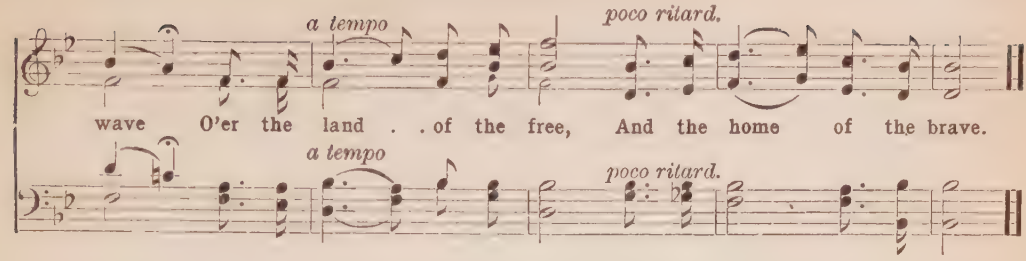
The Quilting Party



The Star-Spangled Banner

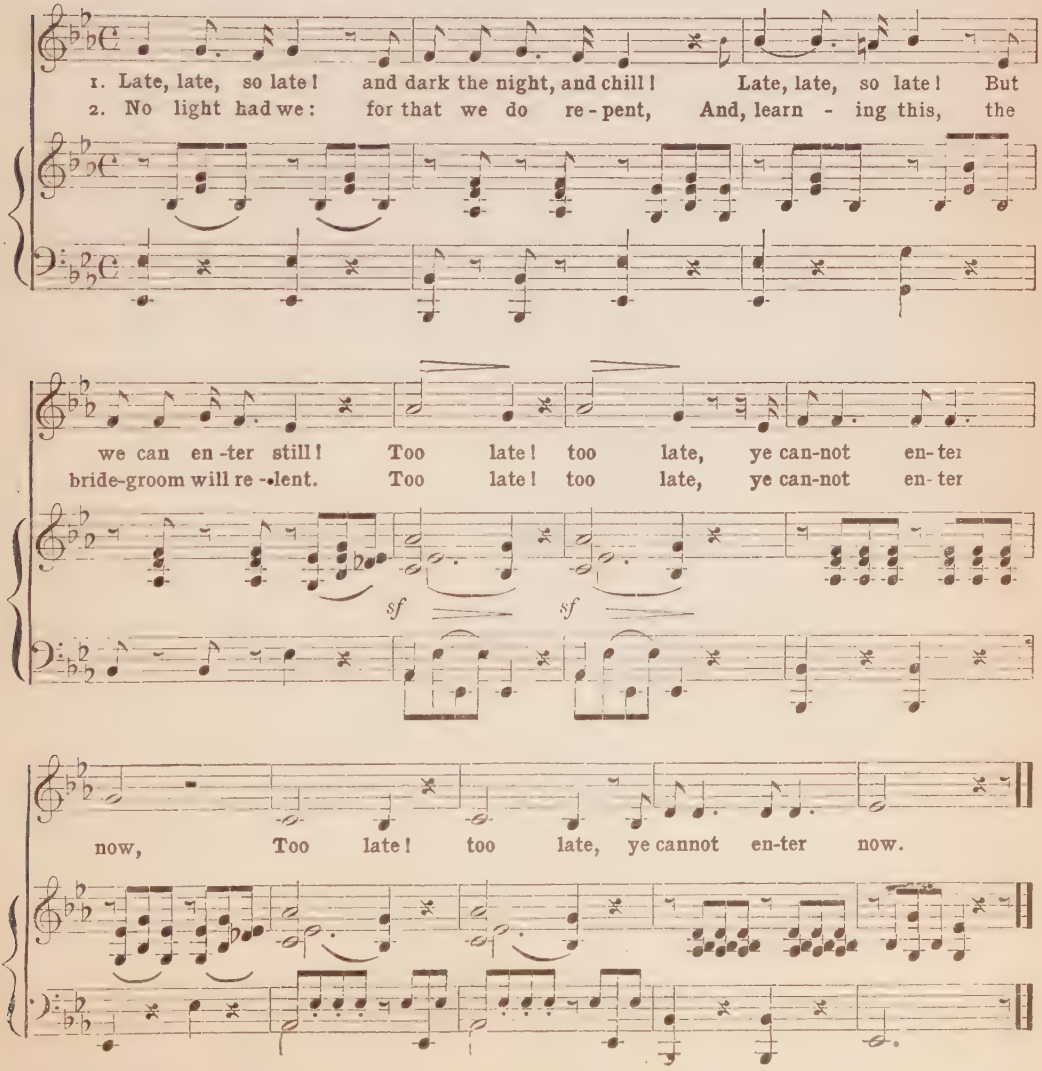
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — SAMUEL ARNOLD





Too Late! Too Late

Miss M. Lindsay



Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante con moto

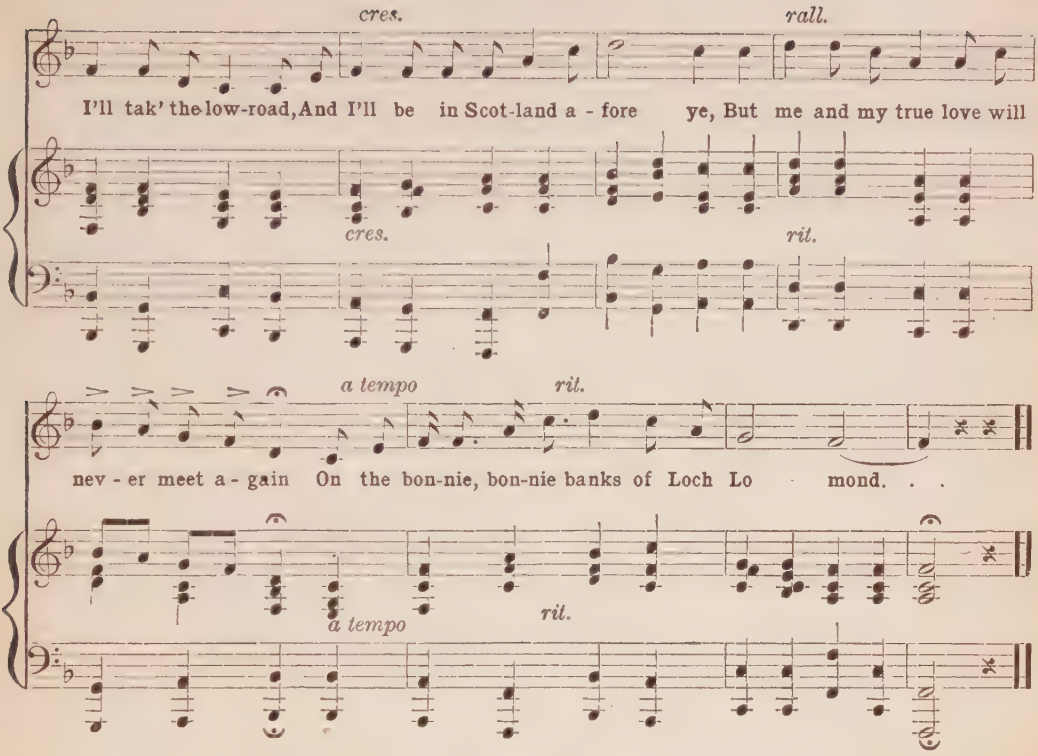
1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
3. The wee bir - dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the wa - ters are

f

Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue The Hie - land hills we view, And the
sleep - in', But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae sec-ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the

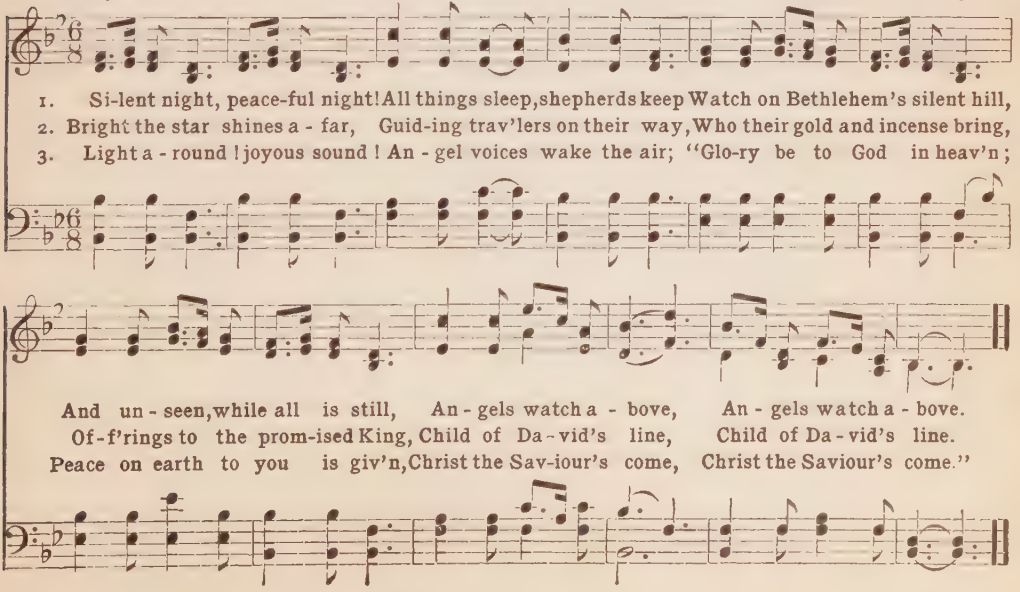
Faster

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon' Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
wae-fu' may cease frae their greet - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and

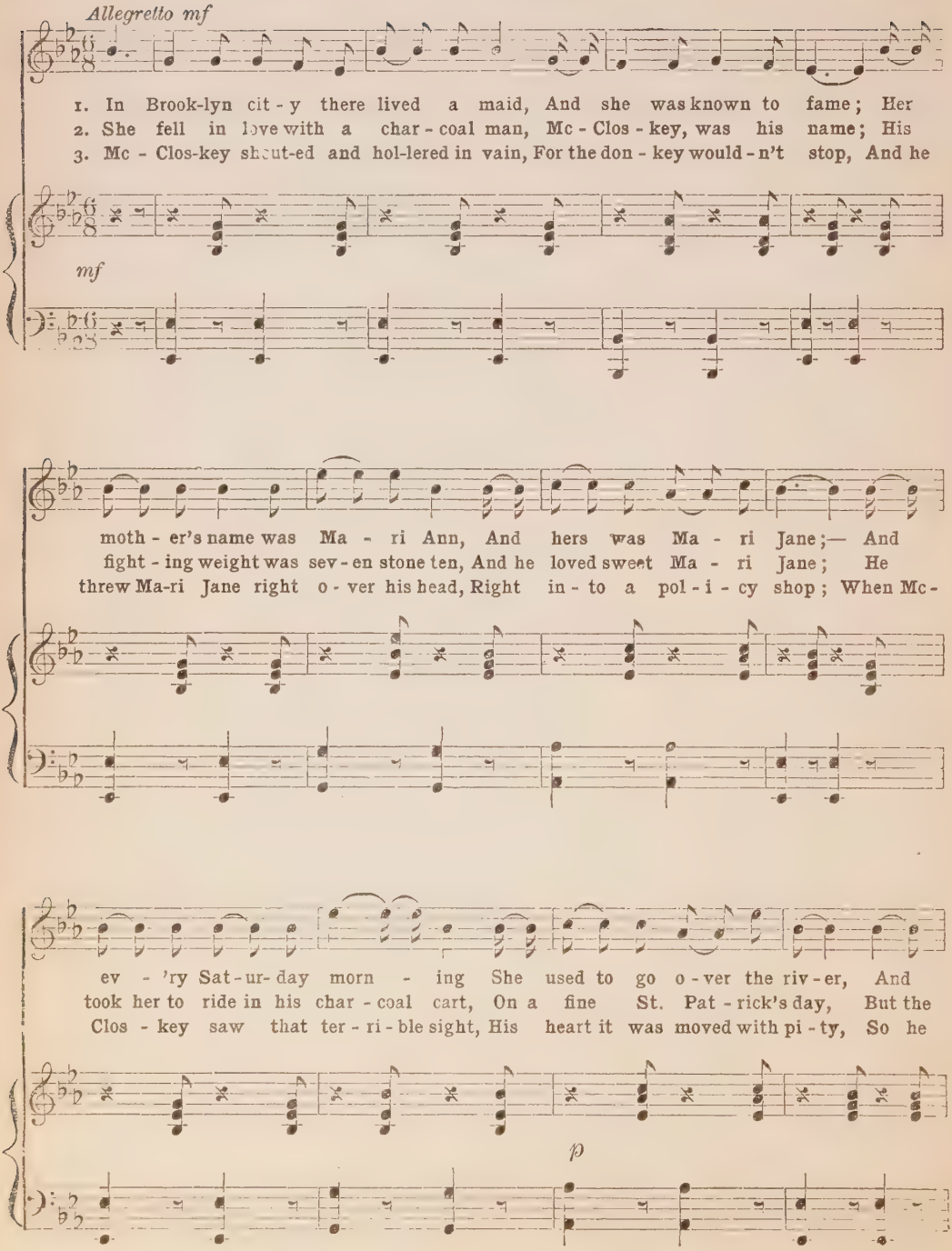


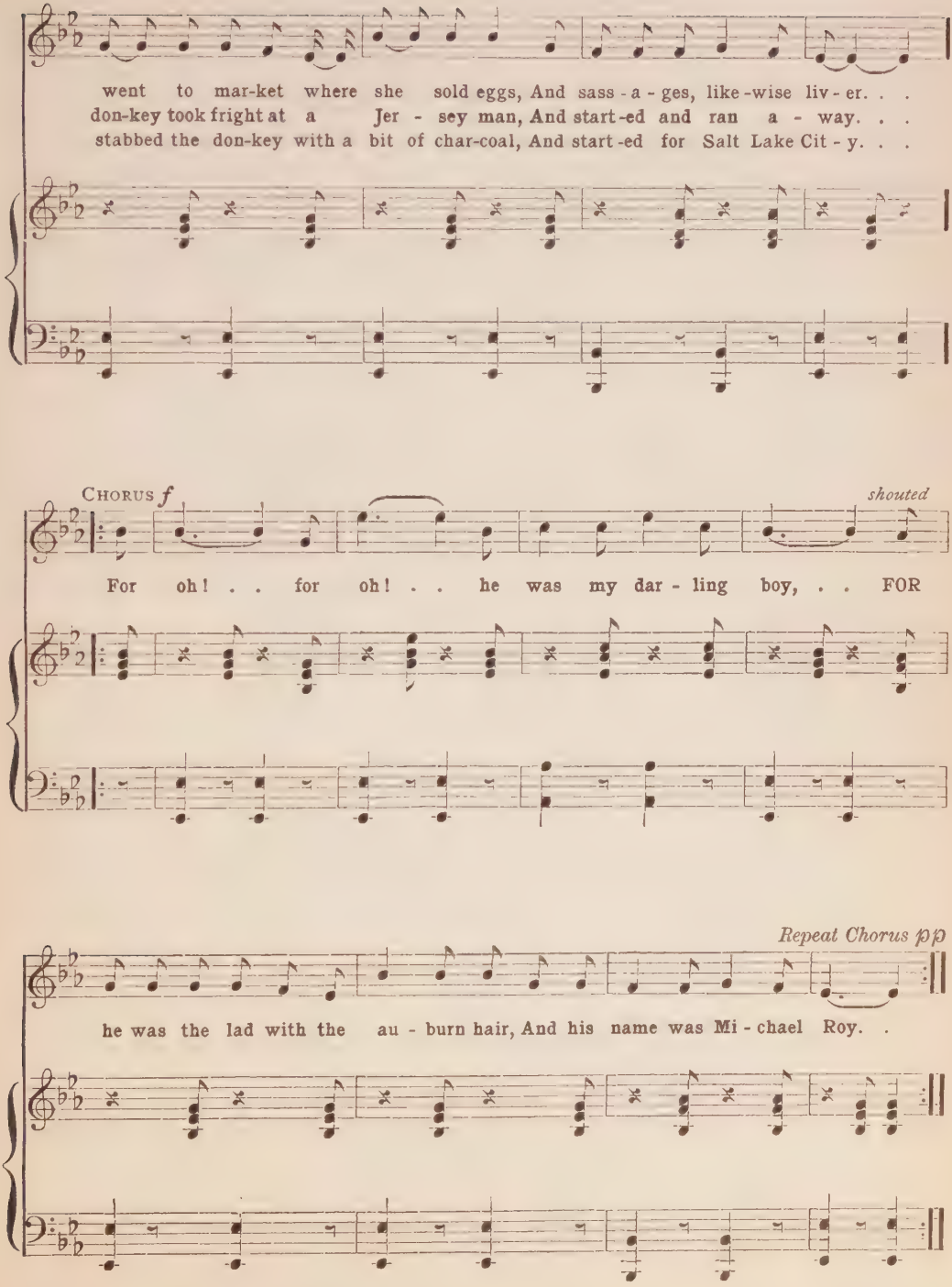
Silent Night

Anonymous German Folksong



Michael Roy


Allegretto mf
1. In Brook-lyn cit-y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc-Clos-key, was his name; His
3. Mc-Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop, And he
mf
moth-er's name was Ma-ri Ann, And hers was Ma-ri Jane;— And
fight-ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ri Jane; He
threw Ma-ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in-to a pol-i-cy shop; When Mc-
ev-'ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing She used to go o-ver the riv-er, And
took her to ride in his char-coal cart, On a fine St. Pat-rick's day, But the
Clos-key saw that ter-ri-ble sight, His heart it was moved with pi-ty, So he
p


went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass - a - ges, like-wise liv - er. . .
don-key took fright at a Jer - sey man, And start-ed and ran a - way. . .
stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit - y. . .
CHORUS f
shouted
For oh! . . for oh! . . he was my dar - ling boy, . . FOR
Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy. .

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

C. JEFFERYS — From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

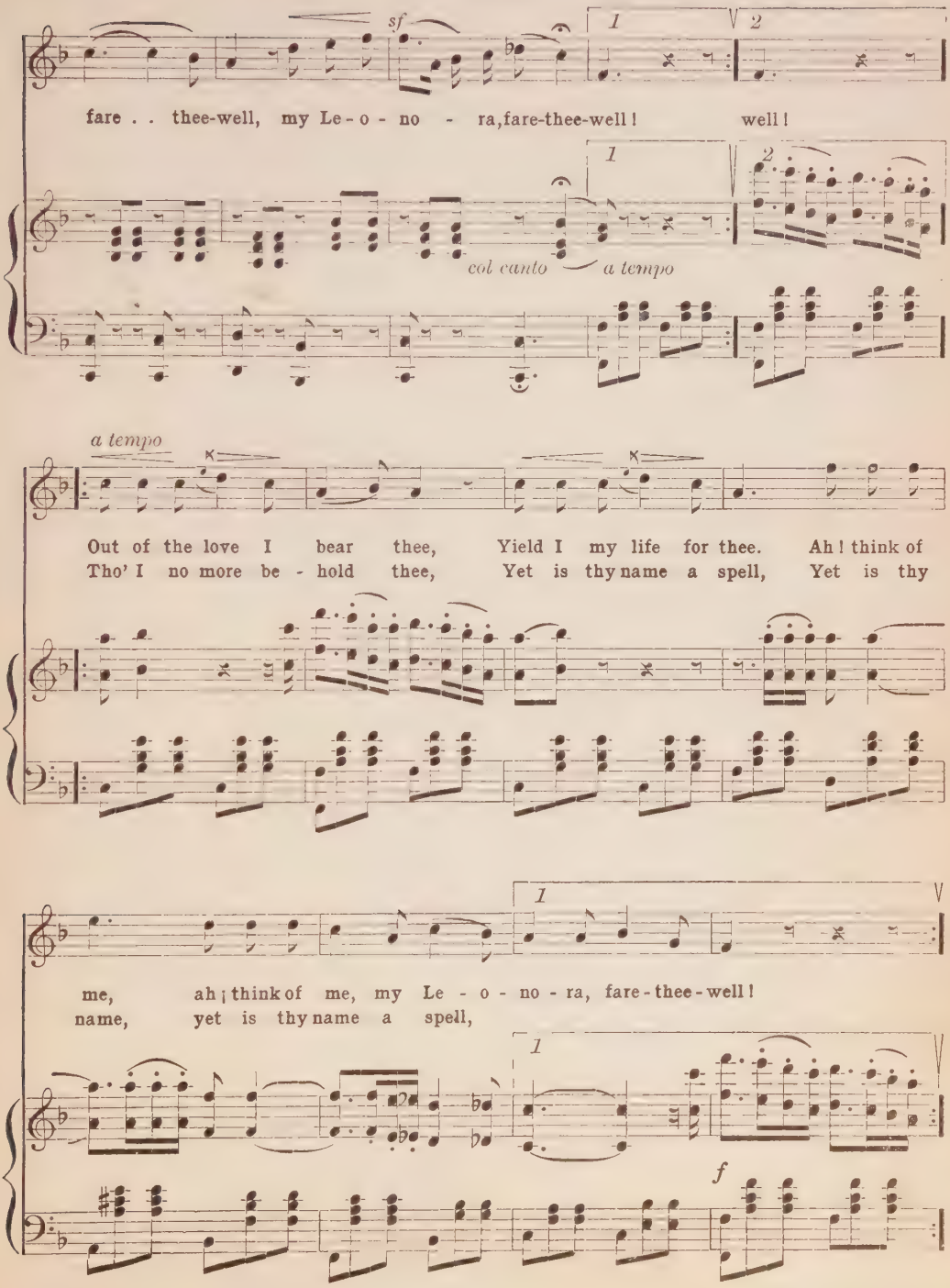
Andante sostenuto
dolce

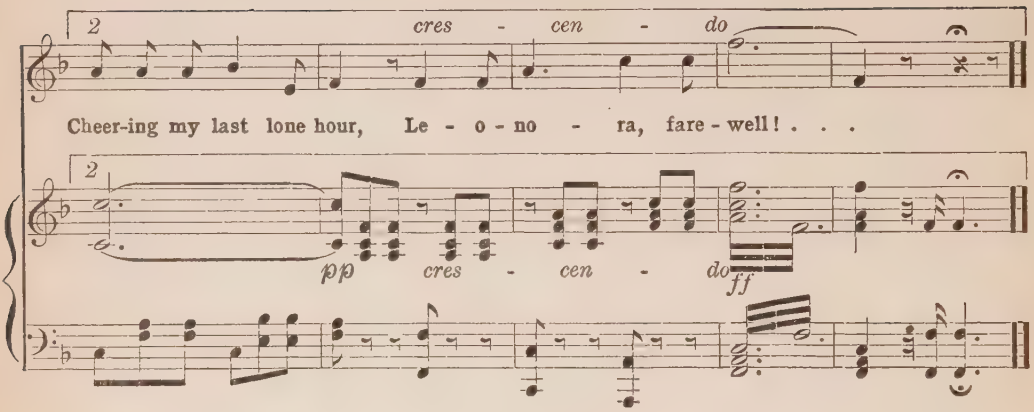
1. Ah! . . . . I have sigh'd to rest . . . me — Deep . . . . in the qui-et
2. Out . . . . of the love I bear . . thee, — Yield . . . . I my life for

grave,— . . . . . sigh'd to rest me, — But in vain do I
thee; — Wilt thou not think, . . — Wilt thou not think of

crave. — O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .
O think of me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .

Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, — Yet all in vain do I crave, . . O

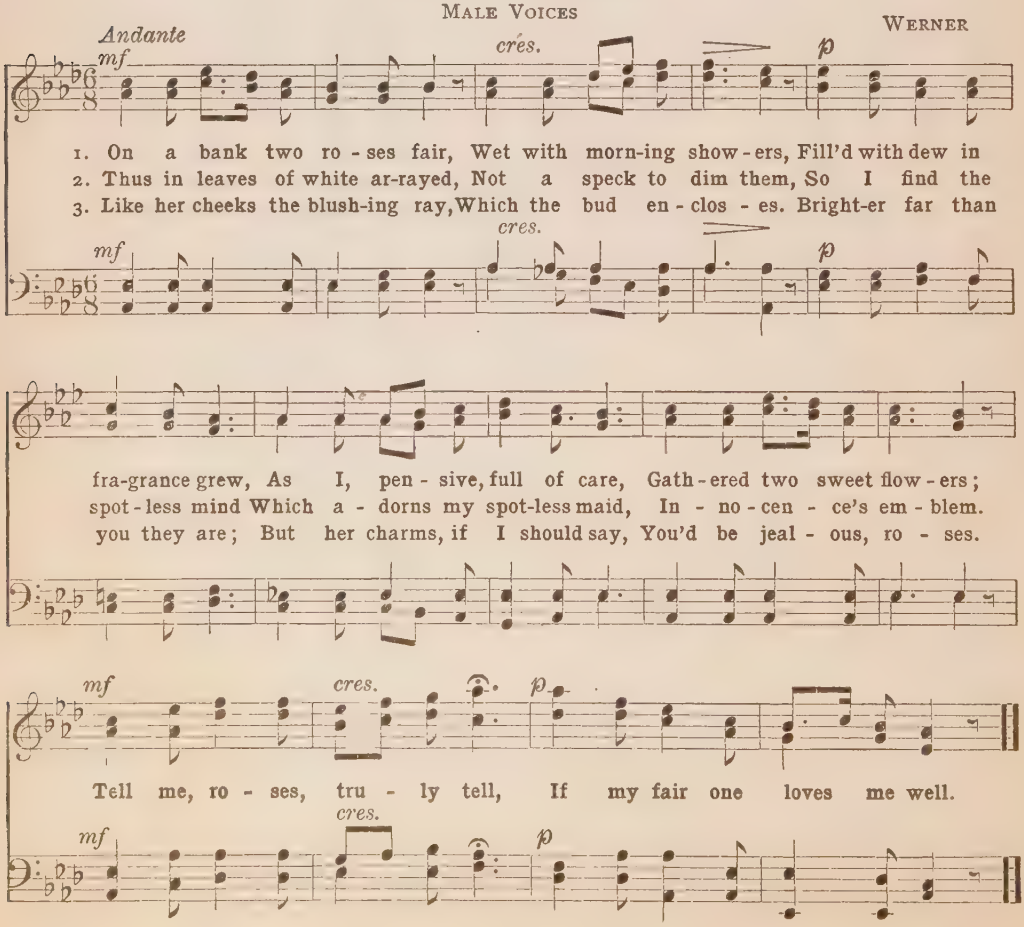

sf
1
2
fare . . thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! well!
col canto
a tempo
a tempo
Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of
Tho' I no more be - hold thee, Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy
me, ah! think of me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!
name, yet is thy name a spell,
f



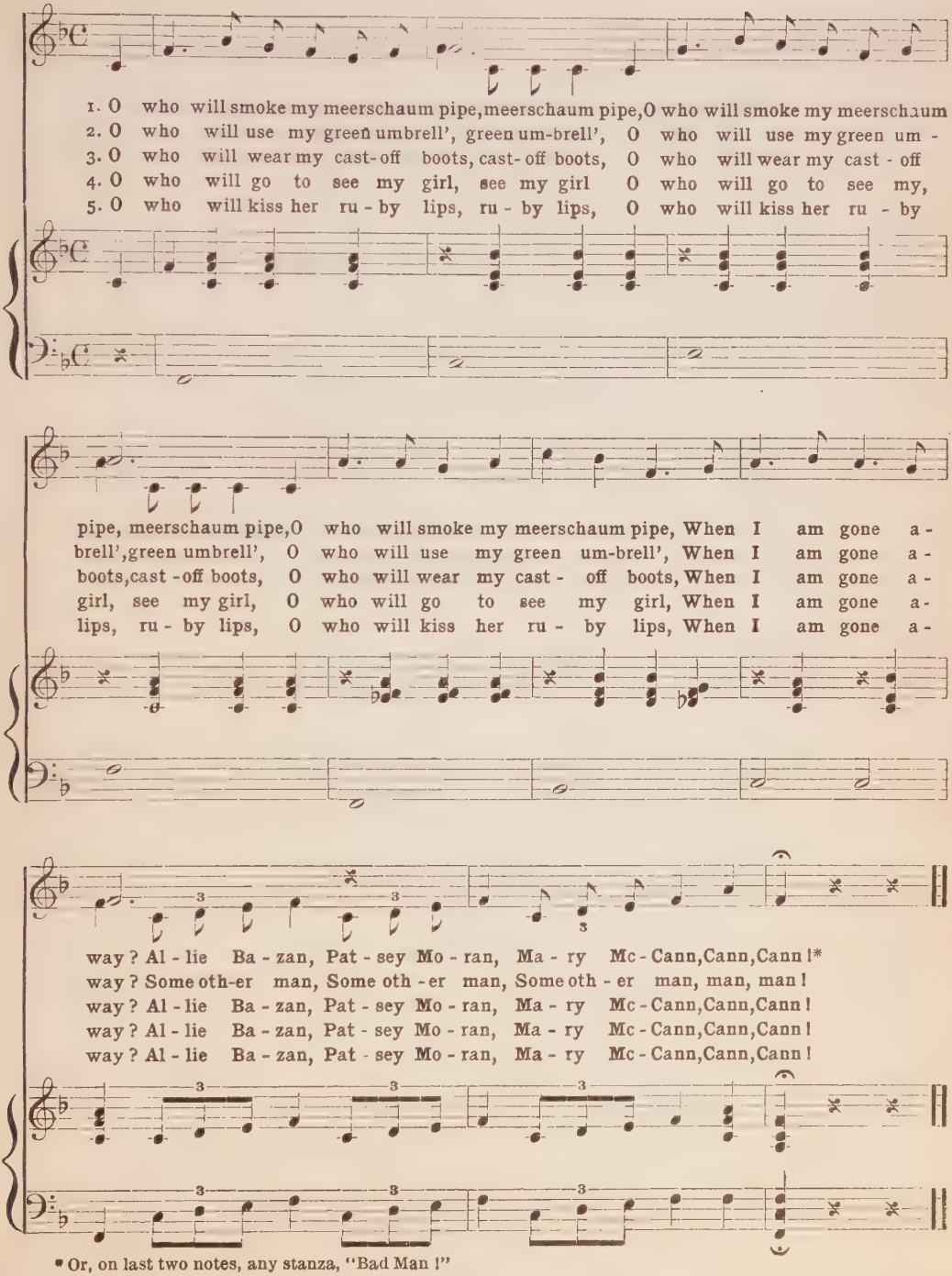
The Two Roses

MALE VOICES

WERNER



Meerschaum Pipe



* Or, on last two notes, any stanza, "Bad Man!"

The Midshipmite

FRED. E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You

f

got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my
make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or

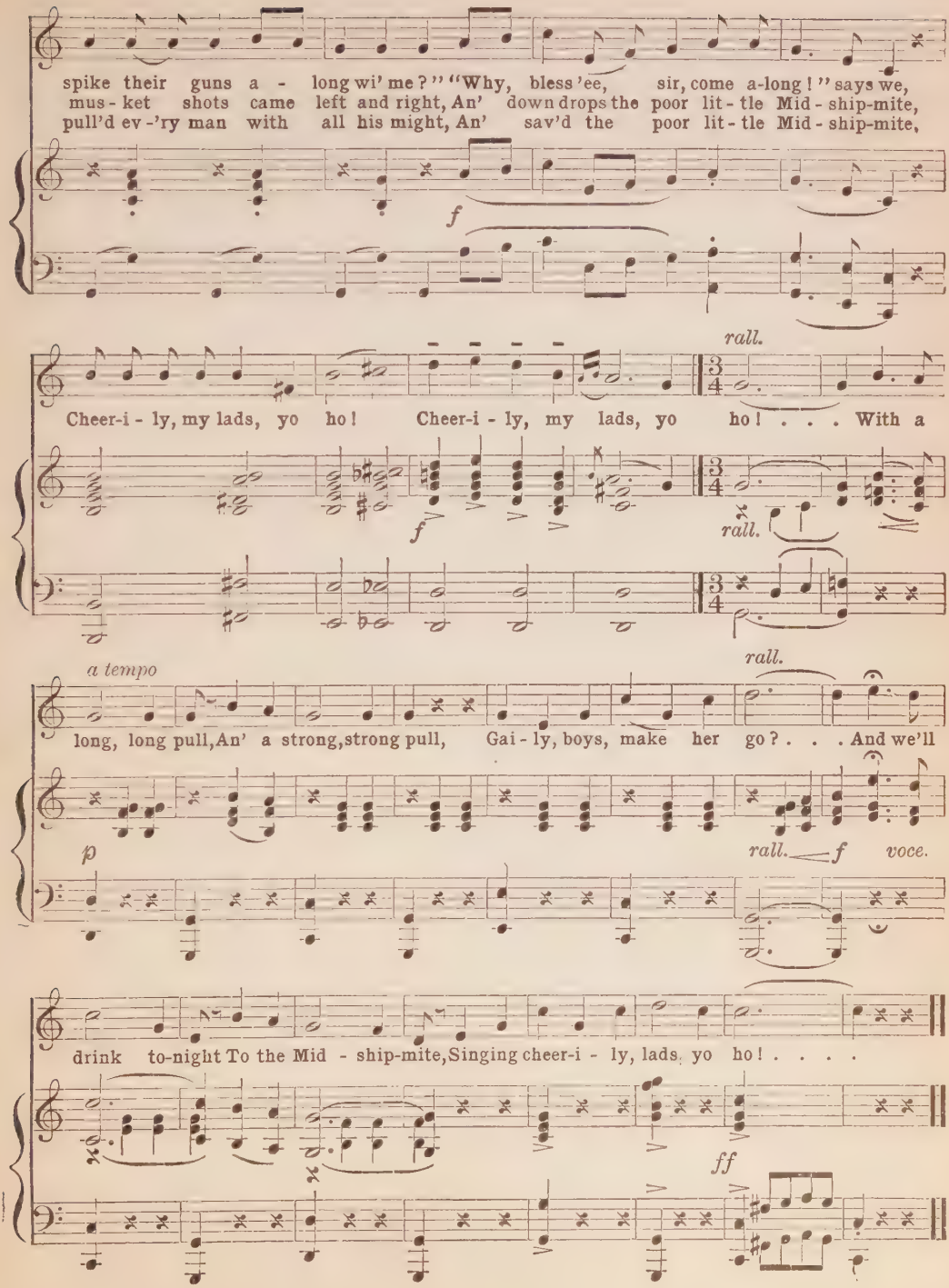
p

Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to-night," says he, "An'
lads, put a-bout; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns an' ramm'd 'em tight, But the
die," says we! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight, An' we

8

f *mf*

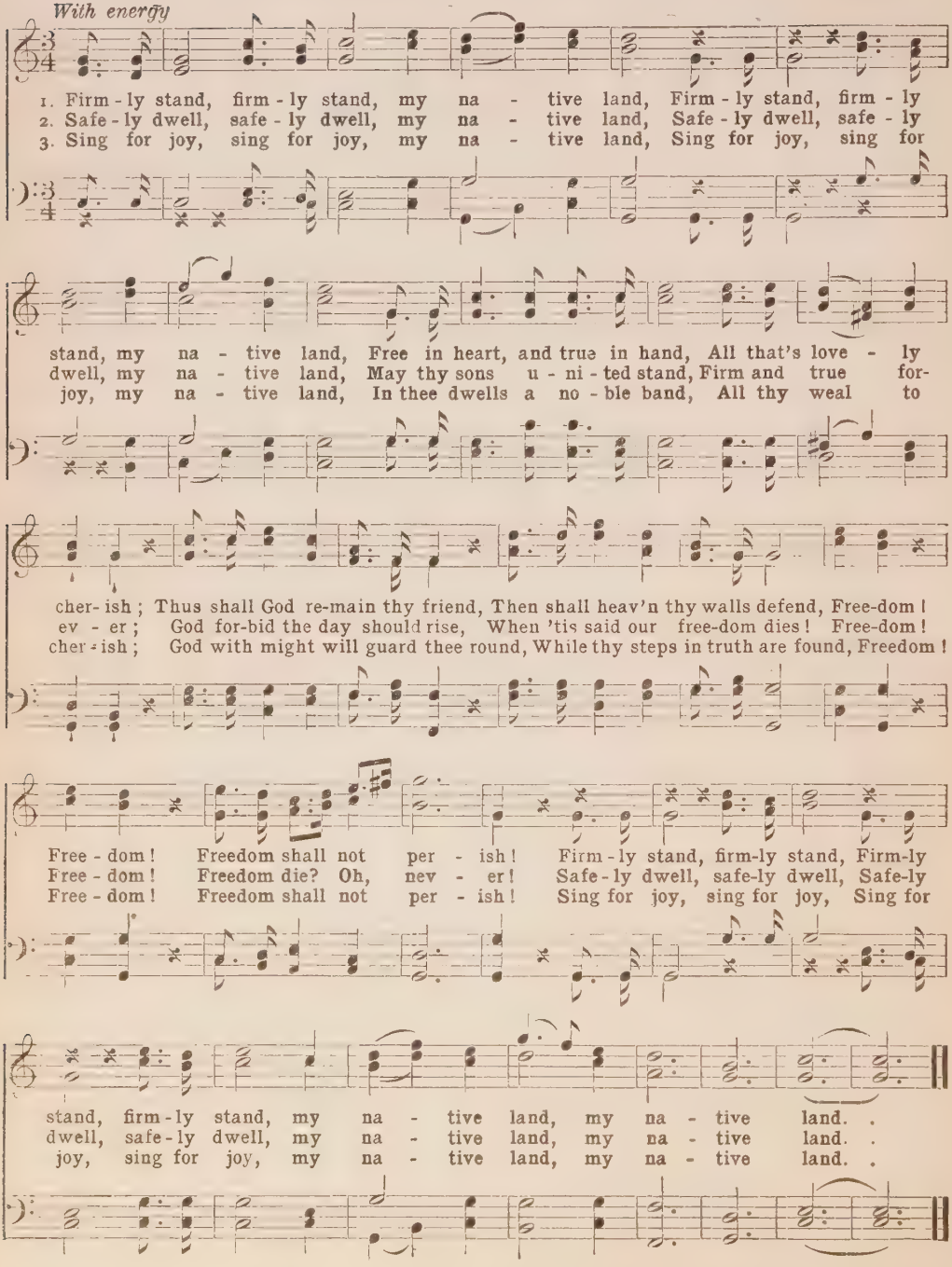
8


spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless'ee, sir, come a-long!" says we,
mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,
pull'd ev -'ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,
f
rall.
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . With a
f
rall.
a tempo
rall.
long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go? . . . And we'll
p
rall. f voce.
drink to-night To the Mid - ship-mite, Singing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . . .
ff

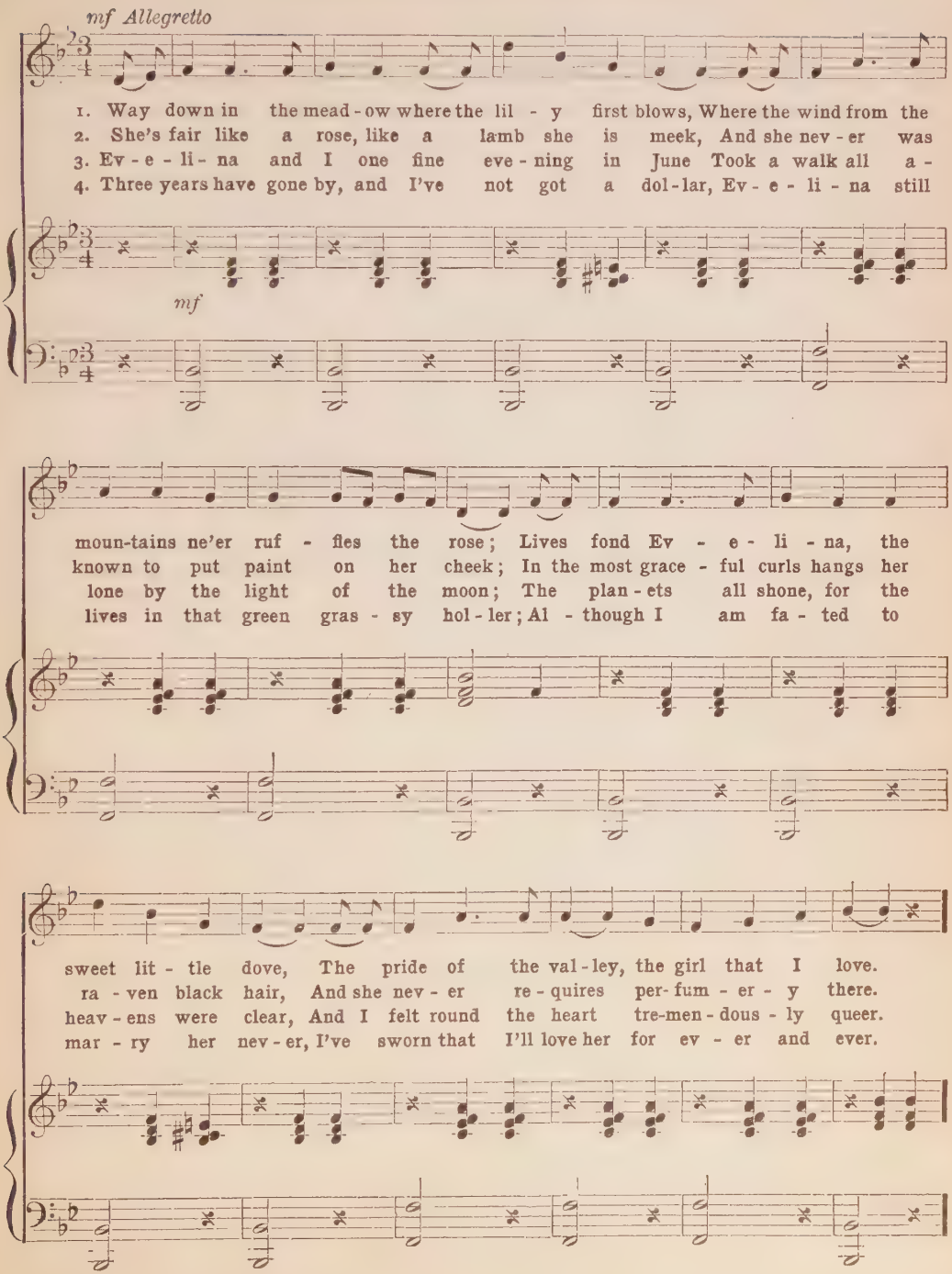
Firmly Stand, My Native Land

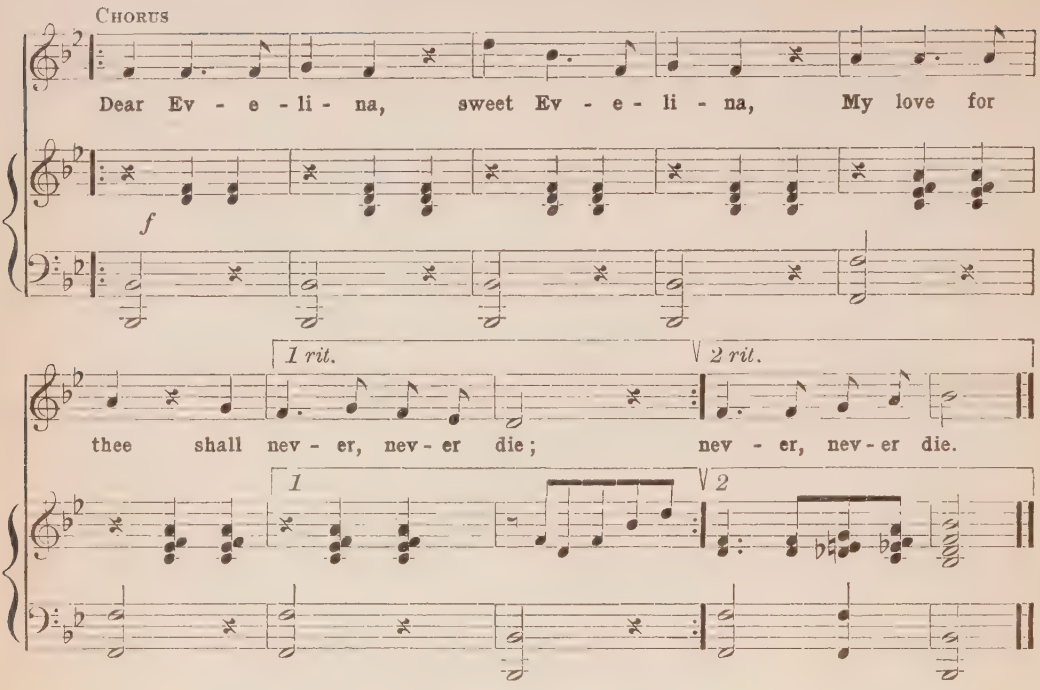
(MALE VOICES) NÄGELI

With energy



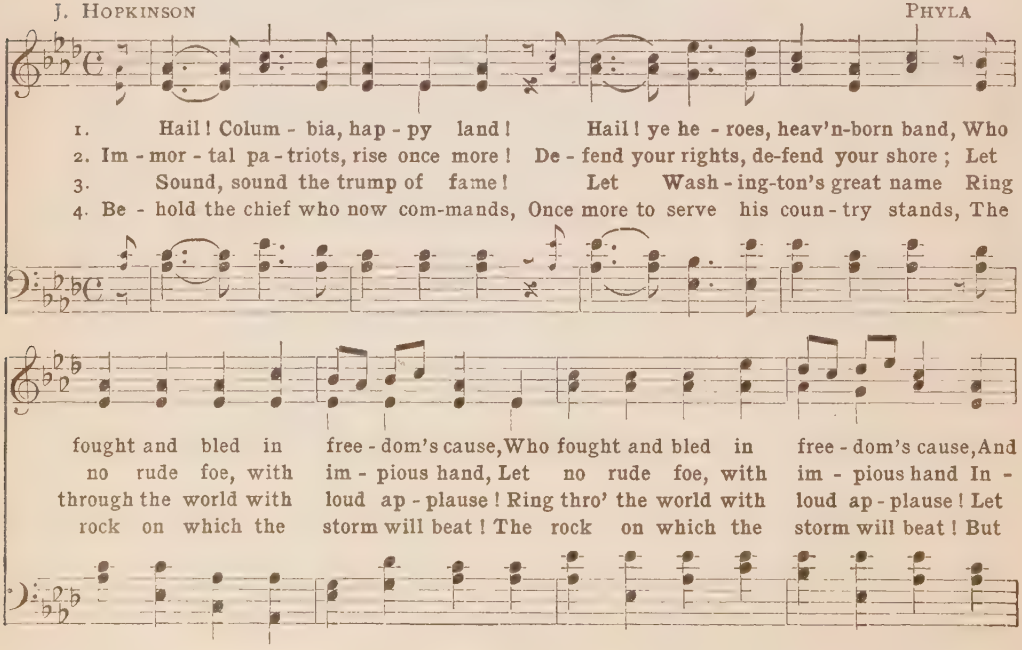
Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

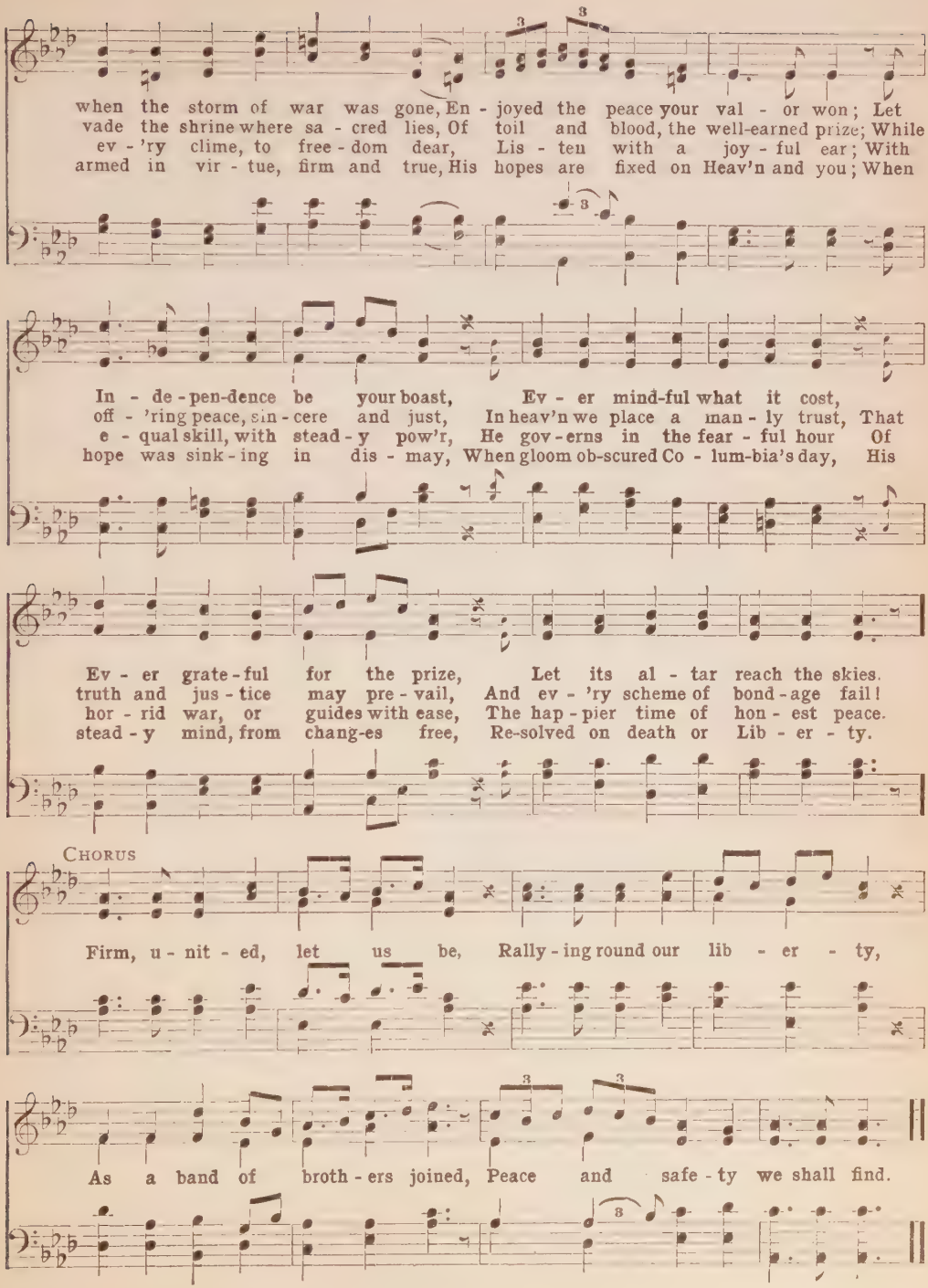




Hail! Columbia

J. Hopkinson Phyla




when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you; When
In - de - pen-dence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum-bia's day, His
Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or Lib - er - ty.
CHORUS
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Kitty Tyrrell

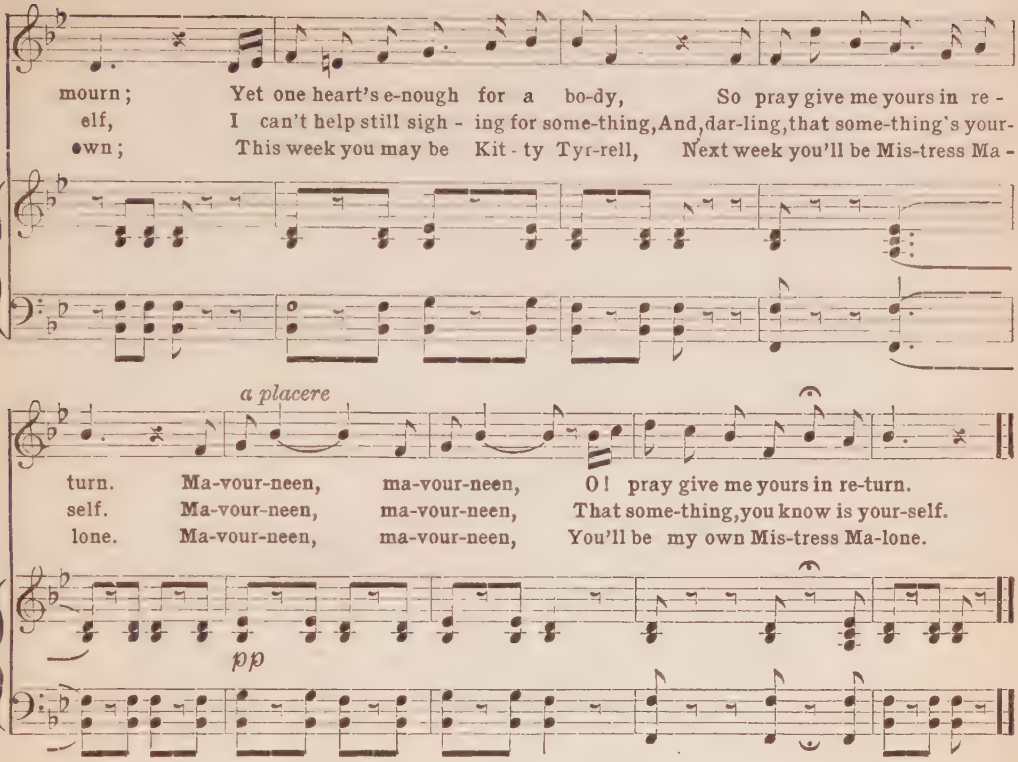
CHARLES JEFFERYS — C. W. GLOVER

Andante non troppo

1. You're look-ing as fresh as the morn, dar-ling, You're look-ing as bright as the
2. I've built me a neat lit-tle cot, dar-ling, I've pigs and po-ta-toes in
3. You're smil-ing, and that's a good sign, dar-ling, Say "yes" and you'll nev-er re-

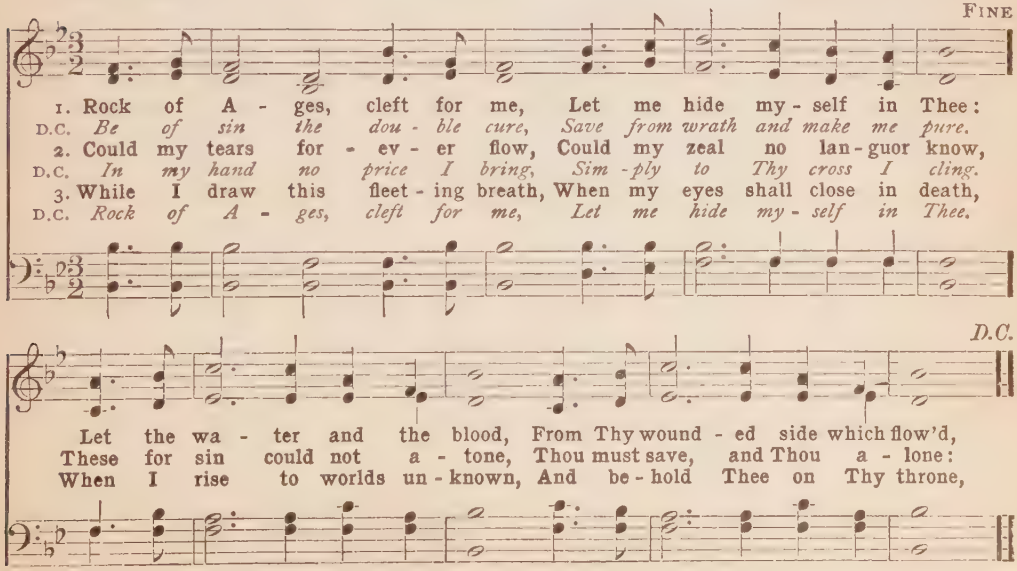
day; But while on your charms I'm di-lat-ing, You're steal-ing my poor heart a-
store; I've twen-ty good pounds in the bank, love, And may-be a pouud or two
pent; Or if you would rath-er be si-lent, Your si-lence I'll take for con-

way: But keep it and wel-come, ma-vour-neen, Its loss I'm not go-ing to
more: It's all ve-ry well to have rich-es, But I'm such a cov-e-tous
sent; That good-na-tured dim-ple's a tell-tale, Now all that I have is your



Rock of Ages

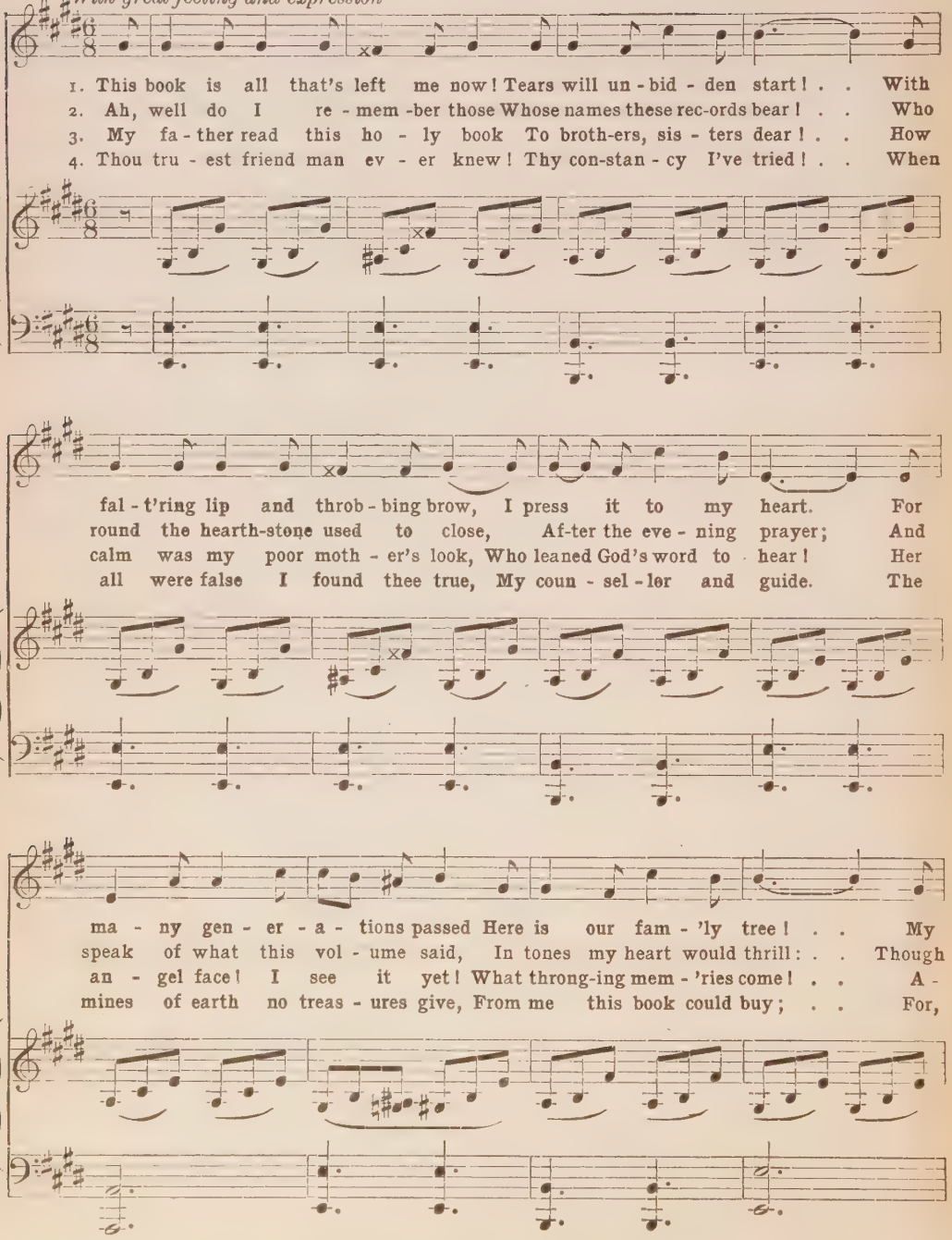
A. M. Toplady — Thomas Hastings

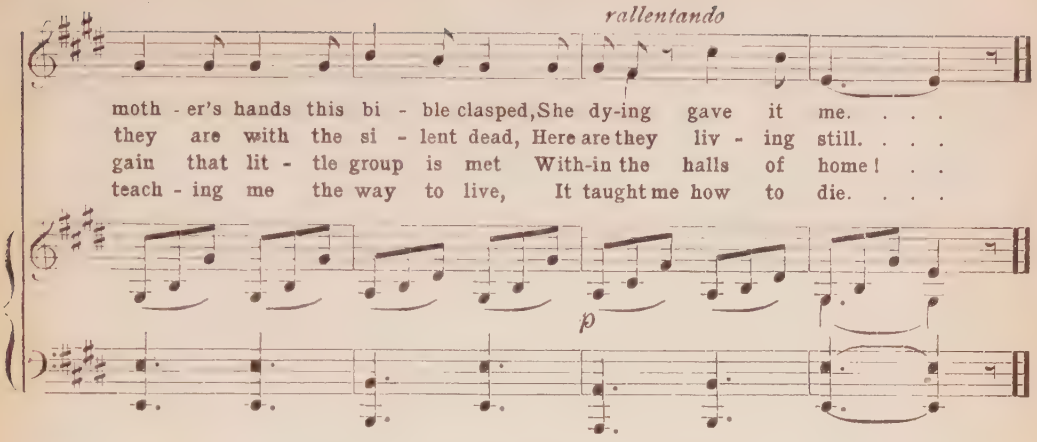


My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL

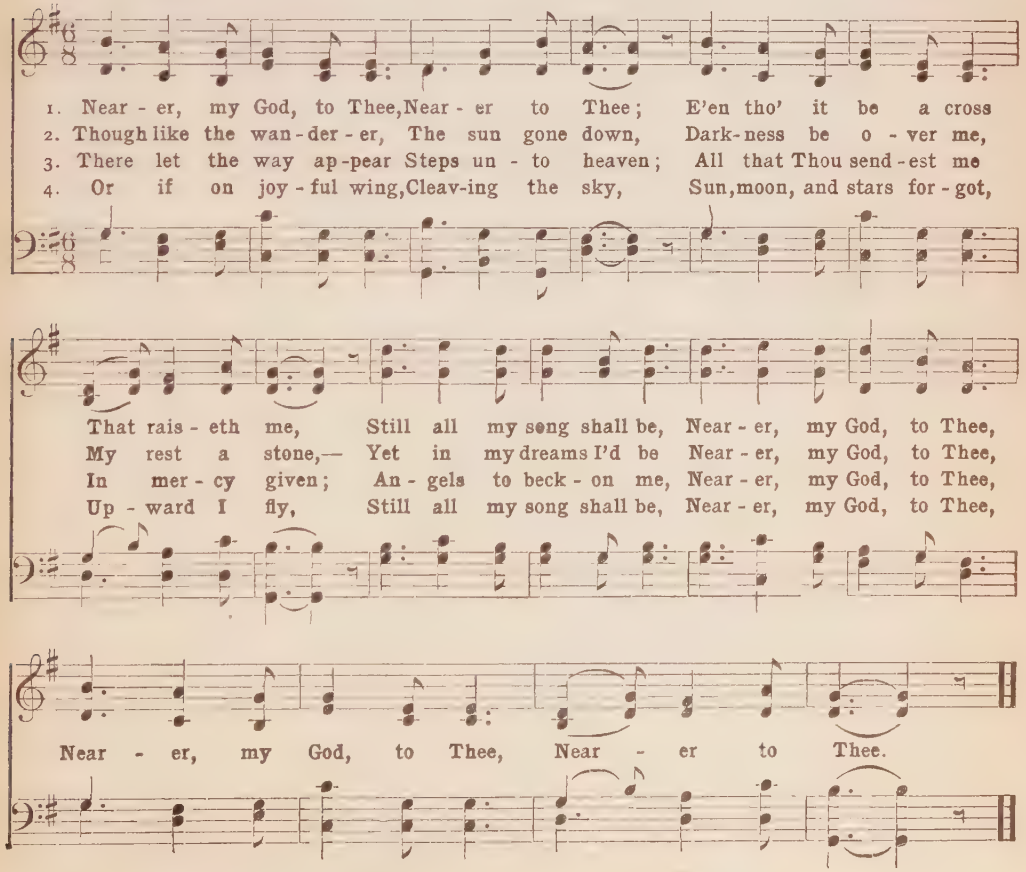
With great feeling and expression





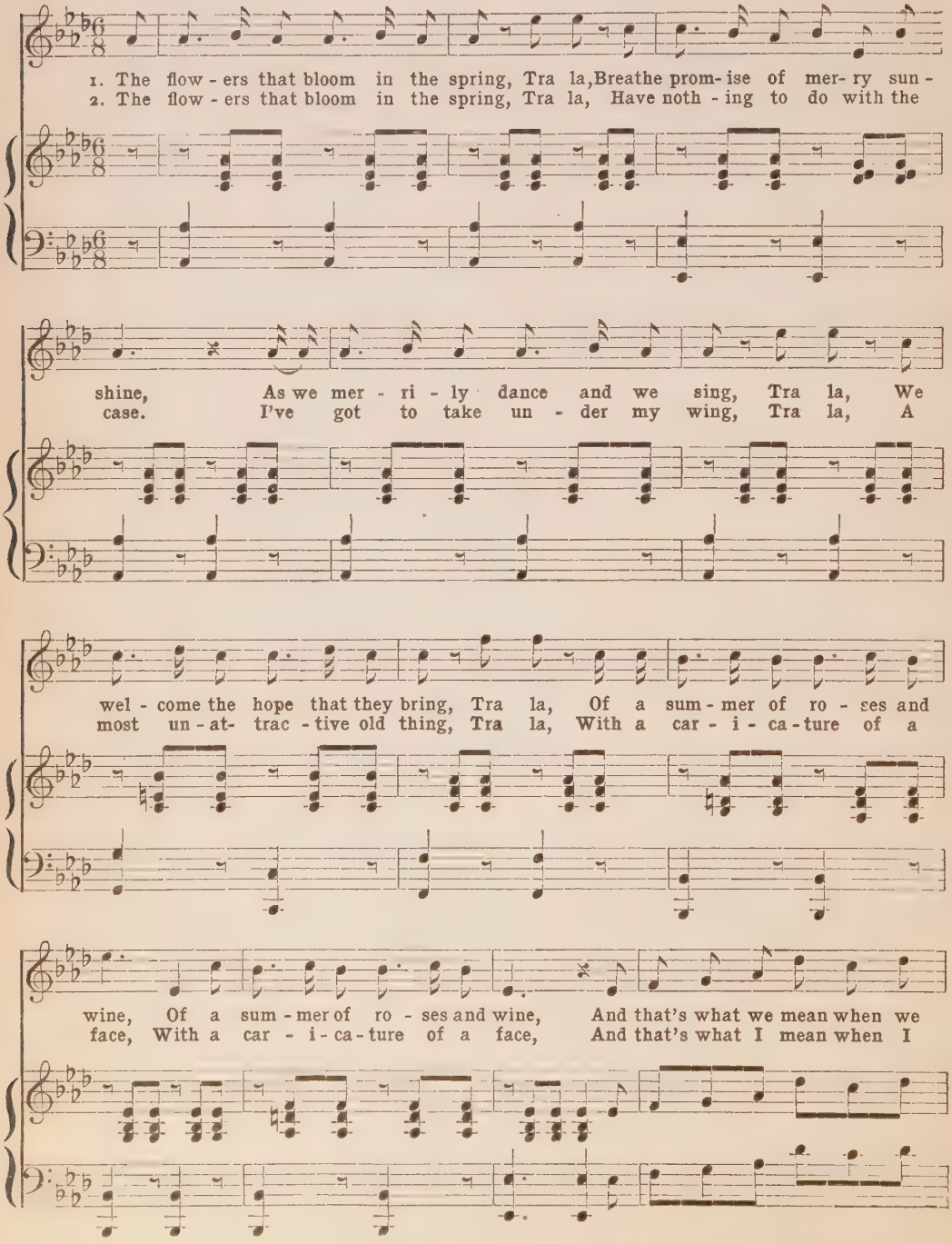
Nearer, My God, to Thee

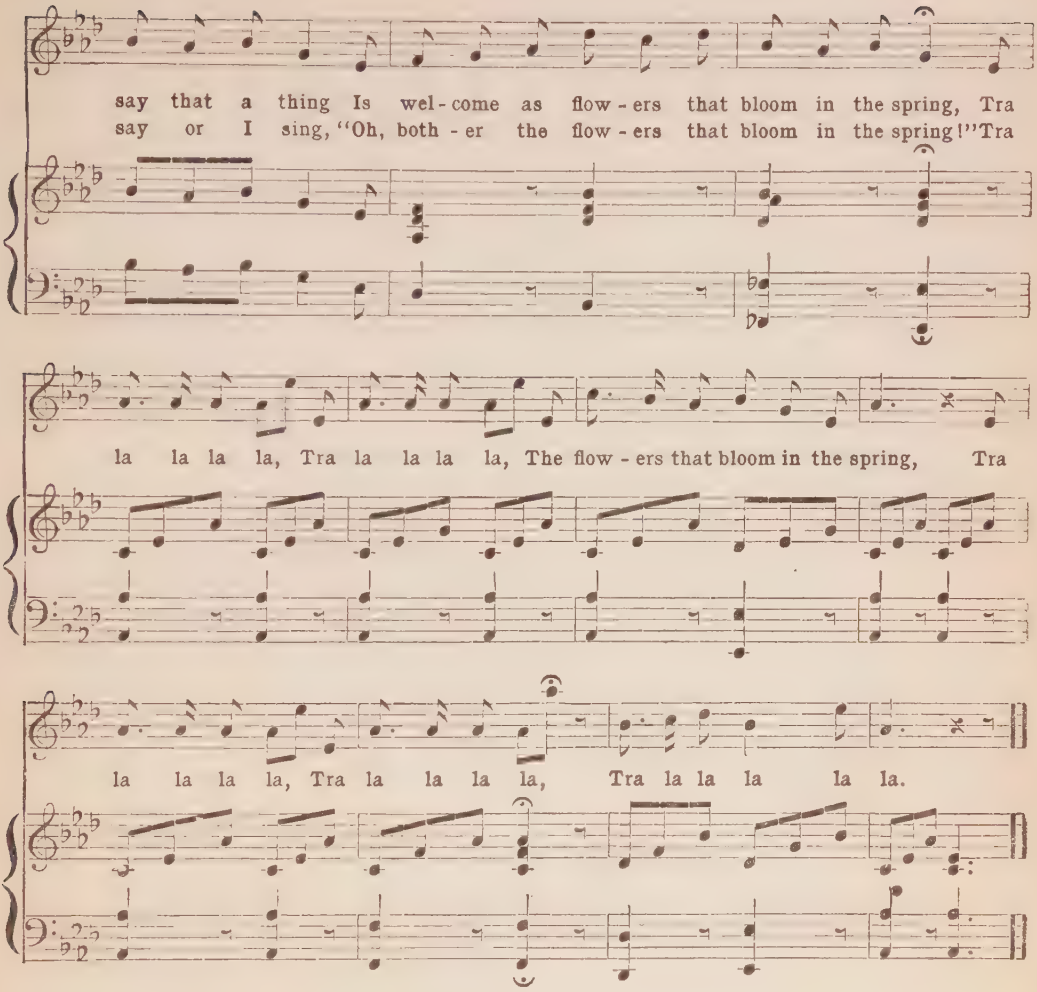
S. F. Adams L. Mason



The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

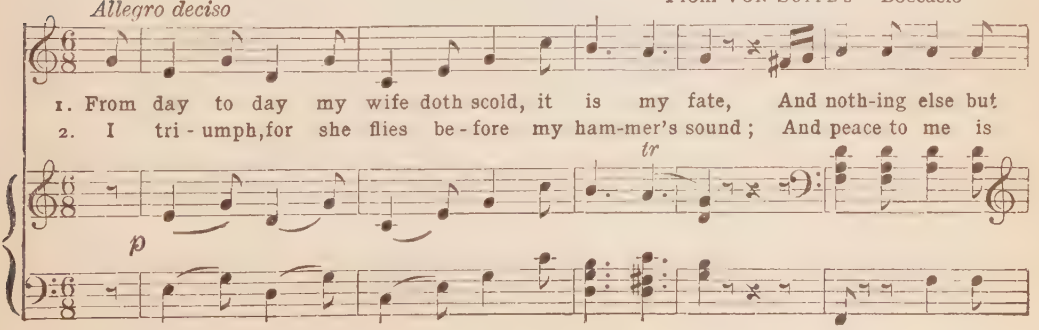
W. S. GILBERT — From SULLIVAN'S "Mikado"

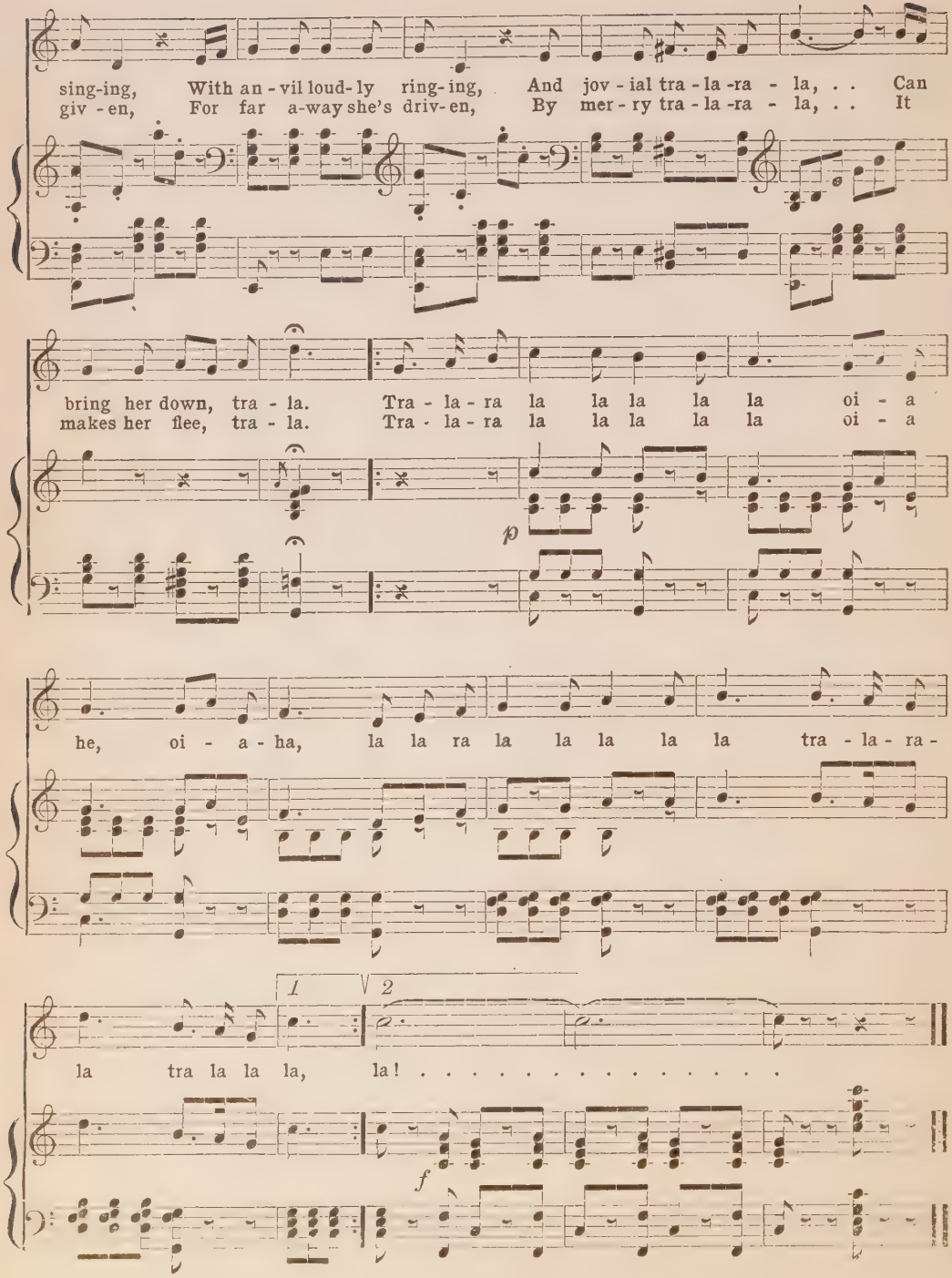




Cooper's Song

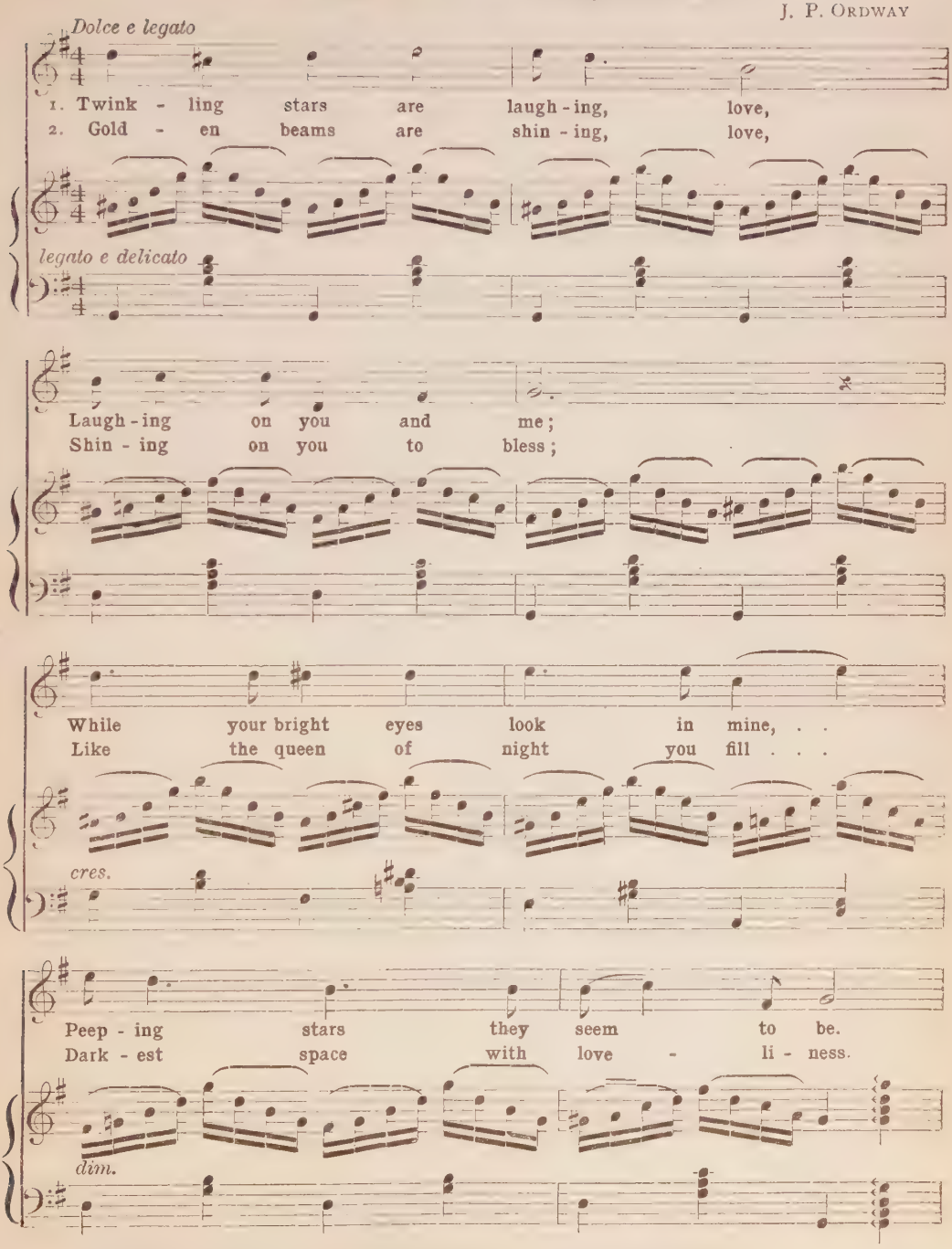
From Von Suppé's "Boccacio"



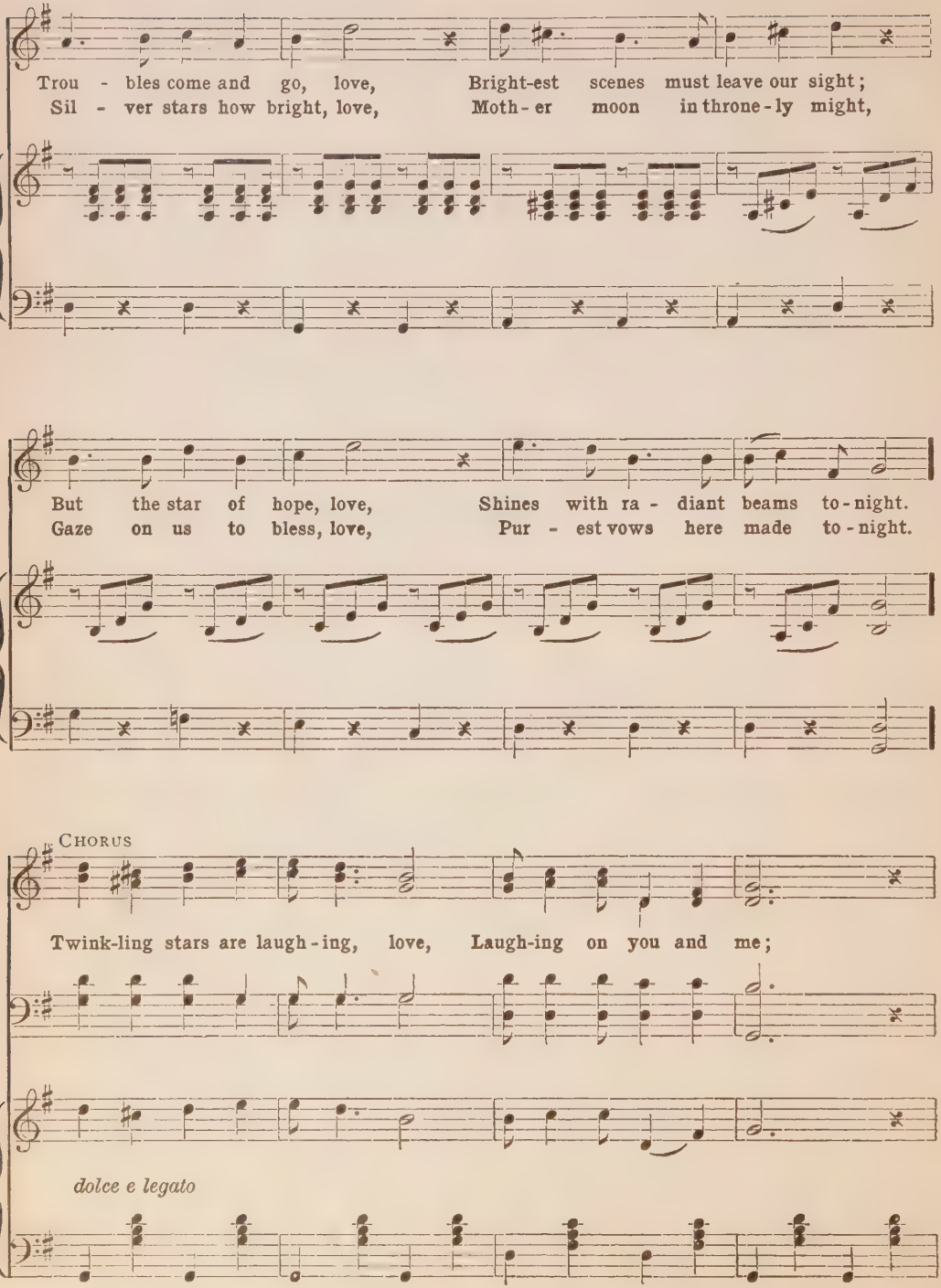

sing-ing, With an-vil loud-ly ring-ing, And jov-ial tra-la-ra-la, . . Can
giv-en, For far a-way she's driv-en, By mer-ry tra-la-ra-la, . . It
bring her down, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a
makes her flee, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a
p
he, oi-a-ha, la la ra la la la la la tra-la-ra-
1
2
la tra la la la, la!
f

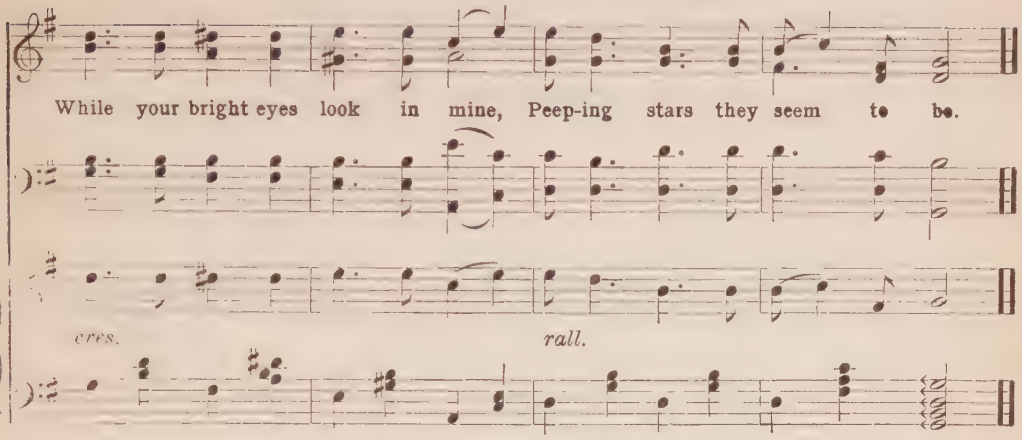
Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

J. P. Ordway



The Bass Staff alone may be used as an Accompaniment for the first eight measures.

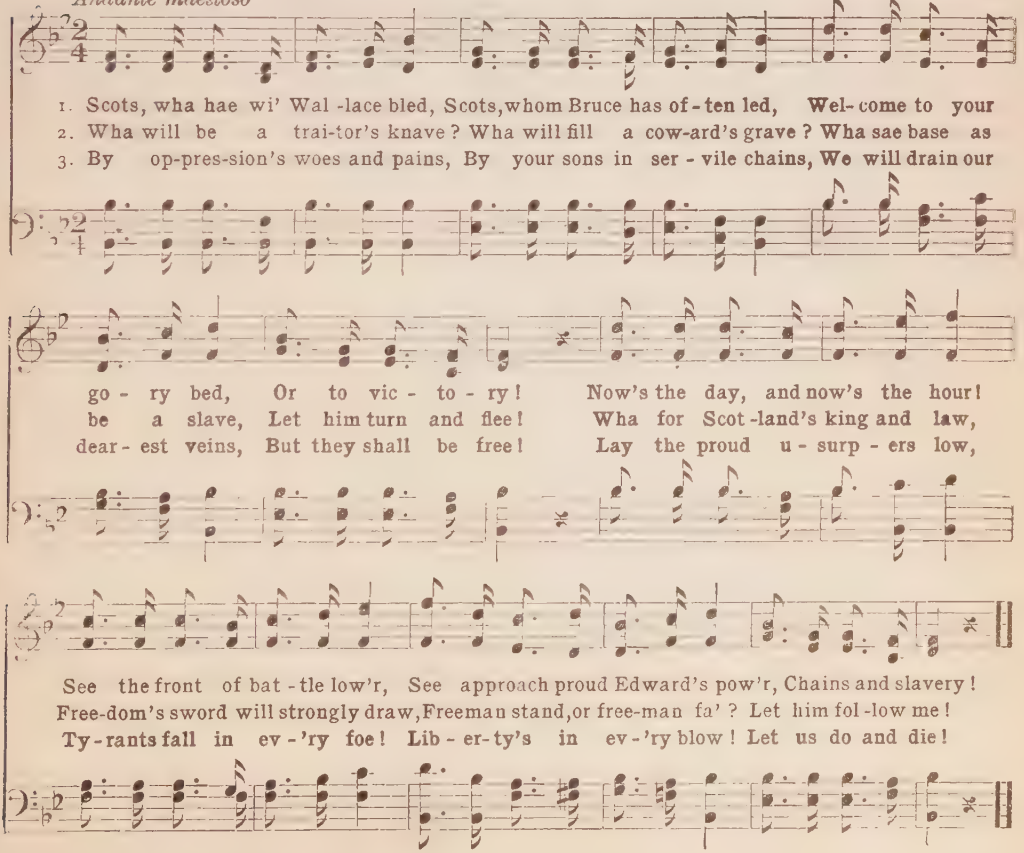

Trou - bles come and go, love, Bright-est scenes must leave our sight;
Sil - ver stars how bright, love, Moth - er moon in throne - ly might,
But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to - night.
Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to - night.
Chorus
Twink-ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;
dolce e legato



Bruce's Address

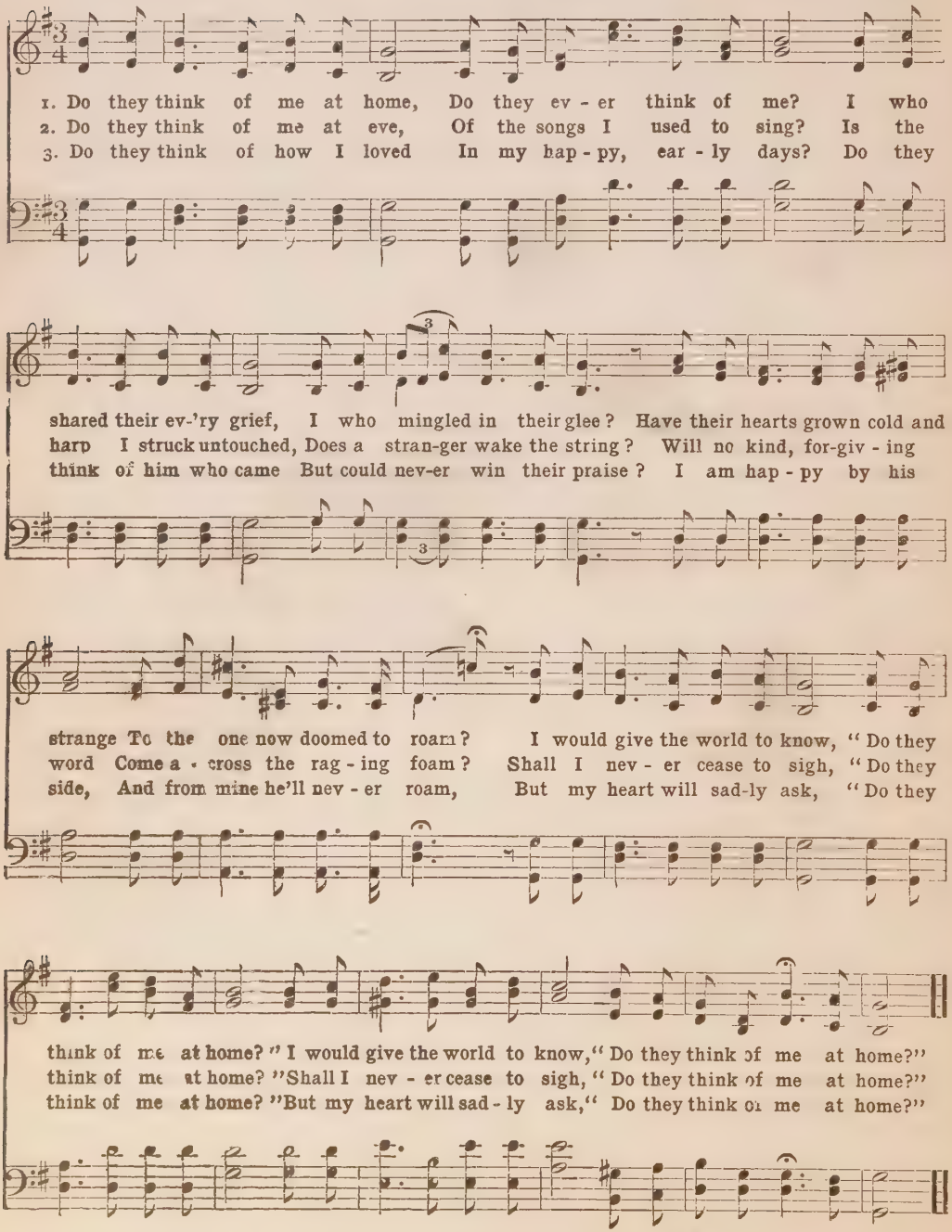
ROBERT BURNS
Andante maestoso

Scotch Melody



Do They Think of Me at Home

J. E. CARPENTER — CHAS. W. GLOVER



A Life on the Ocean Wave

EPES SARGENT — HENRY RUSSELL

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-glid - ing craft, Set -
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But

FINE

scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:
sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol-lows far a - baft.
with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll say "Let the storm come down!"

mp

Like an ea - gle caged I pine On this dull, un - chang - ing shore; Oh!
We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the
And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A

mp

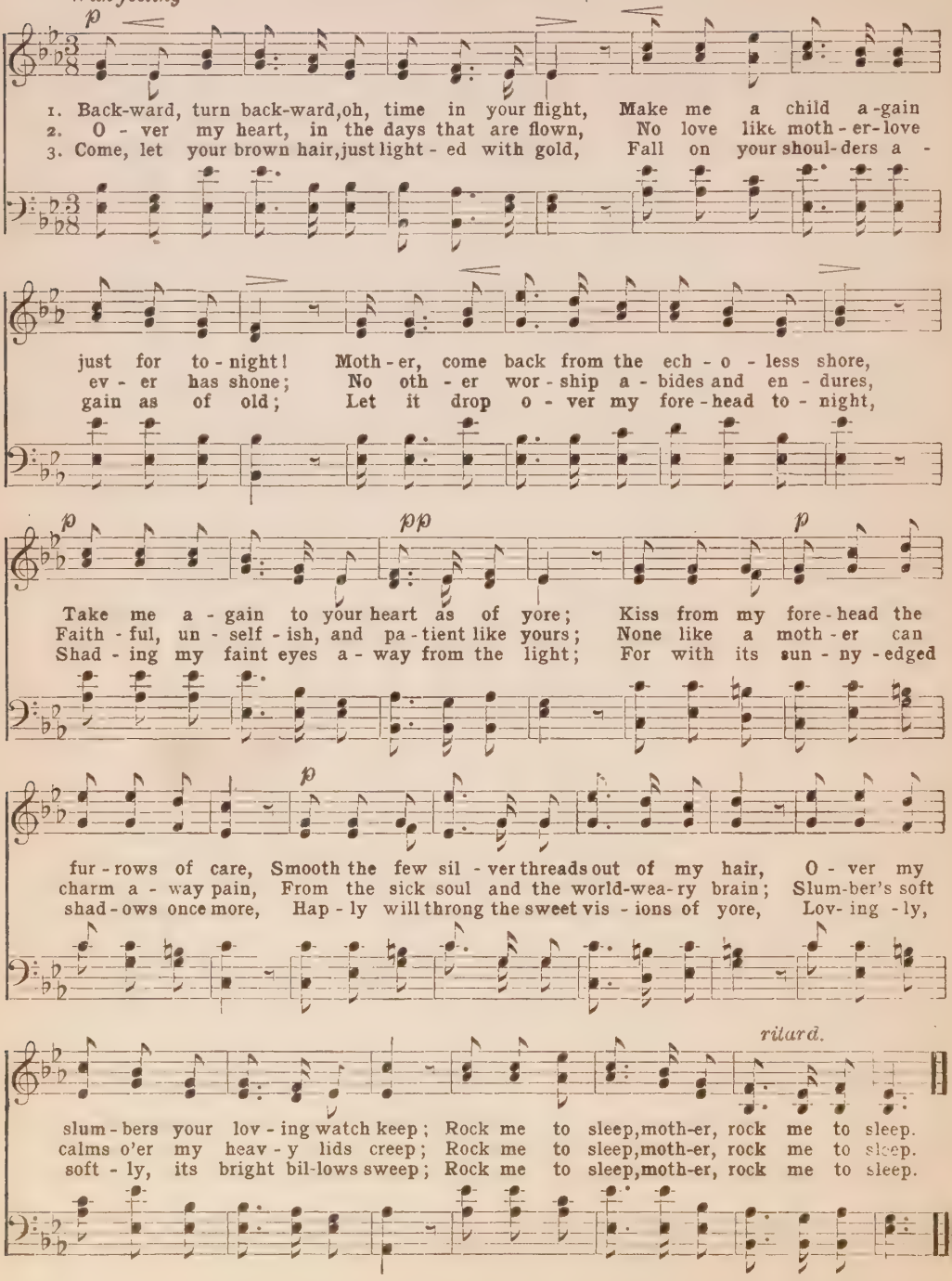
Sing first verse in D.C.

agitato

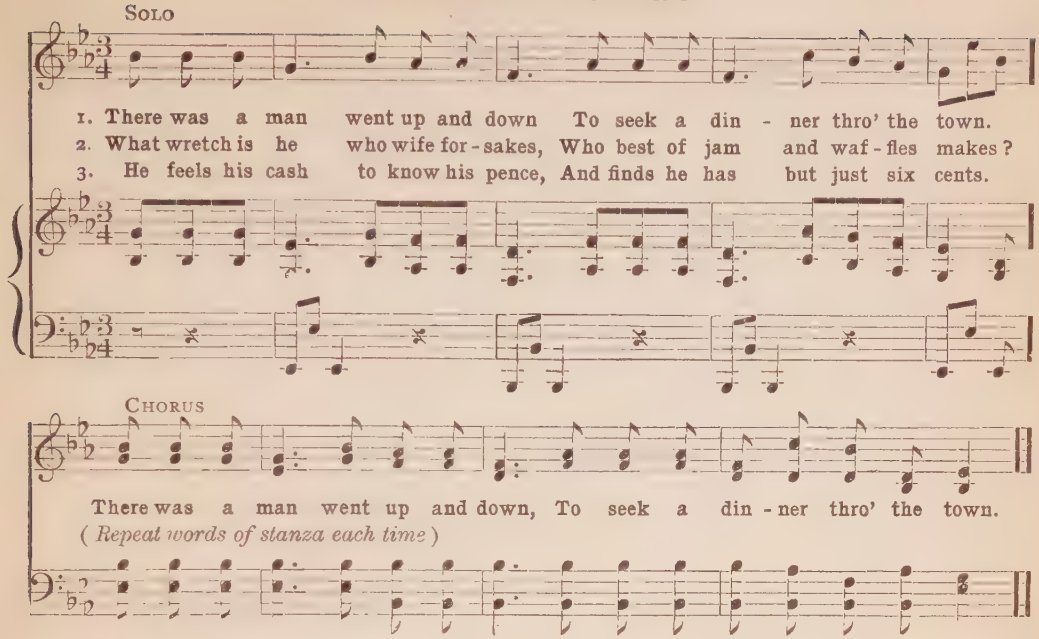
give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!
o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

With feeling — ERNEST LESLIE



The Lone Fish-ball



4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, — "one Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

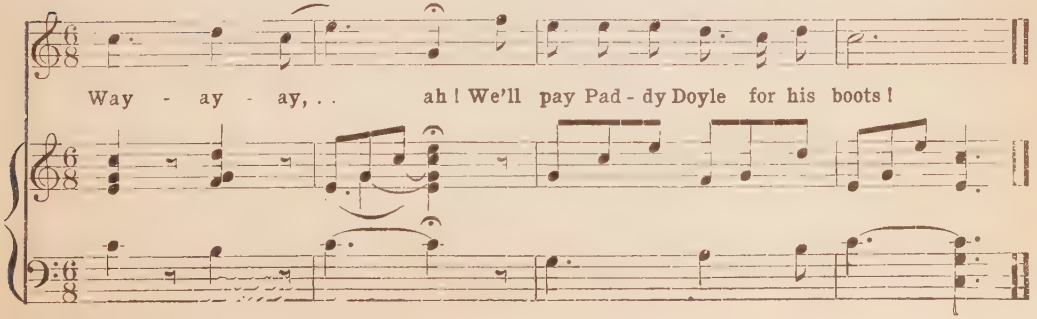
MORAL

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

12 Who would Fish-ball with fixin's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

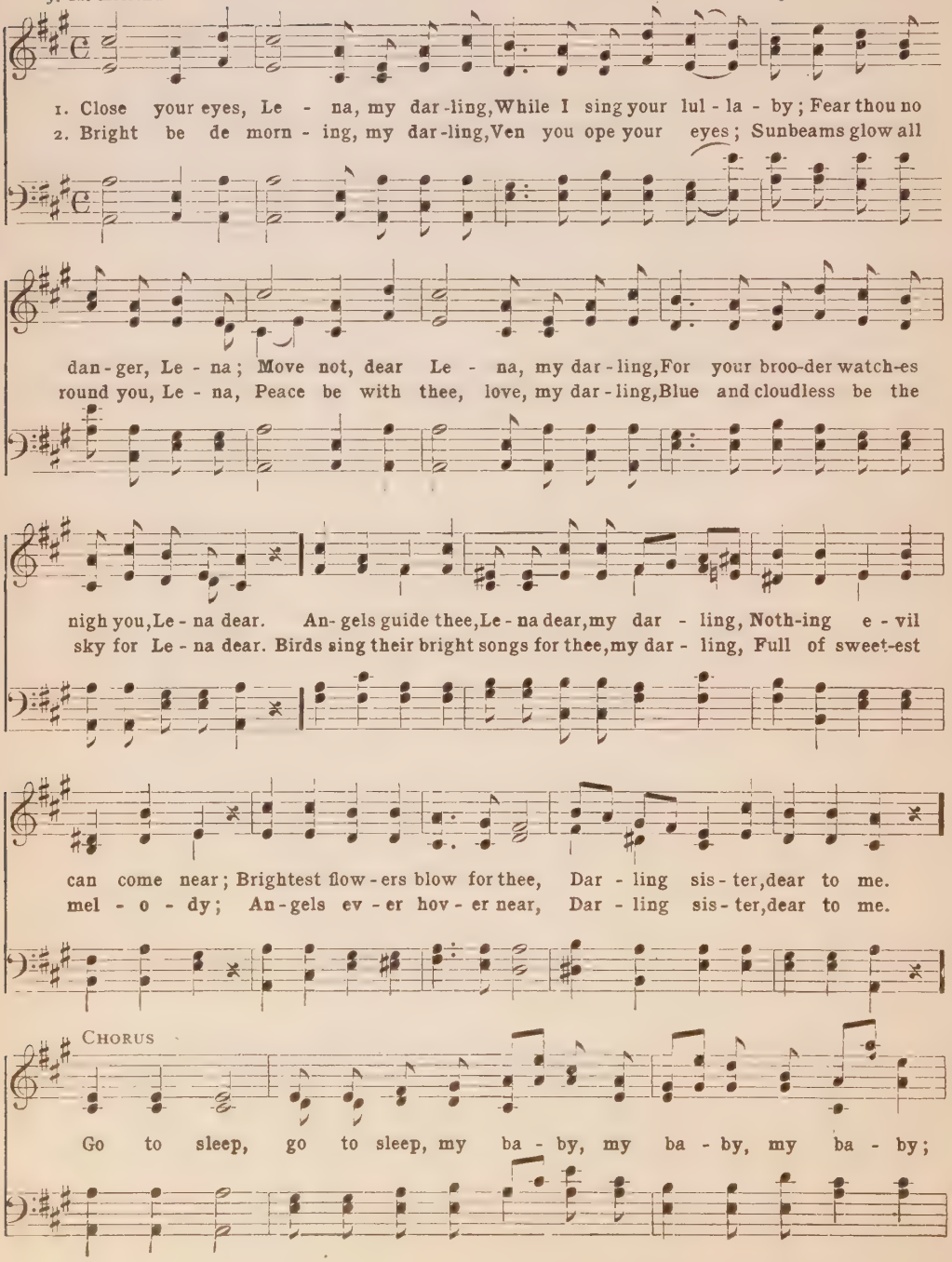
We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

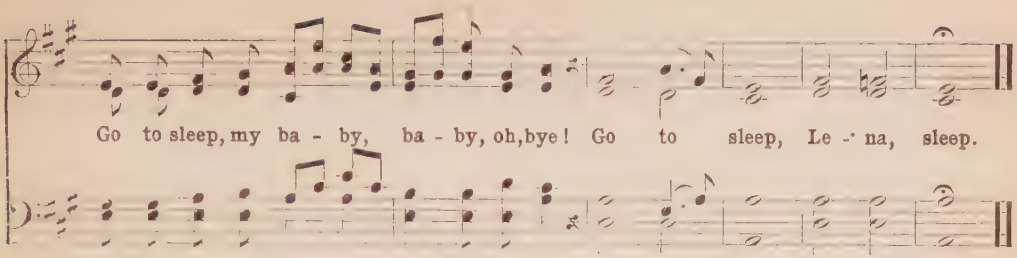
Chantey Song



Go to Sleep, Lena Darling

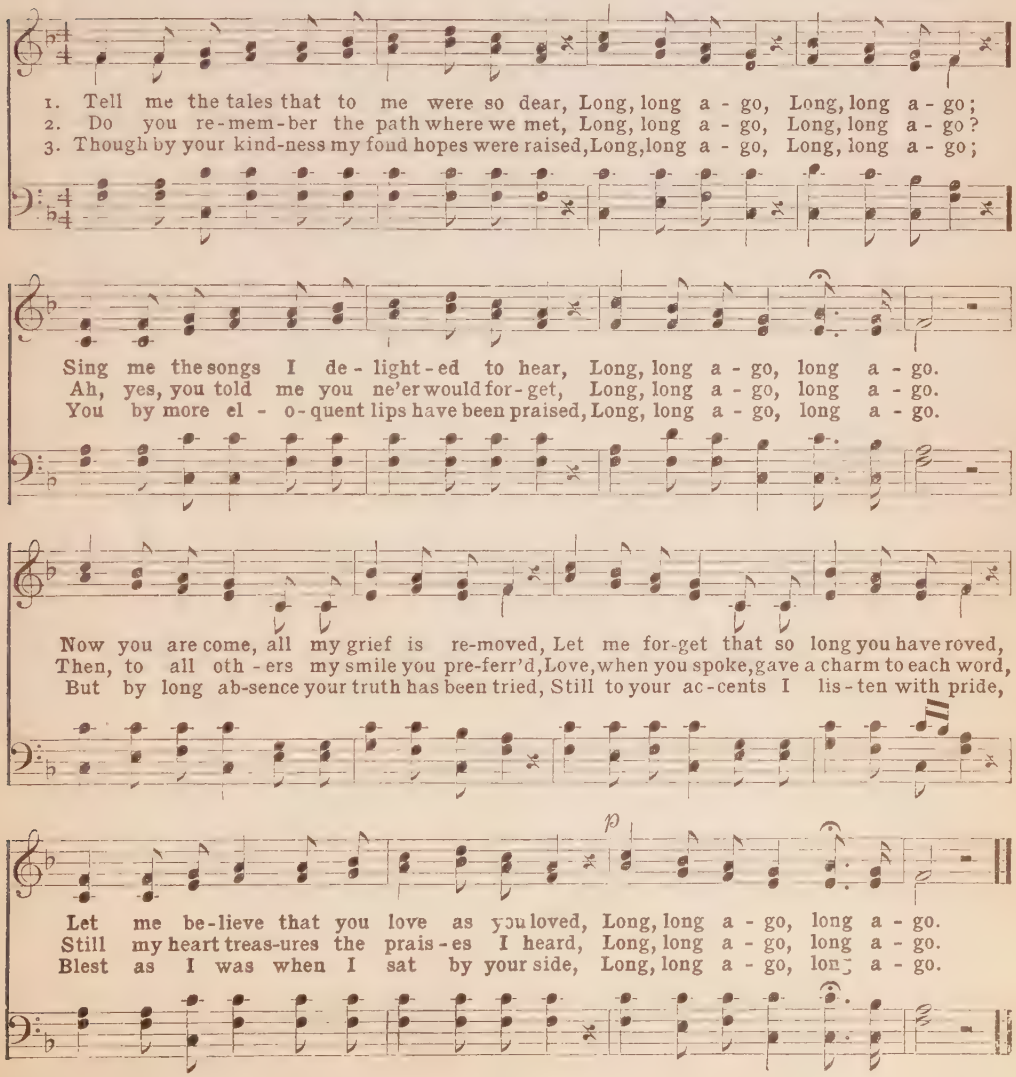
J. K. Emmet J. K. Emmet



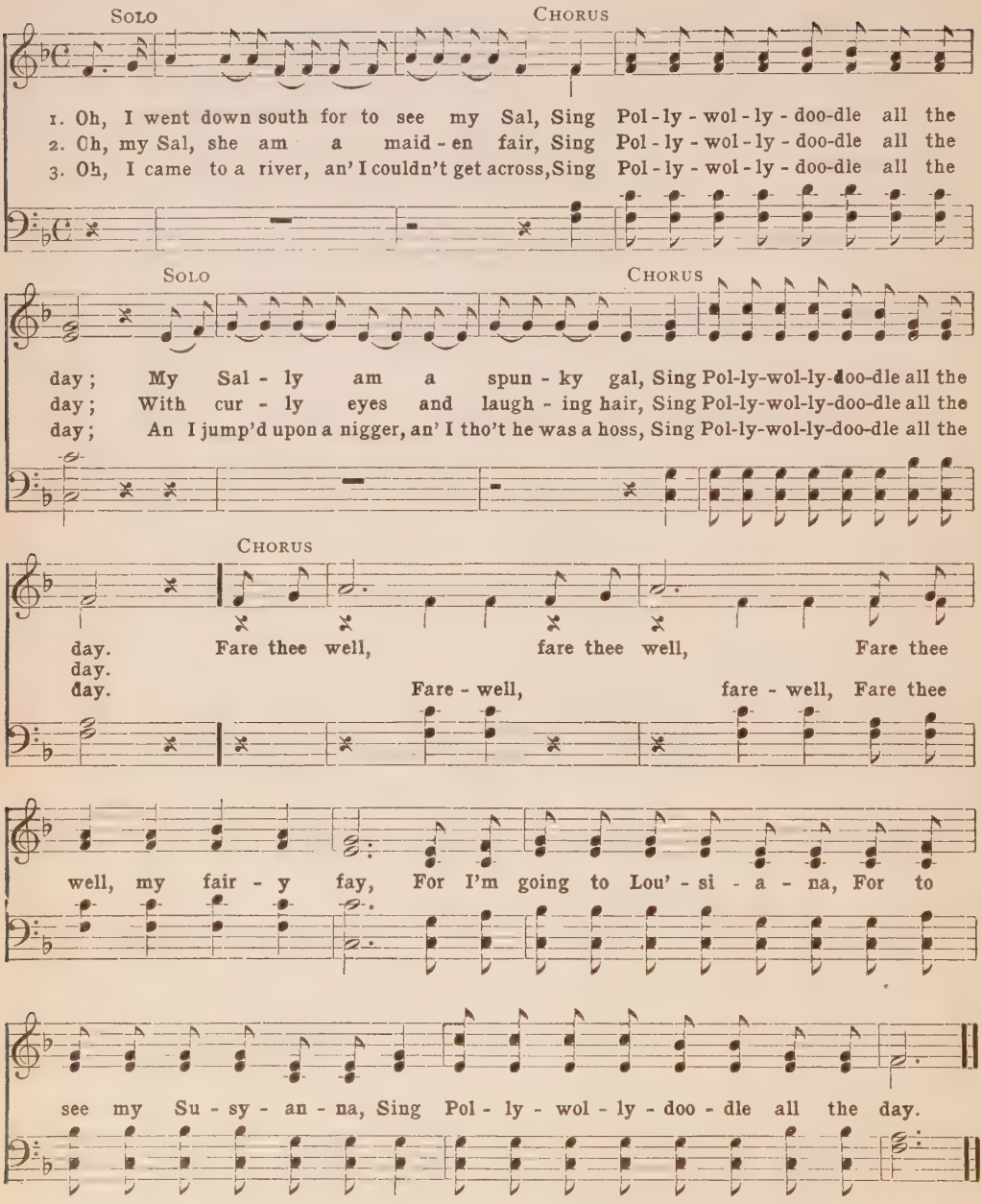


Long, Long Ago

T. H. Bayly



Polly-wolly-doodle



4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

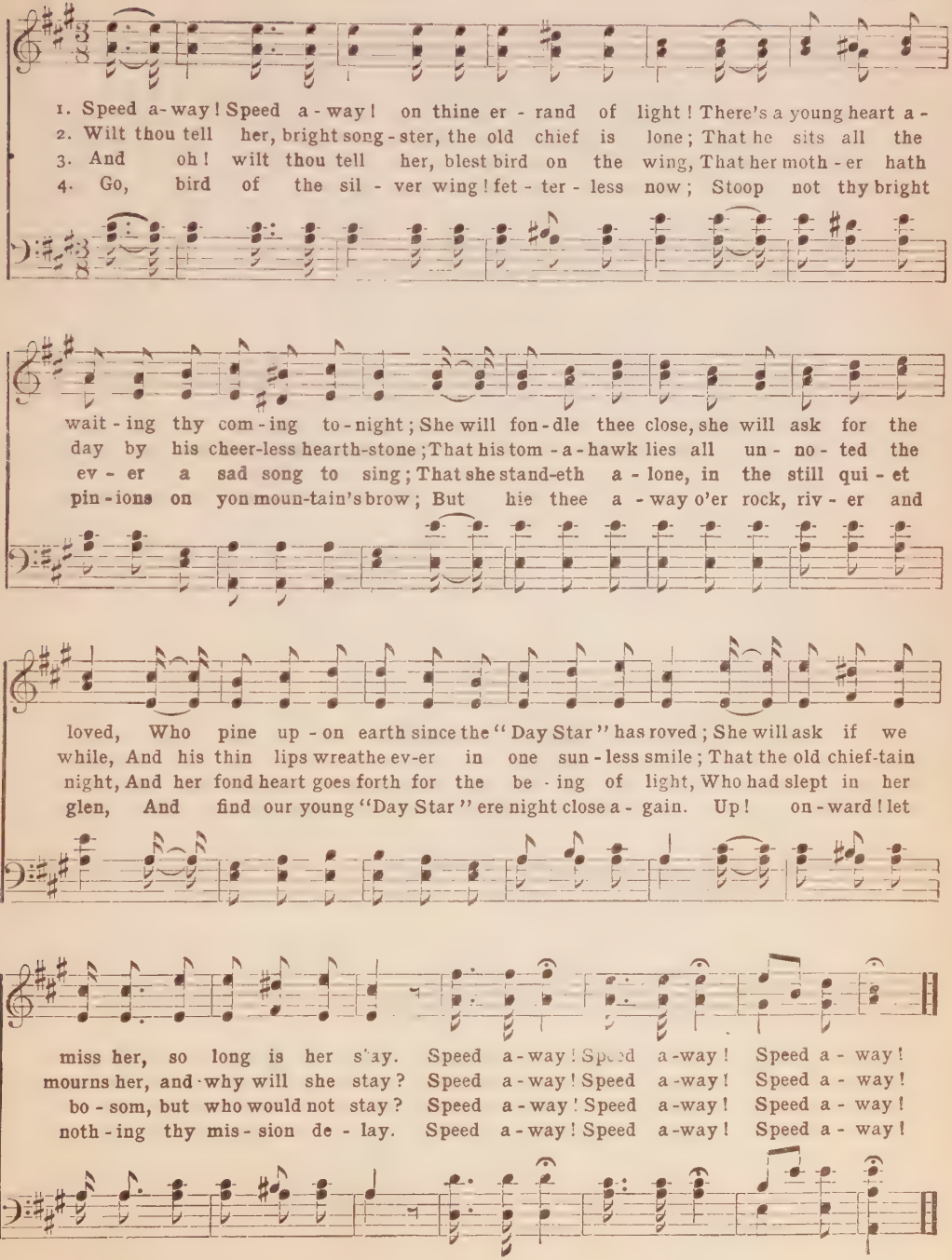
6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off

And so on, ad infin.

Speed Away! Speed Away

I. B. Woodbury



Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

1 & D.C. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A-roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels while wak - in' or sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

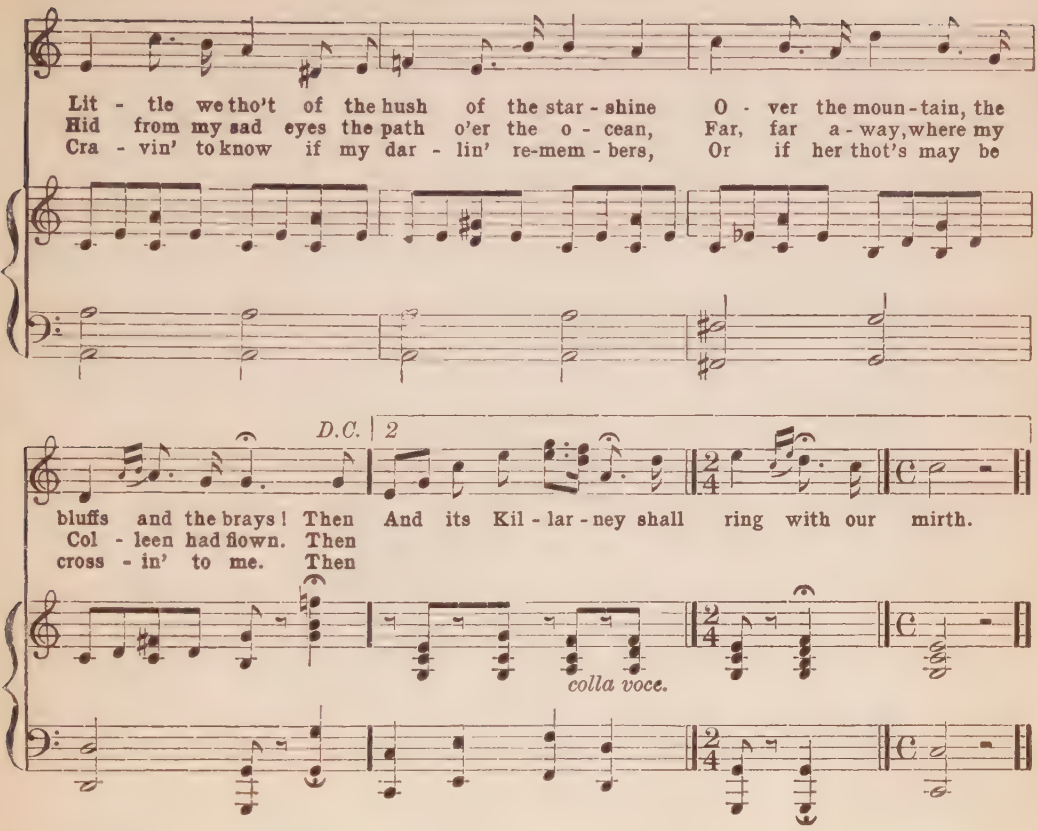
rit.

land of thy birth; . . Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
bore thee a - way; . . Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way, . . And it's my pray'rs will con-sign to their keep - in',

1

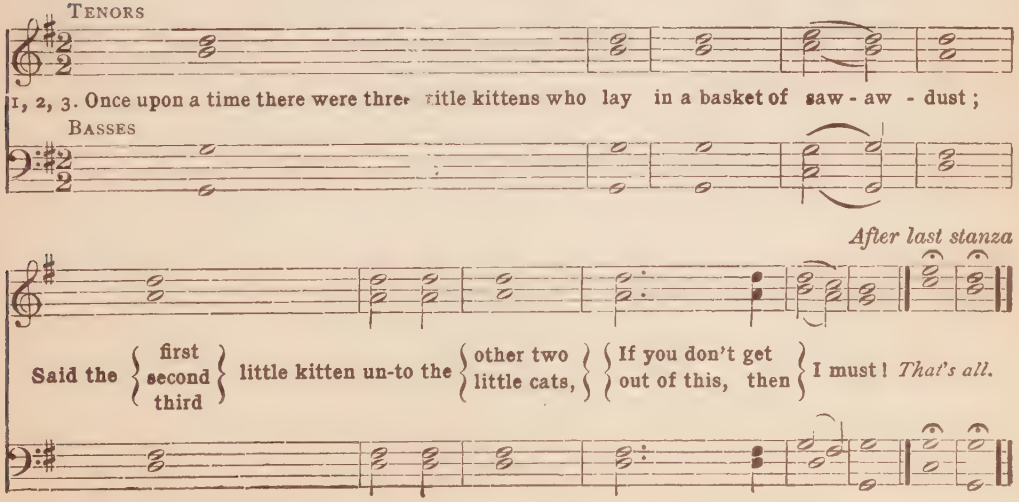
And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when you left us, our
Just like a May - flower a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when
Care o' my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

beau - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down;
watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea,



Three Little Kittens

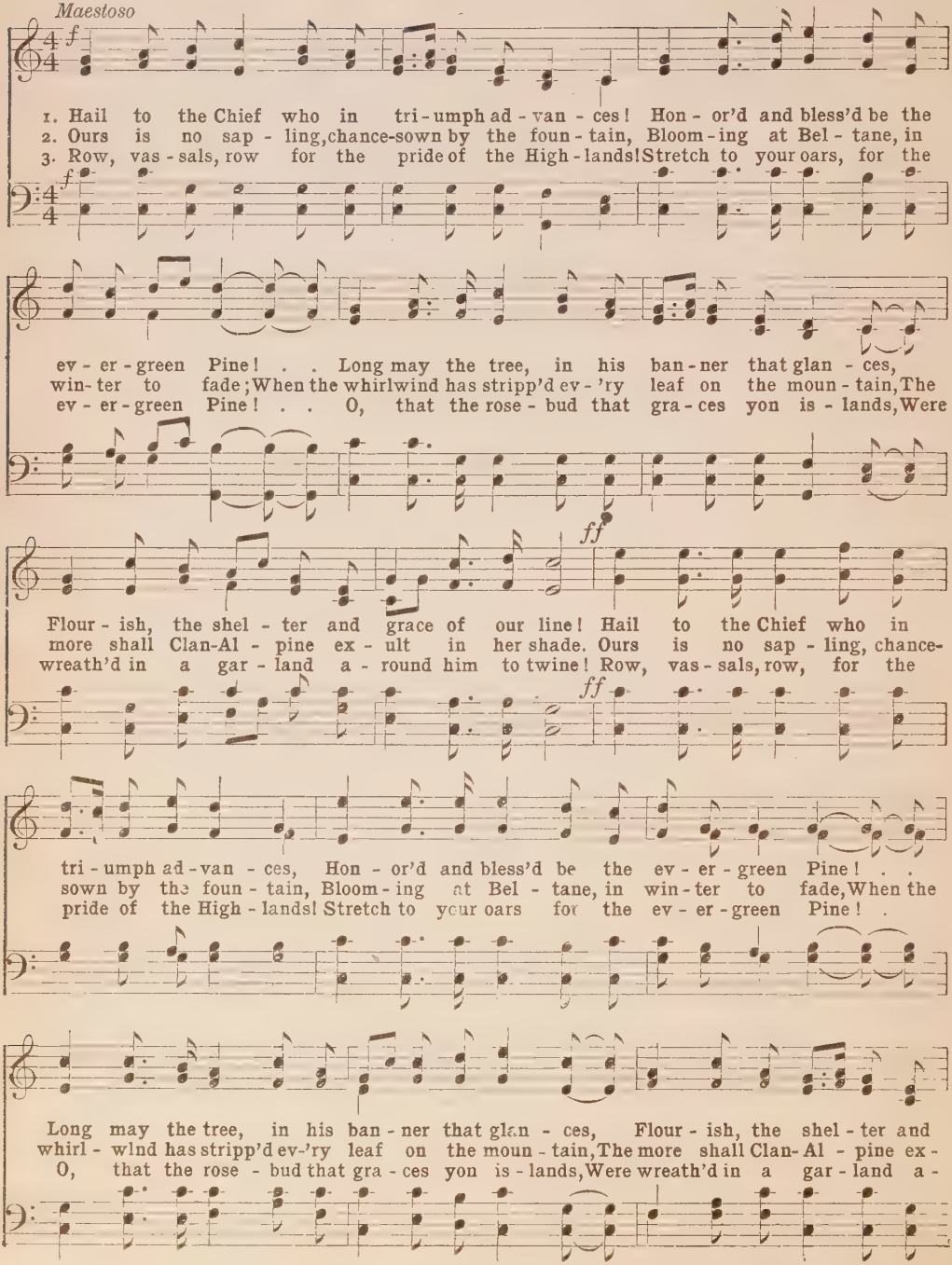
CHANT

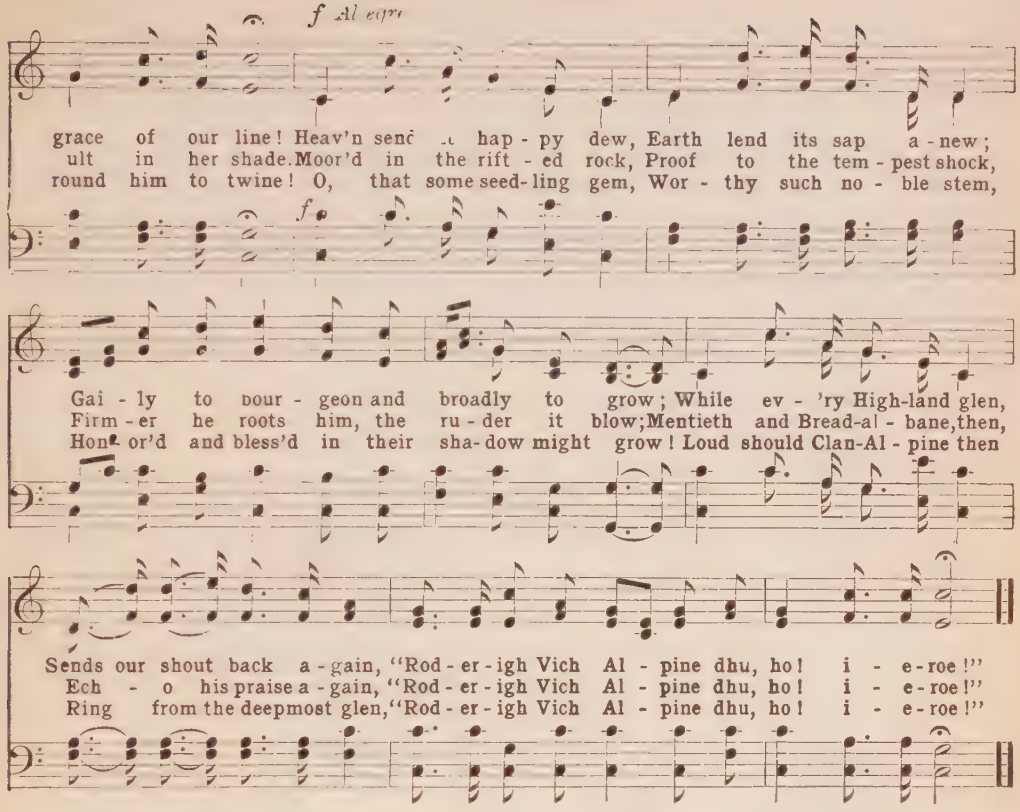


Hail to the Chief

Sir WALTER SCOTT — JAMES SANDERSON

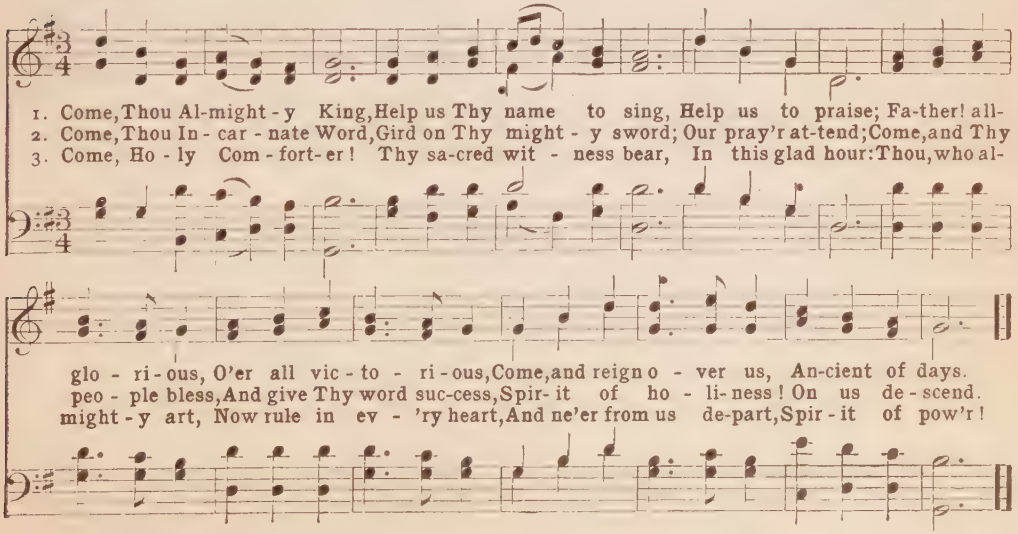
Maestoso





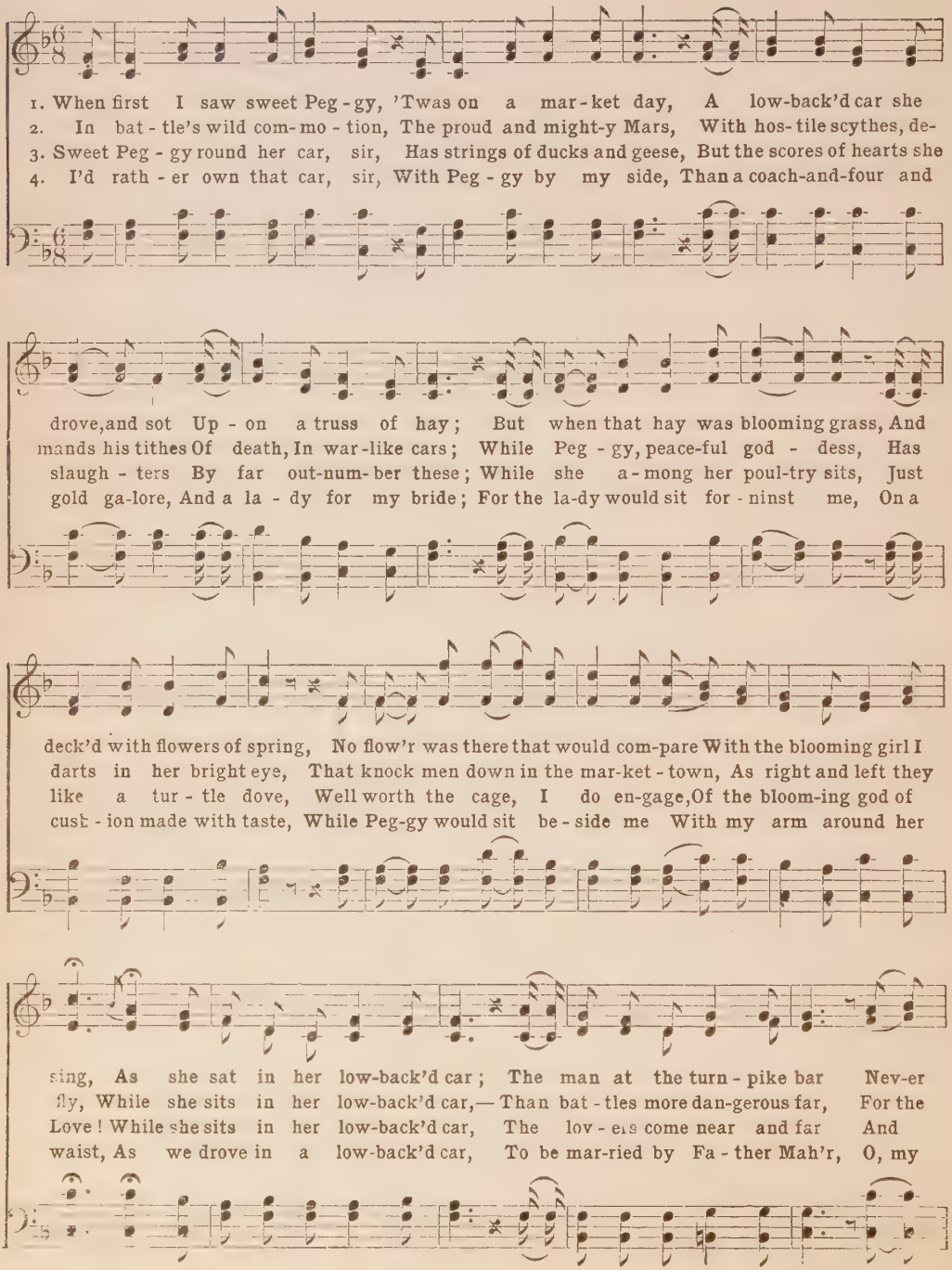
Come, Thou Almighty King

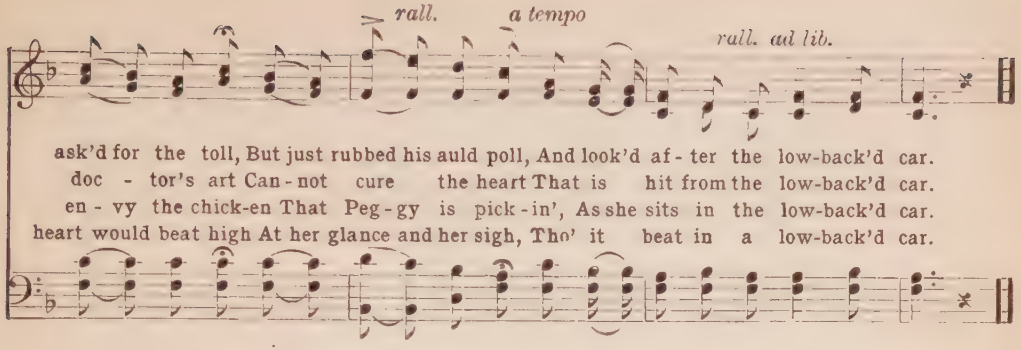
C. WESLEY F. GIARDINI



The Low-Backed Car

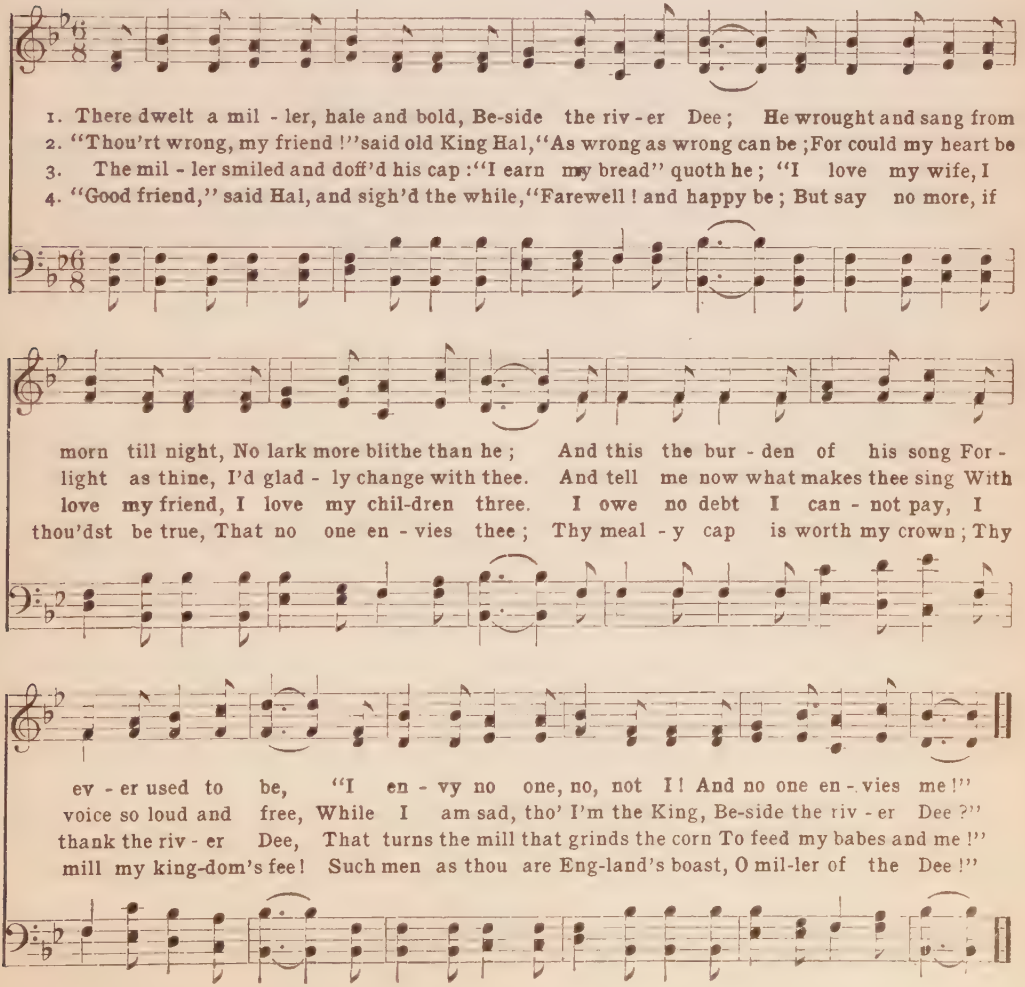
SAMUEL LOVER





The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY



Farewell

From the German, by H. Zick

Silcher

mf *Andante* *p*

1. Love! so beau - ti - ful and true! I must leave to - mor - row,
2. In true friend-ship heart to heart Close - ly clings for - ev - er,
3. When soft breez - es kiss your cheek, Touch your hands ca - ress - ing,

mf *p*

mf *cres.*

Can no lon - ger be with you, Part - ing caus - es sor - row.
Sun and moon on high may part, But true friends will nev - er.
Sighs they are and thee may seek, Send by me with bless - ing;

mf *cres.*

p

Ah! I love thee faith - ful - ly, More than words can tell to thee;
Who the depths of woe can tell, When two lov - ers say fare-well,
Thou - sands send I day by day, And with thee I bid them stay,

p

cres. *f*

Yet from thee must wan - der, Yet from thee must wan - der.
Say fare-well for - ev - er, Say fare-well for - ev - er.
To re - call me to thee, To re - call me to thee!

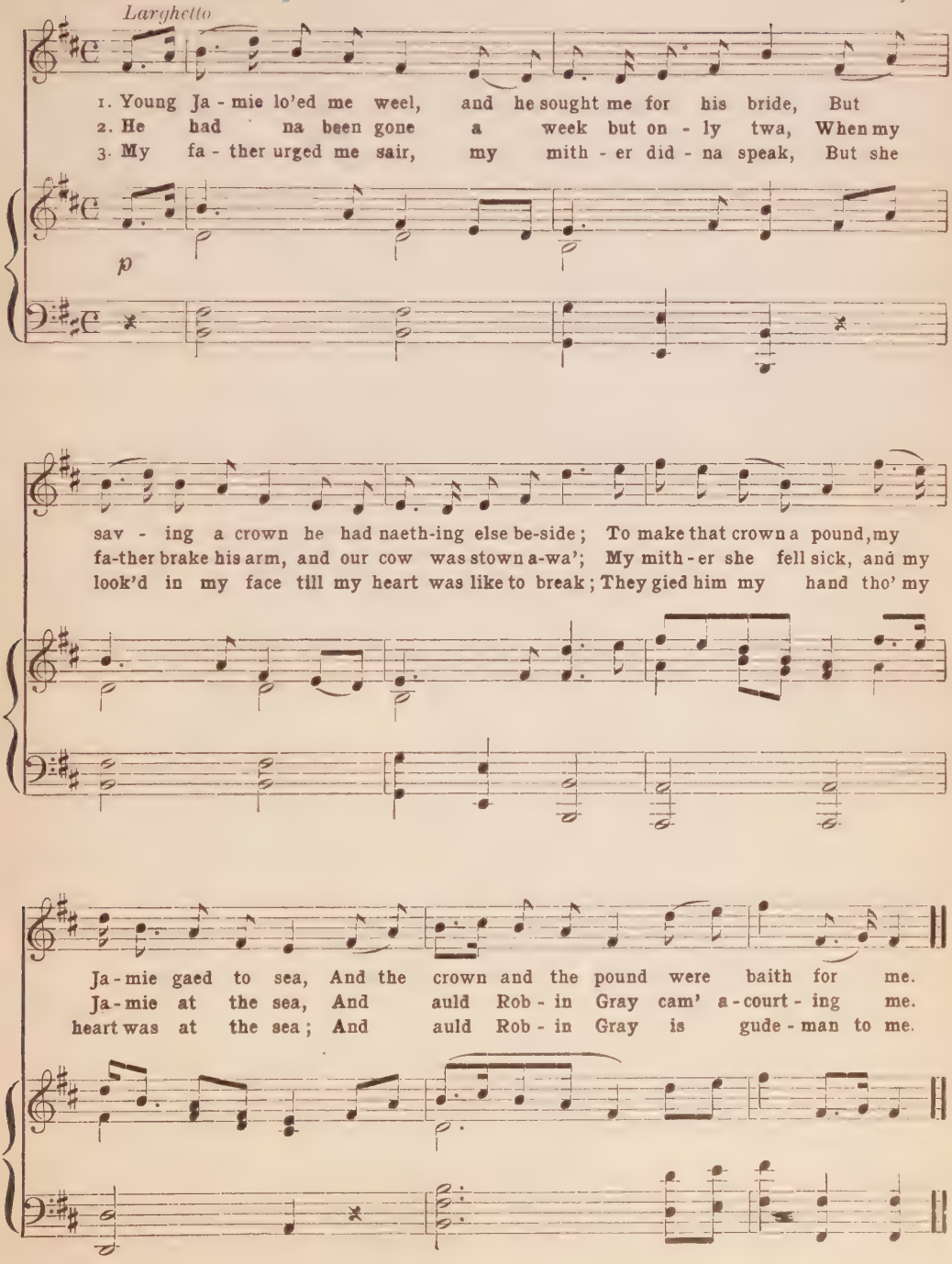
cres. *f*

Auld Robin Gray

Lady ANN LINDSAY

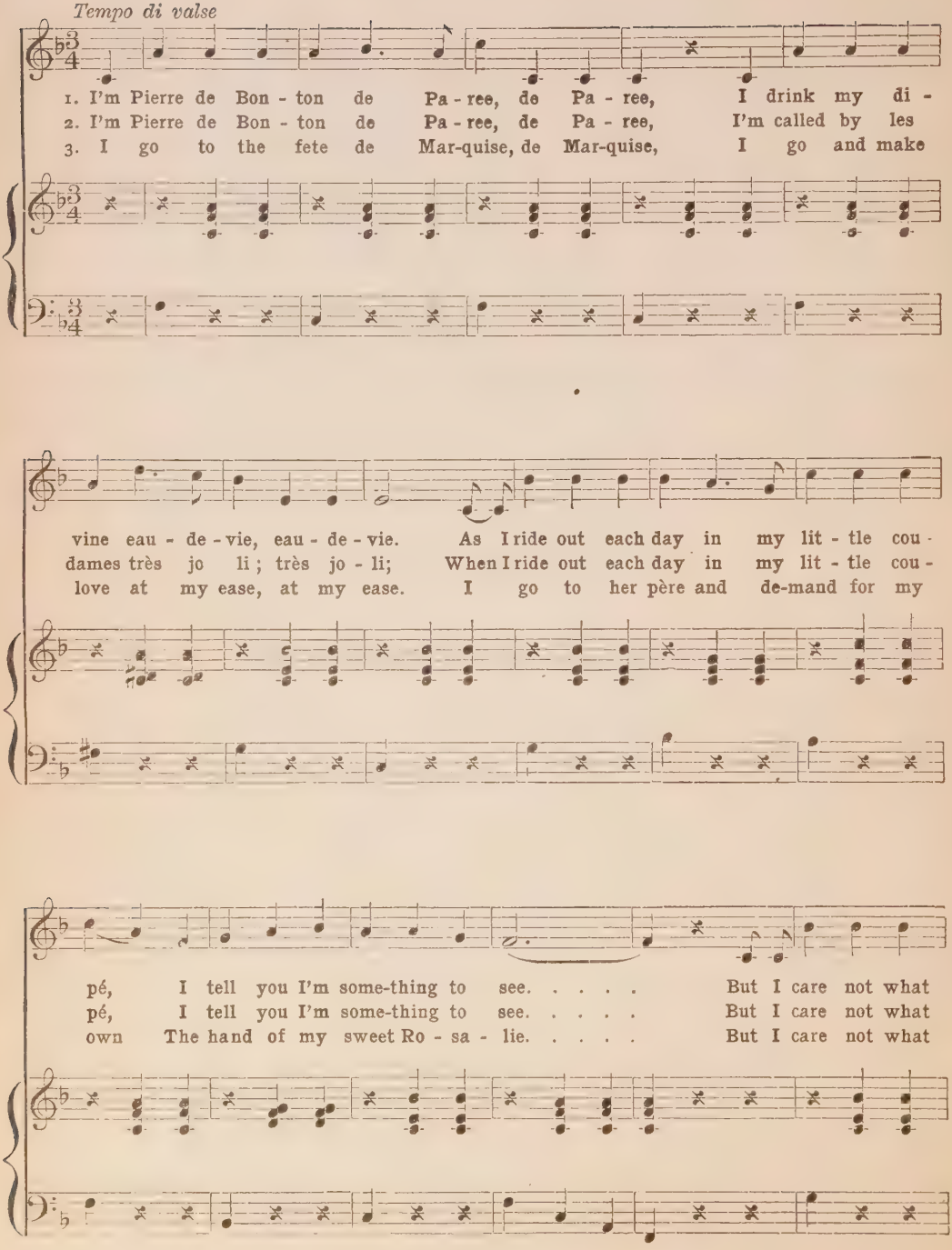
Old Melody

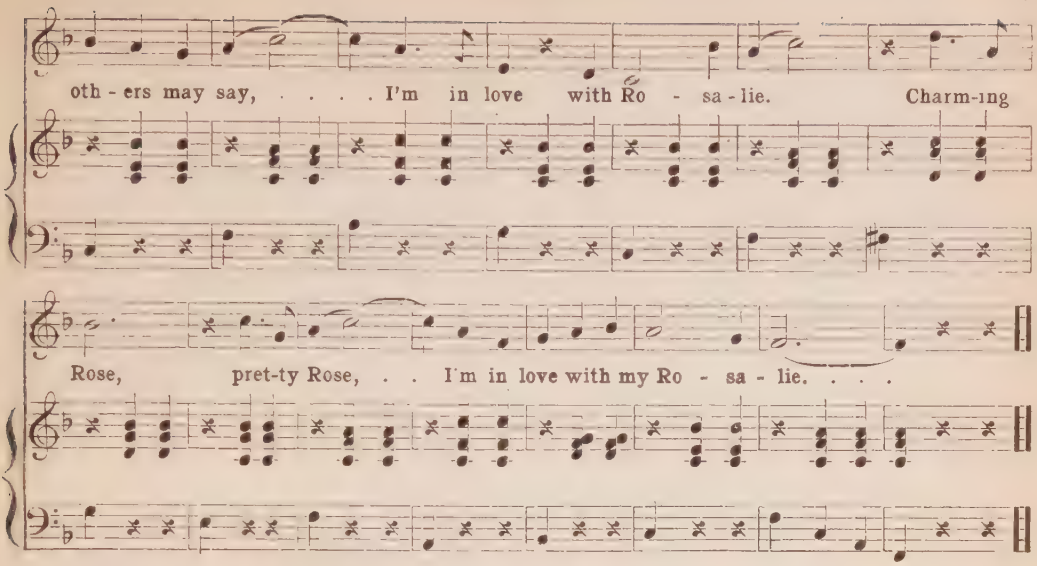
Larghetto



Rosalie

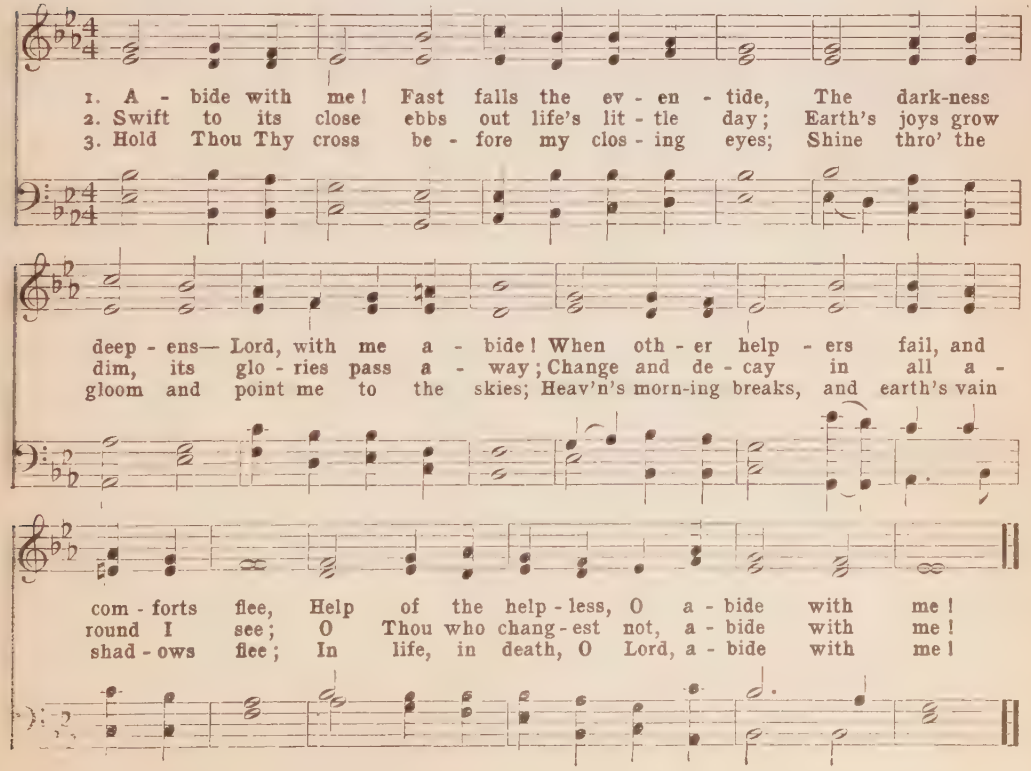
Tempo di valse



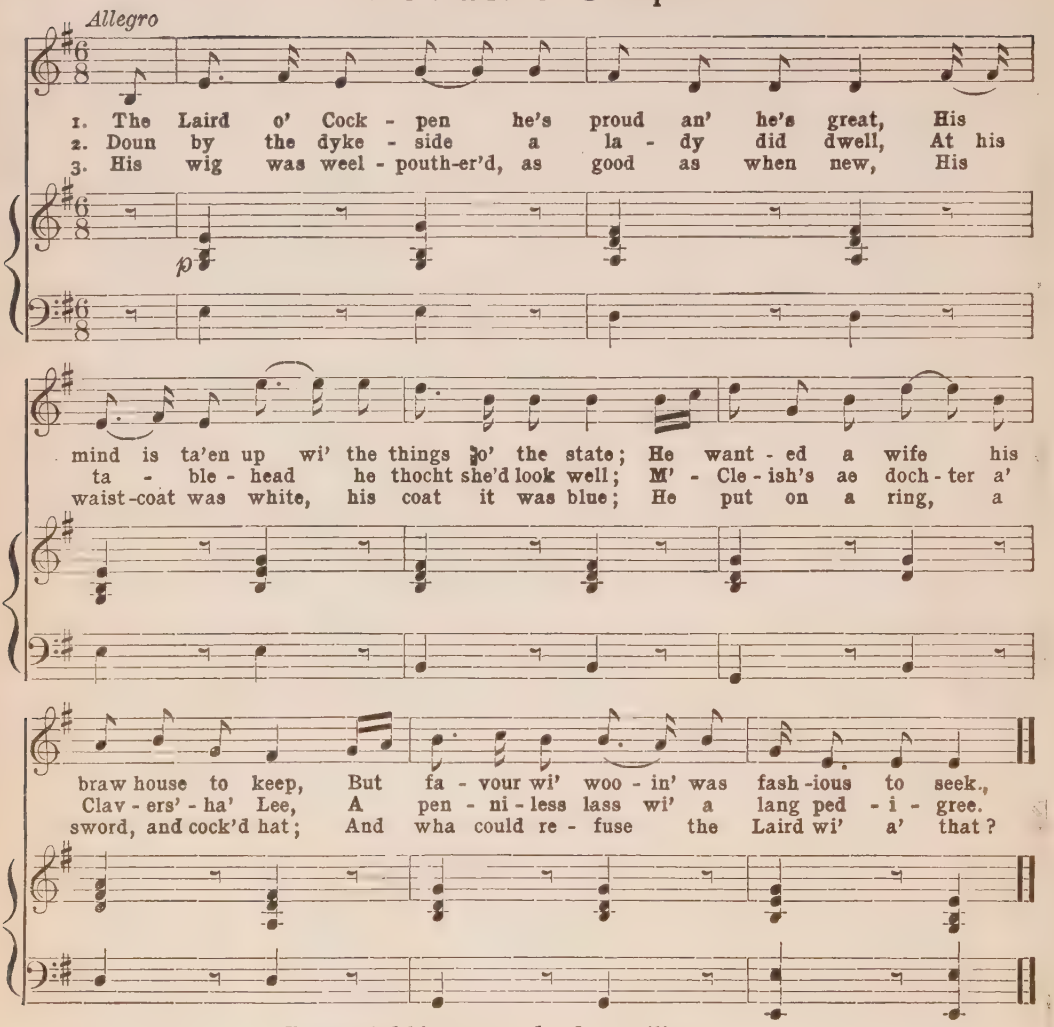


Abide with Me

H. F. Lyte W. H. Monk



The Laird o' Cockpen



4 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie:
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

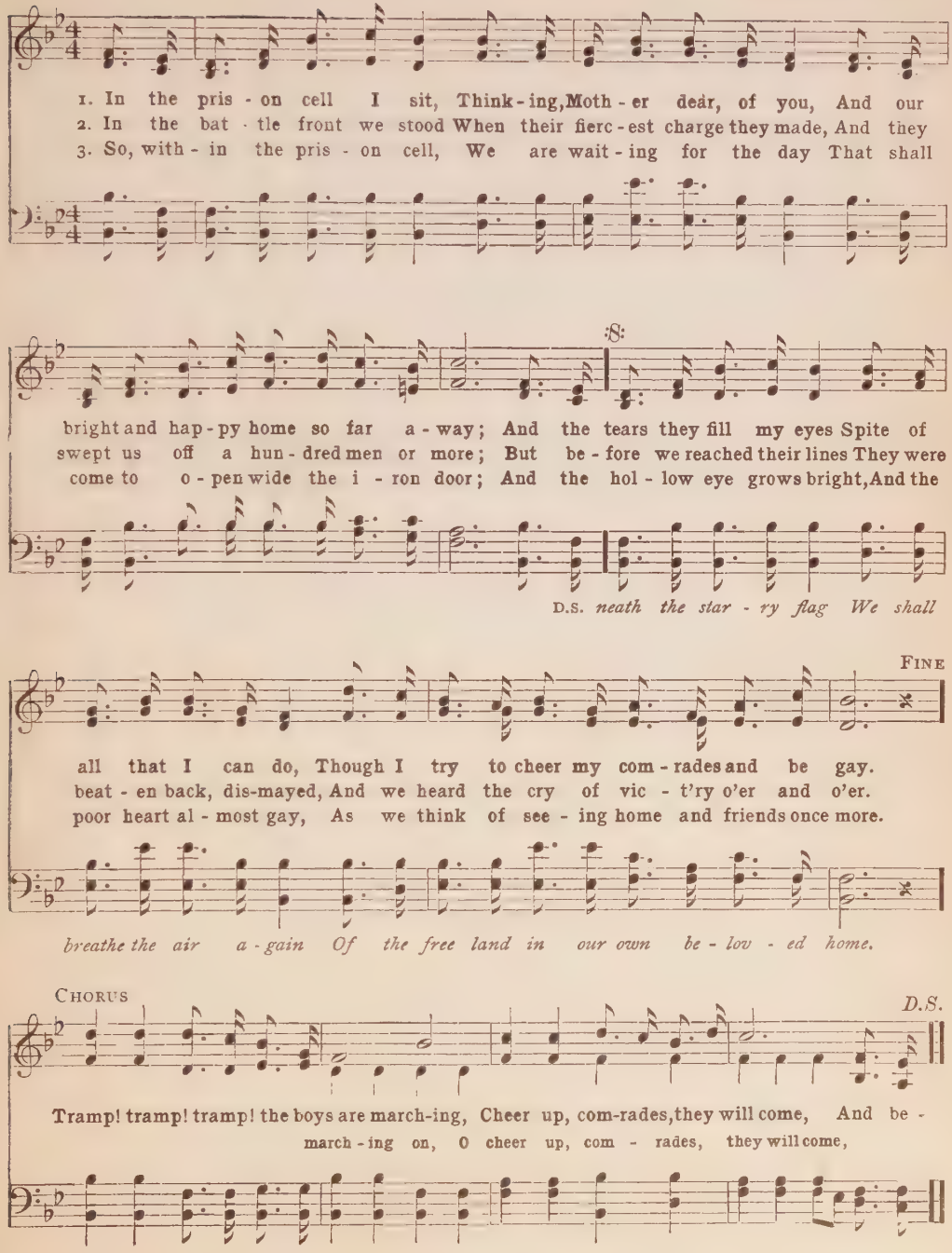
5 Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
"What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

6 An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

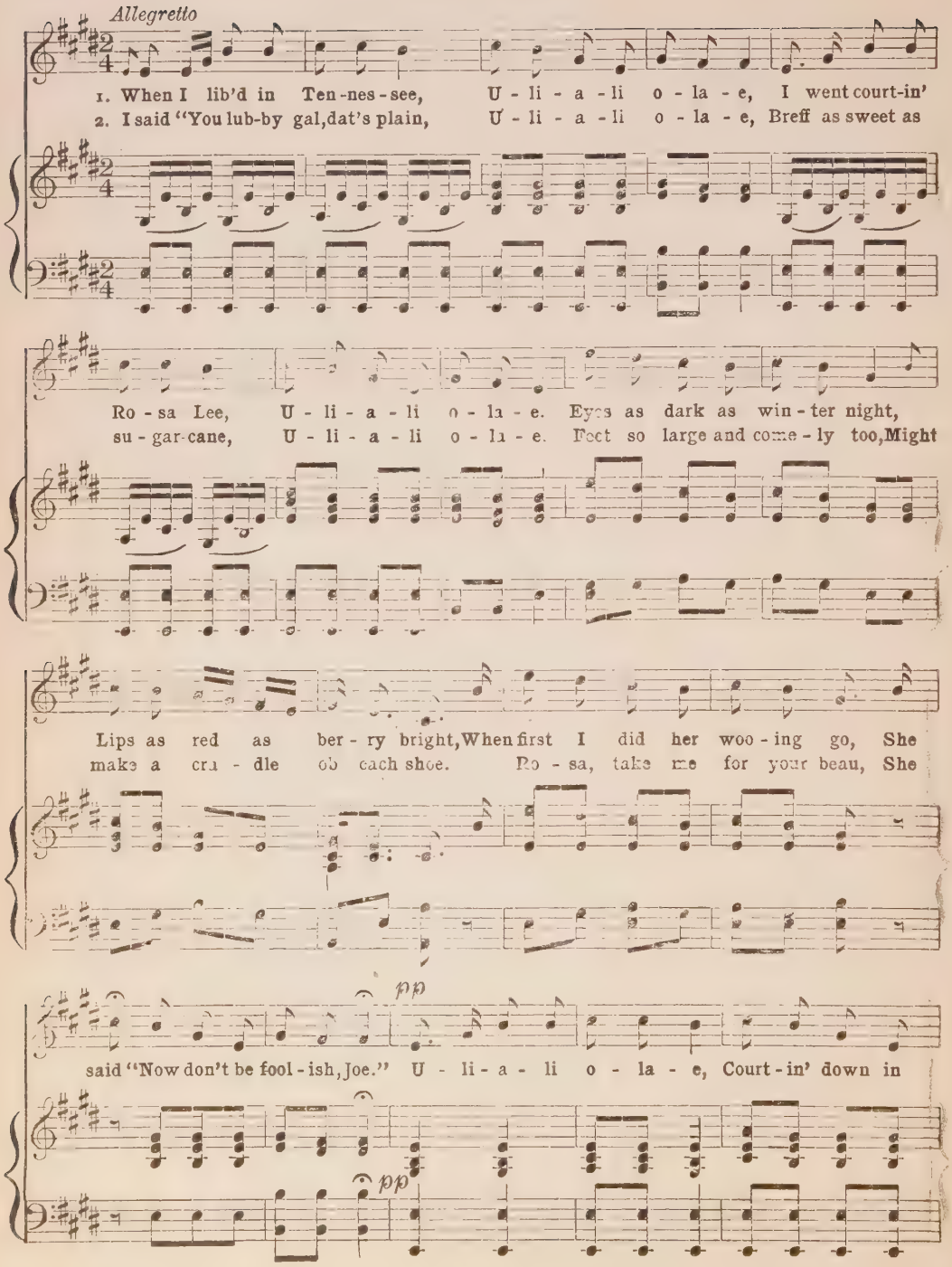
7 Dumbfoundered was he—but nae sigh did he gie';
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

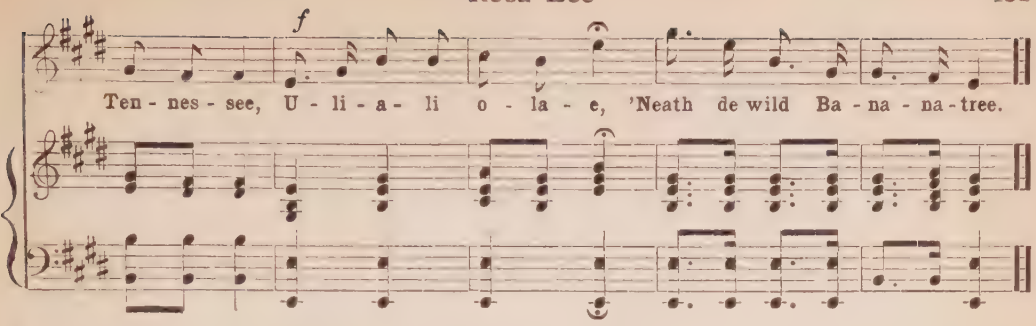
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT



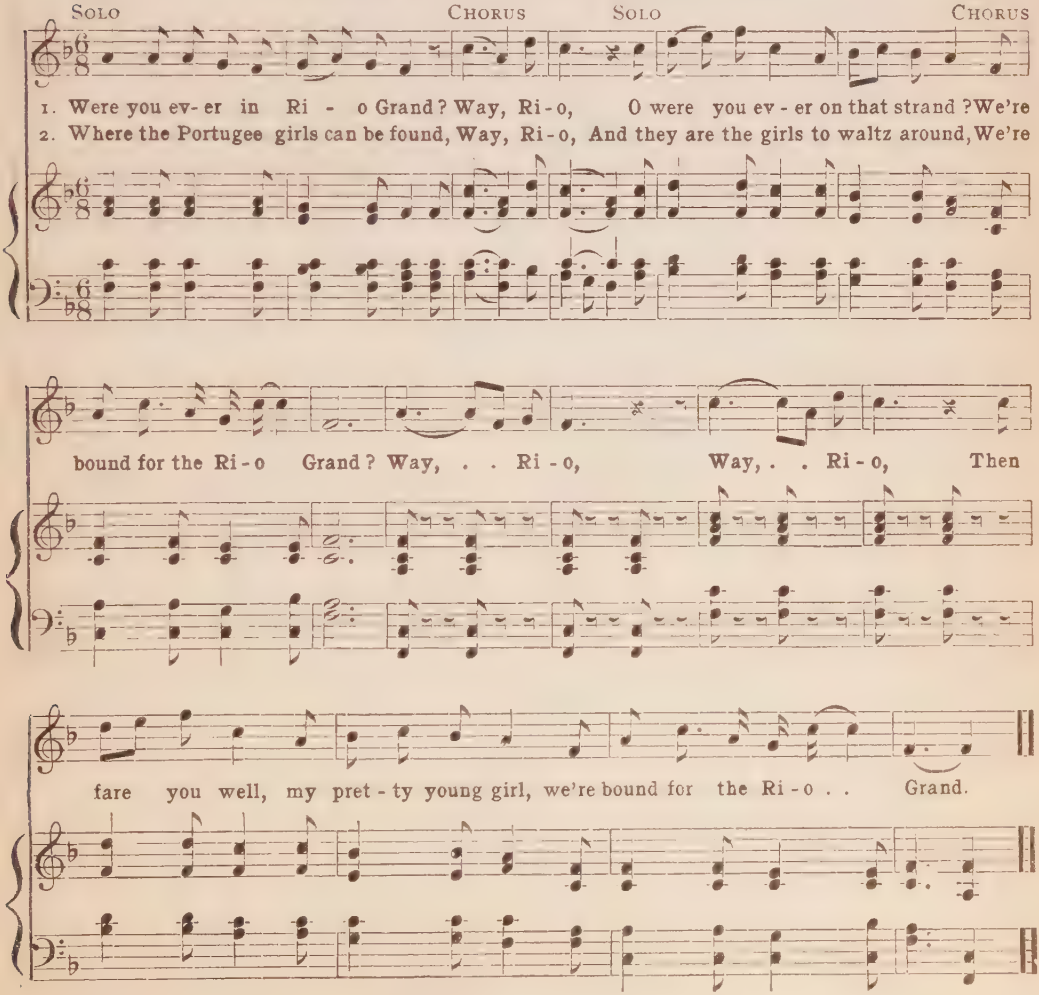
Rosa Lee


Allegretto
1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e, I went court-in'
2. I said "You lub-by gal, dat's plain, U-li-a-li o-la-e, Breff as sweet as
Ro-sa Lee, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Eyes as dark as win-ter night,
su-gar-cane, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Feet so large and come-ly too, Might
Lips as red as ber-ry bright, When first I did her woo-ing go, She
make a cra-dle ob each shoe. Ro-sa, take me for your beau, She
pp
said "Now don't be fool-ish, Joe." U-li-a-li o-la-e, Court-in' down in
pp



Were You Ever in Rio Grand

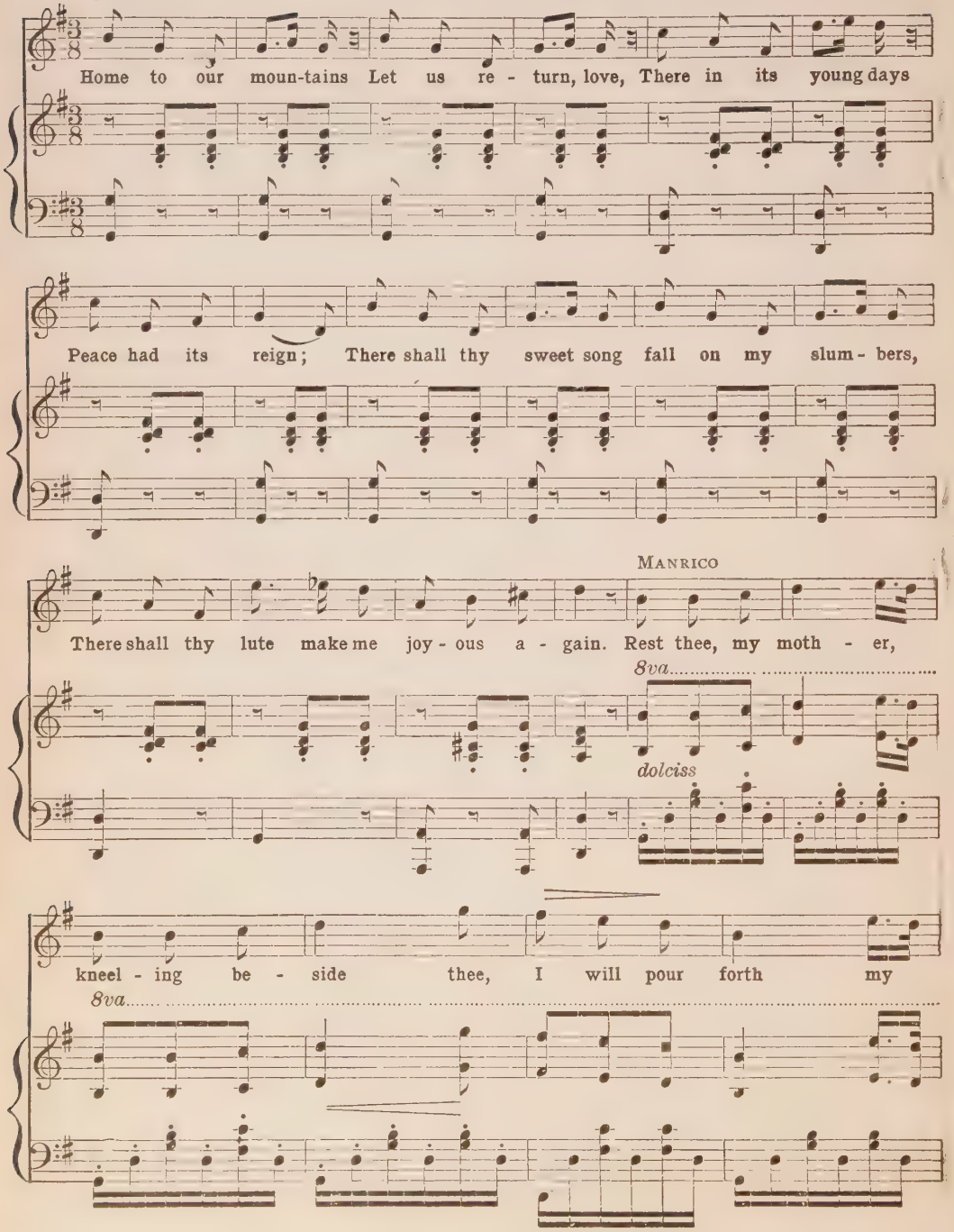
(A "HEAVE THE ANCHOR" CHANTEY-SONG)

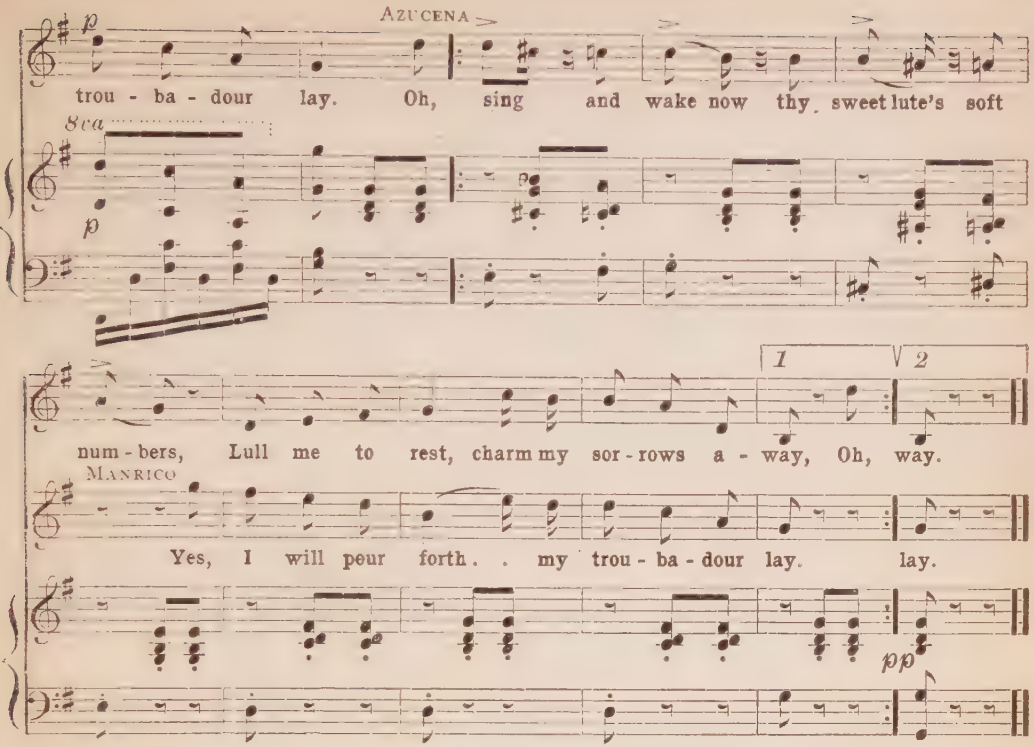


Home to Our Mountains

C. JEFFERYS

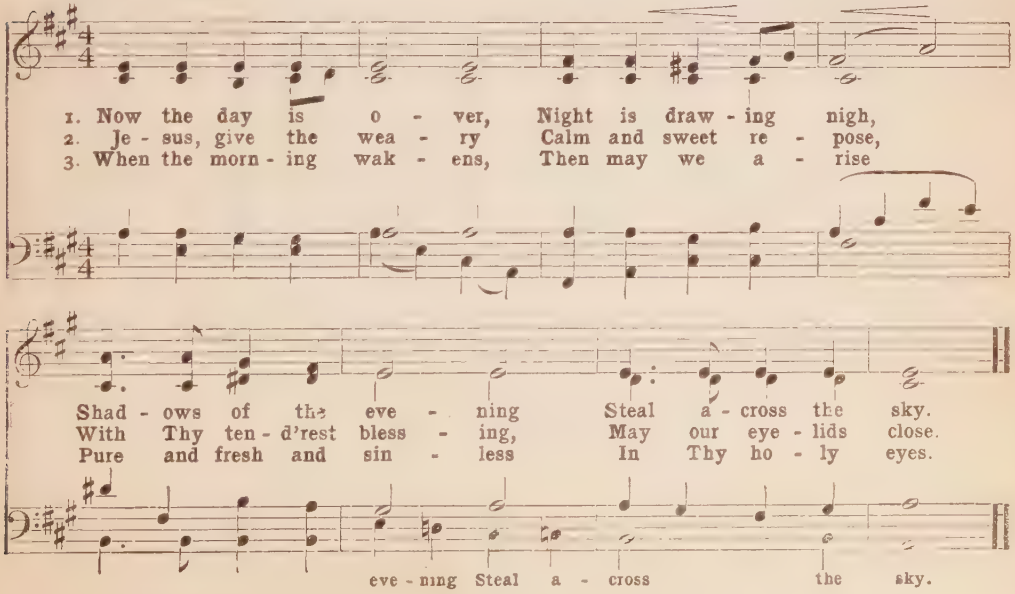
From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"





Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD J. BARNBY



The Rainy Day

H. W. Longfellow

William R. Dempster

p *Andante*

cres.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin-ing; Be - hind the

p

f

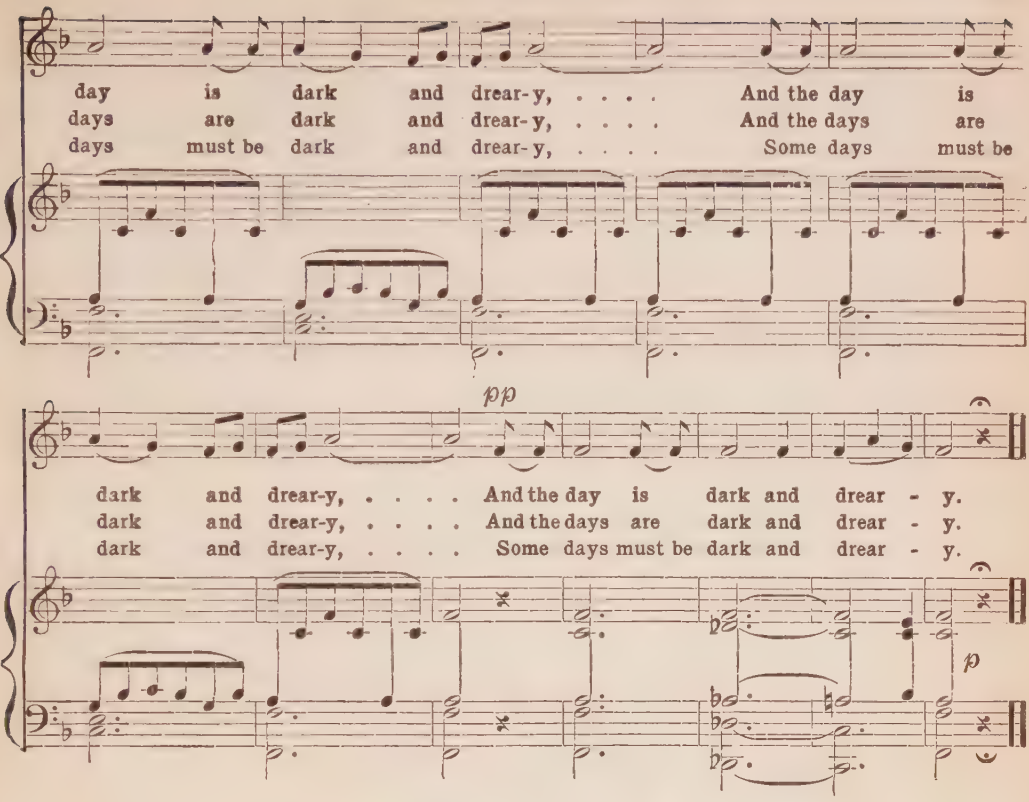
wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the
wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the
clouds is the sun still shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon

f *f*

dim. *con espress.*

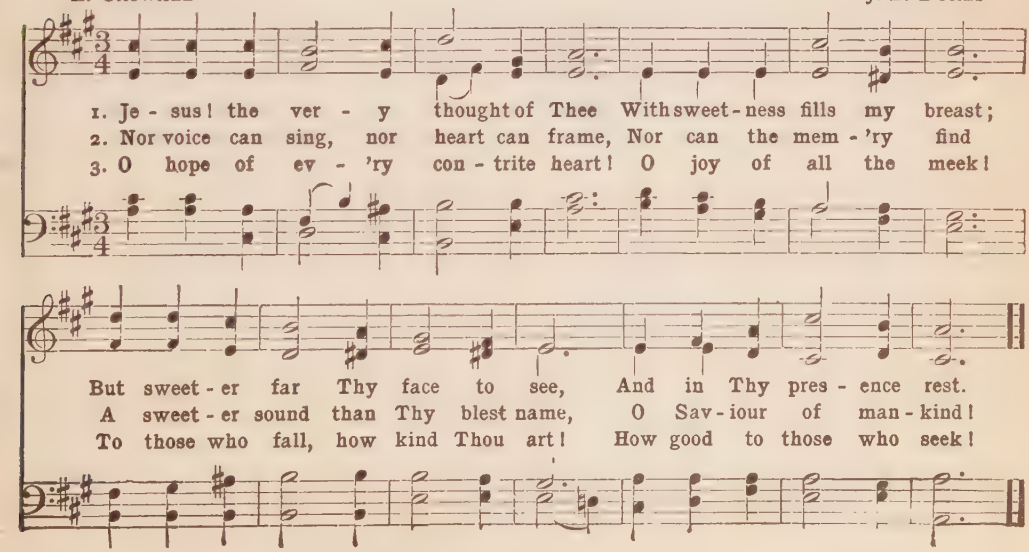
moul - der - ing wall, But at ev - 'ry gust the dead leaves fall, And the
moul - der - ing past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the
fate of all, In - to each life some rain must fall, Some

dim. *pp*



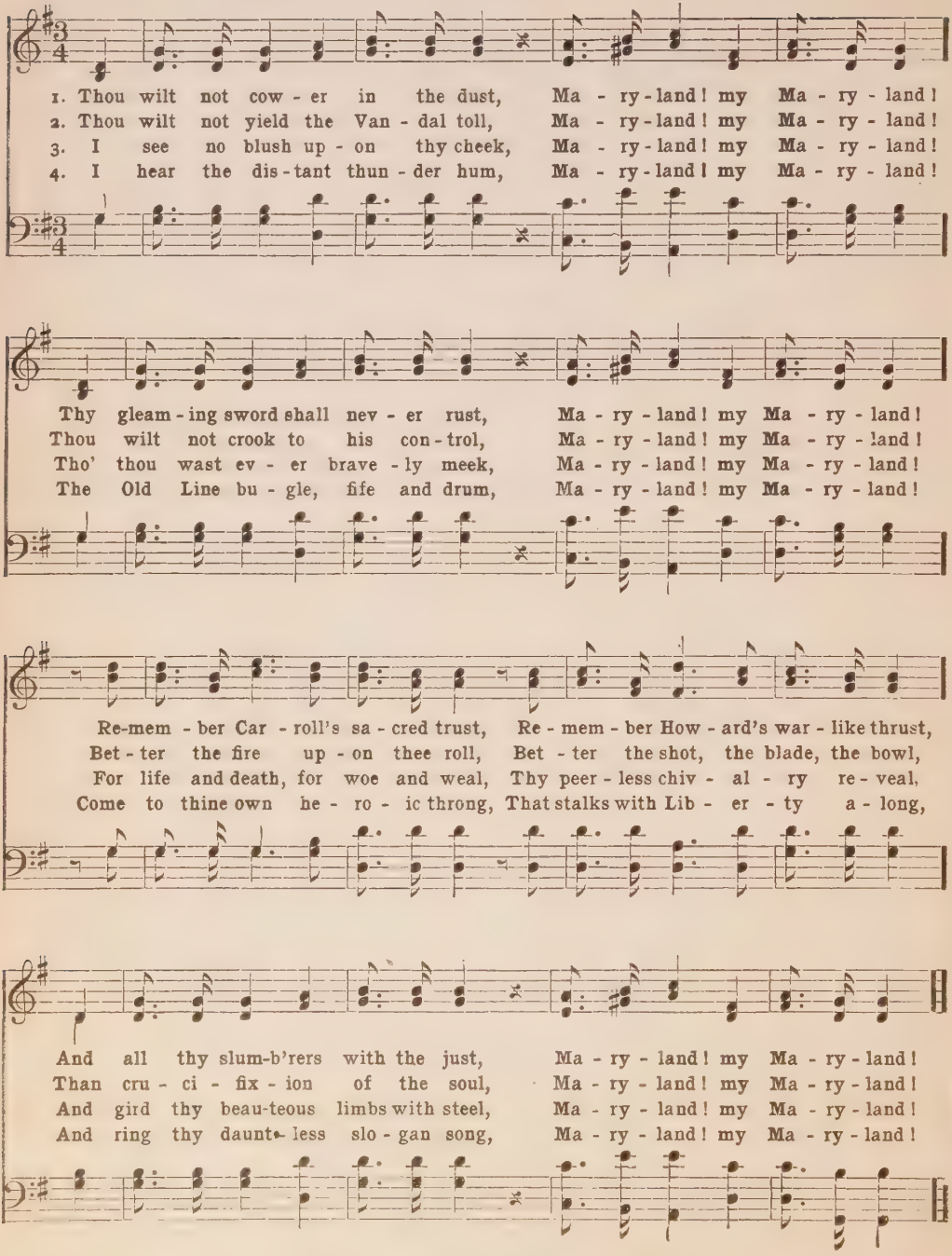
Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. Caswall J. B. Dykes

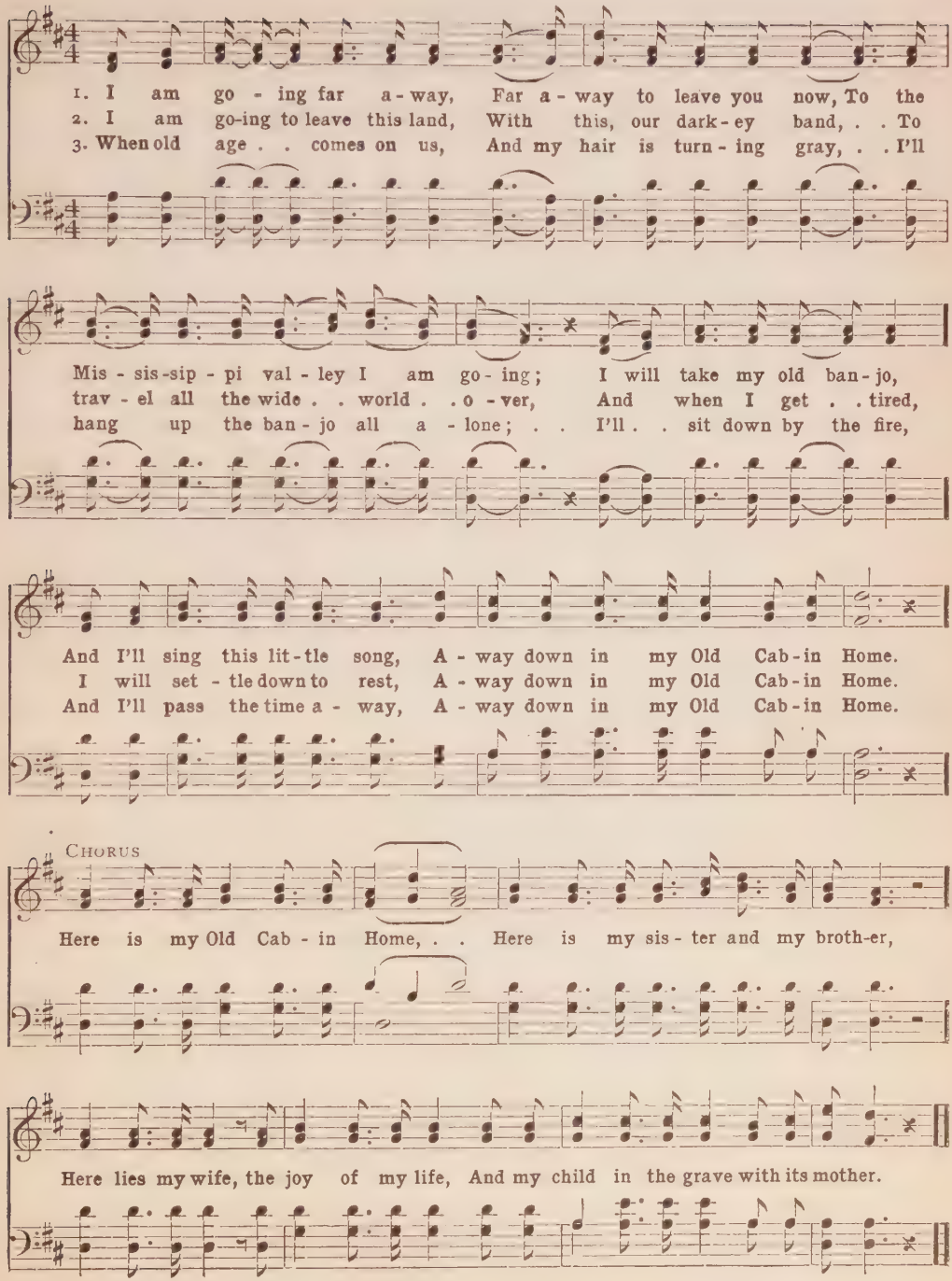


Maryland! My Maryland

J. R. RANDALL, adapted



The Old Cabin Home



Looking Back

LOUISA GRAY — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. I heard a voice long years a - go, A voice so wondrous sweet and low, That
2. But ere our sum - mer pass'd a-way, That gen-tle voice was hush'd for aye; I

p

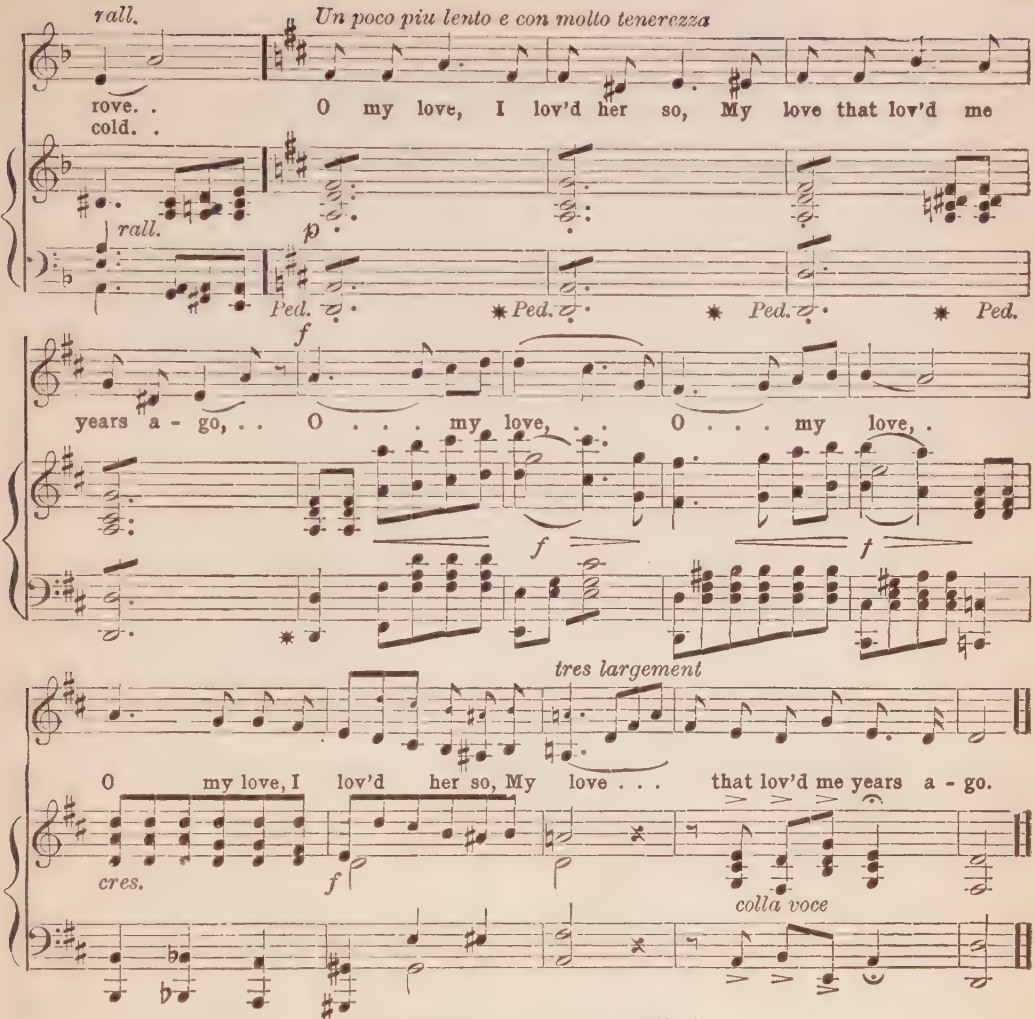
trem-bling tears un - bid-den rose From the depths of love's re - pose. . . . It
watch'd my love's last smile and knew, How well the angel's lov'd her too. . . . Then

dim.

float - ed thro' my dreams at night, And made the dark - est day seem
si - lent but with blind - ing tears, I gath - er'd all the [illegible] of

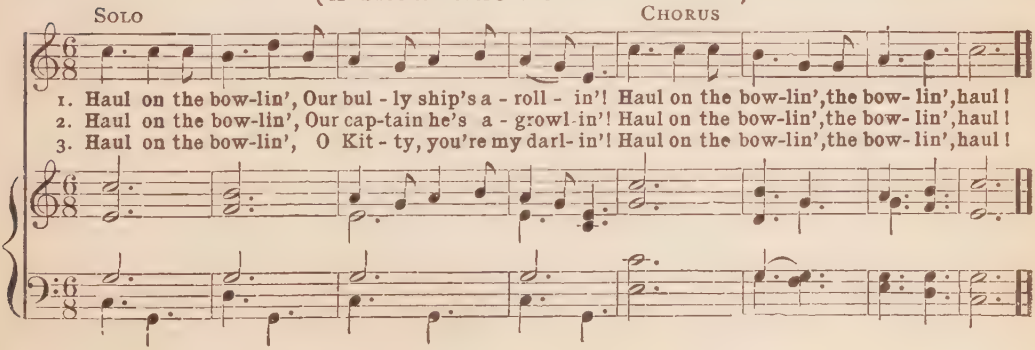
p

bright, It whis-per'd to my heart, "My love," And nest - ling there for - got to
years And laid it with my dreams of old, . . Where all I lov'd slept white and



Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)



For You

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

SYDNEY SMITH

Andante espressivo

1. They say the years have swallow's wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and
2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sor-rows

Bass with octaves

said "good-bye," That eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As
gath - ered round, Your love would pass a -way; But had I known what life would be When

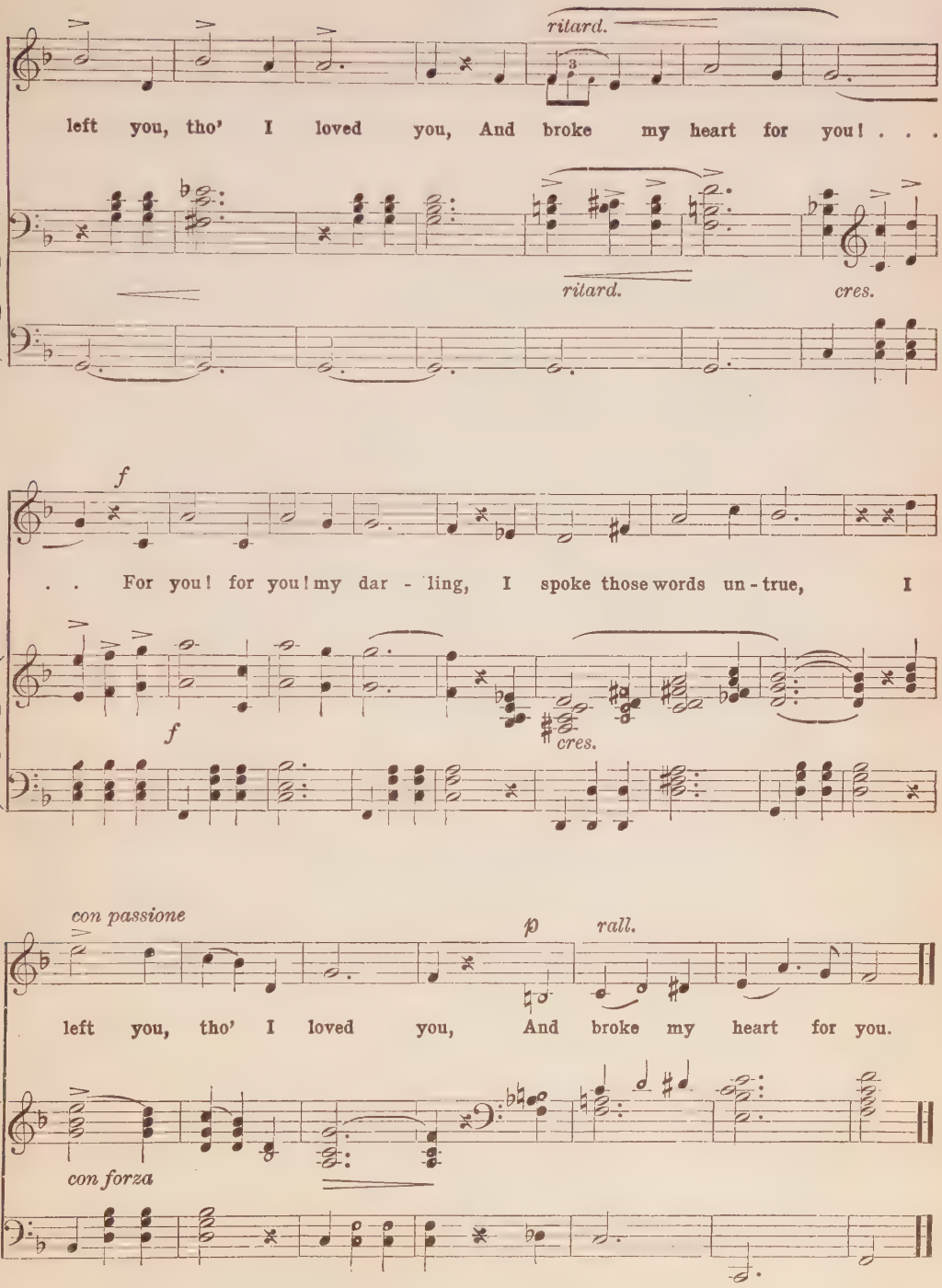
f con dolore *dim. e ritard.* *p*

sad you turn'd a-way, But oh! you guessed not what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For
ev -'ry hope had fled, Those cru - el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said For

dim. e ritard

REFRAIN *Lento, e con moto espressivo*

you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true. . . I


ritard.
left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! . . .
ritard.
cres.
f
. . For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true, I
f
cres.
con passione
p
rall.
left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.
con forza

Alice, Where art Thou

J. Ascher

Andante con espressione

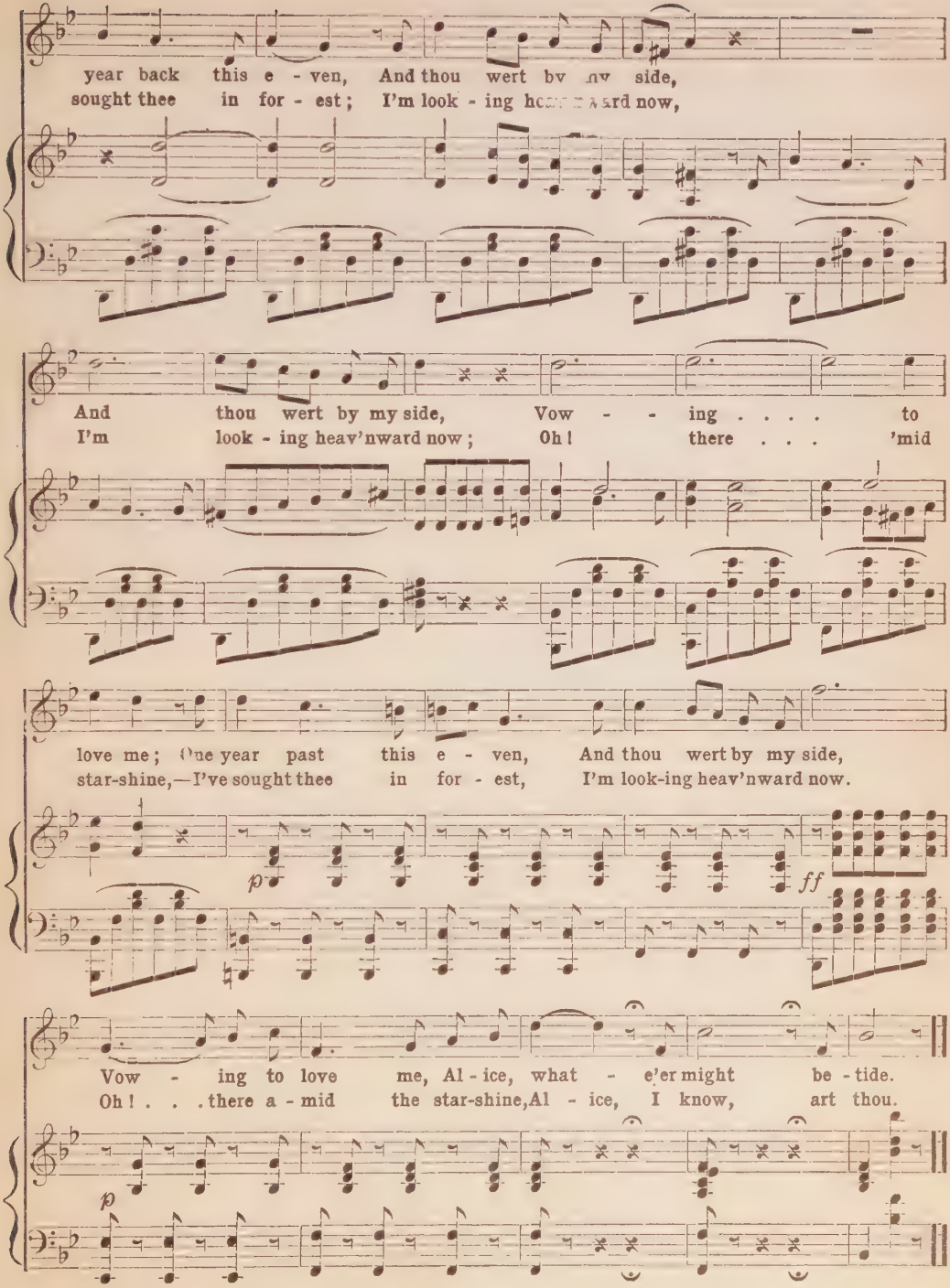
1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright, Her
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing Just as it fall - eth now; And

Bass with octaves

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to-night. The
all things sleep gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

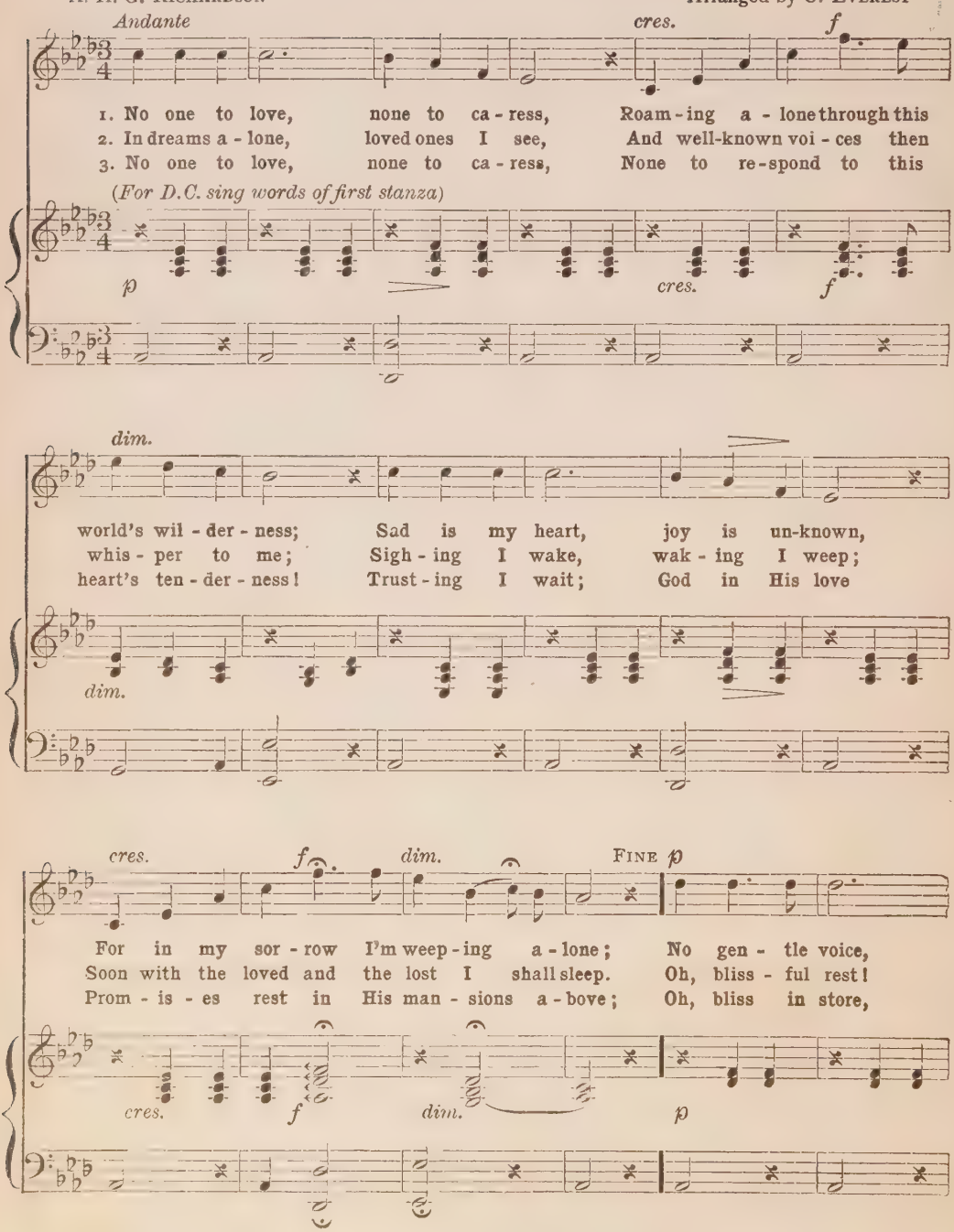
wind sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my fev - er'd brow; The
sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, . . And

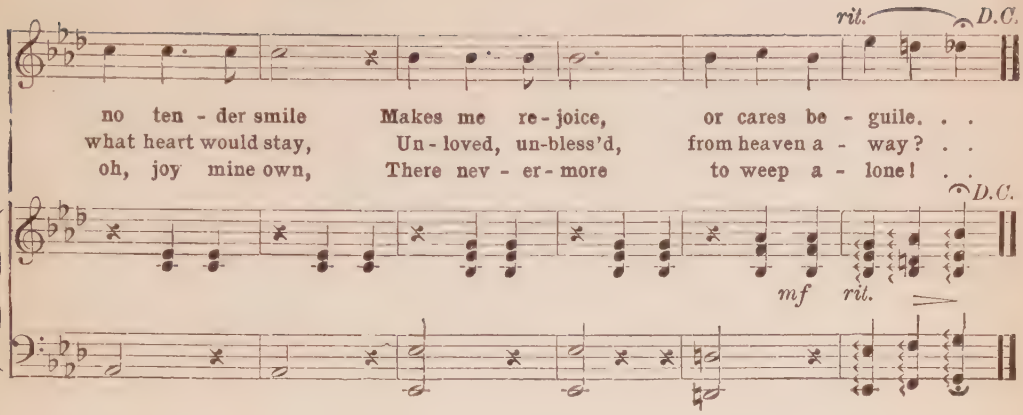
stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One
in the pleas-ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've


year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
sought thee in for - est; I'm look - ing heav'nward now,
And thou wert by my side, Vow - - ing . . . . to
I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh! there . . . 'mid
love me; One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
star-shine,—I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now.
p
ff
Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
Oh! . . . there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.
p

No One to Love

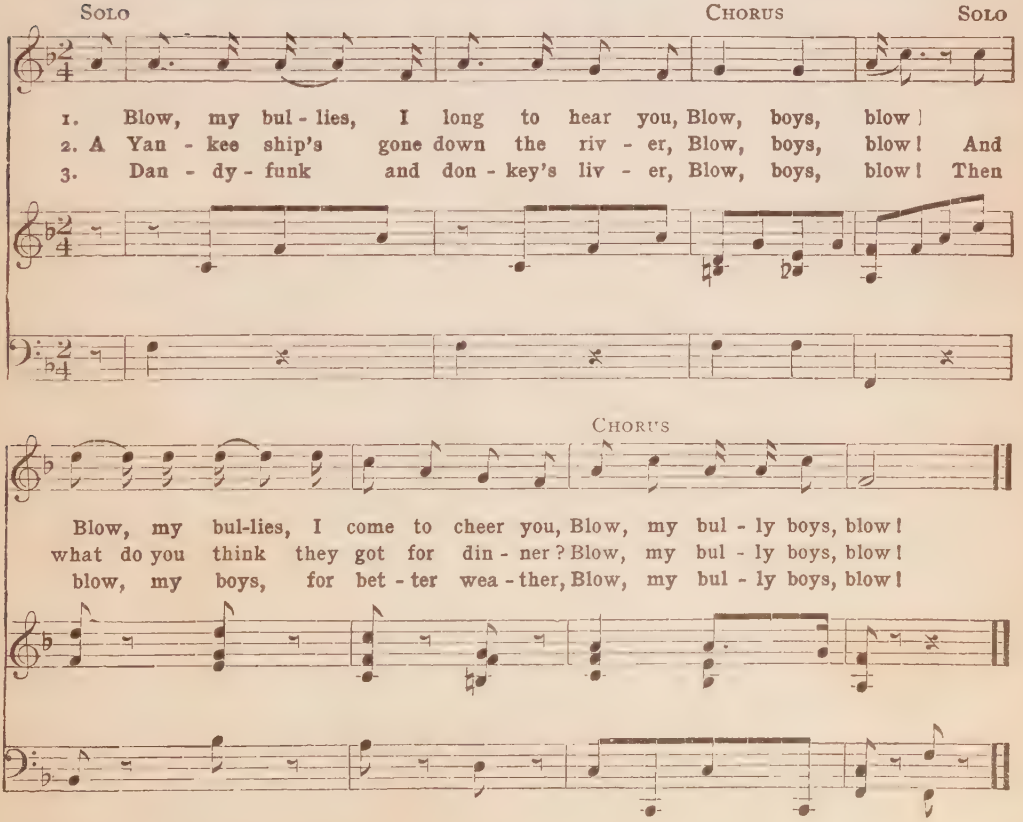
A. H. G. RICHARDSON — Arranged by C. EVEREST





Blow, Boys, Blow

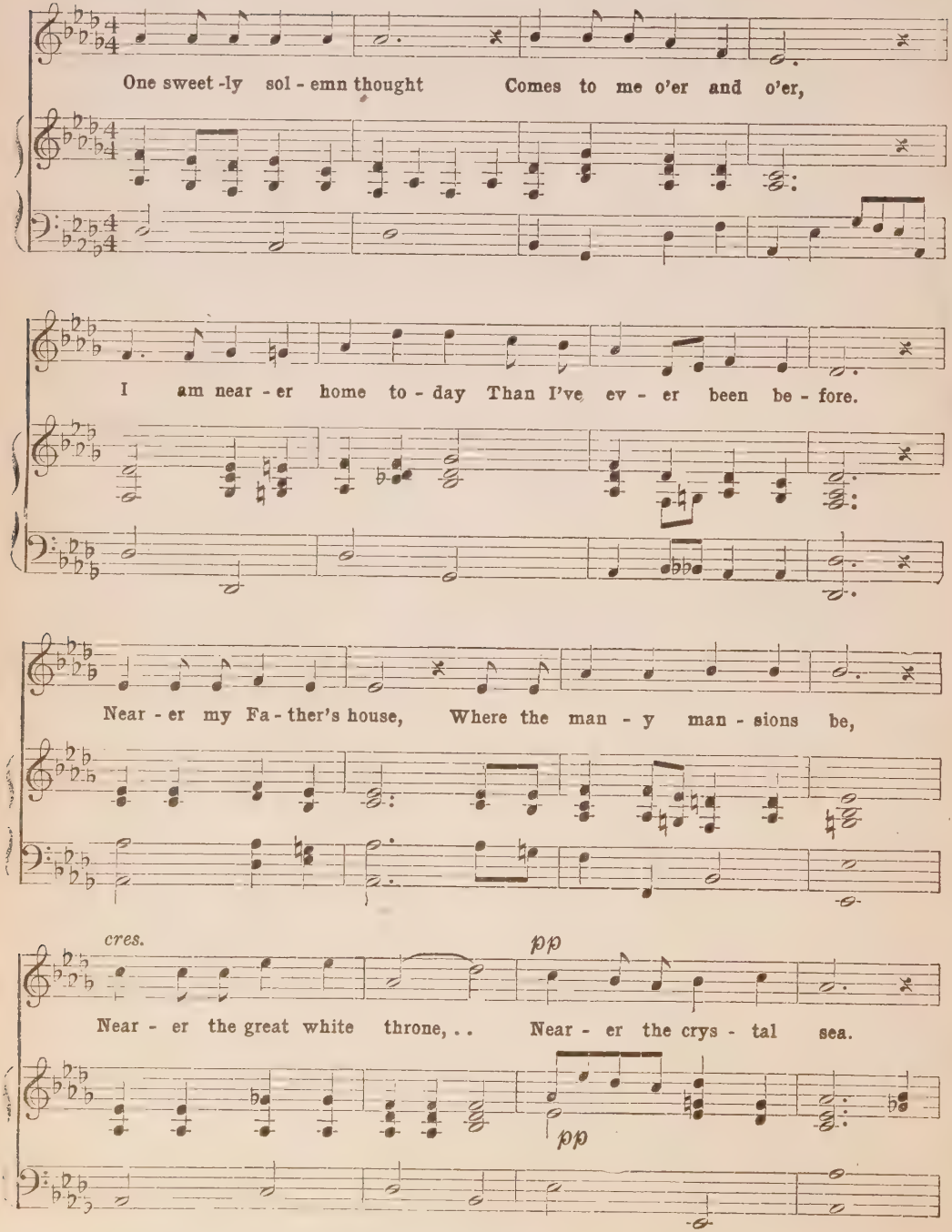
(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

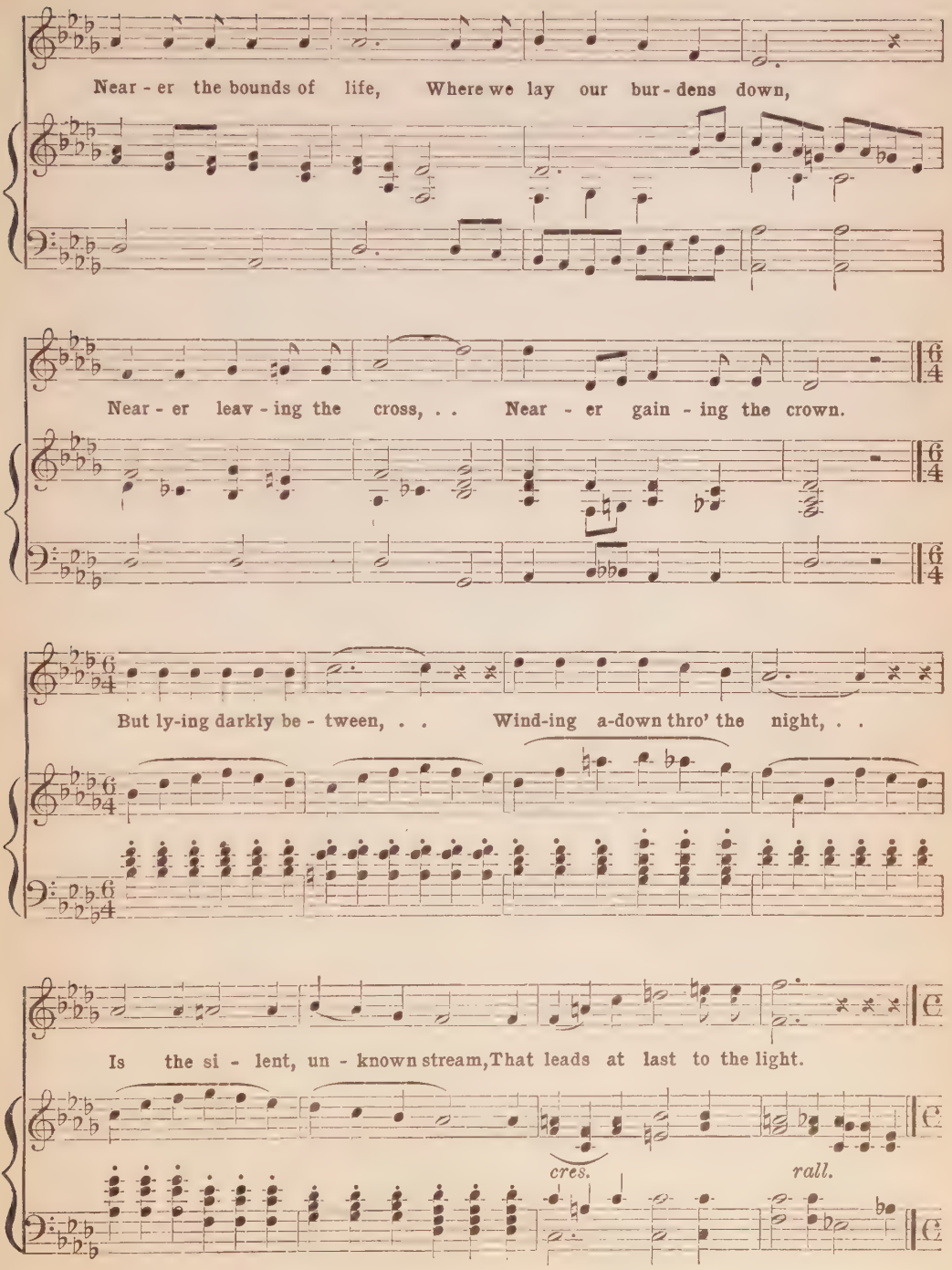


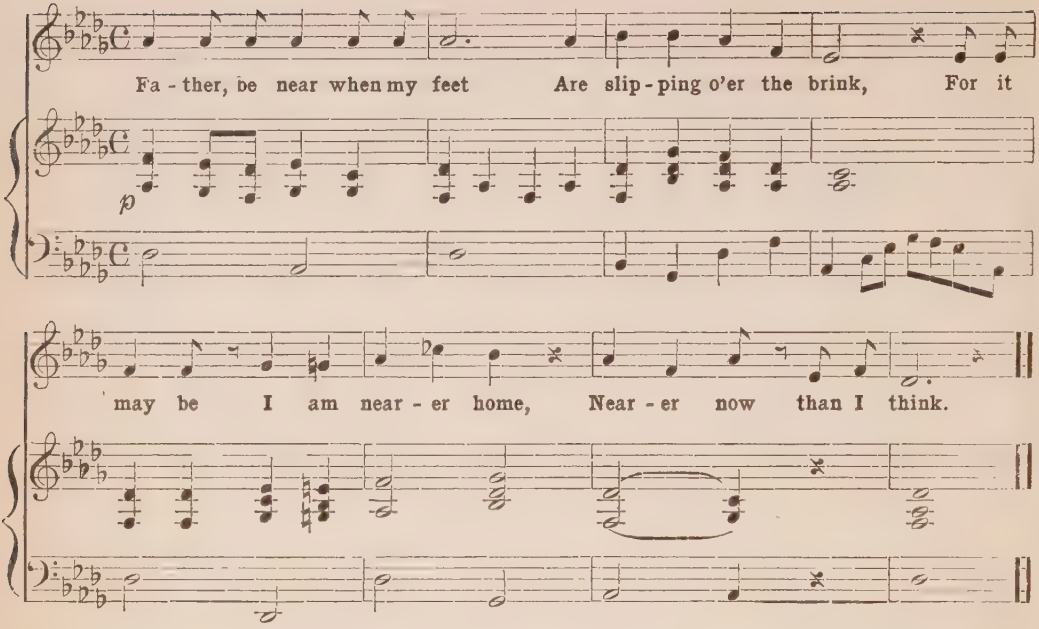
One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHŒBE CAREY

R. S. AMBROSE

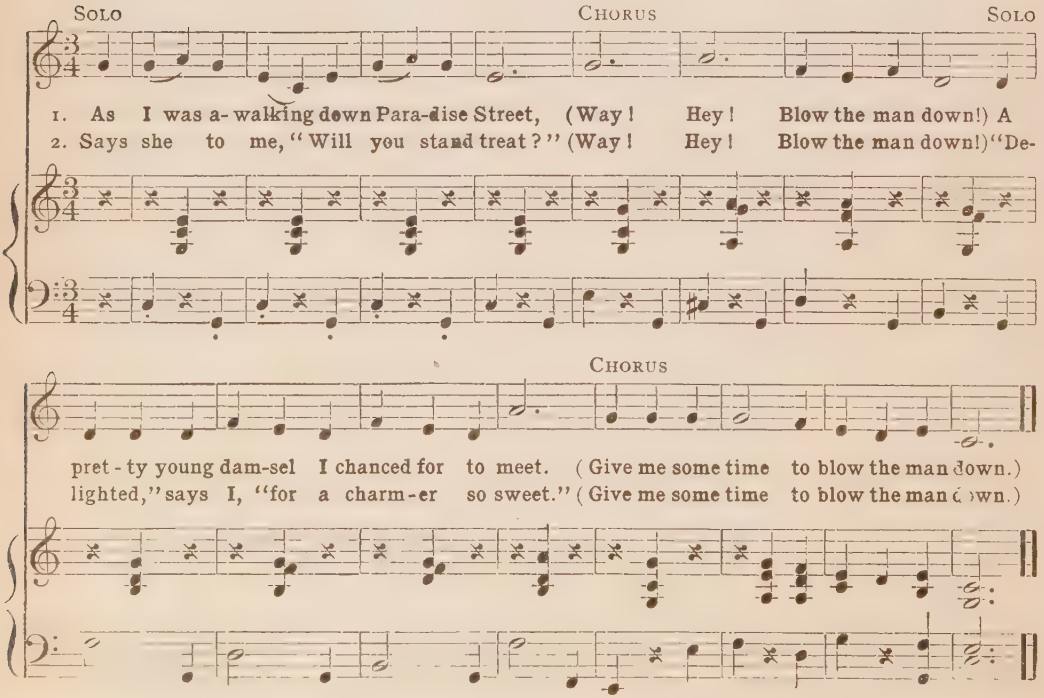



Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
Near - er leav - ing the cross, . . Near - er gain - ing the crown.
But ly-ing darkly be - tween, . . Wind-ing a-down thro' the night, . .
Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.
cres.
rall.



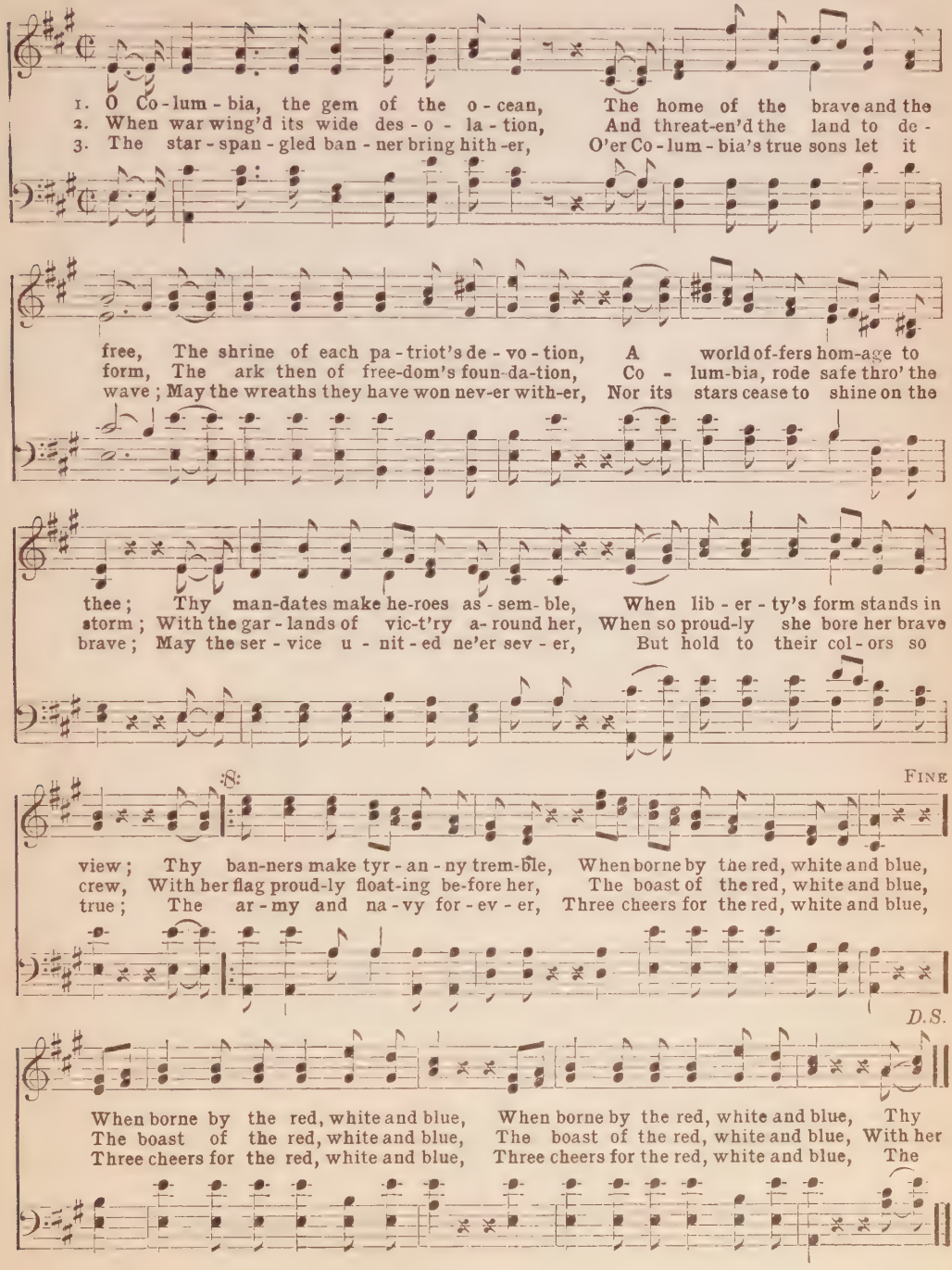
Blow the Man Down

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)



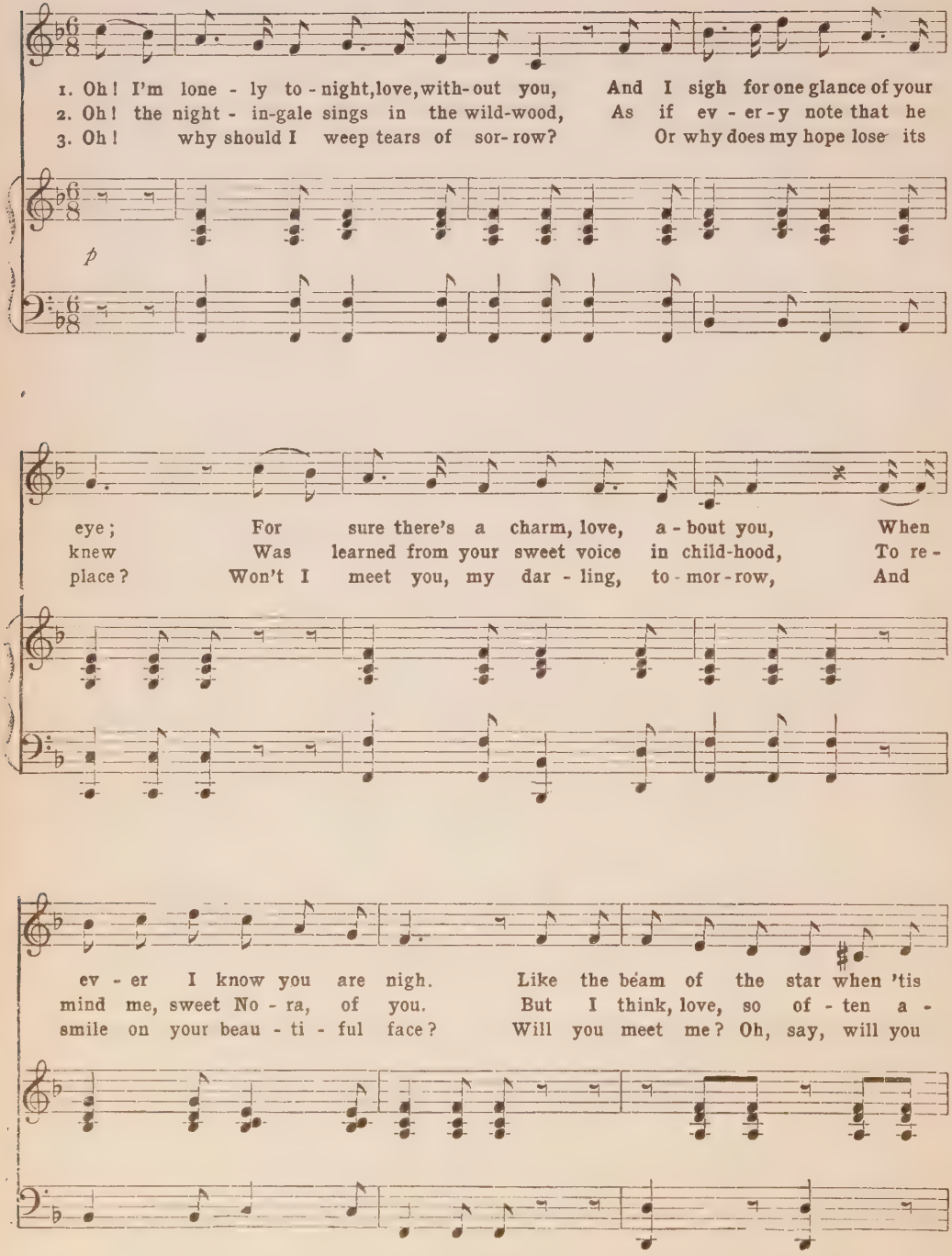
The Red, White and Blue

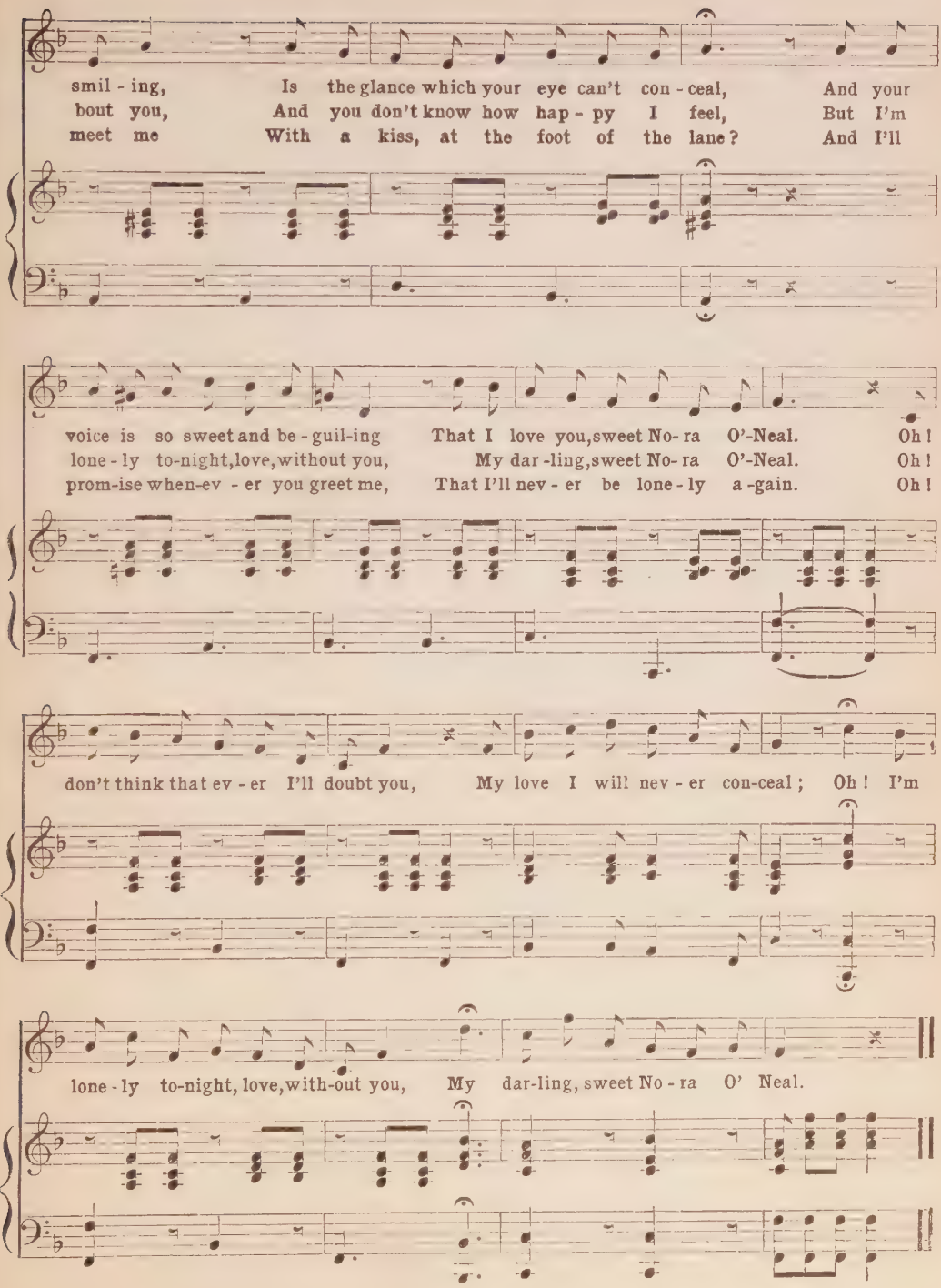
D. T. Shaw — Thomas a Becket



Nora O'Neal

WILL S. HAYS




smil - ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
bout you, And you don't know how hap - py I feel, But I'm
meet me With a kiss, at the foot of the lane? And I'll
voice is so sweet and be - guil-ing That I love you, sweet No- ra O'-Neal. Oh!
lone - ly to-night, love, without you, My dar -ling, sweet No- ra O'-Neal. Oh!
prom-ise when-ev - er you greet me, That I'll nev - er be lone - ly a -gain. Oh!
don't think that ev - er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev - er con-ceal; Oh! I'm
lone - ly to-night, love, with-out you, My dar-ling, sweet No - ra O' Neal.

Kind Words are Dear to All

NELLY E. ELWELL

P. E. VAN NOORDEN

Andante con moto

1. Speak gen - tly, there's e-nough of care! Be-neath the bright-est smile, . . . The
2. Speak gen - tly, kind words bless the lips From whence they sweet-ly fall . . . . Like

p

lips may ut - ter mer - ry words, The heart be sad the while, ... The
dew - drops to the droop-ing flow'rs, Kind words are dear to all, ... Kind

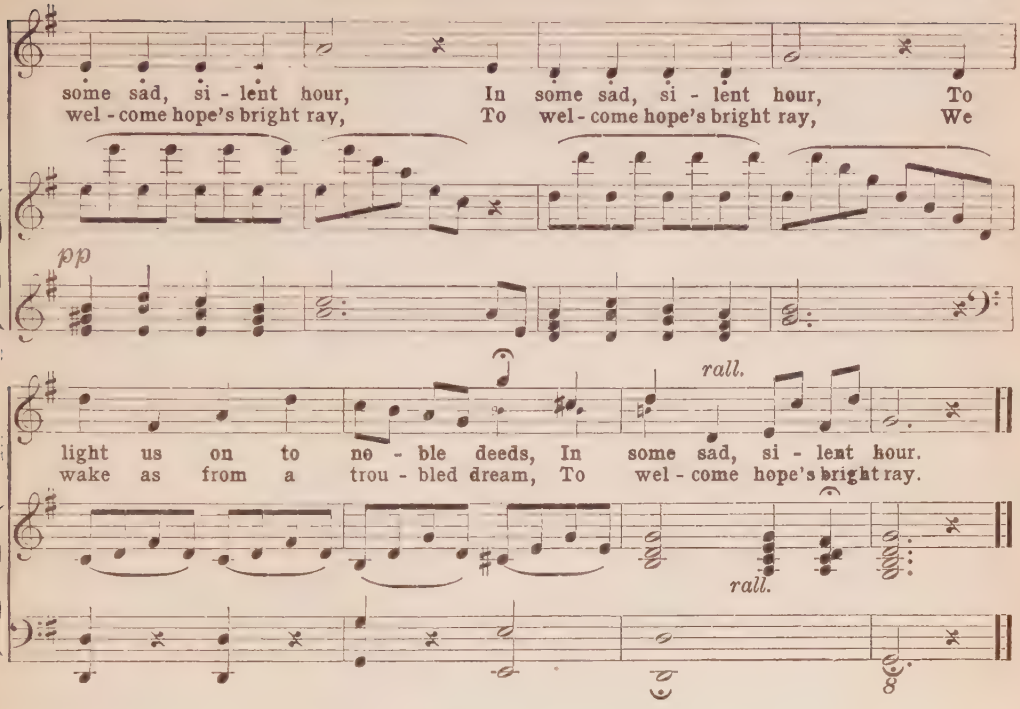
heart be sad the while. A kind word is a lit - tle thing, But
words are dear to all. The heart grows strong be - neath their light, Dark

p *colla voce.*

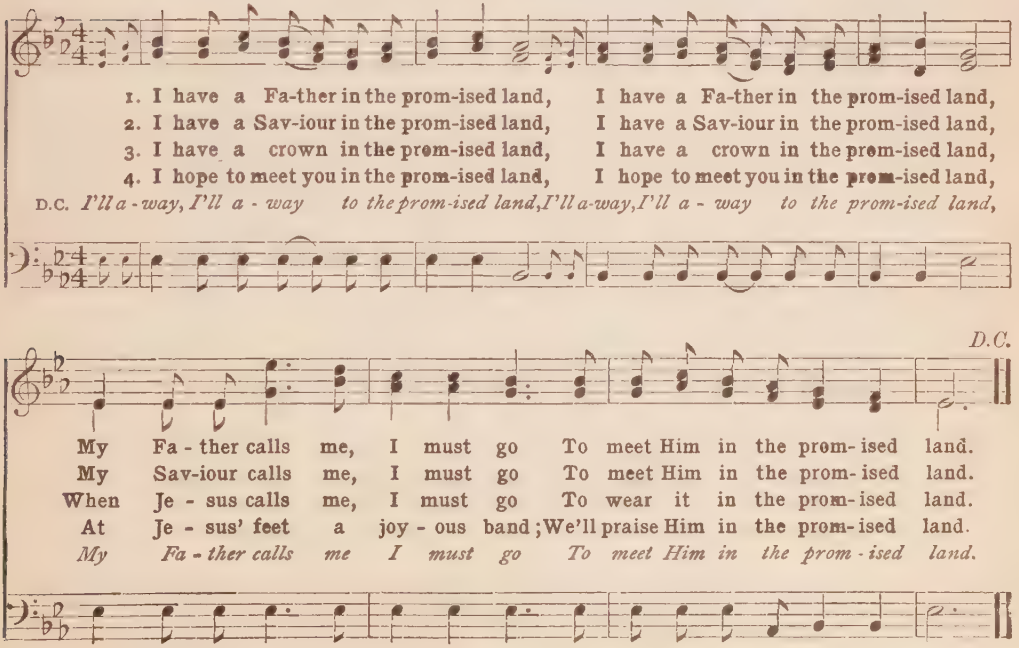
f

oh! how great its pow'r To light us on to no - ble deeds, In
vis - ions fade a - way, We wake as from a trou - bled dream, To

colla voce. *p* *f*



The Promised Land



The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE — T. H. BAYLY

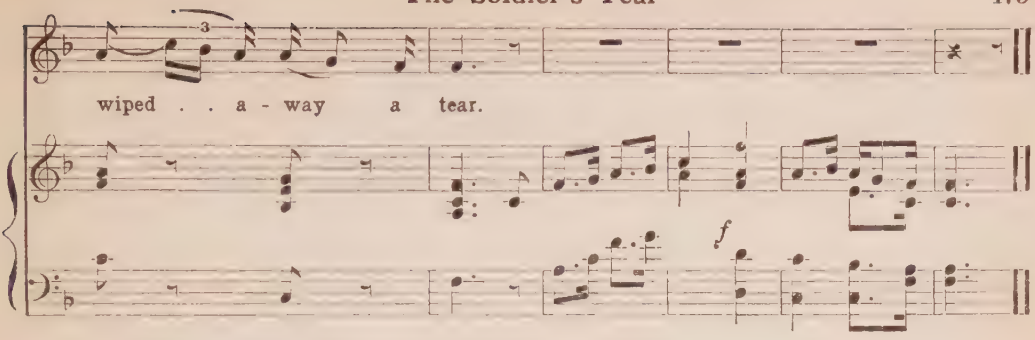
Larghetto

1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the
2. Be - side that cot-tage porch A girl had knelt in pray'r; She held a - loft a
3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh, do not think him weak, For dauntless was the

village church, And the cot-tage by the brook. He list-ened to the sounds so fa -
snow - y scarf Which flut-tered in the air; She breathed a sigh for him, A
sol-dier's heart, Tho' tears were on his cheek. Go watch the foremost ranks In

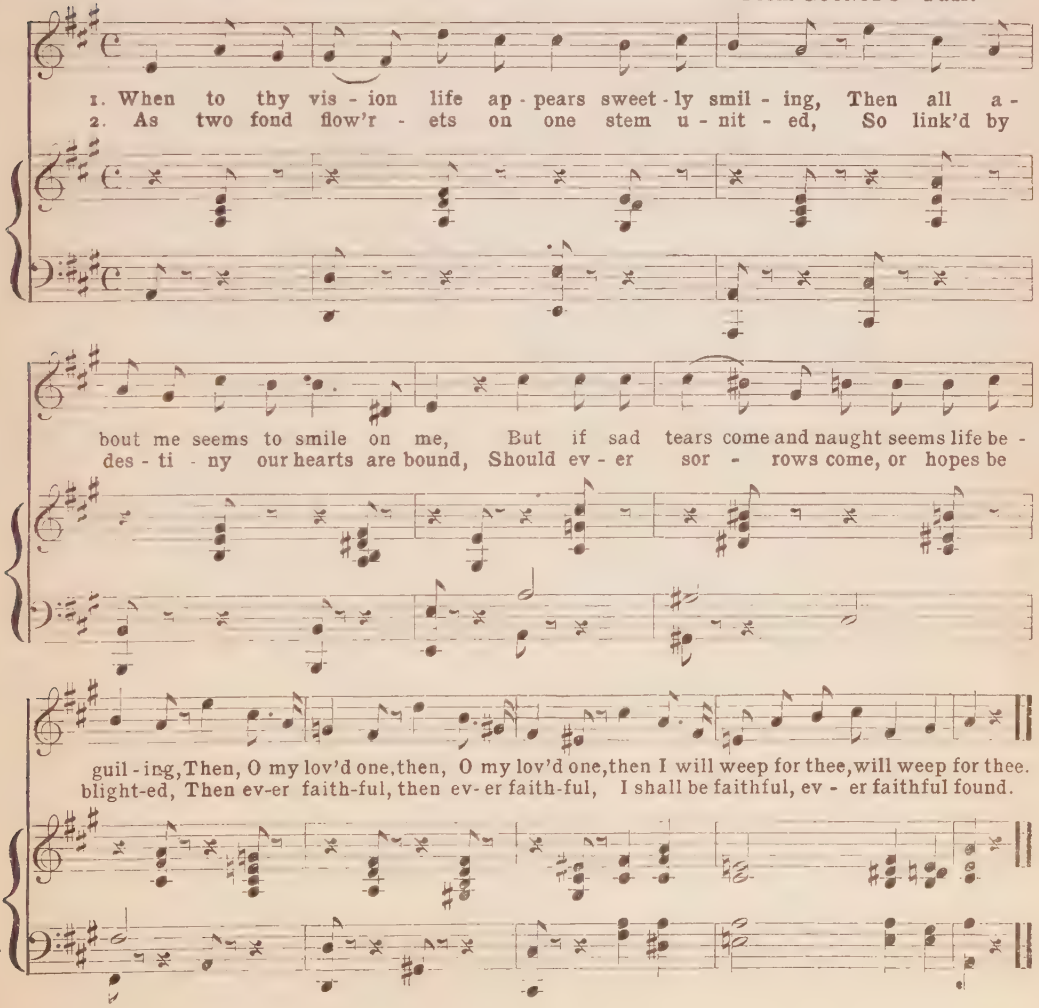
mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And
pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And
dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there Has

mf



When to Thy Vision

From GOUNOD'S "Faust"



Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

LURLINE

WM. VINCENT WALLACE

Largamente

1. Oh! Thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet Turned in an-guish or re - gret, The
2. Oh! Thou, to whom my thot's are known, Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears; Ah!

pp

dolente

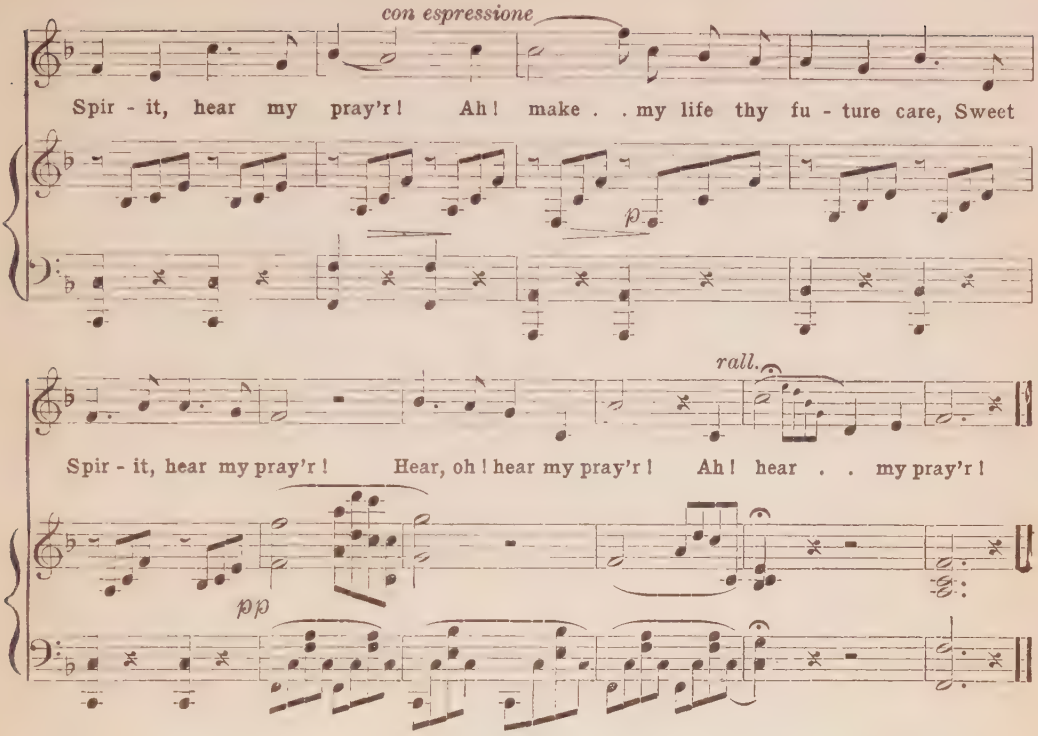
past for-give, the fu-ture spare; Sweet Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Oh!
turn a-way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall - ing tears! Oh!

dolcissimo

leave me not a-lone in grief, Send this blight-ed heart re - lief! Send this

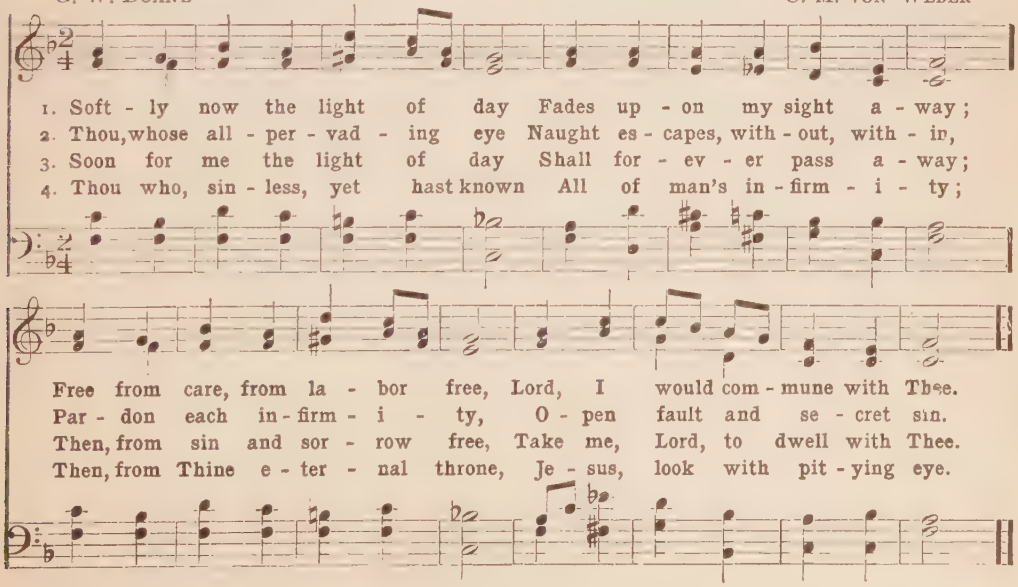
dolcissimo

blight - ed heart re - lief! . . . Make Thou my life thy fu-ture care, Sweet



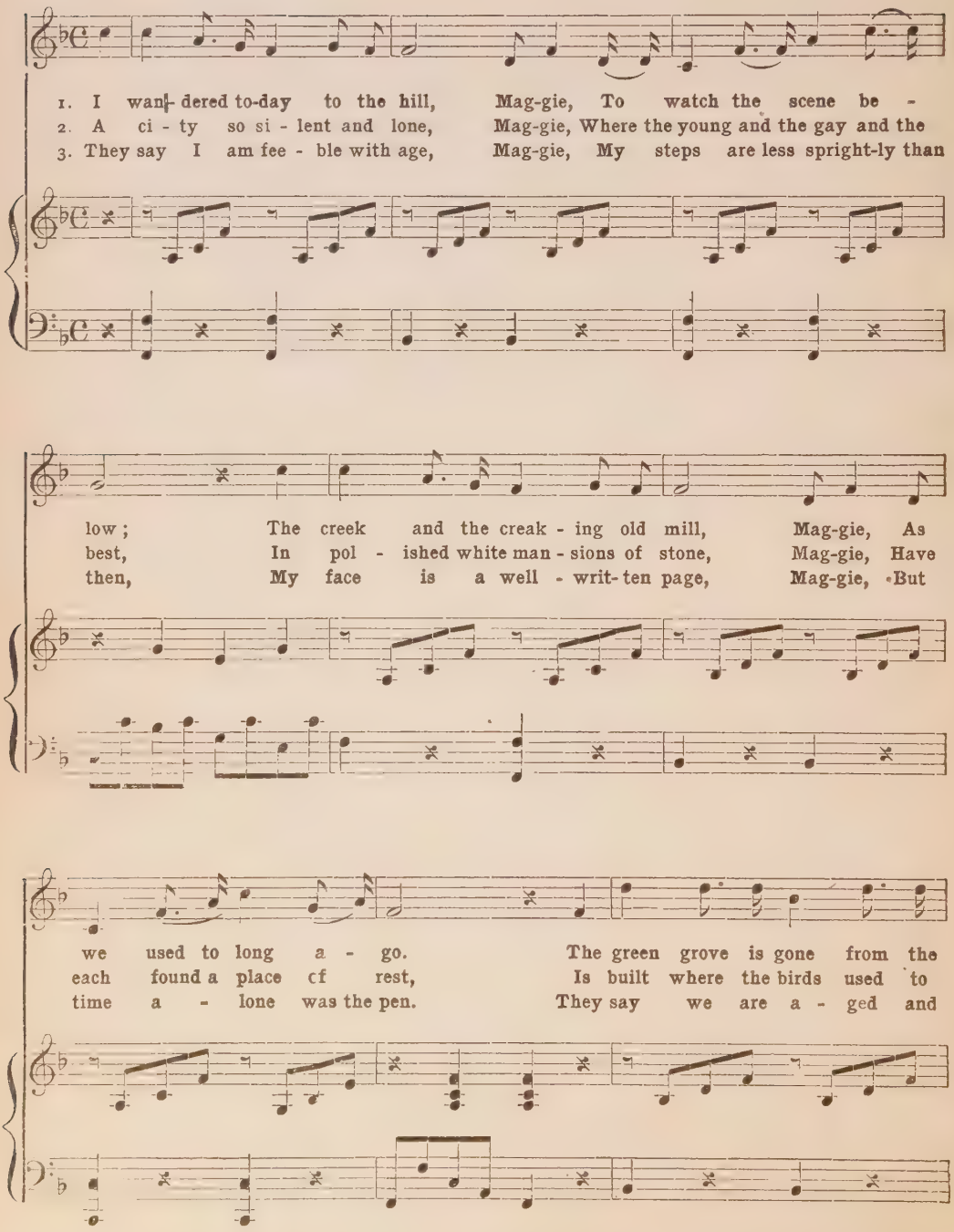
Softly Now the Light of Day

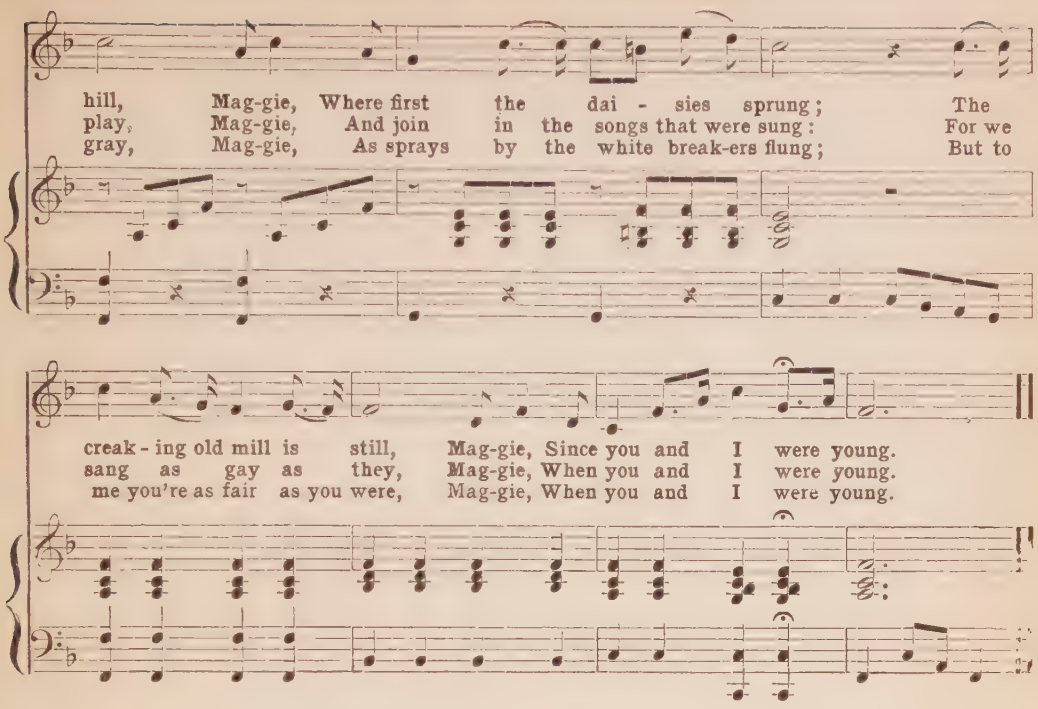
G. W. Doane C. M. von Weber



When You and I Were Young

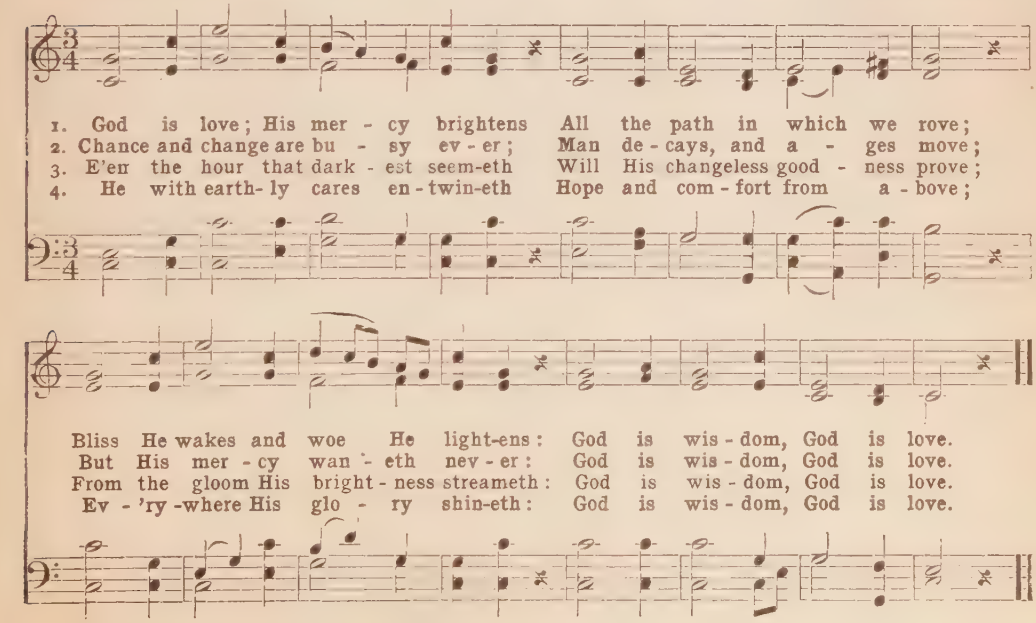
GEO. W. JOHNSON J. A. BUTTERFIELD



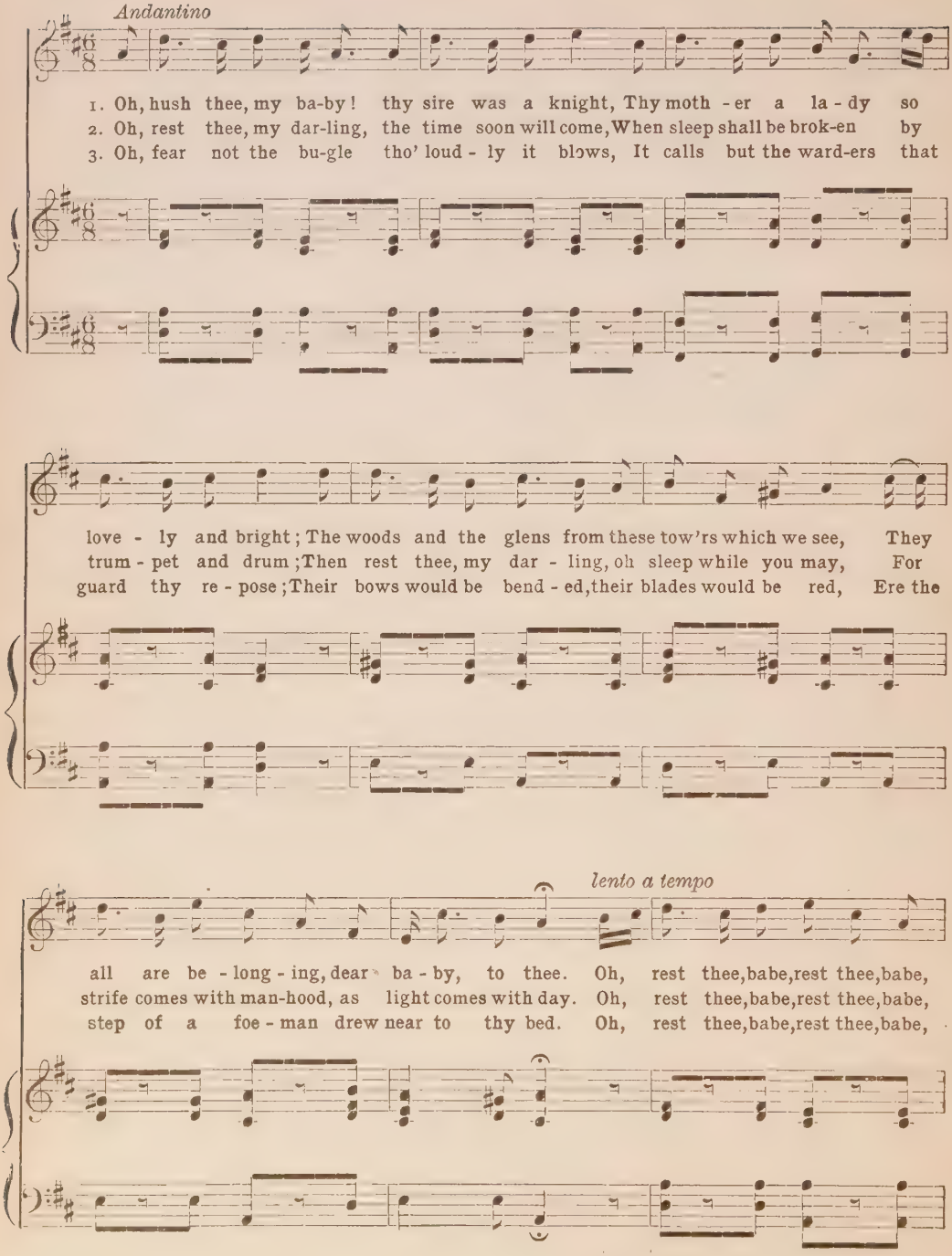


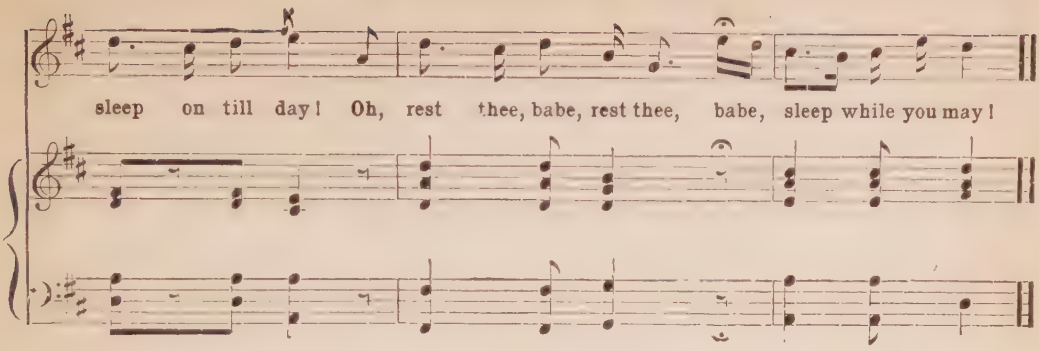
God is Love, His Mercy Brightens

JOHN BOWRING ITHAMAR CONKEY



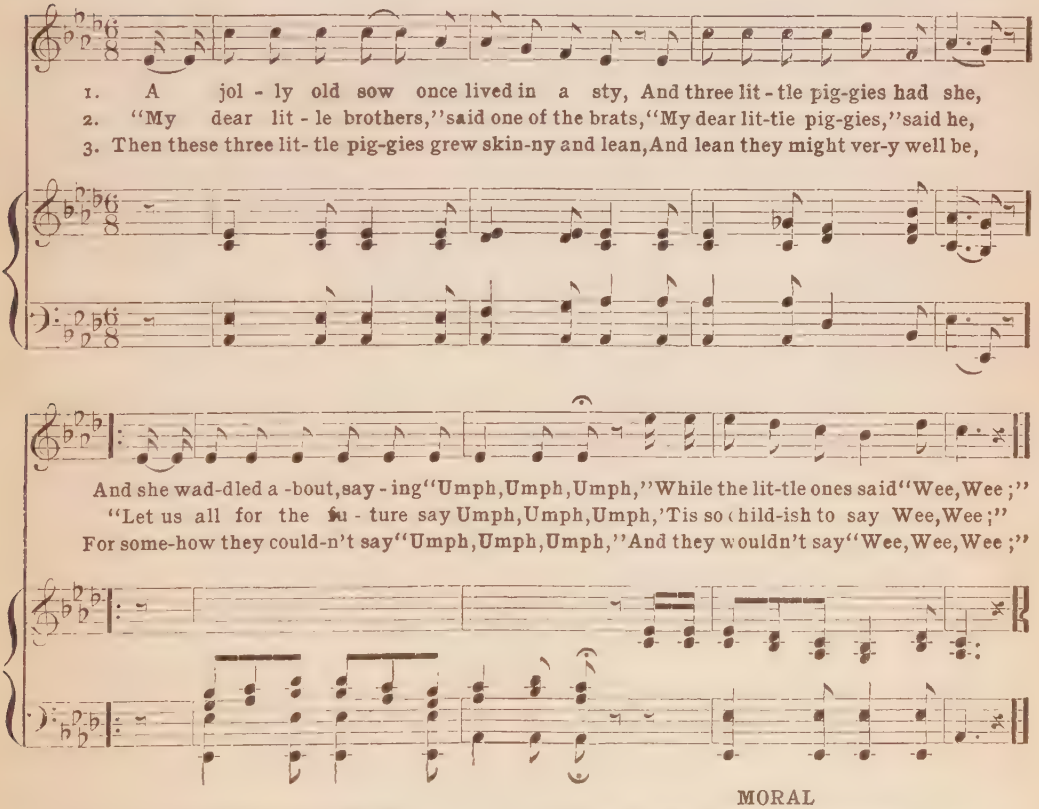
Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby





The Three Little Pigs

A. S. Gatty

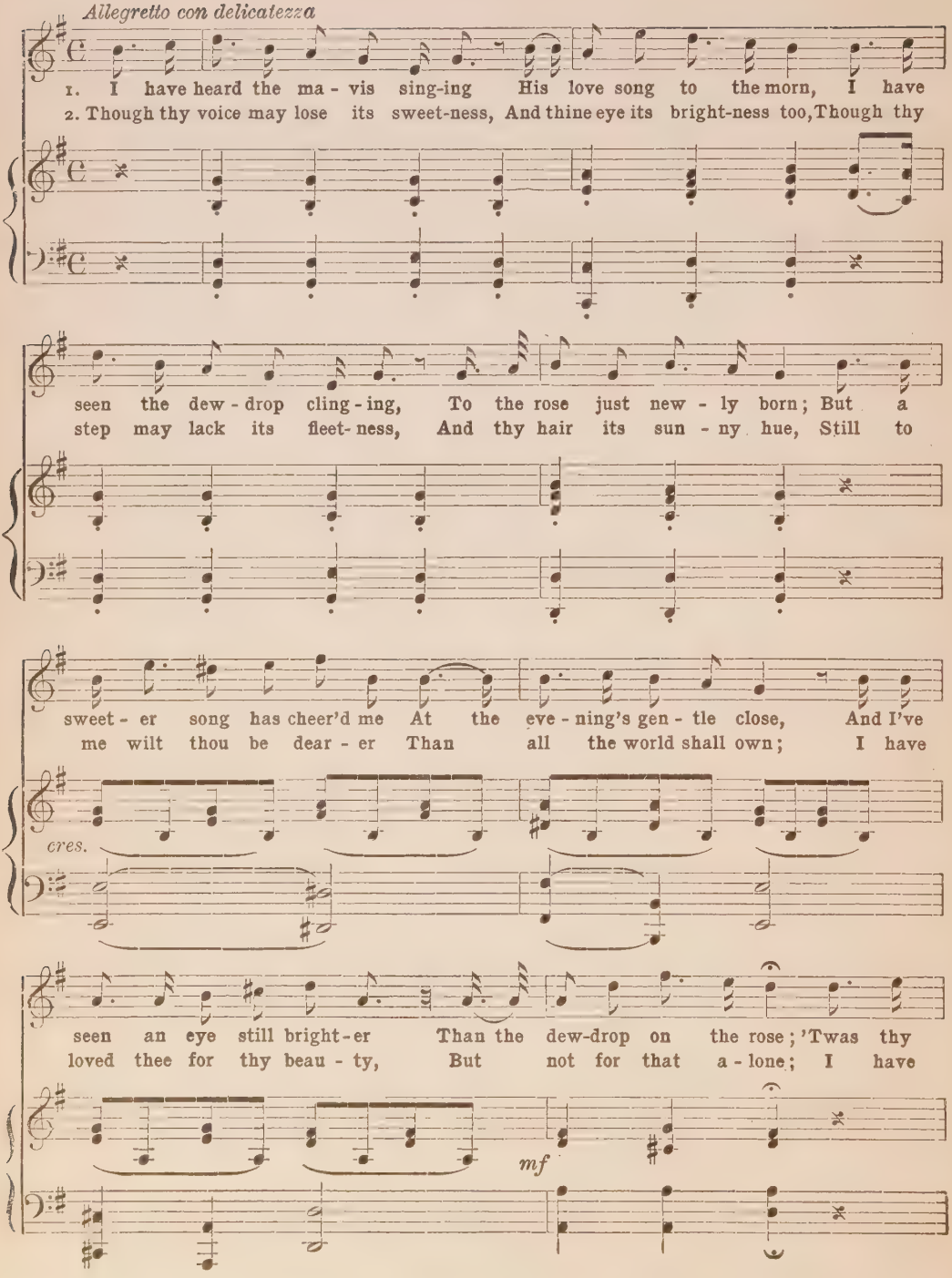


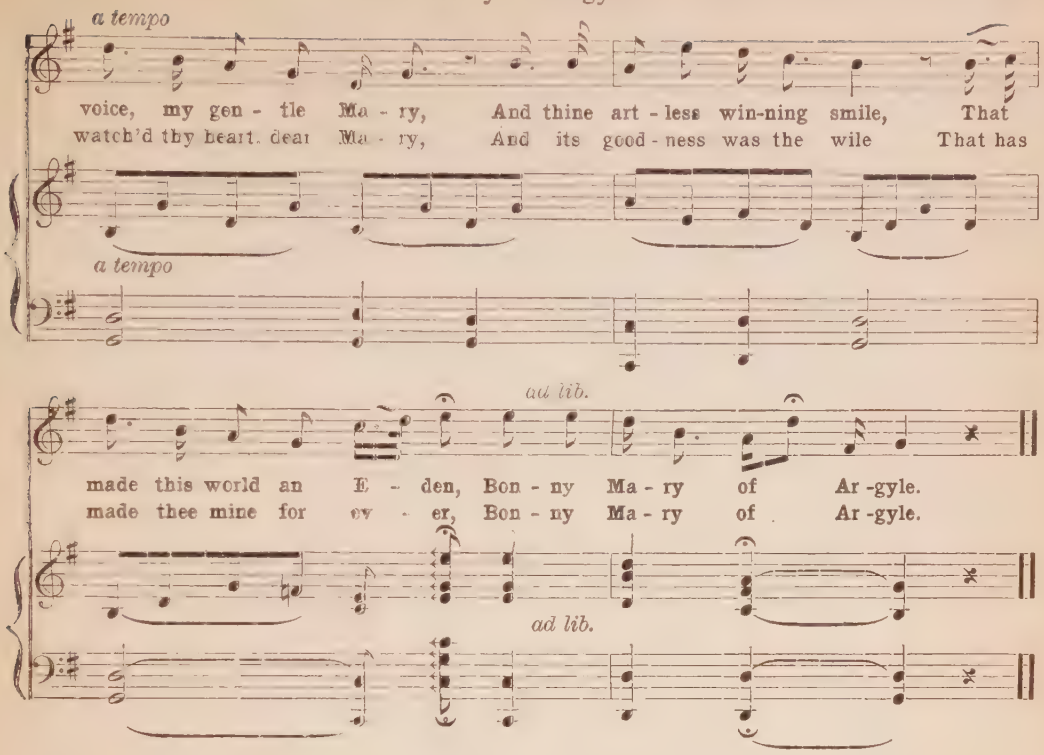
4 So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *felo de se*,
From trying too hard to say "Umph, Umph, Umph,"
When they only could say "Wee, Wee."

MORAL

5 A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see,
Don't try when you're young to say "Umph Umph, Umph,"
For you only can say "Wee, Wee."

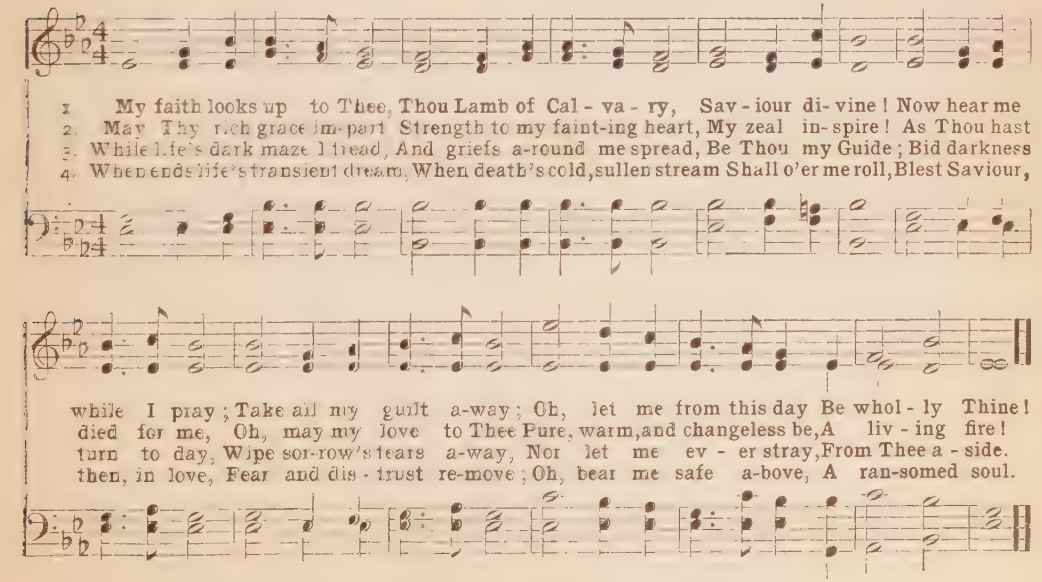
Mary of Argyle





My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Rev. Ray Palmer — Lowell Mason



When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With spirit LOUIS LAMBERT

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! To wel - come home our
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give the he - ro

ff *p*

CHORUS SOLO

wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With
three times three; Hur - rah, hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To

ff *p*

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

la -dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
ro - ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

There Were Three Crows

(TUNE: "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME")

1 ‖: There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy McGee, McGaw :‖
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be,
Ref. And they all flapped their wings and cried
(*Spoken*. Caw! Caw! Caw!) Billy McGee, McGaw.
(*Repeat last two lines without "Caw."*)

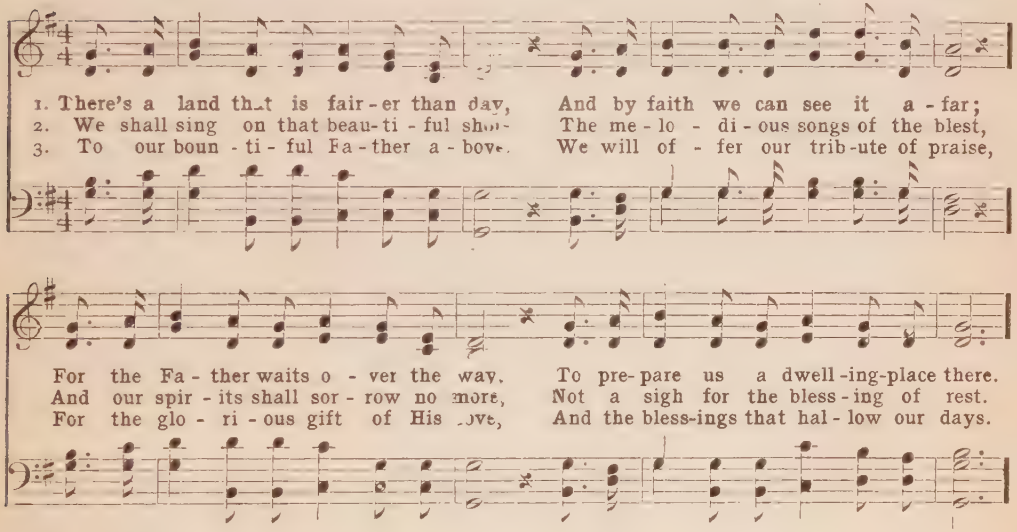
2 :Said one old crow unto his mate, etc.:‖
"What shall we do for grub to eat?" Ref.

3 :"There lies a horse on yonder plain, etc.:‖
Who's by some cruel butcher slain. Ref.

4 :We'll perch upon his bare back-bone, etc.:‖
And pick his eyes out, one by one." Ref.

Sweet By-and-By

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER



By permission of THE OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

The Carrier Dove

DANIEL JOHNSON

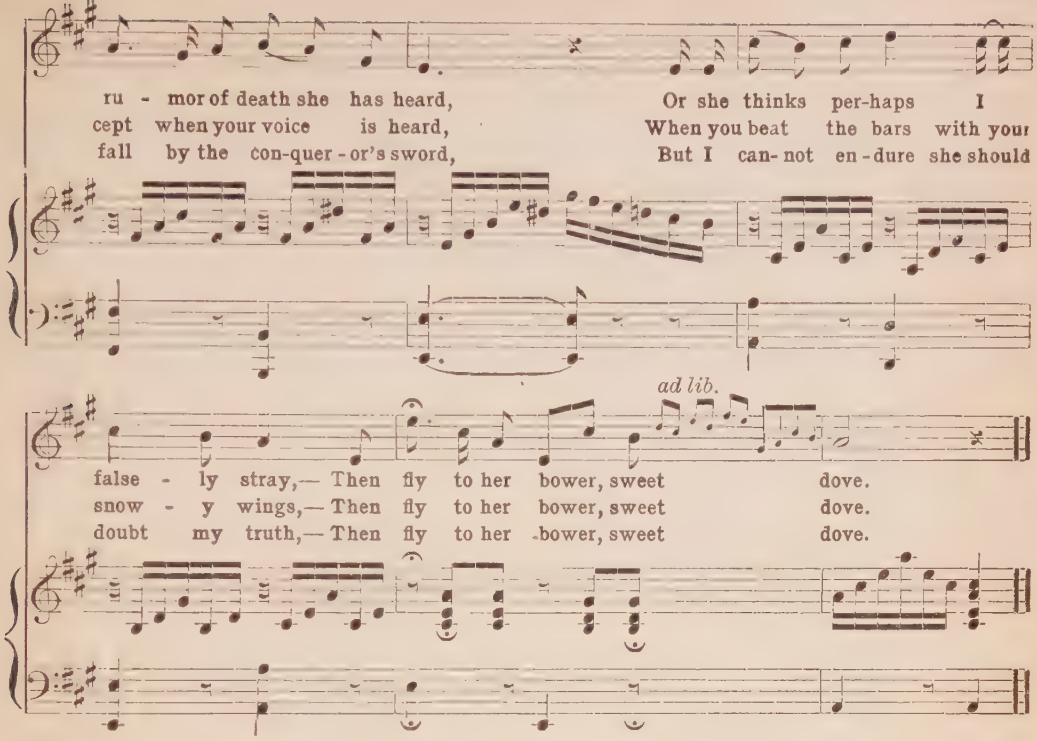
Slowly and with much expression

1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is o'er me
3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at

legato

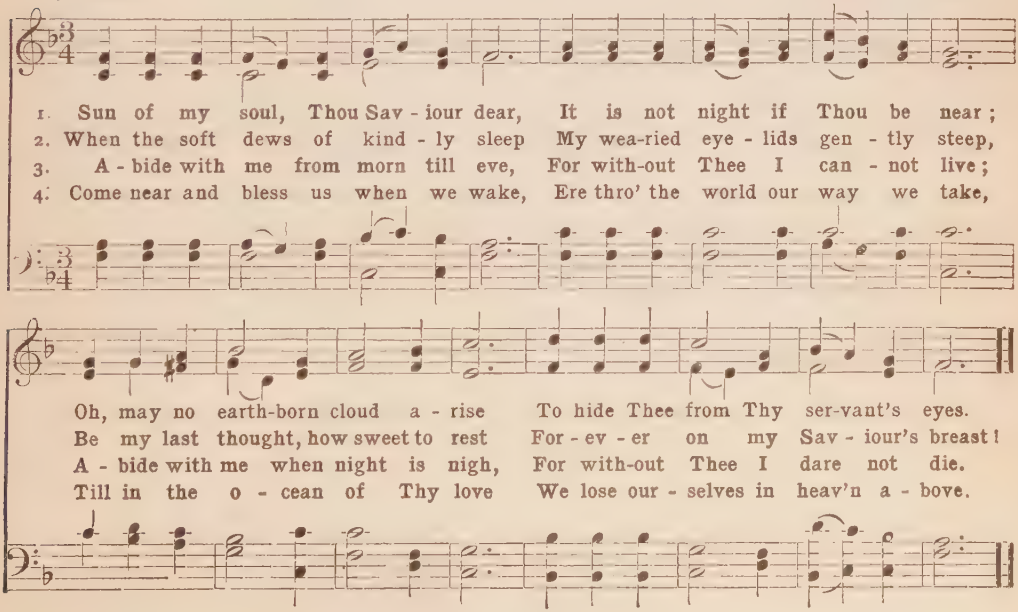
land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And

trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar-vels much at my long de-lay, A
hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex-
then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun-geon to waste away youth, I can



Sun of My Soul

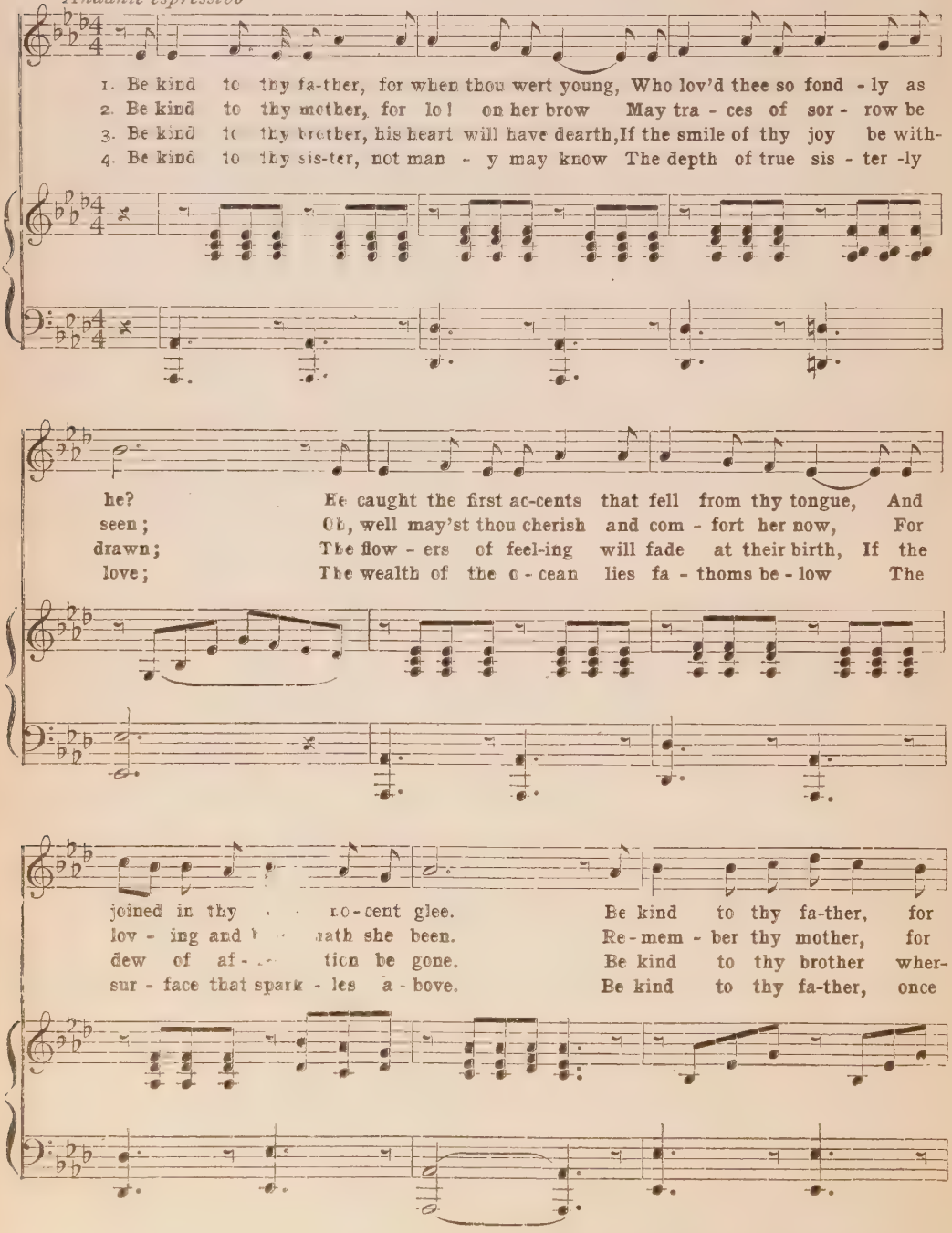
J. Keble W. H. Monk

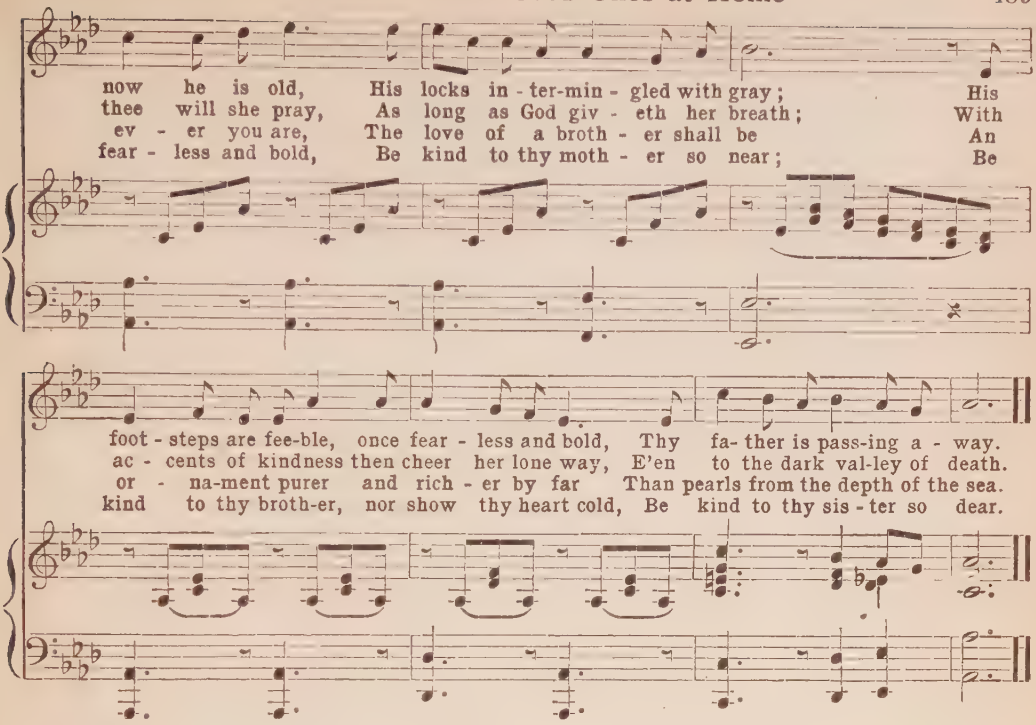


Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

Isaac B. Woodbury

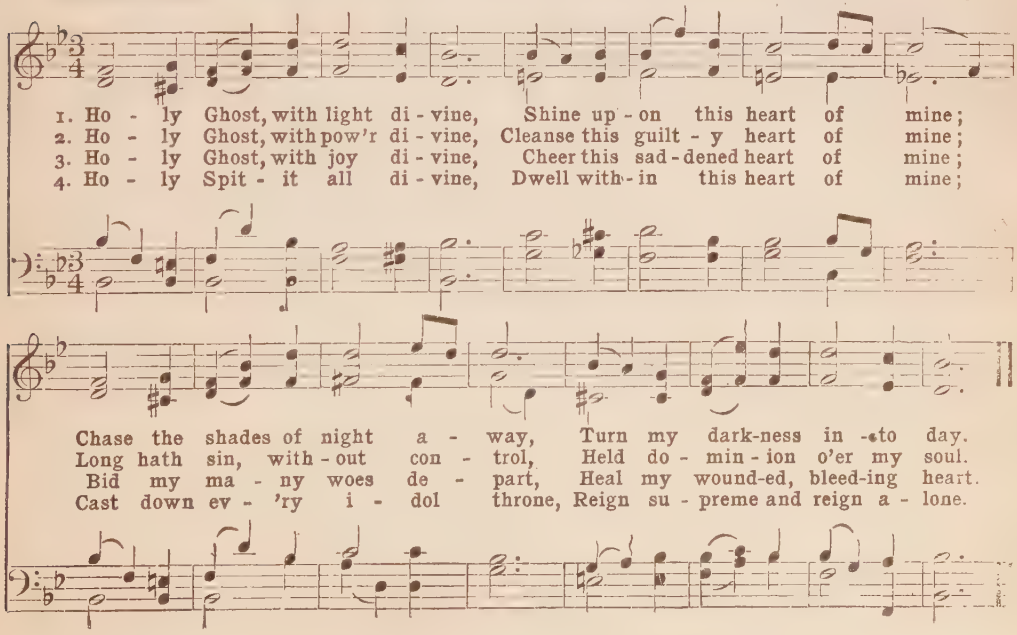
Andante espressivo





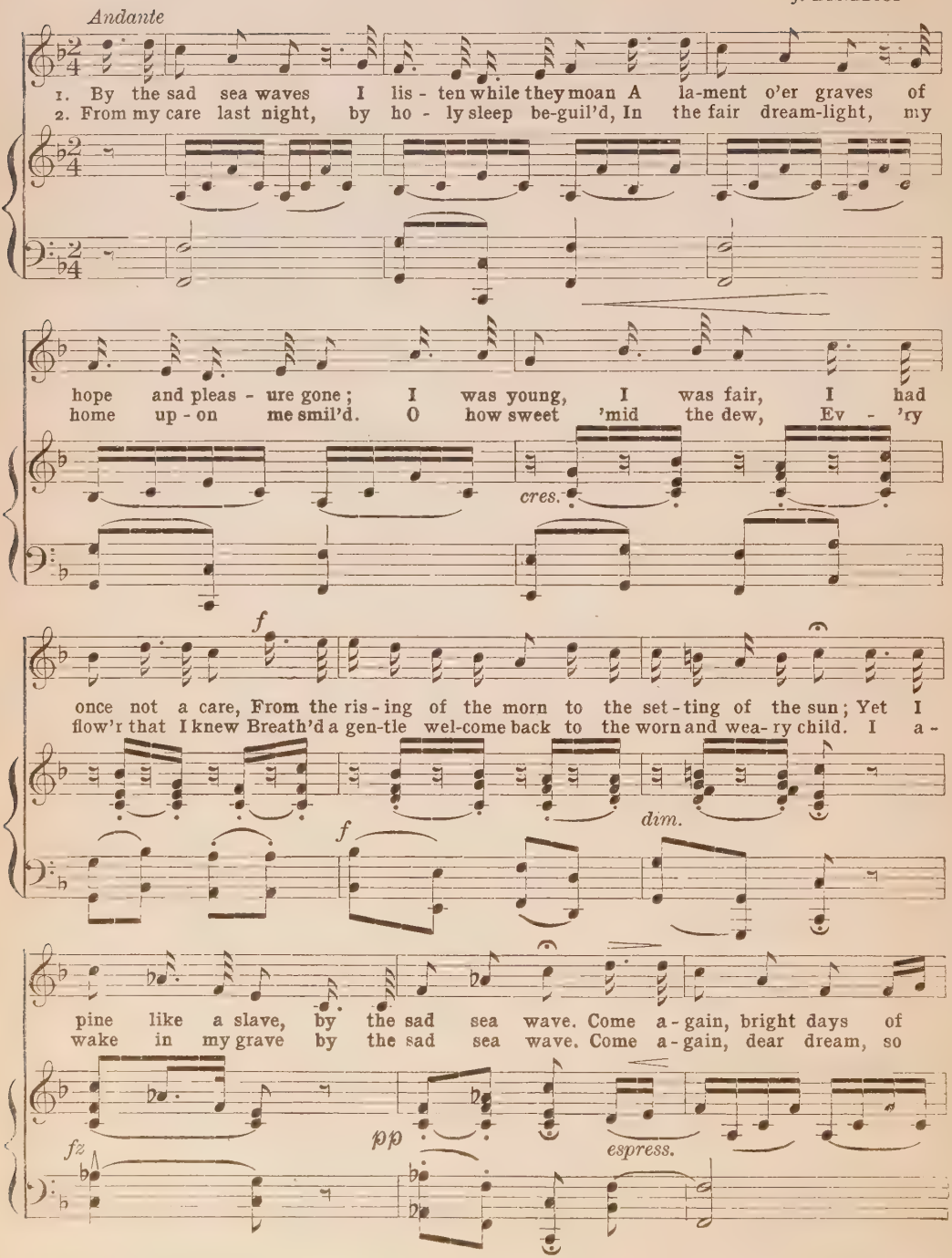
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

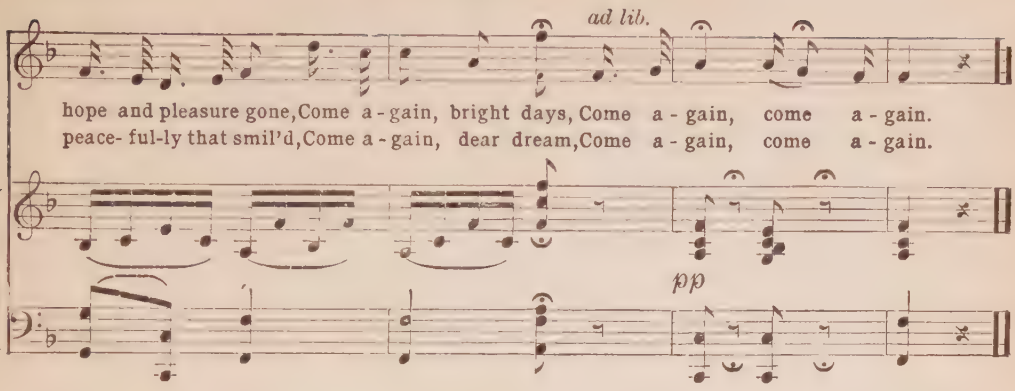
ANDREW REED L. M. GOTTSCHALK



By the Sad Sea Waves

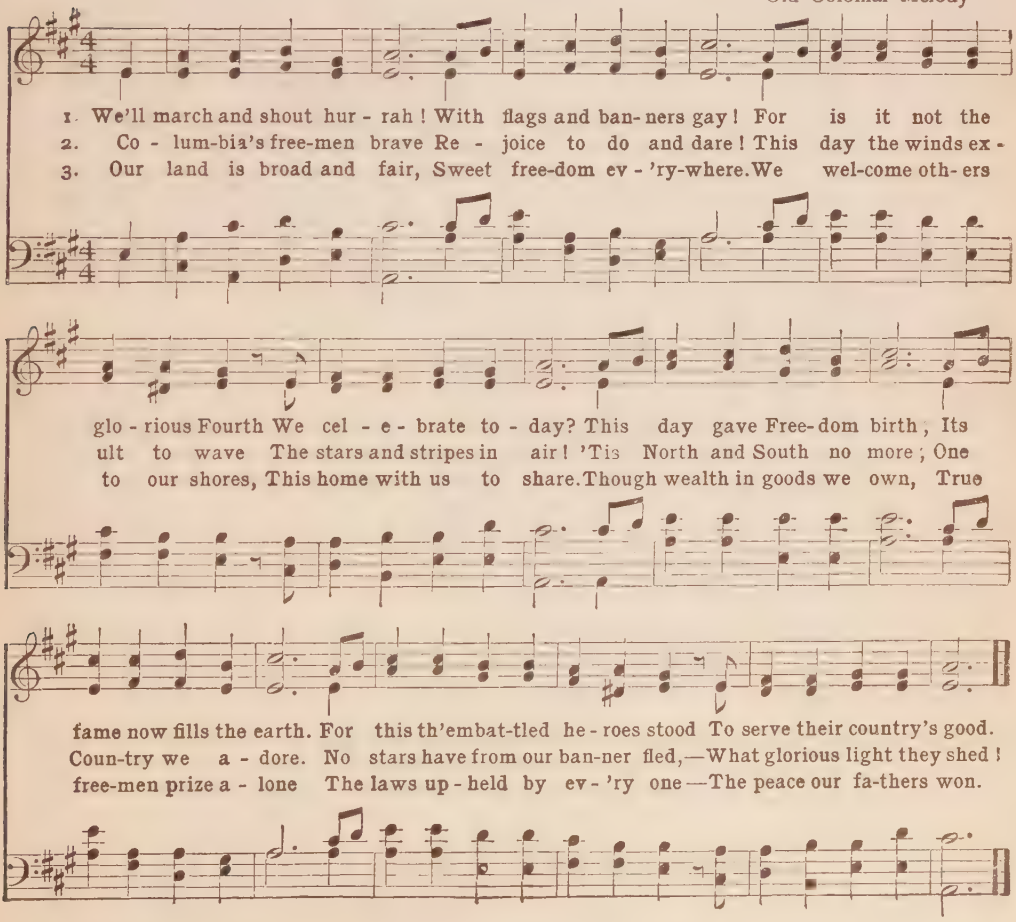
J. Benedict





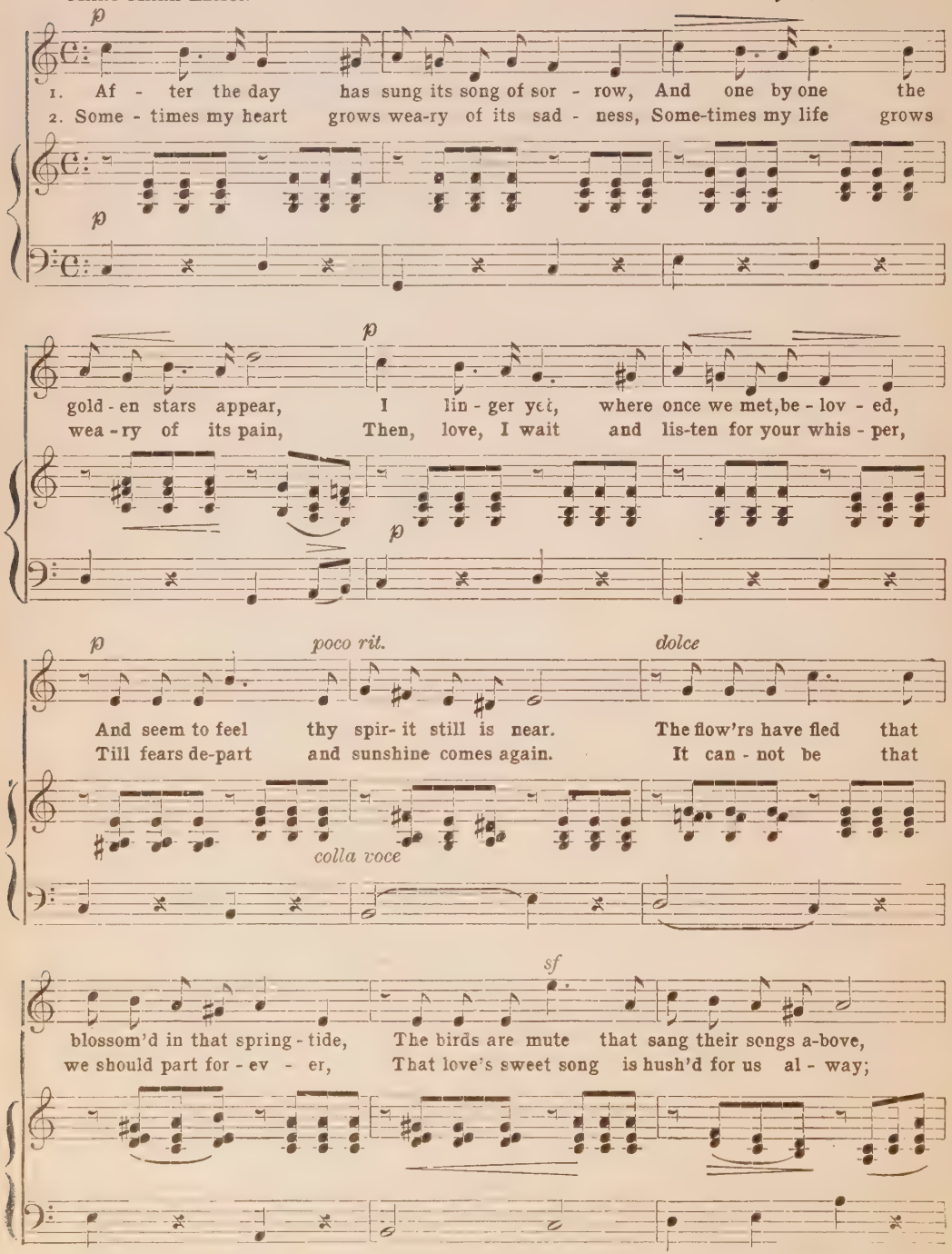
The Glorious Fourth

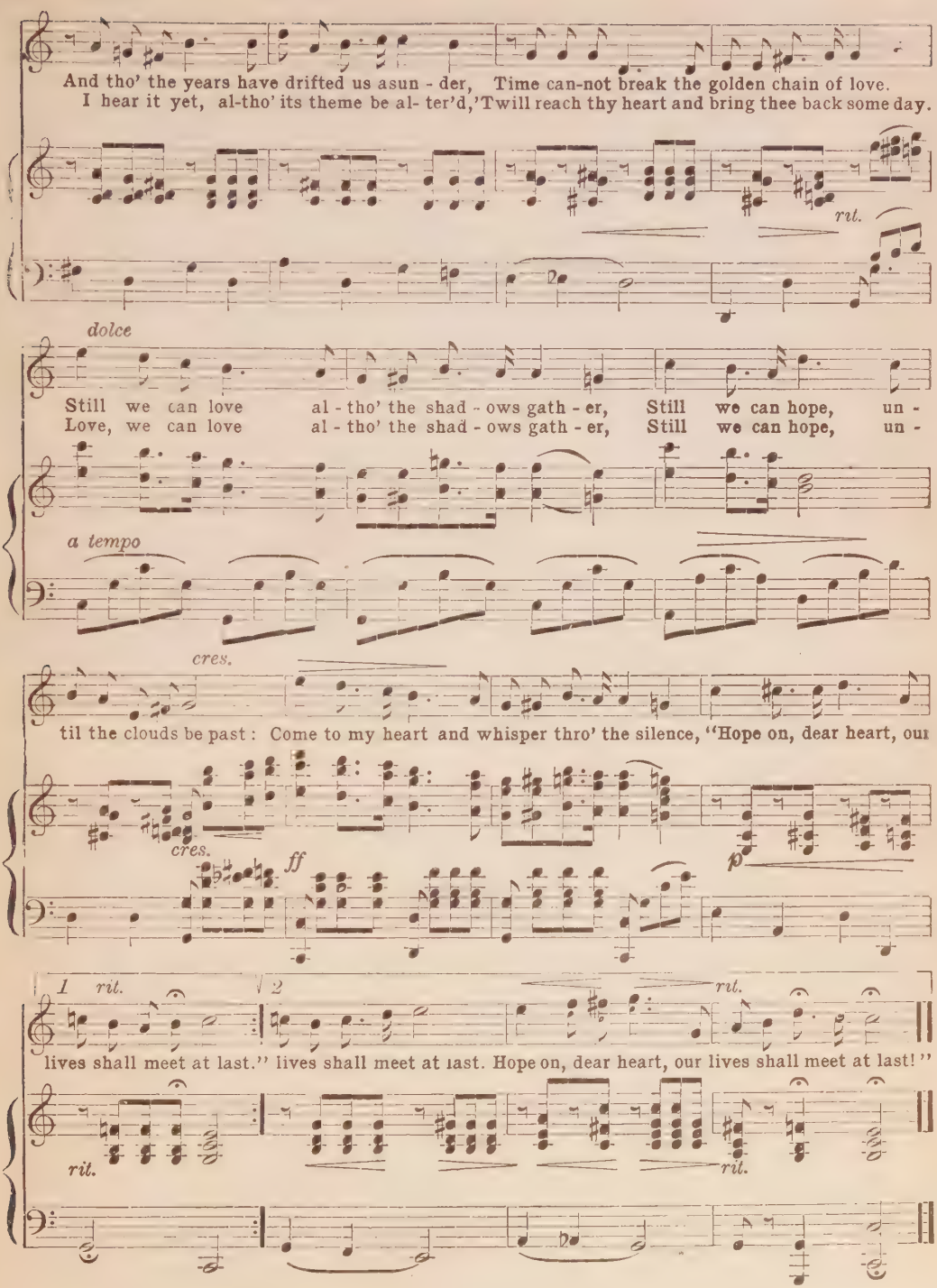
Old Colonial Melody



Afterwards.

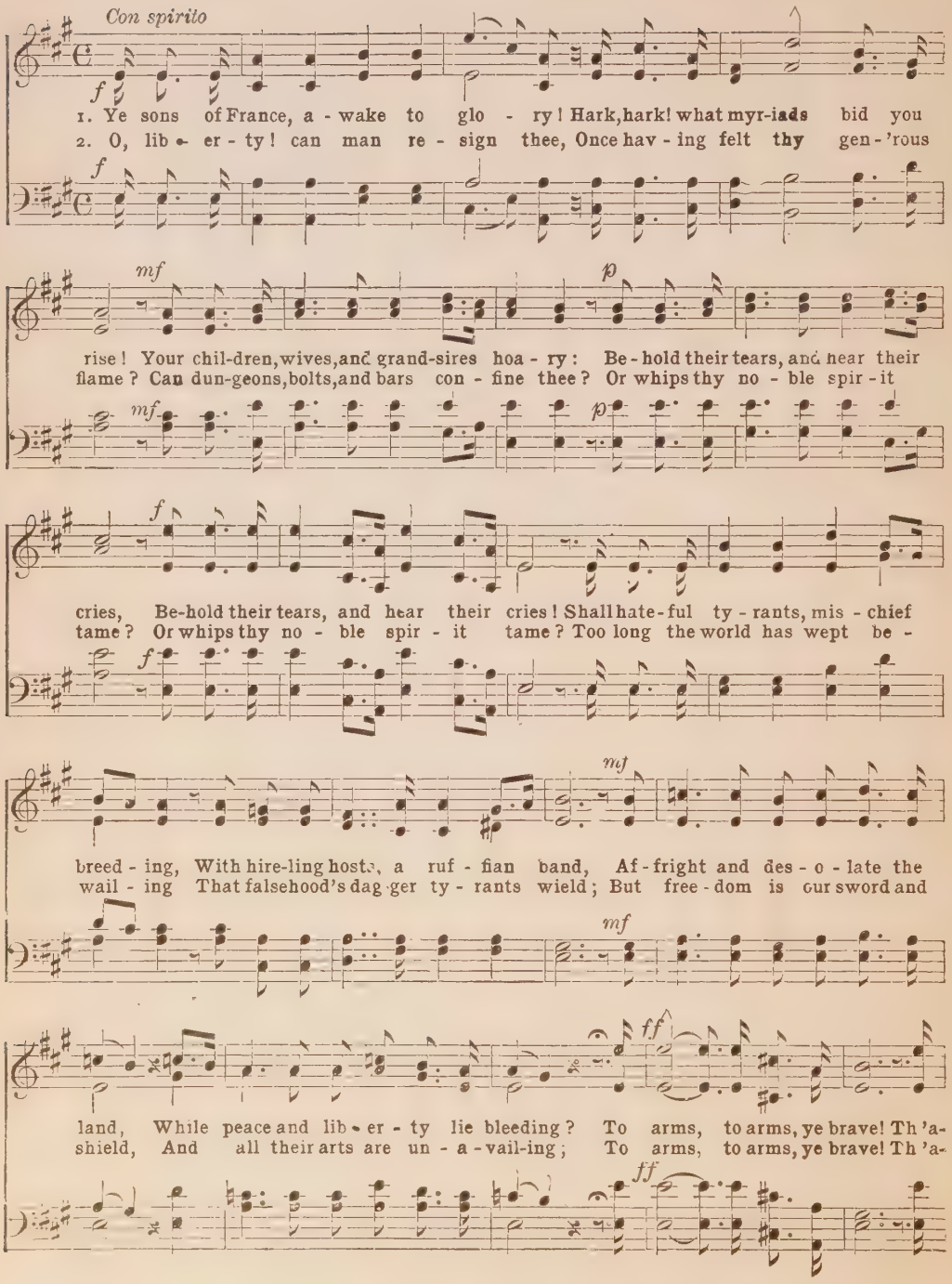
MARY MARK LEMON — JOHN MULLEN

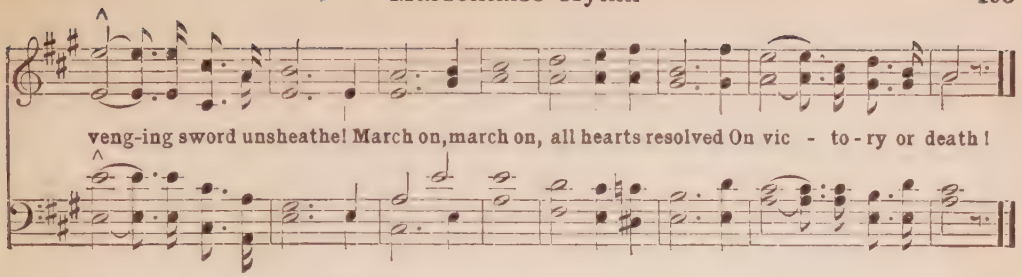



And tho' the years have drifted us asun - der, Time can-not break the golden chain of love.
I hear it yet, al-tho' its theme be al- ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back some day.
rit.
dolce
Still we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -
Love, we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -
a tempo
cres.
til the clouds be past: Come to my heart and whisper thro' the silence, "Hope on, dear heart, our
cres.
ff
p
1 rit.
2
rit.
lives shall meet at last." lives shall meet at last. Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"
rit.
rit.

Marseillaise Hymn

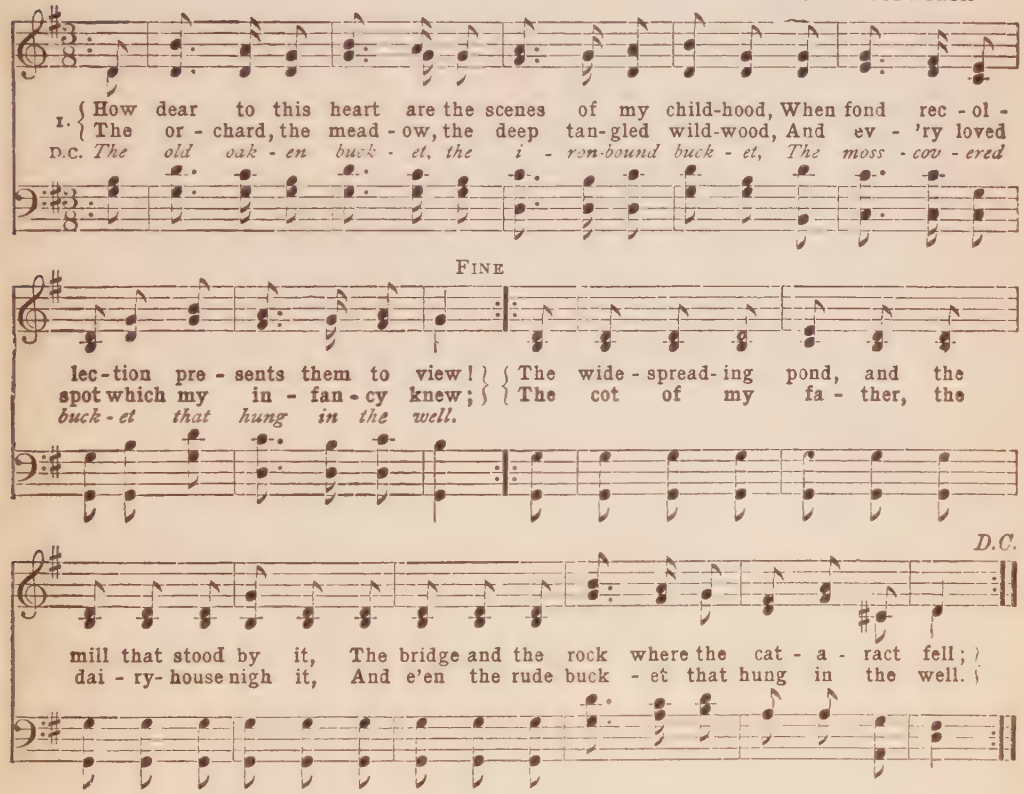
ROUGET DE LISLE





The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH



2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, [well.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And signs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Toyland

GLEN MACDONOUGH — VICTOR HERBERT

Very slow and dreamily

1. When you've grown up, my dears, And are as old as I, . . . You'll oft - en pon- der
2. When you've grown up, my dears, There comes a drear - y day . . When 'mid the locks of

legato

on the years That roll so swift - ly by, My dears, that roll so swift - ly
black ap-pears The first pale gleam of gray. My dears, the first pale gleam of

poco animato

by. . . . And of the man - y lands You will have jour-neyed through, You'll
gray. . . Then of the past you'll dream As gray-haired grown-ups do, . . And

p animato e cres.

molto rit. *pp*

oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood knew! Your
seek once more Its phan - tom shore, The land your child - hood knew! Your

molto rit. *mf*

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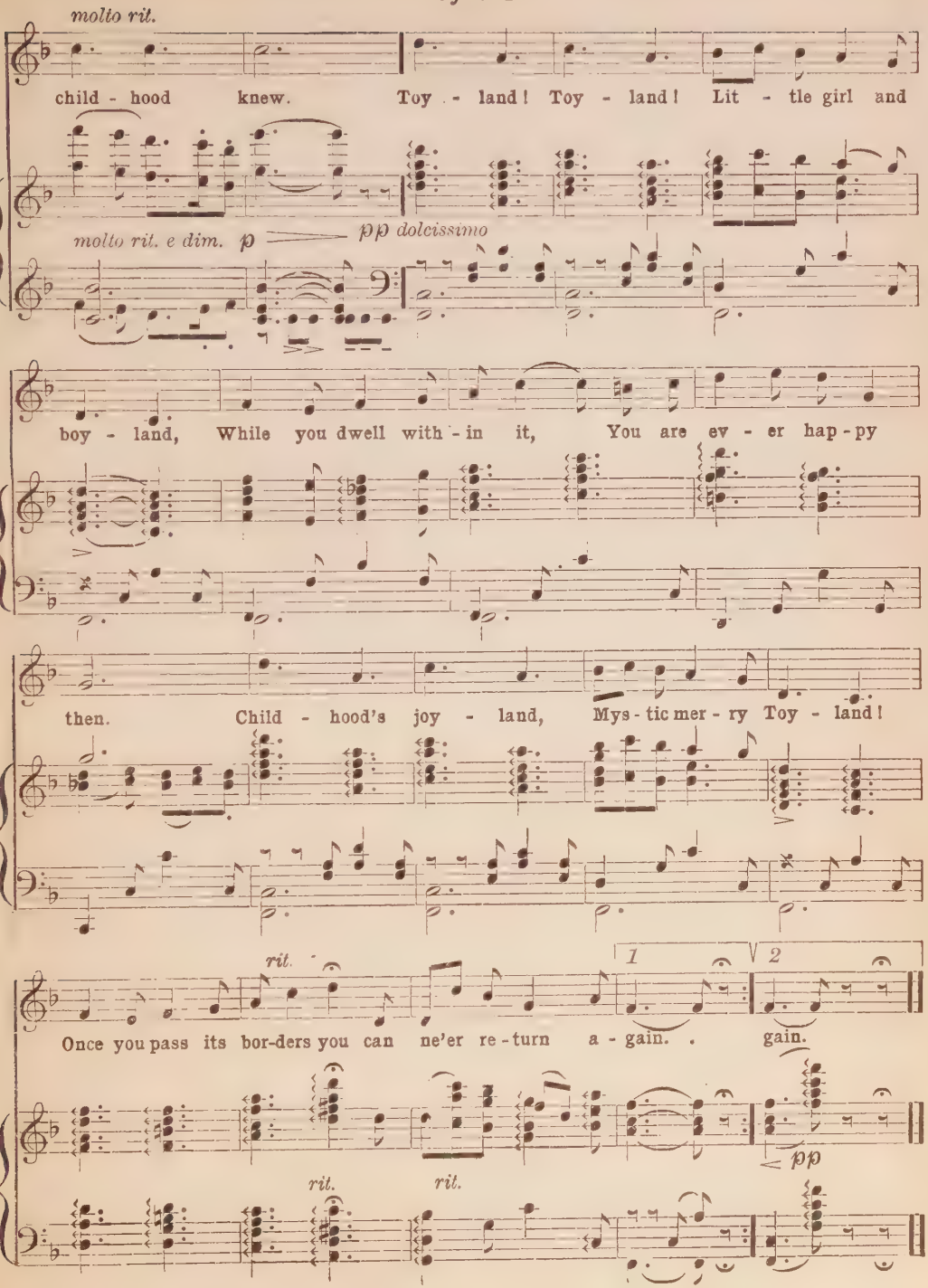
molto rit.
child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and
molto rit. e dim. p
pp dolcissimo
boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py
then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!
rit.
1
2
Once you pass its bor-ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. gain.
pp
rit.
rit.

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM — VICTOR HERBERT

Molto moderato

BERTHA

Love is a queer lit-tle el - fin sprite, Blest with the dead - li - est aim!

GOVERNOR

p

BERTHA

Shooting his ar - rows to left and right, Bagging the rar - est game.

BERTHA

Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise,

GOVERNOR

Al-most too good to be true!

BERTHA

And

GOVERNOR

still can you tell me why do you love me? On - ly be -cause you are you,

rit.

dear!

poco rit.

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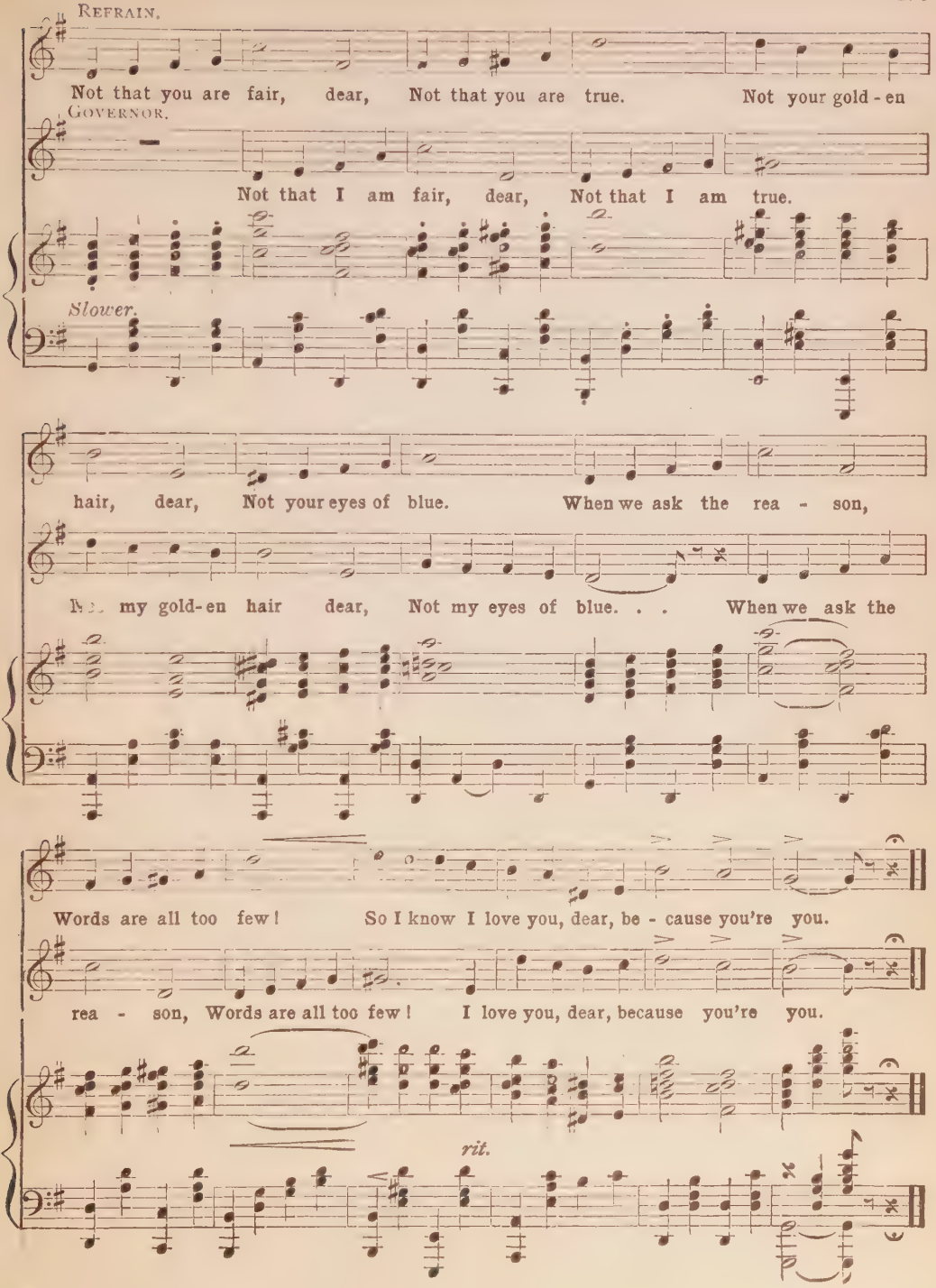
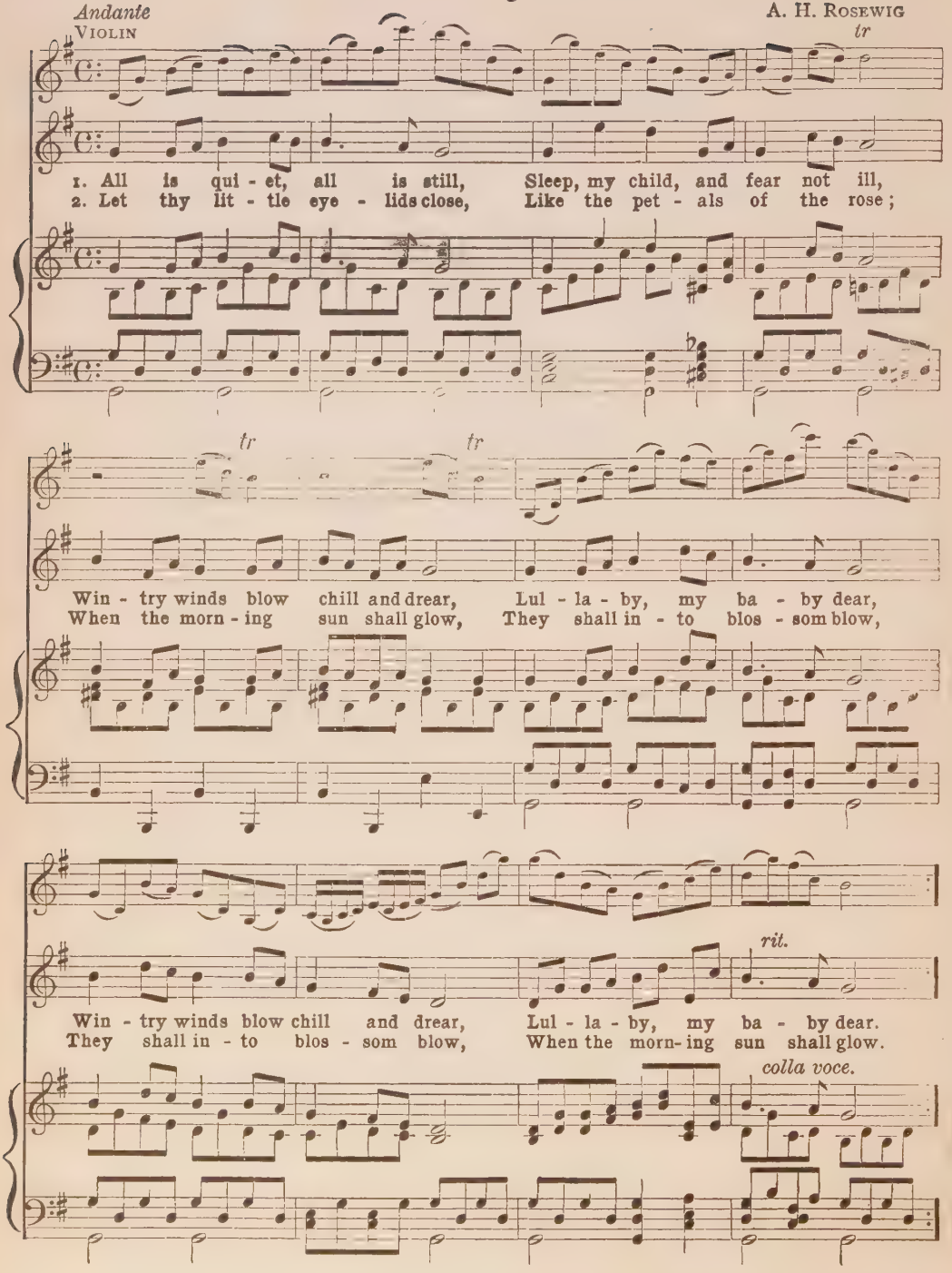
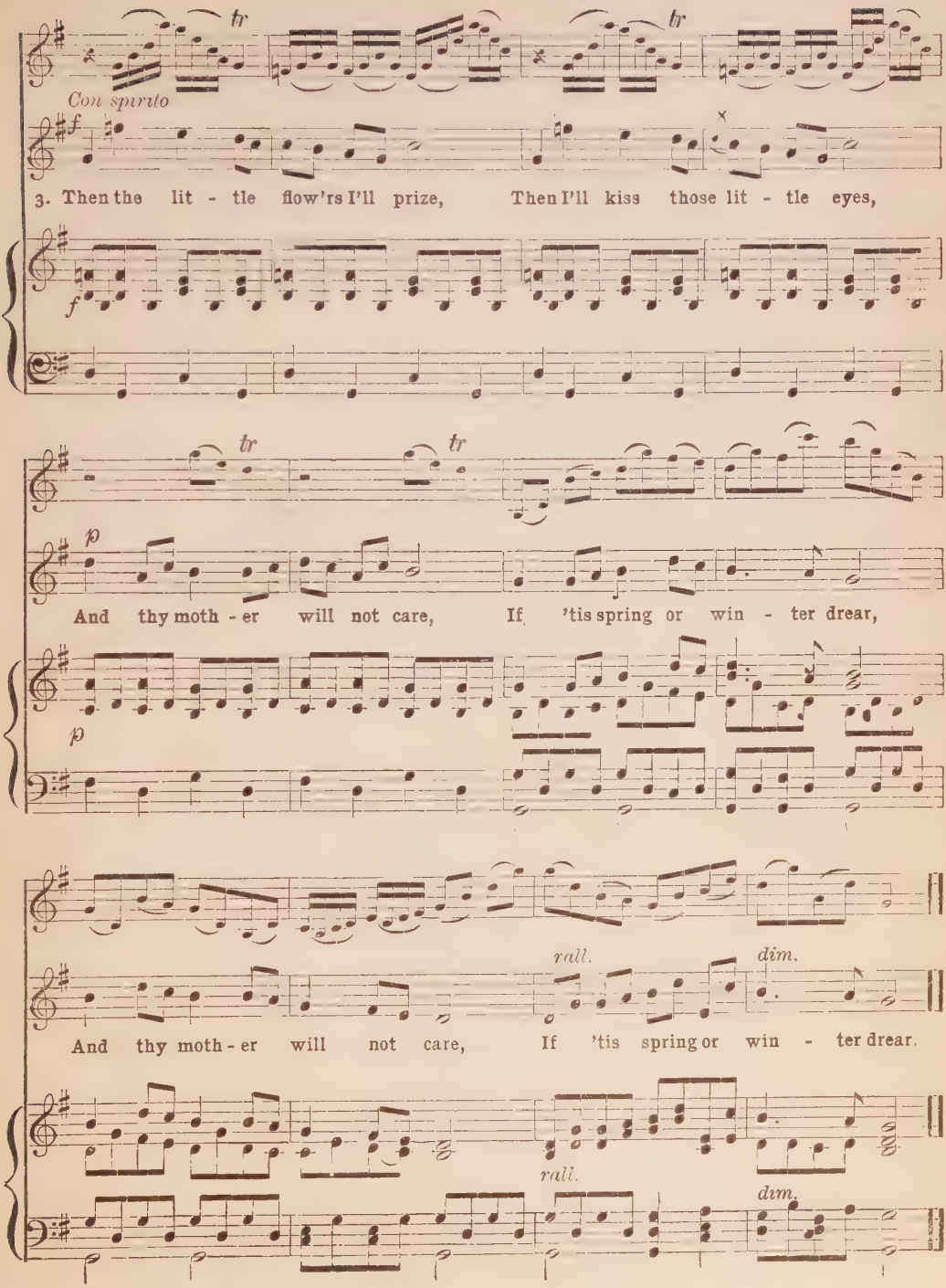

Refrain.
Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold - en
Governor.
Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.
Slower.
hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,
Not my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . When we ask the
Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.
rea - son, Words are all too few! I love you, dear, because you're you.
rit.

All is Quiet

Andante
VIOLIN

A. H. ROSEWIG




Con spirito
3. Then the lit - tle flow'rs I'll prize, Then I'll kiss those lit - tle eyes,
And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear,
rall.
dim.
And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear.
rall.
dim.

The Long, Long, Weary Day

Allegro moderato

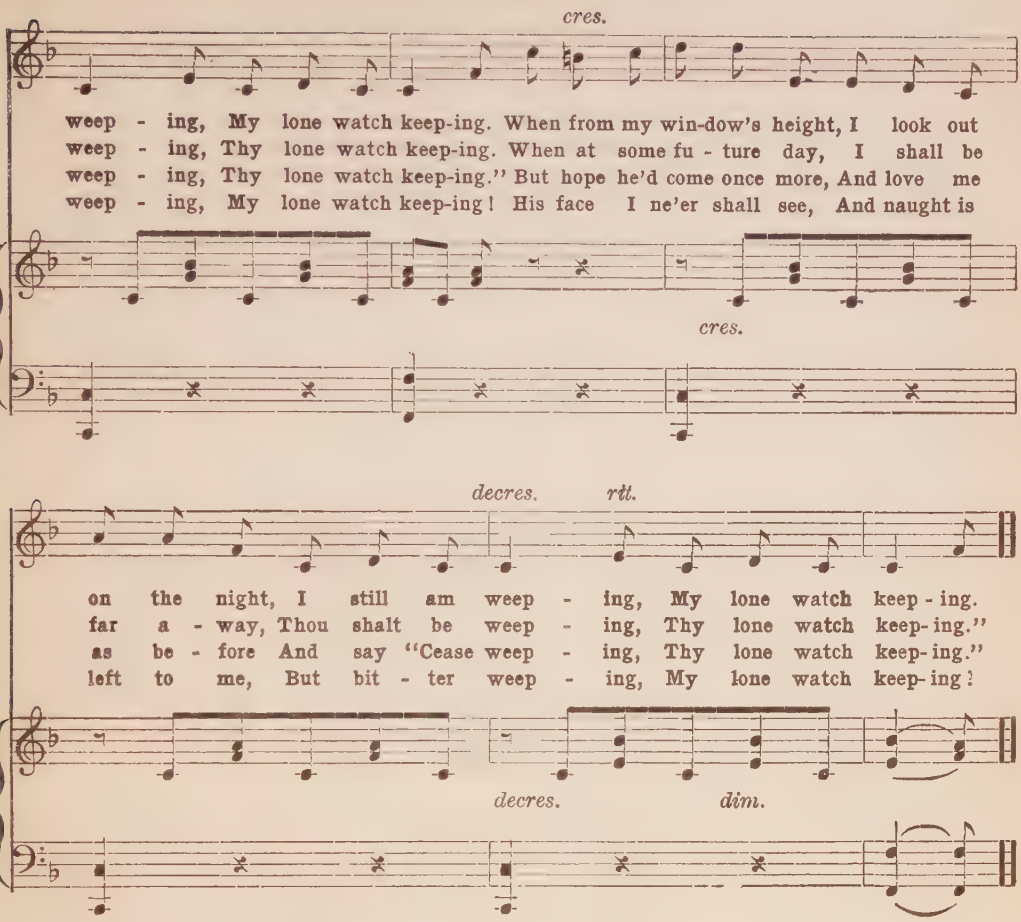
1. The long, long, wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way, The long, long,
2. When I, his truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, When I, his
3. A - las! if land or sea H'd part - ed him from me, A - las! if
4. But he is dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a-lone, But he is

mf

wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a - way, And still at eve - ning, I am
truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, He'd say, "For me thou shalt be
land or sea Had part - ed him from me, I would not these sad tears be
dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a - lone, And now for him I'm ev - er

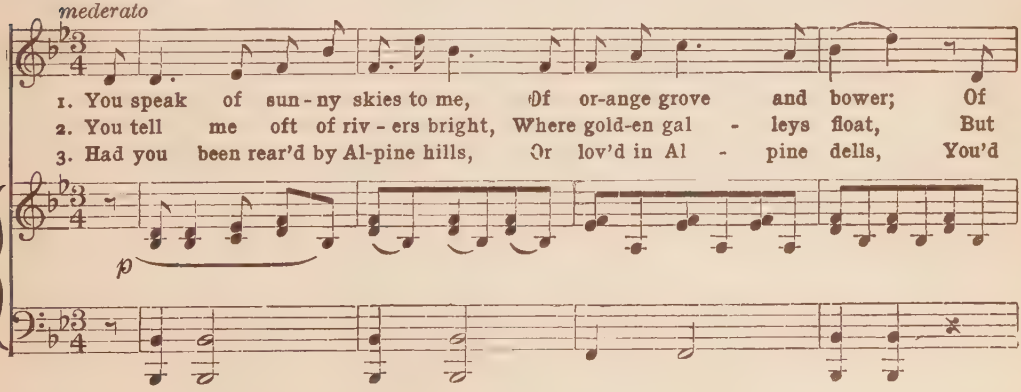
p legato

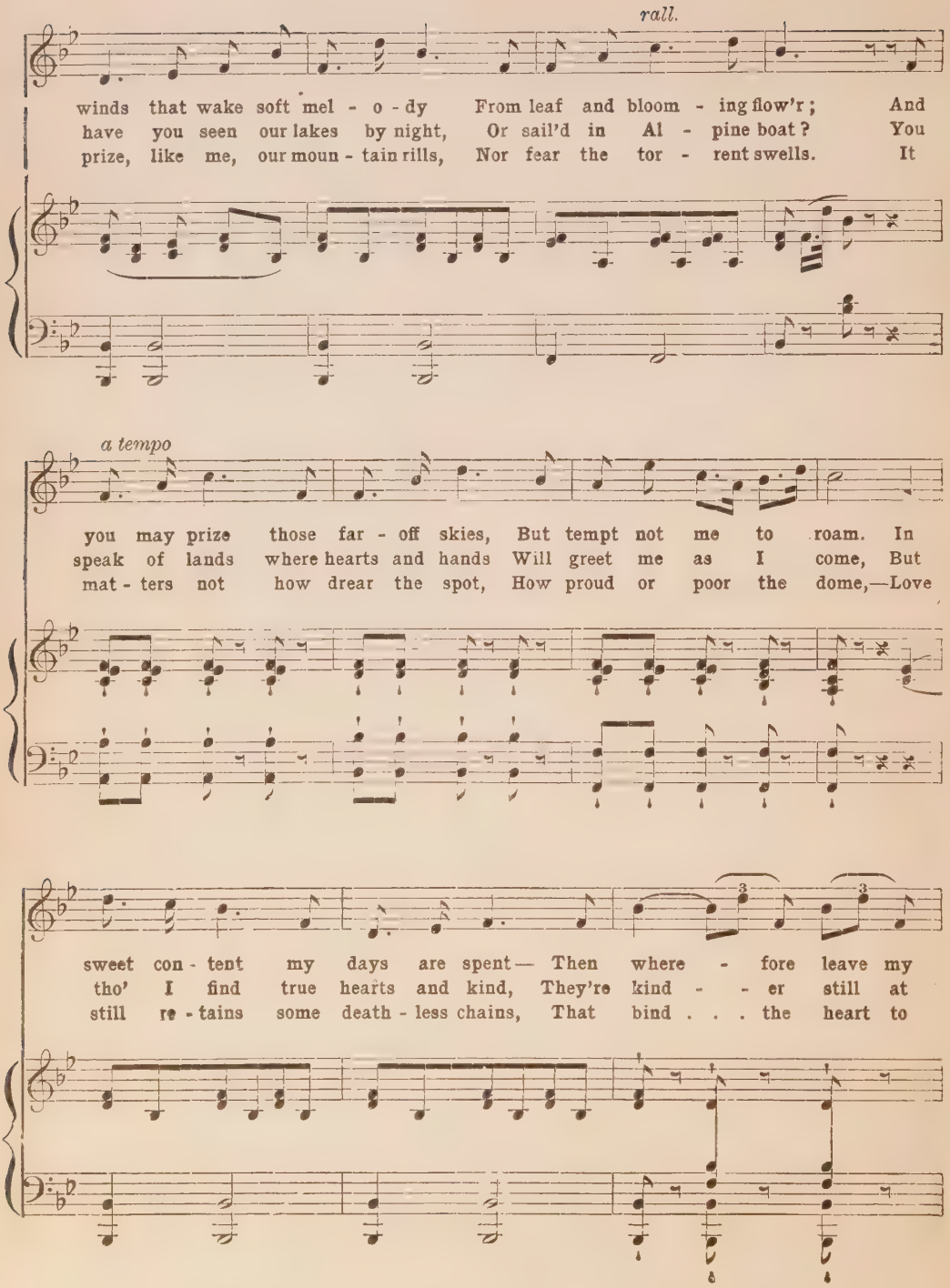
weep - ing, When from my win-dow's height, I look out on the night, I still am
weep - ing, When at some fu - ture day, I shall be far a - way, Thou shalt be
weep - ing, But hope he'd come once more, And love me as be - fore, And say, "Cease
weep - ing. His face I ne'er shall see, And nought is left to me But bit - ter

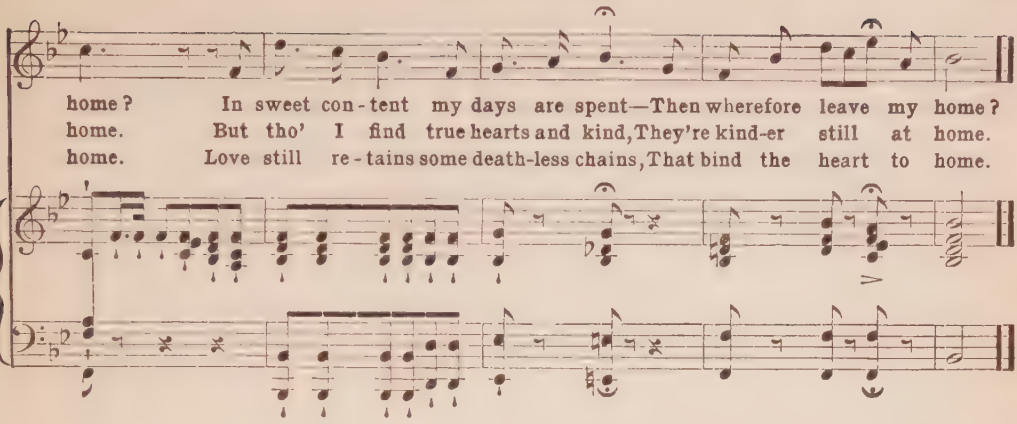


Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS STEPHEN GLOVER

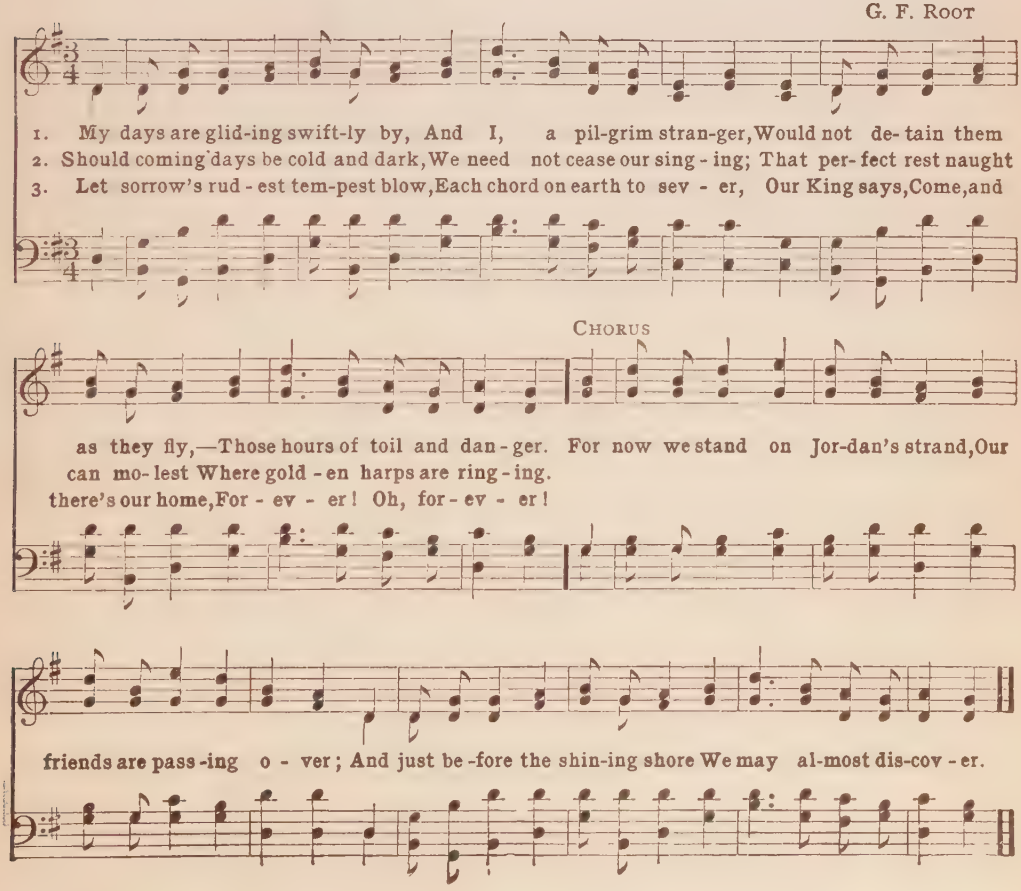



rall.
winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flow'r; And
have you seen our lakes by night, Or sail'd in Al - pine boat? You
prize, like me, our moun - tain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent swells. It
a tempo
you may prize those far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome,—Love
3
3
sweet con - tent my days are spent— Then where - fore leave my
tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind - - er still at
still re - tains some death - less chains, That bind . . . the heart to



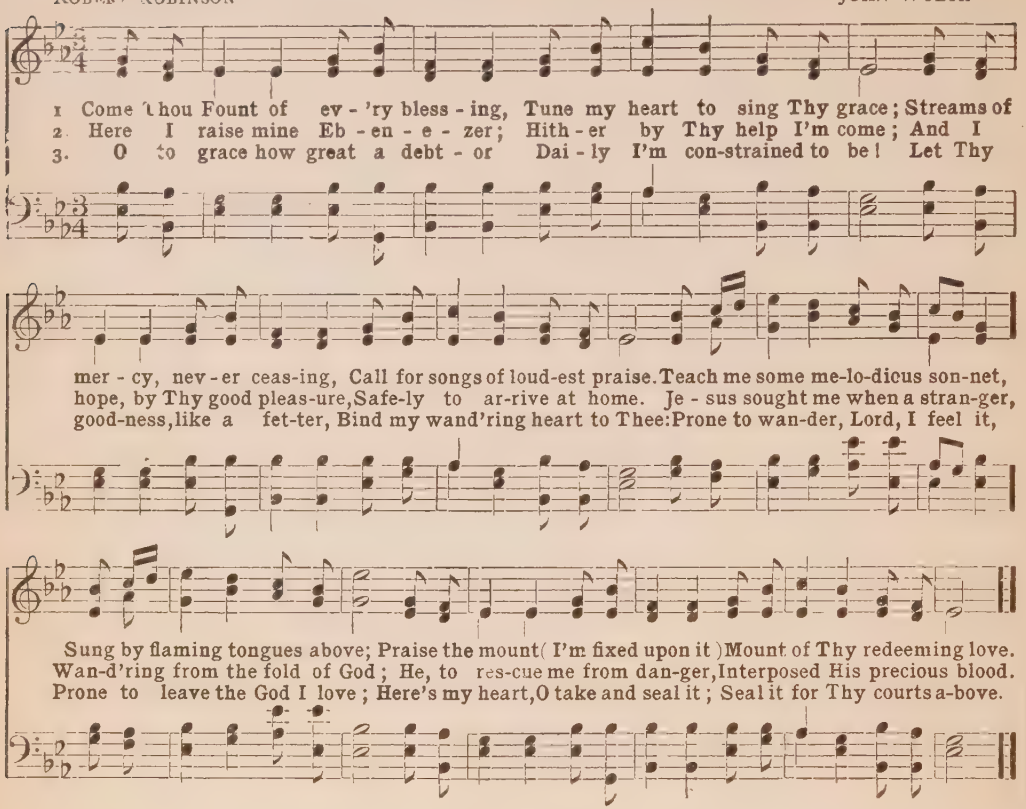
Shining Shore

G. F. Root



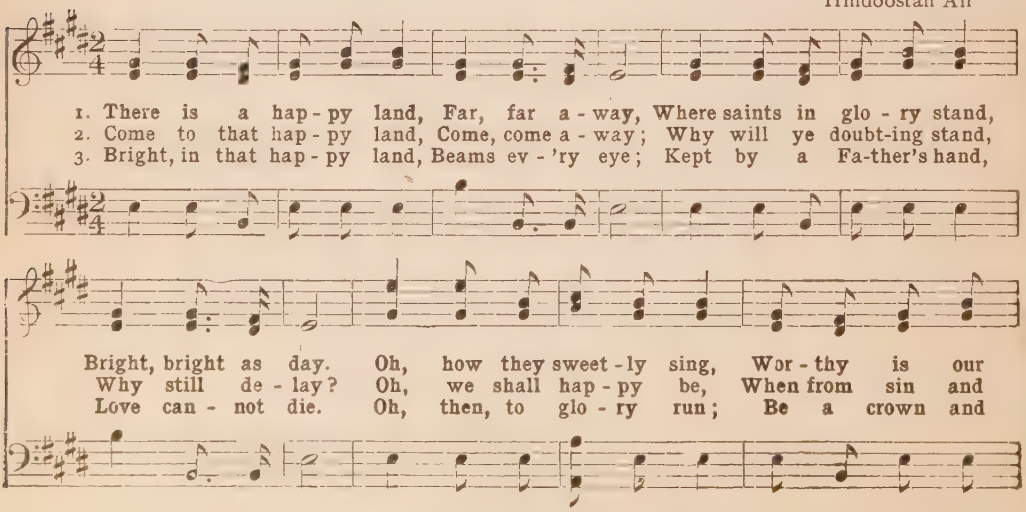
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

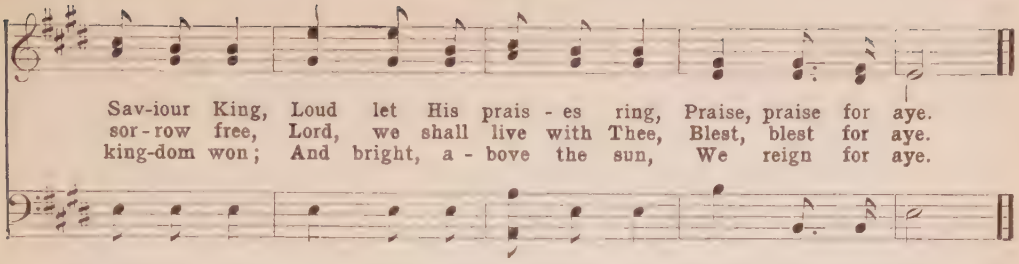
ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH



Happy Land

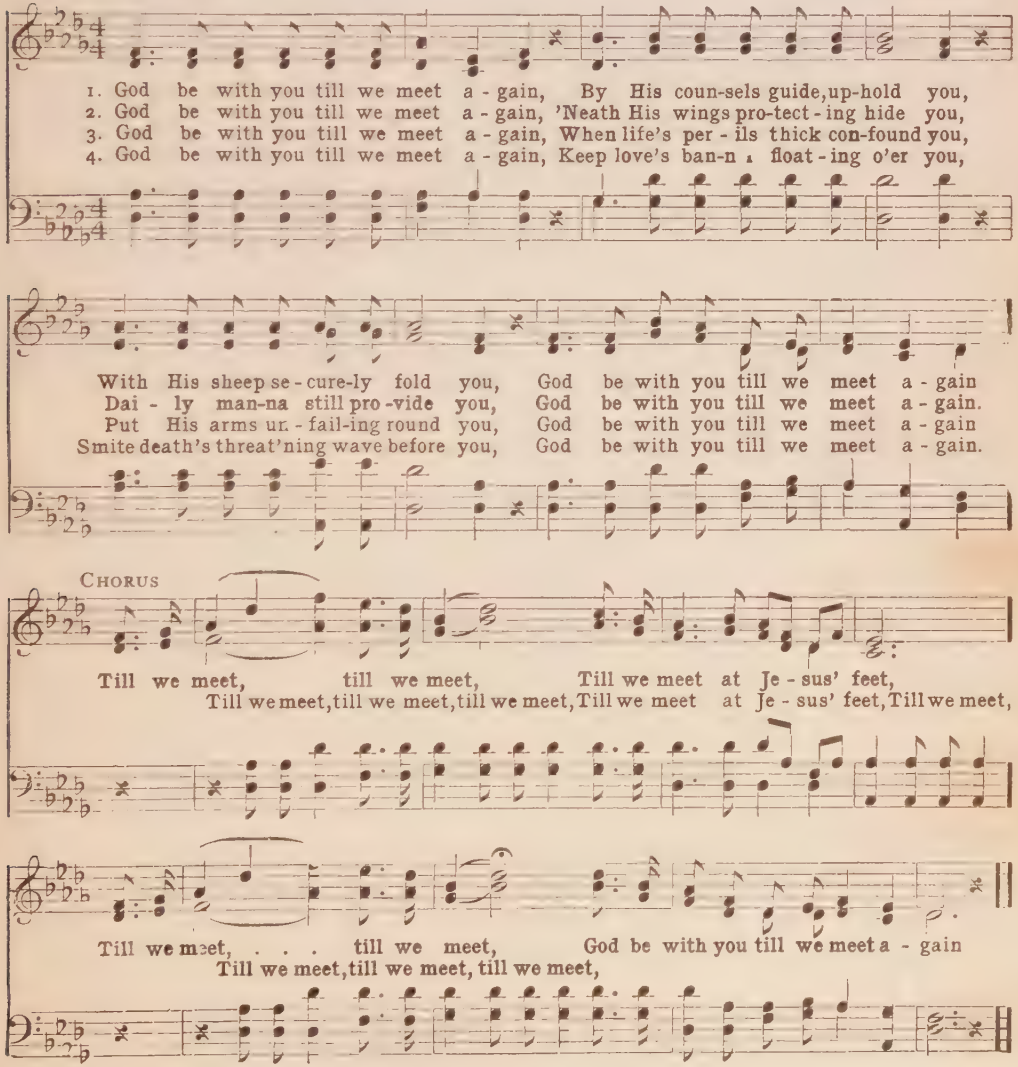
Hindoostan Air





God Be with You

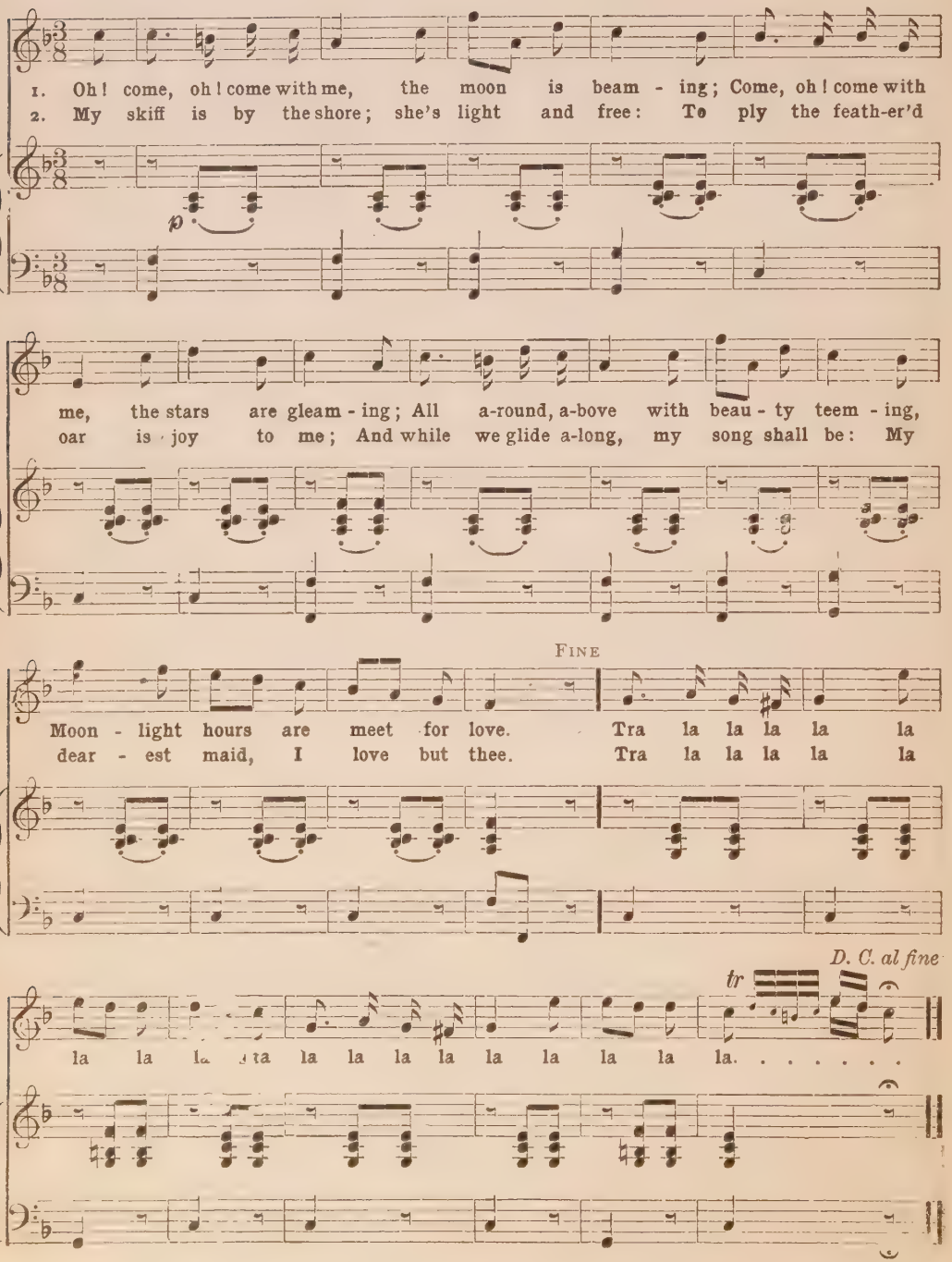
J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER



Come, Oh! Come with Me, the Moon is Beaming

B. S. Barclay

Italian Melody



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DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

A

A Ballata. In ballad style.
A Battuta. In exact beat; true time.
A Cappella. In church or chapel style; for chorus, without accompaniment.
A Capriccio. As you please.
A Deux Temps. Two crotchets or beats in a bar.
A Due. For two voices or instruments; separately or in unison.
A Piacere. At the performer's pleasure as to time.
A Quatre Mains. For four hands, as a pianoforte duet.
A Tempo. In regular time.
A Tre. For three voices or instruments.
Accelerando. Gradually quickening the movement.
Acciacatura. A species of grace-note.
Accolade. The brace that binds all parts of a score.
Accopp iate. Parts joined by a brace.
Adagio. Slow and sustained.
Adagio Assai. Very slow and sustained.
Affetto. Emotion, feeling.
Affizion e. Sorrow, mournfulness.
Air Ecossais. A Scotch air.
Alla Polacca. In style of a Polish dance
Alla Siciliana. In style of Sicilian shepherd's dance.
Alla Zoppa. In constrained, halting, syncopated style.
Allegro. Quick, lively.
Allegro Assai. Very quick.
Allegro ma non Troppo. Quick, but not too much so.
Allegretto. Cheerful, but not so quick as Allegro.
Allegretto Scherzando. Moderately vivacious, playfully but without haste.
Al Segno, dal Segno. To return to the similar preceding sign and play thence to the word *Fine.*
Alternativo. Proceeding alternately from one to another movement.
Andante. Slow, gentle, soothing.
Andante con Moto. Slow, but with movement, not dragging.
Aria Buffa. Comic song.
Aria d'Abilita. Song of difficult execution.
Arpeggio. Passages formed of the notes of regular chords, played in succession.

B

Ben Marcato. Render passage or air in a clear, distinct and strongly accented manner.
Bis. Twice. Passage marked by a curved line under or over it to be played or sung twice.
Bravura. Boldness, spirit, dash, brilliancy.
Brillante. Brilliant, showy, sparkling.
Brio. Brilliancy, spirit.
Brise. Split into arpeggios; in violin playing, short, detached strokes of the bow.
Buffo, Buffa. Humorous, comic, especially as applied to an air or a singer.
Burden. A return of the theme of a song at the end of each verse.
Burletta. A musical farce.

C

Calore. Warmth, animation.
Cantabile. In singing style.
Cantando, Cantante. In singing style, smooth and flowing.
Cantata. A vocal composition consisting of an intermixture of recitative, air and chorus.
Capriccio. Fanciful, irregular composition; caprice.
Che. Than, that.
Coda. A "tail-piece," or concluding passage.
Col Arco. With the bow.
Colla Parte. Accompanist must accommodate his temps to the leading part.
Colla piu gran Forza e Prestezza. As loud and quick as possible.
Come. As, like.
Come Primo. As at first.
Come Tempo del Tema. Same movement as the theme.
Commodo, Comodo. Quietly, with composure.
Con Amore. Tenderly, with affection.
Con Brio ed Animato. Brilliant and animated.
Con Diligenza. In studied manner.
Con Espressione. With expression.
Con Fuoco. With fire, with intense animation.
Con Gusto. With taste.
Con Impetuosita. With impetuosity.
Con Energia. With much energy.
Con Moto. With motion, actively, not dragging.
Con Spirito. With quickness, with spirit.
Con Variazioni. With variations.
Con Velocita. In swift time.
Con Vivacita. With animation.
Contrapuntal. In the style of counterpoint, fugal, with rich and varied parts or voices.
Counterpoint. The science of writing parts or melodies in combination.
Crescendo. Gradually increasing the tone-volume.

D

Da Capo. From the beginning, repeat from the beginning.
Dal Segno. From the sign, or mark of repetition.
Decrescendo. Gradual decreasing the tone-volume.
Delicato, Delicatamente. Delicately.
Destra. Right, right hand.
Dito. The finger.
Divertissement. Short, light composition; also airs introduced between the acts of Italian opera.
Divoto. In solemn style.
Dolente. Pathetically.
Doloroso. In a soft, sorrowful style.

E

Energico. With energy, force.
Espressivo. With expression.

F

Fine. End.
Flebile. In mournful style, weepingly.
Forte. Loud.
Fortissimo. Very loud.
Forza. With force, energy.
Fresco. Fresh, quick, lively.
Furioso. Furiously, with fire, energy, intense animation.

G

Giusto. Exact, precise.
Glissando. In gliding manner, sweeping across the keys.
Grazioso. Gracefully.
Gregorian Music. Sacred compositions, after the style introduced into the Roman Catholic Service by Pope Gregory (about 600 A.D.).
Gusto. Taste.

H

Harmonic Triad. A common chord, like C-E-G, F-A-C, G-B-D.
Hauptsatz. The principal section of an extended movement.
Hauptstimme. The most prominent voice, or part; the voice or part which has the theme.
Haut-contre. Counter-tenor high tenor, alto.
Haut-dessus. First treble, high soprano.
Hinstrich. An up-bow.
Holding-note. A note that is sustained or continued, while others are in motion.

I

Il **Ponticello.** In singing, where the natural tone forms a junction with the falsetto; the "break" in a voice.
Impetuoso. With impetuosity.
Impromptu. Without study or preparation.
Innocente. Innocent, natural, unaffected, ingenuous.
Instrumentation. The art of arranging music for the various instruments of an orchestra or band.

L

L. H. The left hand.
Largamente. Sustaining or broadening the chords or tones, ponderously, with breadth.
Larghetto. Time less slow than Largo.
Larghissimo. Very slowly and broadly.
Largo. A very slow, stately movement.
Legato. Smooth, connected, the opposite of *staccato*.
Leggiero. With lightness.
Lento. Slow.
Lentando. With increasing slowness.

M

Main Droit. The right hand.
Main Gauche. The left hand.
Meno Mosso. Slower movement.
Mesto. Pensive, sad, melancholy.
Mezza Voce. With moderate strength of tone.
Mezzo. Half, middle.
Mezzo Forte. Moderately loud.
Mezzo Piano. Moderately soft.
Mit Begleitung. With accompaniment.
Moderato. With moderation, as *Allegro Moderato*, moderately fast, not too fast.
Molto Adagio. Very slow.
Molto Allegro. Very fast.
Mordent. A quick trill, with but a single stroke of the grace-note (side-note).
Morendo. Dying away, gradually growing softer.
Mormorando. With a gentle, murmuring sound.
Motet. Composition of a sacred character in several parts: an unaccompanied anthem.
Motive, Motivo. Leading theme of a composition; a brief and characteristic theme.
Musica di Camera. Chamber-music; music in serious style, intended for performance in a house or small hall—such as string-quartets, violin sonatas, piano trios, etc.

N

Nachspiel. A postlude.
Non Troppo Presto. Not too fast.

O

Obbligato. Voices or instruments indispensable to the proper performance of a piece; also a part added for ornament or display.
Opera Buffa. A comic opera.
Ottava. An octave.
Ottava Alta. An octave higher.
Ottava Bassa. An octave lower.

P

Parte Cantante. The singing part, the voice or part which has the sustained melody.
Pastorale. In rustic or pastoral style.
Perdendo or Perdendosi. Gradually decreasing in speed and volume to the last note, which is nearly, if not quite, lost on the ear.
Piu Forte. Louder
Piu Lento. Slower
Piu Mosso. With more movement.
Piu Piano. Softer
Piu Presto. Quicker
Pizzicato. Plucked. played with the finger, not with the bow
Poco a Poco. Gradually By degrees.
Poco Meno. Somewhat less.
Poco Piano. Rather soft.
Poco Piu. Somewhat more.
Poco Presto. Rather quick.
Portamento. Gliding from one to another note.
Premiere. A first performance.
Prestissimo. The most rapid possible movement.
Primo. The first.

R

Rallentando, Ritardando, Ritenente. Slackening the speed
Rondino, Rondiletta, Rondinetto, or Rondoletto. A short *Rondo*.
Rondo. A composition of several strains, with frequent return to first theme.

S

Scherzando. In a light, breezy manner.
Scherzo. A joke or jest; the quick movement of a sonata or symphony.
Seconda Volta Molto Crescendo. Much louder the second time
Segue il Coro. Here follows the chorus.
Segue la Finale. Here follows the Finale.
Segue Senza Interruzione. Go on, do not stop.
Sempre Forte. Continuing loud, without decreasing the force.
Sempre Piu Forte. Steadily increasing in force.
Senza Replica. Without repetition. *Da capo senza replica*, play from the beginning, but disregard repeat-marks.
Sin' al Fine. To the end.
Slentando. Reducing the speed.
Sostenuto. Sustained
Sotto Voce. In an undertone.
Spiritoso. With spirit, animation, energy.
Staccato. Short, pointed, detached; the opposite of *Legato*.
Stark. Loud.
Syncopation. A displacement of accent, either by having a rest on a strong beat, or by tying a strongly accented tone to a weaker.

T

Tasto Solo. Played without chords.
Tempo Giusto. In exact time.
Tempo Primo. In the first or original time.
Tenete Sino Alla Fin del Suono. Keep keys down as long as sound lasts.
Tenuto. Sustained; held for the full time-value.
Tutti. All voices or instruments, or both.

V

Variazioni. Variations of an air or theme.
Veloce. In rapid time.
Vivace. With animation.
Volta. Time, turn; as *prima volta*, the first time; *una volta*, once.
Volti Subito. Turn the leaf quickly.

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Under this head will be found the songs in the alphabetical index, which precedes this. In this index the same song will often appear in two or more classes; because in its history it has been found popular under circumstances not originally contemplated by its composer. Thus Dixie appeared originally as a negro minstrel song, became popular as dance music, and eventually was played by military bands North and South during the great Civil War. Bonny Eloise, a sweet little ballad, mingled its strains with the rhythm of dancing feet all through the winter of 1860-61, and then (like "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the English Army) became the last greeting of hundreds of volunteers to the loving hearts they left forever. Other compositions have been accepted by fraternal and collegiate singers for so long that they are also a part of the recognized melodies, sung at fraternal and collegiate gatherings.

It has been also considered best to recognize this fact, because some have sent songs in in one class and others the same in another, in either of which its popularity has been recognized.

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